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JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.

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2. Notices of new music published at home and abroad.
3. A summary of the significant Musical News from all parts, gathered from English, German, French, as well as American papers.
4. Correspondence from musical persons and places.
5. Essays on musical styles, schools, periods, authors, compositions, instruments, theories; on musical education; on Music in its moral, social, and religious bearings; on Music in the Church, the Concert-room, the Theatre, the Chamber, and the Street; &c.
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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

SONNET TO MY PIANO.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

Surely there is a soul within these strings,
So deeply thrills my own, when 'mid thy chords,
Moving with eager hands, my whole frame rings
With inner music, far transcending words.
As after absence long I open thee,
Dear friend, and late here linger at thy side,
To conjure up thy hidden harmony,
A boundless joy runs through me, as a tide
Filling the sandy channels and low shores
Left by the ebb of feelings that depart,
And the dull slime of tame monotonous hours.
Thy dear delicious voice, Harp of my heart,
Hath won me back to thoughts of noble height,
And wrapped me in a reverie of delight.

Jenny Lind's Devotion to her Art.

The *prime donne* of the opera are seldom great musicians. Many of them have been well trained in the use of the vocal organs, and in the style and spirit of their peculiar line of singing; they know their oft-repeated rôles by heart and what life to infuse into them; but to most of the immortal creations of musical genius they are utter strangers. They have had no deep, broad musical culture. The Swedish songstress, however, is an exception. No one knew the full measure of her power, and wherein she was greater than all others, until he knew her wide range of studies and her many-sided intimacy with all the styles and masters of her Art. She is a musician as well as a singer; with her whole soul she has studied Music, in all its noblest illustrations, as well as the mere art of giving effect to a certain limited range of operatic parts.

BENEDICT, who has been of late in Naples, preparing for the press a book of travels in America, of which he has contributed some chapters to *La France Musicale*, ascribes the secret of her triumphs to the fact "that the great singer makes a conscience of her Art." We translate what follows:

"The child, brought up and fashioned in the school of adversity, and finding in music all the consolations which a cruel destiny had refused to her; the young girl, who, thanks to the care of her excellent masters and friends, Berg and Lindblad, learned in good season to identify herself with the masterpieces of the great composers; and finally JENNY LIND, at the apogee of her glory, shunning the world and society, and knowing, loving, dreaming nothing but her Art, had certainly some powerful elements of success.

"It would not be easy, in our time, to meet any *cantatrice* whomsoever, who could play and sing to you from memory, from the first note to the last, the *Armida* of Gluck, the *Chateau de Montenero* of Dalayrac, the *Vestale* of Spontini, the *Deux Journées* of Cherubini, the operas of Mozart, Weber and Meyerbeer, the oratorios of Handel and Haydn, all the melodies of Mendelssohn, of Franz Schubert, of Schumann, the Mazurkas and *Etudes* of Chopin, without counting a very extensive dramatic repertoire, comprising the scores of Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi.

"It would perhaps be yet more difficult to name an artiste, who could appreciate and comprehend these great schools, become penetrated with their genius, preserve their local colors, and appropriate to herself their styles. It would be almost impossible to find a *musicienne*, who could at sight decipher the most difficult pieces, retain melodies of an irregular and unusual rhythm, and repeat them, after several days, as if she had created them herself. Mdlle. Lind unites these precious qualities. But this is not all. The grand thing, I repeat it, is that she makes a conscience of her art; that in the smallest city of Germany or of America, she will put the same zeal, the same *verve* into the execution of the airs she may have selected, or the rôles she may have undertaken, that she would if she were making her *debut* in the *Salle Ventadour*, in her Majesty's Theatre, or in Tripler Hall; that she never concerns herself about what is said by critics, friends, enemies, or the public in general, but thinks of her art, and of her art only.

"Detached from what surrounds her, aban-

doning herself entirely to her inspiration, she impresses on the music that she sings, a stamp of originality, that is irresistible. With an inexorable rigor towards herself, she punishes the slightest imperfection, which she thinks she has discovered in her execution, by a redoubled, tripled labor. But then, when by sufficient trials she has enriched her *repertoire* with a new piece; when in the plenitude of her means she gives free scope to the resources of her genius so rich and various, who can remain cold and insensible? The sacred flame communicates itself to her audience, a thrill runs through the seats, a profound emotion is engraved upon all countenances, and when at last the solemn silence is replaced by universal acclamations, when we try to account for the impression we have experienced, and ask why we have been seized with admiration and astonishment, the answer is: That we have heard an artist, who MAKES A CONSCIENCE OF HER ART!"

Correspondence.

[From our New York Correspondent.]

Music in New York.

The golden gates of the opera are closed—golden, that is, to all but the manager. The experiment of a democratic opera has been tried, and it has succeeded. At least on the democratic nights—when the price was fifty cents—the house was overfull. "It did not pay," the manager said. But when did managers ever say anything else?

After the quarrel in the early winter the three capital *B's* withdrew to Niblo's, and we had two admirable operas. SALVI, STEFFANONE and MARINI sang at the Astor Place; BADIALI, BOSIO and BETTINI at Niblo's. The latter troupe you have heard, and have doubtless made your own notes upon theirs. They filled their house nightly, here, and among the other operas, they sang *Don Giovanni*. The orchestra was inefficient, which is a fatal fault in an opera depending so much upon it, and the whole time was taken too fast, so that Ole Bull went one evening behind the scenes, exasperated, to protest against such murder of Mozart—nor was the opera well sung, except by Bosio. Her Zerlina is by far the best of her rôles. Nature fits her for it. She is arch and of a winning charm in action. She has a sparkling beauty, with extreme feminineness of voice and manner, and she has the ladylikeness that lurks in the gay Spanish peasant and attracted the Don.

Badiali, as Don Giovanni, was wooden and cumbrous, and indulged in unpardonable liberties with the music. To bring down the house—for one can hardly suppose ignorance of the score—he concluded both *La ci darem* and the *Serenade* with the most commonplace Italian phrases—nor had he the slightest trace of the irresistible gentleman, which imagination demands in the character. Sanquirico's Leporello is broad buffoonery, sometimes pushed quite beyond patience.

But with every defect it was still pleasant to hear. Music so sweet and rare enchants the eye and the ear. The puppets move upon the stage, but the fair and stately figures of the music throng imagination with their magical and pen-

sive play. As if the music expressed only the sad undertone of life, it flows seriously on, while all the bubbles of evanescent gayety in the plot, break and gleam along its surface. Thus where Leporello is discovered, what is more pathetic than the musical movement? or where before was a minuet made a love-tale teeming with passion?

They sang also *Maria di Rohan* at Niblo's. In this, Bosio was good, because there were no foregone conclusions about the character, as there are in *Lucrezia* and *Lucia*. The heroine is an injured and passionate Italian woman, and that Bosio could represent. But the imperial *Lucrezia* or the lyrical *Lucia* are too distinctively attired in imagination to admit any other than a certain style of figure. It is a great defect of the Italian opera, that it persists in selecting historical images, which are already pronounced in the world of fact, and cannot be recreated, except absurdly as in Verdi's *Macbeto*, in the realm of music. When Charles Lamb said that the scene of Wycherly's and Congreve's dramas lies beyond the pale of conscience, he made one of his most delicate criticisms. In the same way it is, that the world of opera lies beyond that of fact. If you regard an opera as a scene of actual life set to music, it is unmitigatedly ludicrous.

The music of *Maria di Rohan* is poor enough. It is surprising that artists can hold it in their memories, there seems such want of melody or method. I by no means share the enthusiasm for Badiali. He has a fine baritone voice, and sings well. But his performance is to me like an academic picture, unimpeachably correct and uninteresting. As an actor, he has the gentlemanliness of tranquility, but he is a mere Beneventano when it comes to high passion. Roaring and slashing and hair tearing are effective, but they require profound discrimination. Only an artist of the very highest genius can tear his hair properly.

Against all this we have had *Robert le Diable* and *La Gazza Ladra* as the novelties at Astor Place, and to "interpret" them, Steffanone, Salvi, and Marini—

"Was willst Du mehr?"

Steffanone is incomparably the finest lyrical artist we have recently had in America. She is whimsical and uncertain and indolent, and she is always better than she does. There is that fine consciousness of reserved strength in the impression she makes, which is the certificate of genius. I did not see her *Norma*, which is so warmly described by those who did. But as Alice, in *Robert*, she was most successful. She was all the simple country girl, safe and strong in her simplicity, and in the very last scene, when she defies Bertram and waves him back, she struck a higher note of the genuine lyrical drama than I have ever seen in America, and which is rarely surpassed in Europe. Whenever Steffanone played, we were sure of our evening. Perhaps she would be out of humor, uninterested, not great in performance, that evening; but it would not be the result of incapacity. We should not be obliged to sit and listen, and while the straining artist was displaying every possible resource of skill and force, be excusing her to ourselves, and saying deprecatingly: "She is doing as well as she can;" that is a kind of doing, which exhausts the listener through his sympathy, almost as much as it does the singer.

In *La Gazza Ladra*, Steffanone, in her whole movement and method, constantly reminded me of Alboni. They have both a fair *embonpoint*—both the same easy, loitering movement upon the stage—the same careless indifference—the same exquisite ease in singing, as if the voice were perpetually melodising in the lungs, like streams gurgling beyond hearing, which upon opening the coral gates, will leap and gush in an uncontrolled current.

One evening Steffanone had a little grudge against her old friend Marini, and seriously impaired the effect of the delicious trio. It was amusing to watch her, so like a great pouting girl, who knew she could spoil the scene, and would do it—and did do it; but sang the rest of the opera all the better for it.

Salvi is past his prime. I do not mean vocally, alone, for I doubt if he ever had much more voice than he has had for the last three years, during which he has been heard in New York. But his *physique* is unequal to the parts he has undertaken. The one drawback to his singing, is the sense of effort. The quality of voice is sweet and sympathetic, and the cultivation quite unsurpassed; but you perceive the *manner* too clearly. I say that Salvi could hardly have ever had more voice than now, for with such quality and cultivation he must needs have taken higher rank among distinguished tenors. But he secures to the listener the same pleasure in hearing that Steffanone does. You are sure that what is done will be first-rate, and not second-rate.

I am gossiping beyond all limits. But, although I cannot steal enough of your space to say what should be said of the Philharmonic concerts and Eisfeldt's soirées, I must squeeze in a word of ANNA THILLON, who is now singing Auber's operas at Niblo's. If you go to hear moving music, and to be touched with genius or feeling, you will be sadly disappointed. Madame Thillon's beauty and singing and general impression are as cold and unsympathetic as frost-work. It is all artificiality. Every movement, tone, and look, is painfully elaborated by a very commonplace standard. We have no feeling for the woman, no hearty sympathy with her singing, and no permanent emotion from the performance.

But with all that, it is thoroughly French. It is an evening at the *Opera Comique* to hear her in Auber's rôles. Your employment is Parisian employment. Instead of light you have sparkle, instead of bloom you have paint, instead of grace you have conventional posing. But if you go to hear Madame Thillon, you must not go as to Grisi or to Bosio or Steffanone. It is a ball at the *Chateau rouge*. Colored lamps—pretty women—spangled dresses—a musical whirl—that is all. Quarrel with it, if you please. I enjoy it.

No—I will not undertake the Philharmonic, at this point of my paper. Be assured that the concerts of this Society are the first in America, and that they are securely based now upon the appreciation of those who intelligently enjoy—of those, I mean, to whom music is not a tickling sensation, but a genuine delight, like the happily married thought and cadence of a great poem. Eisfeldt's soirées are of the same character, and attract a similar audience. In the security of the best music so perfectly performed,

Calm as a Summer's morning, we
Can all the Madame Thillons see,

nor fear that the meretricious French fascination

(which is yet, however, fascination) will destroy either our opportunities or our satisfactions in the noblest music.

HAFIZ.

[Communicated.]

The Boston Music Hall.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

As a large number of those, who will have the first look at the first issue of your new journal, are interested as stockholders or patrons of art, or both, in the new Music Hall now in process of erection, I make no hesitation in offering you a short history of the enterprise.

You yourself will remember the occasion on which the multifarious projects and plans of a few of us, (so long entertained with hopes growing fainter) finally found expression in a distinct proposal. It was at the annual supper of our little "Harvard Musical Association," Jan. 1851. The new child was born into a genial atmosphere, though the season was mid-winter, and was embraced with a sympathy as generous as it was unanimous. They "of little faith" have since hinted that the ardor of the first embrace smothered the bantling—but they knew not the depth nor the cunning of the maternal instinct!

A committee was drafted on the spot to report a location—with a general plan, estimates, &c.—at an early day. Their action was prompt and vigorous. Within four weeks a meeting of the Society was called to hear the Report. Six localities were presented, with full descriptions, price of land, advantages, and drawbacks, &c. &c. Four were at once rejected on various grounds; the remaining two (the Bumstead estate, and the Apthorp estate, on Tremont, in the rear of Boylston street) were briefly discussed. The former was, however, unanimously adopted, and a new committee charged with obtaining subscriptions and forming an Association, with a view to incorporation. "The baby" had now left off swaddling clothes, and was launched into a somewhat colder climate, and had she been delicate, would probably have succumbed under the successive chills she encountered. But she now exhibited a high degree of vitality and health (traceable, we think, to the circumstances attending her birth and baptism) destined soon to result in an excellent constitution. Triumphant over all obstacles, she at length found favor with the public, money came forward most liberally, and an act of incorporation was obtained; the ground-plans were decided on, the foundations were contracted for and commenced late last autumn, and are now nearly finished, and the building will go steadily and rapidly forward to completion.

The entrances will be very commodious, the Association having recently purchased from Mr. William Phillips a strip of the estate next adjoining their premises on the north-west, and giving them a superb entrance to their west corridor, at the foot of Bumstead place, of about twenty-five feet in width.

Description:—The Music Hall is to be 130 feet long, 78 wide, and 65 high. The lower floor level, and 78 feet square. The orchestra rises from one extremity, and at the opposite, rises a wall supporting an upper floor, or end gallery. At the back of this rises another wall, supporting a second floor, and, from the ends of these, two balconies are carried along the sides of the Hall, projecting 8 feet 6 inches from the walls. The front stage of the orchestra rises 4 feet from the floor, and, from this level, continues rising rear-ward in successive platforms to the extremity of the Hall in that direction, the upper platform being on a level with the lower balcony. The

whole orchestra is 30 feet deep and 63 long, and is so connected with the lower balcony that a portion of the latter might, if required, be easily connected with it and occupied by choral singers. The walls of the Hall have a series of piers which support the balconies, and which are formed, above the upper one, into Corinthian pilasters supporting the cornice of the wall and coving of the ceiling. This coving is circular and is groined; semi-circular lights are placed in the walls under the groins, and ventilators in the ceilings of the same. The Hall will be lighted at night by a series of gas-jets along the top of the cornice, which, being placed under the ventilators, will perform the ventilation as well as the illumination of the Hall. Corridors are carried, on the level of the floors and balconies, all around the building, communicating with the Hall by doors in the side walls at intervals of not more than 15 feet. It is estimated that nearly 3,000 persons can be comfortably accommodated in this Hall—none of whom will be so placed that they cannot both hear and see the orchestra, or easily leave the Hall by some adjacent door leading into the corridors.

The drawings for the contractors are now finished and the estimates going on. In a few weeks the architect will also have completed a set of drawings, showing the design of the interior as it will appear when finished.

We will give notice in this Journal where these drawings may be seen by the public. E.

The Drama.—Mrs. Mowatt.

This accomplished lady, extensively known both as an actress and an authoress, has but lately concluded an engagement at the Howard Atheneum. Although she suffered from a severe cold during most of the time, she never, in many important respects, acted better. Some of her finer tones, it is true, were clouded by hoarseness, and on a few evenings her voice was seriously affected; but generally she never exhibited greater vigor and refinement in the conception of her parts, and felicity in their representation. In the play of Ingomar, she appeared in a character wholly new, and one demanding more than ordinary subtlety of sentiment, and she succeeded in popularizing it. Her Armand, Marianne, Juliana, Juliet, were as beautiful as ever, and improved in ease and energy of movement and gesture.

Rosalind and Ion, however, seemed to us her masterpieces. The clear, lark-like merriment of Rosalind was given with inimitable sweetness and grace; and Ion, as an ideal embodiment of moral beauty, we never saw exceeded. It was the thought of the poet taking form and movement before the eye, and it evinced a power and a refinement of imagination rarely witnessed on the stage.

We understand that Mrs. Mowatt is recovering slowly from the severe accident she lately met with, though she will probably not be able to act for some weeks. X.

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY. We are happy to learn that this most interesting collection of German paintings, which for several years has been a favorite resort of all lovers of Art in New York, will in a few weeks be exhibited in Boston.

ARY SCHEFFER'S "DEAD CHRIST" is again exposed for sale at our friend Cotton's, in Tremont Row. It cost originally \$4,000, and was drawn as a prize in the International Art Union by a gentleman in Providence, who had no place for it, and can well afford to offer it at the present very low price.

New Publications.

The Piano Forte Sonatas of BEETHOVEN, a complete Edition. O. Ditson, 115 Washington St., Boston.

This publication, when completed, will form the most valuable contribution, that could possibly be made, to the studies of our young pianists, as well as to the libraries of all true lovers of classical music. Beethoven's Sonatas are the noblest compositions in their kind, the noblest music ever written for the instrument. They are more than thirty in number. Masterly in style, they are at the same time monuments, each in a distinct and characteristic way, of that great tone-poet's purest inspiration. Many of them are in every cultivated home in Germany as familiar as the plays of Shakspeare here; and several, like the "Sonata Pathétique," the "Moon Light" Sonata, in C sharp minor, &c. &c. are becoming indispensable to any character for musical taste and culture even here. Mr. Ditson is supplying a correct, cheap, elegant edition of them all; and the manner in which he is enabled to do it by the lively demand for such things, tells well for the progress of a serious musical interest among us. About half of the Sonatas are already issued.

CZERNY'S *Method for the Piano Forte*. Published by Oliver Ditson.

There is no need of recommending CZERNY, as a writer of finger exercises and illustrations for the young student of the piano. No man has had the same amount of this kind of experience, or has produced so much in this line. And his *Method* enjoys an almost universal popularity. He has only been objected to as too voluminous. The present reprint contains three-fourths of the original, which is in three large volumes, and the retrenchments consist wholly in reducing his five or six illustrations of some given points to three or four. Rules and scales and passages are all along well interspersed with examples, or short and attractive pieces.

PERGOLESE'S *Stabat Mater*. Complete, or in Seven separate Numbers. Words, Latin and English, a new translation, by J. S. DWIGHT. pp. 35. G. P. Reed & Co., 17 Tremont Row, Boston.

A work world-famous, and yet little known among our cultivators of great sacred music. Without a rival in its kind, it ought to be as familiar among our choirs and amateurs, to say the least, as Rossini's brilliant composition of the same name and words. Rossini's has all the modern effects of the full choir and orchestra, and although grand and beautiful in parts, smacks always of the worldly, epicurean tone of the genius of modern Italian opera. PERGOLESE died a quarter of a century before HANDEL, at the early age of twenty-five. He had shown a genius for the *buffo* species, some quaint traces of which appear possibly in some of the strains of this remarkable sacred composition. But its pervading style and color are profoundly religious, beautiful and unique. Though written only for one or two voices, (partly soli, and partly, as in some easy fugue portions, for a choir of two parts,) with a mere quintette accompaniment, (here reduced to the piano,) it is full of musical ideas, whose interest seems inexhaustible. No two can practice it without getting more and more enamored with its spiritual beauty. To most of us, with our musical habits, it seems newer than the newest forms of genius of our own day. We would have given much to have heard some strains of it from the Italians, Bosio, &c., in one of their so-called sacred concerts.

The English version is an attempt, (so far as we know, for the first time,) to preserve almost literally the sense of the Latin rhymes, in English at the same time somewhat singable, and married to the music. But perfect success in a thing of this kind is of course impossible; for what English equivalent is there for that succession of long quantities in the first line: *Sta-bat ma-ter do-lo-ro-sa?*

Scena and Prayer from Der Freyschutz, by C. M. VON WEBER. pp. 11. Geo. P. Reed & Co.

Every note of the *Freyschutz* has a mysterious charm that never quits its hold. This scena, where Agatha

sings at her window, by moonlight, looking out over the forest, in expectation of her lover, for whom she offers up a prayer, then bursts into a strain of rapture at the sound of his footsteps, yet fear still alternating with joy, was one of the most effective and transporting pieces in the concert repertoire of Jenny Lind. It is at least no harder than the florid Italian cavatinas, in which so many waste their voices and their patience, and it repays long study by a real soul satisfaction.

This is a beautiful edition, with words German, English and Italian.

We have a great assortment of new works on hand for notice, for which we have no room now.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 10, 1852.

Introductory.

We here present, some days in advance of date, the first number of a new weekly Journal of Music and the Fine Arts; which we take the liberty of sending, as a specimen, to some thousands of persons, who may be interested in the discussion of these subjects. And yet it hardly can be called a specimen; since in a single number there is barely room to indicate, still less to treat, all sides and points of our design. Besides, it is a *first* number, a first attempt amid much hurry and distraction, to produce a rough sketch which may serve to give some notion of what we hope to do more perfectly as we become more at home in the outward limitations and conditions of our work.

This time, the accidents of starting have had a large share in the composition and shaping of the number. Our news is necessarily not of the newest; and then the best that we could do was to place one musical region in the foreground and foreshorten all the rest, including Germany, "the land of real music," which another time must occupy the front space and the largest. Our review of our own concert season is diffused over too much ground to amount to much more than a brief, dry abstract. Our Correspondence is scarcely organized. Our best articles and essays, among which we number some choice contributions, have had to yield place for the present to lighter and shorter things; but they will keep. Our talk of other Arts, besides the Tone-Art (as the Germans call it) is a mere intimation that we mean to talk about them, and that we invite sincere communications thereon from the lovers and connoisseurs in each of their departments. Of Sacred Music, as such, and of that formidable business in our land, music-teaching, we have this time not a word; but will not those texts claim their full share of us, as the annual Pentacost of psalm-book makers and Conventions comes round? Take this, then, as a sample only of the outward "form and pressure" of our journalism, of our good printer's clever way of making us "presentable," and for the rest turn to our Prospectus on the first page.

Our columns overflow, and we could barely save ourselves this little space for the unfolding of the motives and the spirit of our undertaking. Without being in any sense a thoroughly educated musician, either in theory or practice, we have found ourselves, as long as we could remember, full of the appeal which this most mystical and yet most human Art, (so perfectly intelligible

to feeling, if not to the understanding,) has never ceased to make to us. From childhood, there was an intense interest and charm to us in all things musical; the rudest instrument and most hacknied player thereof seemed invested with a certain halo, and saving grace, as it were, from a higher, purer and more genial atmosphere than this of our cold, selfish, humdrum world. We could not sport with this, and throw it down like common recreations. It spoke a *serious* language to us, and seemed to challenge study of its strange important meanings, like some central oracle of oldest and still newest wisdom. And this at a time, when the actual world of music lay in the main remote from us, shooting only now and then some stray vibrations over into this western hemisphere. We felt that Music must have some most intimate connection with the social destiny of Man; and that, if we but knew it, it concerns us all.

A few years have passed, and now this is a general feeling. Music is a feature in the earnest life and culture of advanced American society. It enters into all our schemes of education. It has taken the initiative, as the popular Art *par excellence*, in gradually attempering this whole people to the sentiment of Art. And whoever reflects upon it, must regard it as a most important saving influence in this rapid expansion of our democratic life. Art, and especially Music, is a true conservative element, in which Liberty and Order are both fully typed and made beautifully perfect in each other. A free people must be *rhythmically* educated in the whole tone and temper of their daily life; must be taught the instinct of rhythm and harmony in all things, in order to be fit for freedom. And it is encouraging, amid so many dark and wild signs of the times, that this artistic sentiment is beginning to ally itself with our progressive energies and make our homes too beautiful for ruthless change.

Our motive, then, for publishing a Musical Journal lies in the fact that Music has made such rapid progress here within the last fifteen, and even the last ten years. Boston has been without such a paper, and Boston has its thousands of young people, who go regularly to hear all good performances of the best classic models in this art. Its rudiments are taught in all our schools. The daughters of not the wealthy only pursue it into the higher branches; and music teachers count up well amid the other industrial categories. Think of fifteen hundred people, listening every week to orchestral rehearsals of the great symphonies and overtures! Think of those August "Conventions," when thousands from all parts of the country spend whole weeks together in lessons and rehearsals of great Choral and Oratorio music! Think how familiarly and how exactingly we talk of the opera singers, before whom our early admirations have entirely vanished! Think of the ovations of the LIND, and our whole nation's homage paid to Art, the moment that it came to us incarnated for once in so pure a living form!

All this requires an organ, a regular bulletin of progress; something to represent the movement, and at the same time help to guide it to the true end. Very confused, crude, heterogeneous is this sudden musical activity in a young, utilitarian people. A thousand specious fashions too successfully dispute the place of true Art in the favor of each little public. It needs a faithful,

severe, friendly voice to point out steadfastly the models of the True, the *ever* Beautiful, the Divine.

We dare not promise to be all this; but what we promise is, at least an *honest* report, week by week, of what we hear and feel and in our poor way understand of this great world of Music, together with what we receive through the ears and feeling and understanding of others, whom we trust; with every side-light from the other Arts.

The *tone* of our criticisms will, we hope, be found impartial, independent, catholic, conciliatory; aloof from personal cliques and feuds; cordial to all good things, but not too eager to chime in with any powerful private interest of publisher, professor, concert giver, manager, &c. This paper would make itself the "Organ" of no school or class, but simply an organ of what we have called the musical *movement* in this country; of the growing love of deep and genuine music. It will insist much on the claims of "Classical" music, and point out its beauties and its meanings;—not with a pedantic partiality, but because the enduring needs so often to be held up in contrast with the ephemeral. But it will also aim to recognize what good there is in styles more simple, popular, or modern; will give him who is Italian in his tastes an equal hearing with him who is German; and will print the articles of those opposed to the partialities or the opinions of the editor, provided they be written briefly, in good temper and to the point.

Music in Boston.

The season past affords texts for a volume of commentary, had one the time and space. It marks a period in our musical growth. No previous winter has been rich with one-third of its amount of presentations of the highest forms of Art. Evening concerts and afternoon rehearsals (for the word "rehearsal" has become almost synonymous with concert by daylight), have been thronged, the winter through, by eager listeners to the orchestral symphonies and overtures of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Gade; to Handel's and Mendelssohn's sublime oratorios; to choice Chamber Music; to the miscellaneous feasts of virtuosos coming and going; to our own finished cantatrice, BISCACCANTI, who returned a second time from European studies, more than redeeming every promise, a refined artist now in higher senses of the word; to our young *debutante*, who has just sailed abroad, exciting hopes at least as high; to the classic and the modern piano-forte interpretations of musical, mercurial ALFRED JAELL, who seems at once German and Italian, of the North and of the South, a mere child of impulse and a thoughtful man. All this came ushered in most nobly, with the austere commanding beauty, and yet sparkling sunshiny humanity, of that last series of the LIND concerts, in the Melodeon, where the volume of the singer's voice and soul told as in no other hall; and where the singer, who is most queen with an orchestra, was queen enough without, giving us in each admirably chosen programme specimens from all her varied and in fact universal range of song; where too the lover, since become world-famous, then the modest young pianist, told by the fervor and the true and delicate adap-

tation of his accompaniments, how blissfully he lost himself, without care for the world's applause, in that o'ershadowing beauty, of womanhood and Art, in which just then his life was hidden. That made November genial. With our rough, moody March came, for a brief finale of the season, the Italian songsters, the BOSIO-BETTINI-BADIALI troupe, to give us a touch of their warm South.

Making all this hay "while the sun shone" involved rather an excessive absorption of the music-lovers in concerts for the time being, and the reaction had to follow. We have now been for two or three mortal weeks left in a refreshing and almost unbroken repose from musical excitements.

To enter into any critical or detailed review of such a wide and crowded field, is here, of course, impossible. Yet let us allude in turn, in a quite general way, to each of the principal sources of our enjoyment.

The Musical Fund Society.

We place this first, because it is the largest combination of our best resident instrumentists, united on a permanent basis, devoted mainly to the high forms of the Symphony, Concerto and classic Overture, having also in its constitution an element of charity, or rather of mutual guaranty against the often cruel fortune of musicians. The dignity and true artistic tone of the profession is naturally at heart in such a confraternity; and every one, who is interested in good music and in the interpreters thereof, must feel sincere joy in every stage of their success.

Numbering some sixty instruments, with due preponderance of the string family, this orchestra possesses the means of presenting, in their full proportions, the gigantic symphonies of Beethoven and others. A band much larger would rather fall into the modern "monster" category. The string department has been excellent; but there has been continual complaint of want of unity, of precision, of true intonation, of musical quality of tone, &c. &c., in many of the wind instruments; and this, if we are rightly informed, is partly owing to the fact that some of the members, who are skilled in the use of one instrument, are here set to playing others, with which they are less perfectly familiar; and partly to the fact, that the various instruments have not been regulated primarily and exclusively to the sphere of this orchestra, but have been drawn from various minor orchestras and bands, acquiring, as it were, their local temperaments and habits. The evil, we believe, is understood, and will no doubt ere long be remedied, when we shall have an orchestra that may be compared with the Philharmonic orchestra in New York.

The Fund Society have labored under two other disadvantages. First, to seat a paying audience, they have been driven to the very unmusical and uninviting hall of Tremont Temple. May our new hall be ready for them in the autumn!—Secondly, owing to the multifarious private occupations of the members, they have had but one rehearsal in a week, and that a public one, in the presence of 1,500 to 1,800 auditors! In fact, an afternoon concert. Now these public rehearsals are most excellent things for the public, and we would not on any account have them discontinued. They are an invaluable stimulus and education to the higher musical taste of hundreds of young men and women, of whole families. Through

them, a generation is here growing up in the love and knowledge of the noblest compositions. The general cause of music cannot dispense with them. But there is an obvious restraint upon the freedom and dry, wholesome discipline of a rehearsal, in the presence of all these witnesses. We trust that by some means the Society will contrive to secure hours both for private and for public rehearsals.

Looking over the programmes of the six subscription concerts, now completed, (together with the extra, Benefit Concert, under the direction of the Lady Associates, to which we may allude hereafter,) we can feel proud of the amount of good music that has been presented. Of symphonies, we have had the *Eroica*, the C minor, and the number 7, in A, (decidedly the three grandest) of BEETHOVEN; the third, in A minor (Recollections of Scotland), and the fourth (posthumous, Italian,) of MENDELSSOHN; the great "Jupiter," with four-fold fugue, of MOZART; and the No. 11 of HAYDN. Of overtures: MOZART's to *Zauberflöte* and to *Clemenza di Tito*; BEETHOVEN's to *Leonora*; BERLIOZ's to "Waverly"; a concert overture, by GADE; and several of the lighter modern schools. One night there was a fugue of BACH upon the organ, creditable in intention, but sadly misplaced. With these the usual lighter varieties were intersprinkled, which we need not particularize. But we must allude to the piano Concerto of Mendelssohn, played by ALFRED JAEHL, and to the fine vocal contributions of BISCACCANTI and of Mrs. BOSTWICK; can we add also witching ANNA THILLON, who spoiled the fugue?

The afternoon rehearsals have afforded a still richer repertoire of symphonies and overtures. We are happy to learn that the Society contemplate giving a series of very cheap afternoon concerts, through the Spring, the music to be in about equal proportions of light and solid, so as to combine both ends of instruction and amusement.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

Dear especially and justly to the lovers of good classic music is this fraternity of five young artists. To them we owe our sphere of periodical communion with the great German masters in their most select and genial moods; for in his Chamber compositions each embodied, or at least outlined, a portion of his best, of his most characteristic. This little Club was first drawn together by the love of these fine creations, and now for several winters has interpreted them to an audience select and more and more appreciative, the appetite "still growing with what it fed upon," till now such music has come to be counted an indispensable item in the annual supplies of not a few.

No Society has ever given us such series of good programmes. The staple of all their bills has been genuine, solid Quatuors and Quintettes. Think how much of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn,—of the masters, who used to seem so far off, unapproachable to us novices in music—they have this winter opened to us in their eight subscription Chamber Concerts! Of HAYDN—"father Haydn"—they have given us one regular Quartette, besides the whole seven of his Quartette arrangements of the "Seven last Words on the Cross." Of MOZART, one Quartette and three Quintettes; one of them with clarinet, a work in his loveliest and sweetest vein, which

was performed on two evenings. Of BEETHOVEN—"deeper and deeper still"—three Quartettes and three Quintettes, including the immortal Adagio with variations. Of MENDELSSOHN, two Quartettes and two Quintettes, one posthumous (op. 87 in B flat). To these add a brilliant, and boldly elaborated Quintette by V. LACHNER, a Trio by WEBER for piano, flute and 'cello, a Trio by MENDELSSOHN, with the pianist JAEHL to magnetize the whole into life; besides excellent songs and solos.

Besides their concerts, the Club have also given upon Monday afternoons public rehearsals in Cochrane Hall, in which the same classic pieces, and many more, have been repeatedly tried over. These for many persons have formed the most attractive hours of all the week; for here was good guaranty of an audience in earnest about the matter, really learning to know and love some of the best specimens of each great master's works.

In these Quintette concerts, we have watched the development of what is much the truest sign of musical taste in any public, albeit a small public. And that is, an increasing regard for the quality of the music; of the composition, rather than for mere skill and grace in the performance thereof. We have learned to be exacting in our programmes, and count all skill as idle, save as applied to the interpretation of works full of intrinsic interest and meaning. We thank the Club for taking this ground, and cultivating it so steadily.

In point of execution they have continually gained, not only in that unity and precision which long practice gives, but also in the higher respects of sentiment and style, showing the refining, spiritual influence upon themselves of the high music with which they have been holding conversation. And yet we must not let partiality carry us too far. These artists still fall short of the ideal of quartette and quintette playing. There is often a roughness of tone, a rudeness of attack in *forte* passages, making you feel that physical energy is a weak substitute for the electric fire of inspiration. Sometimes (not uniformly, we can truly say) a fine work has been too mechanically rendered, without light and shade, without any of that consentaneous *ad libitum*, to which true musical feeling can trust itself, and which is described as a characteristic of the piano-playing of Mozart, Beethoven and all great masters. We have thought they seemed sometimes to rely too much on simple downright attack, and upon carrying point after point of the music by sheer executive energy, instead of reproducing it from their feeling. The too ready applause of a half-cultivated audience is partly answerable for this. Our friends can and will, we doubt not, learn to surmount this fault entirely, as they have already done in special instances more than once.

One word more, since now is the time for it. We earnestly trust that the Messrs. FRIES, RZHA, RYAN and LEHMANN will not abandon the high ground they have taken, from any dismay at a momentary fluctuation in their outward success. Recent rehearsals, the programme of that last "extra" concert, together with paragraphs in newspapers congratulating us that the Club were henceforth to "play more miscellaneous music," have been ominous. There is but one ground on which such a Society can stand and outlive temporary discouragements, and that is

the ground of almost strict adherence to classic chamber compositions, in their original forms. Mr. Ryan's arrangements of things like the "Invitation to the Dauce," movements of piano-forte sonatas, &c., are certainly clever and creditable to him; but such things are never as satisfactory as the originals to hear, and they crowd out of the programme too many genuine works, which it seems due to our musical culture that we should have every chance to hear. Classic music is the peculiar field of this little Club; if they enter other fields, the weakness of a mere quintette enables them but poorly to compete with popular orchestras and bands.

We could not object, however, to the introduction of that "Musical Joke" of Mozart into the last concert. It was well to hear a specimen of that facile, happy humor, which formed so large an element in the inspired boy's composition. We could thus form some conception of the fine mirth of his friends, to whom he extemporized such things continually. Besides, the piece has a historical value. It bears date Vienna, 1787, the very year in which he wrote "Don Juan;" and after the failure of the Viennese to appreciate that great work, we can imagine him with some *gusto* consoling himself by a burlesque on the reigning styles of composition. Perhaps more of this anon.

The Germania Musical Society.

The growing taste for pure instrumental music, at so many points in our wide country, has been greatly indebted for the last three or four years to the flying visits of this model abridgment of an orchestra. Though hardly twenty-four in number, these young artists have diffused among our people something nearer than we have before had, to a true idea of German music, both in its popular and in its classic forms. They have been to us in fact a live and genuine specimen of musical Germany, traveling about in the midst of us, and at each point again and again renewing the vibration from that vital heart and centre of the tone-sphere.

The advantages of such a band are these:

1. It is well selected in the first place. All its members are artists, men well suited to each other, men in every fibre of their being as it were acclimated and attuned to the artistic sphere of music; each endowed with a fine musical temperament, and imbued from boyhood with the spirit of the great German masters; accustomed to an orchestral atmosphere, instead of to that of mere military and dance music; several of them indeed persons of general culture, reading and society.

2. They have possessed, first in Herr LENSCHOW, and latterly in Herr BERGMANN, a conductor of the true stamp; one, who not only feels and understands the music, but who by a sort of natural eloquence of look and gesture expresses the force of each musical idea as it is coming, keeps before the music, visibly anticipating each effect, and so possessing all his orchestra with the same feeling in safe season for the attack. It helps even the musical enjoyment and understanding of the audience, to watch such a conductor's baton.

3. Having no other occupation, and pledged to one another, traveling and stopping together every where, they can keep in perfect practice, in ever fresh familiarity with their large and

varied repertoire of music, trusting one another perfectly for a sympathetic ensemble in the rendering of every piece. Soon may the time come when our own local musicians may be able to do likewise!

On the other hand, their one disadvantage is, that they have not, (nor can their traveling life afford to have) the numbers and proportions of a grand symphonic orchestra. While their wind instruments are complete in number as they are choice in quality, their violins are very few. Hence we found it good policy to sit near, in order to hear them well; for to the remote auditor, the reeds and trumpets passed directly over the heads of the few violins, which in their nature could not tell so prominently; and thus in many a symphony he caught the brighter masses of coloring, while the finer outline of the musical idea, entrusted to the strings, was faintly perceptible. At the best, in *forte* passages, the violinists had to bear on with great energy to partly counterbalance the wind band, since even their admirably precise and pure outline was not always sufficient. Of course the disadvantage was greatest in the case of the grander class of symphonies, like the "Jupiter" of Mozart, and the C minor, the *Eroica*, &c., of Beethoven. Whereas, in one so light and fairy-like as Beethoven's No. 8, and in the picturesque, romantic, delicately strong overtures of Mendelssohn, they were eminently successful.

Yet it is always a pleasure and a lesson to hear this little orchestra in any kind of music. Of great symphonies, their renderings must be regarded as fine readings, or outline representations. There is no confusion, no blur, or indefiniteness about them; they show you what the composer meant; they fix each theme, each musical idea and motive clearly in the mind. We deemed it a great advantage to hear a symphony first from them, and afterwards expanded into full proportions by a larger orchestra.

In their own national waltz music (a genuine creation of the genial, rhythmic soul of Germany); in their arrangements of operatic scenes, where certain instruments take up the voice parts; and above all, in their delicately shaded accompaniments to the singer, or the concert-player, they are indeed a model, a charm unfailing.

Boston has been favored this time as the winter residence of the Germanians. A series of twenty subscription concerts, weekly afternoon rehearsals, and a multitude of occasional performances, have not at all blunted the appetite for their music, and they have made the rich voice and promise of Miss PHILLIPS, and the unrivalled piano-playing of ALFRED JAELL, as familiar as household words among us.

We have only room further to enumerate the important classical works, which they have given in their twenty concerts, to complete the sum of our rare opportunities the past winter in this line.

SYMPHONIES. Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, (Pastoral), and 8, of BEETHOVEN. The C major, with Fugue, ("Jupiter") and op. 58, in E flat, of MOZART. The No. 11, in D, of HAYDN. The fourth (posthumous) of MENDELSSOHN. The "Historica," illustrating four periods, of SPOHR; also, in the early season, his "Consecration of Tones." One by KALIOWODA, and one by GADE.

OVERTURES. BEETHOVEN's to *Fidelio*, to *Egmont*, to the *Men of Prometheus*, and to *Coriolanus*. MENDELSSOHN's to "Midsummer Night's Dream," to "Fingal's Cave" (*Hebriden*), to *Heimkehr aus der Fremde* (Return from abroad), the one called "Calm Sea and Happy Voyage" (*Meeres-Stille*), to *Ruy Blas*, to "The fair Melusina." WEBER's, to *Oberon* and *Freyschutz*.

MOZART's, to *Don Juan* and *Zauberflöte*. GADE's "Echoes from Ossian." SPOHR's, to *Jessonda*. A strange one by ROBT. SCHUMANN, with Scherzo and Finale. MEYERBEER's, to *Robert*, to the "Huguenots," and to *Struensee*. Several by ROSSINI, and other lighter kinds.

PIANO-FORTE CONCERTOS. One by BEETHOVEN and two by MENDELSSOHN, played by A. JAELL. To these add parts of the Symphony Cantata: "Song of Praise," by the latter composer; and finally the entire orchestral music (not the entire vocal, as was promised) of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," exquisitely accompanying the indifferent reading of Miss KIMBERLY.

Of the lighter varieties we need not speak, except to say that we thought they added rather too much lightness towards the end of the season. The music-lovers of our sister towns and cities also got their share of the "Germanians" during the winter, and we doubt not they will be warmly welcomed back another season.

Of our two Oratorio Societies, we have left ourselves no room this time to speak, nor of the Italian Opera; but read what "Hafiz" sings us thereof in New York.

Foreign Musical Intelligence.

Paris.

The gay city has kept all its musical fountains playing, in spite of the reign of terror. The four opera houses seem to have been in full activity and thronged; and numerous have been the lyric dramas, serious and comic, classical and light, which, since the new year came in, have had an airing and a hearing—some for the hundredth, some for the first time. But all sink into the shade before two: Rossini's *William Tell*, at the Grand Opera, and Beethoven's *Fidelio* at the Theatre Italien.

The former was given in superb style;—perhaps a little too superb, for, says the *Gazette Musicale*: "The placard announced a chorus of two hundred voices for the finale of the second act. Such things produce an immense effect . . . on a placard; but in concert-halls and theatres it has long been known by experience that all force, beyond what is just enough, is lost, and that thirty good chorists are better than two hundred," &c. The singers were M. GUEYMARD for the tenor, in the part of Arnold, who seems to have not badly filled the place of the great DUPREZ; MORELLI, who "sustained his reputation" in the part of Tell; OBIN, "a good and brave" Walter; ARMES, "a little timid in the fisherman," and Madam LABORDE, known whilome of Bostonians, in Matilda. The "Prince President assisted" at the first performance! Imagine him face to face with the real live Tell.

The *France Musicale* goes into rhapsodies about this opera. For instance: "Eternal poetry is this of thine, O master! *Guillaume Tell* will survive the tomb, survive the ages. Like the *Iliad*, that grand and inimitable poem of Homer, shall your inspired work serve as a model. Musicians, present and to come, will respect it and admire it. The theatrical art, the lyric drama with its emotions, melodic truth, taste, form, science without tediousness, grandeur without exaggeration, pomp without noise, charm, tenderness, the love of liberty, the passion of the heart, all are there." And again: "Open this score, musicians; read it and re-read it; each page is a melody. Turn it over and over; go from the beginning to the middle, from the middle to the end, you will discover nothing in its flowery leaves but the most lovely harmonies, no thorns nor briars. The master has set his seal on this immortal work; he has signed it ROSSINI, the most glorious name in music." (!) And this when we are even now on our way over to the ITALIAN OPERA, to hear a masterpiece of quite another stamp, *Fidelio*!—But first we must observe that *Les Huguenots* and *Le Prophète* have also had their turns at the Grand Opera. ROSSINI and MEYERBEER:—what two truer types of the musical taste of Frenchmen! the epicurean sparkle of the one, and the wild *diable* and bold effect of the other;—but both strong and genuine, and far more wholesome than the Italian music since Rossini.

There have also been representations of *La Favorita*, the *Vivandière*, the *Reine de Chypre*, the *Violon de Diable*; and *Le Juif Errant* was in rehearsal.

THEATRE ITALIEN. *Fidelio*, says the *Gazette*, was first produced in Paris in 1830-1, by a German troupe, including Haitzinger and Schroeder-Devrient. "The effect was first surprise, and then enthusiasm. Artists, chorus, orchestra, were animated with such a *verve*, and borne along by such a conviction, that all resistance was impossible. . . . One had to yield to the power of the work. . . . The singers believed in Beethoven, and burned with the desire to propagate their faith. Habeneck had long had a desire to transplant *Fidelio* to the French lyric stage.

"But it was not to the Opera Français, but to the Opera Italien, under the direction of Lumley, that destiny reserved this bold enterprise. *Fidelio* making its *entrée* into the midst of the Ausonian repertoire, what an event! what a complete revolution! Forty years ago, when M. Berton wanted to introduce the operas of MOZART, there was almost a revolt among the Italian artists, nourished on the honey of Paisiello, Cimarosa and Guglielmi. Barilli kept repeating, of the *Nozze di Figaro*, that it was 'Cossack music.' And yet Mozart was an Italian by education, if not by birth! Beethoven is German, altogether German; neither the author, nor the work could possibly deny their origin.

"Lumley has shown courage in risking *Fidelio* upon his stage. True, SOPHIE CRUVELLI had already obtained a brilliant success in the principal rôle, in London. She has all that is needed to succeed in the impersonation of the devoted wife, braving death and saving her husband: she is German, she possesses a magnificent voice, a physiognomy full of expression. We can only praise the manner in which she sang her first aria and married her voice with that of the three horns which accompany it with their delicious embroidery. Not less beautiful, less superior was she in the other portions; we could only ask for a little more of fire, of exaltation in the scenes of the second act. We have still present to our mind and eyes the memory of Mme. DEVRIENT, who did not sing as well as she, but who, as an actress, produced a more vivid impression. We will say as much of CALZOLARI, whose voice is so pure and sweet, but who does not render all the *frémissement*, all the feverish and delirious emotion, which boil in the *stretta* of his air in the second act. BELLETTI," [our fine baritone, of LIND memory,] "acquitted himself well in the part of Pizarro, and Mlle. CORBARI in that of Marcellina, the jailor's daughter. This last rôle was entrusted to SUSINI, whose fine bass voice always fills the ear so well. The choruses showed zeal and talent.

"The orchestra played two of the overtures, which Beethoven composed for *Fidelio*: first, the more familiar one in E, before the rising of the curtain; the second, so grand and vigorous, in C major" [here called *Leonora*] "before the last part of the second act."

The writer doubts if all the audience comprehended the beauties of *Fidelio* at once; but "Beethoven will plead his own case and win it." It had been played four times, the interest still increasing. But "a whole season would not be too much for the understanding of such a work, so foreign to the habits of our [the Parisian] public. The Italian artists, too, need to put themselves *au diapason* of a music, for which they naturally have little sympathy; and that they do with every trial."

At the same theatre have been produced recently: Donizetti's *L'élisir d'amore*, and Verdi's *Nabucco*, *Ernani* and *I Lombardi*.

OPERA COMIQUE. Four buffo pieces are in vogue at this theatre; these are: *le Caid*, *le Toreador*, *Bonsoir M. Pantalon*, and *le Tableau parlant*. Mlle. MIOLAN is delicious in the first; Mme. UGALDE ravishing in the second and fourth; Mlle. LEMERCIER very amusing in the third. So says the *France Musicale*.

Since then, a new opera, music by GRISAR, called *Le Carillonneur de Bruges* (Bellringer of Bruges) has made its appearance; BERLIOZ, says the *N. Y. Tribune*, "praises it gently. He says of the *débütante* in the opera, Mlle. WERTHEIMBER, that she has that inappreciable valuable quality in her voice, *truth*; and what is singular for a voice of the *opera comique*, it is decidedly elegiac in character."

At the Opera National they have had a new buffo opera, by EUGENE DEJAZET, called "A Marriage in the Air," and much praised of the critics. In M. Dejazet, say they, "our lyric stage counts one eminent composer more."

CLASSICAL MUSIC, too, abounds in Paris. At the "Conservatoire," we read of symphonies of Mendelssohn, Mozart and Beethoven, played by an incomparable orchestra, under the prince of conductors, M. GIRARD; an andante and finale from one of Haydn's quartettes, "played by all the violins, altos and basses," (and we are told that, except for the greater volume of sound, you could shut your eyes and think there was but one instrument upon a part); songs from Weber's *Euryanthe* and from an opera by Gretry, sung by Mme. Laborde; and a chorus by Gluck, &c.

The following was the programme of a concert of the "St. Cecilia Society:" 1. Overture to *La Vestale*, by Spontini; 2. Fragments from *Rosamonde*, a lyric drama by Franz Schubert; 3. Symphony in C minor, by Beethoven; 4. Chorus from *Blanche de Provence*, by Cherubini; 5. *Air varié*, by Adam, sung by Mlle. Lefebvre; 6. Overture to *Ruy Blas*, by Mendelssohn.

A lady pianist, Mlle. MALLEVILLE, is giving chamber concerts of the choicest programmes. Here is one of them: 1. Concerto for piano, with double quatuor, by Mozart; 2. Andante and finale of sonata in C major (Beethoven); 3. Trio for piano, violin and 'cello (Beethoven); 4. Quintette in D (Mozart); 5. The "Kreutzer Sonata" of Beethoven; 6. Allegro for piano (Scarlatti); 7. Allegro of Sonata in A minor (Mozart.)

The London *Athenæum* (Feb. 21) says:

The Chamber Concerts in Paris, seem just now, in number, to rival those of London; and the confraternity of critics are accordingly driven to their last columns of the encyclopædia of epithet, as may be instanced by the following untranslatable praise of Mlle. Clauss, a young pianiste:

"Elle a rendues possibles les impossibilités digitigrades de Liszt dans la fantaisie sur *Don Juan*; et pourtant son style est plutôt lié, onctueux, intime que spectaculaire."

Mlle. CLAUSS seems to be the "bright particular star" of a whole galaxy of young pianists, male and female, who have lately shone in Paris. (We have more about her in type.)

A MUSICAL PRODIGY. The *Gazette Musicale* gives an account of a prodigious musical boy, named Frederic Gernsheim, aged only ten years—who is already vigorous enough as a pianist to perform the Concertos of Weber, Moscheles and Mendelssohn in public. Further, he composes in full score, is capable of improvisation, and, in short, reproduces the marvels of finger, fancy and feeling, wrought in his boyish days by the little Mozart.

ERNST, the violinist, has been giving brilliant concerts, assisted by LEOPOLD DE MEYER, who, the Parisian critics say, has improved, comes down more mercifully upon the keys, &c.—HERZ gives concerts and continues to publish in the *France Musicale* his very superficial souvenirs of his concert tour in America.—LISZT has published a volume upon CHOPIN.—THALBERG was said to have his face set towards America.

And we have not yet half exhausted the musical novelties of the last two months in Paris!

Italy.

It needs not many words to show what music just now reigns in Italy, seeing that it is mostly summed up in one word—VERDI. In the foreign news department of a late French musical journal, under the head of Italy, out of twenty-three paragraphs naming the operas performed in as many Italian cities, nineteen give some opera of Verdi's. He is the model and the idol; but there are plenty of younger aspirants:

—The number of new operas performed in Italy during the year 1851, amounted to 30: the majority were at Naples, Turin and Florence. With scarcely an exception, the renown of their composers has not yet penetrated across the frontiers of their native country.

England.

CHAMBER CONCERTS. Look through any recent chronicle of a musical fortnight in London, and you are in a perfect wilderness of them. Our Eisdelt's Soirées and our Mendelssohn Club are mere drops in the bucket to

it. There is a certain "settled, calm content" in listening to Quartette playing, which seems to suit the eminently domestic turn of Englishmen.

W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT (the genial composer, but too imitative pupil of MENDELSSOHN,) Mr. HALLE, Mr. NEATE, Mr. SCIPION ROUSSELOT, Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER, Mr. KJALLMARK, Mons. BILLET, Mr. J. ELLA, Mr. AGUILAR, &c., &c., are each giving his separate series of chamber concerts, with programmes of the very highest order. Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Schumann, Schubert, Weber, and the other great names (not to mention the artists' own,) figure more or less in all of them, as authors of sonatas, trios, quartettes, quintettes, nonettes, songs, with and without words, &c.

In Manchester, too, and Liverpool, and other provincial cities we read of like things.

"Daniel: an Oratorio," by Mr. Lake, is advertised as about to be produced at Exeter Hall "early in the ensuing season," with a band and chorus of at least six hundred performers.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL. No programmes are more interesting than those of Mr. Hullah's *Monthly Concerts*. That for Wednesday last included Beethoven's Mass in C,—the same composer's Choral Piano Forte *Fantasia*,—and the second act of Weber's 'Oberon.' The first work, for which Mr. Hullah's Chorus seems to have a peculiar affection, went excellently; the difficult modulations, of which there are not a few, being given in better tune than we are accustomed to hear them given by so large a body of voices. This is surely the king of all Masses,—so picturesque, yet so devout,—so solemn, yet so interesting,—so free in form, yet so rich in scientific resources.—*Athenæum*.

HECTOR BERLIOZ has been summoned to London to direct a new Philharmonic Society with an orchestra hitherto unprecedented in number, for there will be at least 300 performers. It is the design of the Society to give a series of six concerts in Easter Hall, and to play the most characteristic compositions of various masters.

LOUIS RAKEMAN, the talented pianist, says the *Musical World*, has arrived in London for the season. [We Bostonians owe our first taste of the best modern piano forte music to this gentleman.]

EMILE PRUDENT, one of the most difficult of the new school piano forte writers, is about to settle permanently, it is said, in London.

The rival LONDON OPERAS have unrolled their programmes for the campaign of 1852. We find the following notice of the Royal Opera at Covent Garden:

The catalogue of available works includes no less than 36 operas—3 of Mozart, 1 of Beethoven, 10 of Rossini, 3 of Meyerbeer, 1 of Weber, 1 of Auber, 1 of Cimarosa, 4 of Bellini, 7 of Donizetti, 3 of Verdi, 1 of Halévy, and 1 of Gounod—all of which have already been performed. To these are added five novelties—Spohr's *Faust*, Weber's *Oberon*, Rossini's *Comte Ory*, Donizetti's *Les Martyrs*, and *Pietro il Grande*, a new opera destined expressly for the theatre by M. Jullien. *Faust*, having been composed with dialogue, required the addition of recitatives to suit the Italian stage. These have been prepared by Dr. Spohr himself, who will superintend the production of his opera.

The engagements for the present campaign include nearly all the old favorites, with sundry re-enforcements. The principal *sopranis* comprise Madame Grisi, Madame Viardot, Madame Castellan, and Mademoiselle Anna Zerr, with the addition of Madame Gazzaniga. The male department, in most particulars as strong as ever, is in some instances fortified by new acquisitions. The only important omission is Signor Tamburini, whose respectable name we miss from the present list of barytones. There is still, however, the inimitable Signor Ronconi, supported by the careful M. Rommi, and Signor Bartolini (cousin, we believe, of Signor Tamberlik,) a new importation, whose laurels have been won at Palermo, and more recently, at Brussels. The army of tenors is invincible. Signor Mario and Signor Tamberlik are supported by two other celebrities—Herr Ander, from Vienna, renowned as one of the best singers of Meyerbeer's music, and M. Guymard, the first tenor, and the rival of M. Roger, at the Grand Opera in Paris. Besides these, there are Signor Galvani, a new light tenor from Milan; Herr Stigelli, who made so good an impression last season; with Signors Luigi Mei and Soldi, to complete the list. The basses are scarcely less formidable. To Herr Pormes is added Signor Marini, who will be recollected as having sustained the post of *primo basso profondo* in 1847, 1848, and 1849, with distinguished ability. Signors Tagliafico, Polonini, Gregorio, and Rache, make up the catalogue.

Of the other Opera, Her Majesty's, we read:

Cruvelli, whose success was the great feature last year, will be *prima donna* this season, together with Madame Sontag and Mademoiselle Joanna Wagner, the German "star," who is said to have taken the place of Jenny Lind at Berlin. Ferlotti, known as a singer and tragic actor, and the barytone Bassini are also important among the new engagements.

Germany.

BERLIN. A brilliant court concert took place recently, directed by MEYERBEER, who had drilled his forces into perfect execution. Among the pieces given were: A quatuor from Mozart's *Idomeneo*; fragments of Gluck's *Orpheo*, sung by Mmes. Wagner and Koester; the *Salut des Fleurs*, trio by Curschmann; choruses from the *Prophète*; finale of Rossini's *Comte Ory*; Turkish march and chorus of dervises, from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*; Overture to *Le Jeune Henri*, by Mehul; with piano fantasias, &c.

Meyerbeer's "Camp of Silesia" was performed at the Court theatre, at a coronation festival. The hall was crowded. Mme. Tuczek, who sang the part of Vielka, bore away the honors of the evening.—On MOZART's birth day, *Don Juan* was played to perfection, to an enthusiastic audience.—Other operas have been the *Prophète*, *Euryanthe*, *Fidelio*, the *Deux Journées* (Cherubini), &c.

The symphony and Chamber Concerts have been rich as usual.

The celebrated "Dôm" or "Cathedral Choir" has been giving concerts of a rare quality, in which the oldest productions of PALESTRINA have alternated with the modern compositions. Between the vocal pieces there were sextets, septuors, &c.

The "Sing-Akademie," founded by Zelter, Goethe's friend and correspondent, has lost its director, RUNGENHAGEN. TAUBERT and NAUMANN were candidates for the place. This society has recently performed three new pieces: a *Lauda Sion*, by Mendelssohn; a paraphrase of Klopstock's dominical prayer, set to music by Taubert; and a solemn mass, by Naumann.

WEIMAR. LISZT is here director. ROBERT SCHUMANN has been invited to bring out his new opera, composed to Byron's *Manfred*; and BERLIOZ, his *Benvenuto Cellini*.

MADAME SONTAG is making a triumphal musical progress through Germany. She does not go to Berlin, where it is supposed the Court would not wish that one of its most distinguished ornaments a few years since, should appear upon the stage. The railway directors all over Germany despatch extra trains from the country towns to the Capital in which the Syren chances to sing, and, like Barnum, sell tickets of admission to the opera. She is now at Hamburg, where she was to play twelve nights for 150 Louis d'or, about \$682 a night. The quondam Countess travels in state. She and her retinue of men servants and maid servants, and the Italian cook, occupy two four horse carriages. In Hamburg, she will decide whether to visit the United States. If she does, there can be little doubt that her success will be glowing. Sontag is an alabaster statue, with a musical box in its month.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

ST. PETERSBURG. The benefit of GRISI and MARIO was a regular ovation. The opera was *Lucrezia Borgia*. The "incomparable pair" were called on the stage no less than twenty times. After the opera, the Emperor presented Grisi with a Cashmere shawl, worth 4,000 rubles (about £800), a tiara of pearls and diamonds, and a ring of immense value.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Beethoven and his Third Symphony.

[Extract from an unpublished work.]

With the approach of cold weather [autumn of 1802] Beethoven's health improved, and he turned his thoughts to a work which had long floated before his imagination, and in which the world should have witness of that mighty genius, which he was conscious of possessing. This was that famous work now known as the "Heroic Symphony."

Born and educated on the Rhine, in almost the only section of Germany at that time not cursed with hereditary despotism, within the reach of French and English ideas, an ardent admirer of the Greek and Latin historians, most of whose works he possessed in translations, Beethoven had come to Vienna a firm and staunch republican. His imagination was filled with Plato's Republic, and he fondly cherished the hope and expectation that France, having cast off its burden of tyranny and oppression, would at length make real the ideal of the great philosopher. At the time Bernadotte was in Vienna as ambassador of the French Directory, Napoleon had recently returned from his famous Italian campaign and was residing in his humble house in the Rue de la Victoire, and mingling in the society of none but men of high intellectual and scientific attainments. That great ovation to him in the Luxembourg had just taken place, and this young Corsican, one year only older than Beethoven, was the foremost man of the Eastern continent.

"Napoleon was now almost adored by the republicans all over Europe, as the great champion of popular rights. The people looked to him as their friend and advocate. The brilliancy of his intellect, the purity of his morals, the stoical firmness of his self-endurance, his untiring energy, the glowing eloquence of every sentence which fell from his lips, his youth and feminine stature and his wondrous achievements, all combined to invest him with a fascination such as no mortal man ever exerted before." — J. S. C. Abbott.

It is easy to conceive with what interest Beethoven would hear of this young hero from Bernadotte, and how naturally he would come to regard him as the one destined to regenerate the civil and political institutions of Europe. Count

Moritz Lichnowsky attributed the first suggestion of a work in honor of Napoleon from the pen of Beethoven, to the French Ambassador, and in 1823, when the composer had occasion to write to that General, then king of Sweden, in relation to his great second Mass, his thoughts recurred to the period of their acquaintance, and "he distinctly recollected, that it really was Bernadotte, who awakened in him the first idea of the *Sinfonia Eroica*." — Schindler.

How eagerly he would follow the career of the young conqueror, as detailed in the newspapers of the day, of which he was an insatiate reader, may easily be imagined. At the close of 1802, that man, sprung from the people, like Beethoven himself, was at the head of a government somewhat similar in form to that of the old Roman Republic; his title, that of Consul, recalled recollections of its best days, and he sat in judgment above the crowned heads of Germany, dividing and disposing according to his own will.

His character in the eyes of all republicans was still unblemished; that final act, the assumption of the Imperial sceptre, had not yet unblinded them to a perception of his inordinate ambition and his utter indifference as to the means of its gratification. At all events, Beethoven at that time cherished a boundless admiration for him and likened him to the greatest of the Roman Consuls.

These remarks have been called forth by a conviction, that the ordinary interpretation of the "Heroic Symphony" is not in accordance with the train of thought and feeling, which Beethoven in this great work intended to portray. It is not a work written to commemorate Napoleon, the Emperor, and exile of St. Helena, but one suggested by the career of the conqueror of Italy, — of him who had grasped the loose reins of power and repressed with a master's hand the destructive madness of the French Democracy. The title under which it was given to the world, was an afterthought, written after the composer's opinion of Napoleon had undergone an entire change; and that the "Marcia Funebre" was not written as a requiem for the hero, appears clearly enough from a remark dropped by Beethoven, on being told that at length the exile slept the sleep that knows no waking. Alluding to the march he said, "that for this catastrophe he had composed appropriate music seventeen years before, music which fully predicted it, though unintentionally (ohne dass es seine Absicht gewesen) on his part."

Few persons can have heard this symphony for the first time and not, under the influence of the idea that it was composed "to celebrate the death of a hero," have been startled, and offended almost, by the strange contrast between the second and the succeeding movements. A writer at the time of its first public performance in Vienna said, "Unity (of design and effect) is almost entirely lost;" and among the numerous criticisms in the English as well as German musical periodicals, there are few, which do not imply the truth of this one from the "Harmonicon," on occasion of a partial performance of the Symphony: "The Sinfonia Eroica of Beethoven most properly ended with the Funeral March, omitting the other parts, which are entirely inconsistent with the avowed design of the composition." Had Beethoven given a key to this, as he has done to the Pastoral Symphony, there is no doubt that all would be found, though singular and "Beethovenish," still satisfactory. At all events, considering the circumstances attending its production, may we not view it as Beethoven's political testament and confession of faith,—a work in which he honored the French Consul more by making him the type of heroism universally, than by any labored attempt to paint the individual, as he is generally supposed to have done?

The following *Argument* may perhaps convey more clearly the intention of the above remarks, and relieve the mind of the reader from the disagreeable feeling caused, on hearing the Heroic Symphony, by the "entire inconsistency" of the Scherzo and Finale with the other movements.

Allegro con brio. The Hero announced and portrayed. A very long, powerful and majestic movement, built upon themes simple and bold, yet vigorous and capable of being wrought up to an inconceivable grandeur.

Marcia Funebre, adagio assai. Inexpressibly grand and affecting, a picture of the hopeless, desponding, despairing condition of the millions groaning beneath the weight of despotism—wild rage, anarchy, bloody and unsuccessful revolution,—the requiem of order and liberty.

Scherzo and Trio. One of the most original and striking of Beethoven's compositions. Those long successions of staccato, pianissimo notes—what do they mean? They whisper the tidings—for none dares speak aloud—of the Hero's advent; the news reaches, and hope and expectation pervade, all classes; the trio of horns, so delicious, what is this but the joyful hope of deliverance, which has arisen at length? And everywhere the pulse quickens, and all is in breathless expectation; and just at the close of the movement, the joy which pervades all hearts, but which has thus far been per force hidden, dissembled, finds vent and bursts forth.

Finale. The Hero comes; a short struggle; chaos, anarchy, the rule of wild passion—all give way before him; and then the jubilant chorus, swelling and dying away, ever renewed and ever more joyous and unrestrained, rings to the praise of him whose strong hand has brought liberty and order and peace.

But whatever may have actually been the train of thought, which Beethoven followed in this grand composition, it is certain that he gave himself to it with all his strength and energy. With the exception of writing a few sonatas and quartets, which were ordered by noblemen and publishers, and the preparations for a concert, he seems to have devoted himself entirely to the Symphony through the winter and the succeeding summer, which he spent in Ober Döbling, a village near the capital. Ill health and various circumstances combined to hinder its completion, until, if Schindler is correct, the year 1804 had opened before the last touches were put to it. In

May of this year, however, it was finished, and a fair copy lying on his table, on the title page of which, at the very top, was the single word "Buonaparte;" at the very bottom, "Luigi Van Beethoven."

On the 18th of May, 1804, Napoleon assumed the crown as Emperor of the French. The news soon reached Vienna. Ferdinand Ries heard it and coming to Beethoven found him and Count Moritz Lichnowsky together. Ries related what he had heard. Beethoven flew into a violent passion, and cried out, "Is he too nothing more than a common man? Now he will also trample all human rights under foot, just to serve his own ambition. He will place himself now above all others and become a tyrant!" Then going to the table he seized the Symphony, tore the title page completely in two, and threw the whole upon the floor, from which for some time he would allow no one to take it. The first page was afterwards copied and the work received its present title. Prince Lobkowitz then purchased the use of it for a few years, and the first performances of it were in his palace.

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

LINES WRITTEN AT SEA.

To him, who loves all Beauty,
It is a rare delight
On the ocean—in the summer,
In the magical moonlight;

On the deck of a proud vessel
That rides triumphantly,
While the golden moonfire wrinkles
A pathway o'er the sea.

Like giant sea-shells humming
Æolian harmonies,
The white sails high above him
Are rounded in the breeze;

While down their stainless whiteness
The cordage shadows flow,
Like leafless forest branches
Shadowed upon the snow:

The regal moon before him,
The northern morn behind,
And starry Cassiopeia,
And the good ship filled with wind.

And whither—say O whither
Speeds on the moonlit ship?
Westward forever, homeward
Where the stars in ocean dip.

The night has drunk the nectar
Of the moon's o'erflowing cup,
That drowns far to the eastward
The pale stars coming up.

So drinks the soul thy Beauty,
O spirit of the sea,
Till dreaming and awaking
Seem each a mystery.

And in the spirit's dreamlight
The present disappears,
And past and future mingling
Dissolve the weight of years.

C. P. C.

A LETTER from Mayence contains the following:—"It is known that Mozart was painted twice only from the life: once by the German painter, Tischbein,—the other time by an Italian painter, Father Martini, of Bologna. Both pictures had disappeared. In recently taking an inventory of the effects of a former violinist of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt's Chapel, the first of these pictures was found, signed with the autograph monogram of Tischbein. The immortal author of *Don Giovanni* appears here in a coat of French fashion, green in color, large frill,

waistcoat of yellow satin, and powdered wig. Two inhabitants of Mayence—M. Arntz, Professor of Natural Philosophy, and M. Schulze, the organist—who knew Mozart personally, affirm that the portrait presents a striking likeness;—and the former adds, that the costume given is precisely that which Mozart was accustomed to wear when he played on the piano at the Court of the Elector. This portrait differs essentially from all the engraved likenesses of Mozart. Most of these were probably taken from a medal struck, in 1784, at Munich, in honor of the great musician."

CLASSIC AND OPERATIC MUSIC,

OR

The Contrapuntists and the Melodists.

[We translate the following from the German, from an admirable summary of the early history of Music, introductory to a critical estimate of the mission and achievements of MOZART.]

Read or play through an excellent theatrical score, some opera of GLUCK's for instance; take away the text and the singers, and let it be heard by amateurs, who have no idea of its previous intention; and this music, on the stage so beautiful, so speaking, so expressive, so descriptive, will say little, and in that little there will be no order nor connection to be found. And yet the composer's thoughts remain untouched; there has been no alteration in the melody nor in the chords. "But the material effect," I shall be asked; "is *this* to count for nothing?" I count it much; but patience; here is a Quartet by MOZART, which shall be executed by the same instrumentists. So far as execution is concerned, the forces shall be equal. But is not everything connected here and flowing from its proper *motif*? Do not the thoughts blend in a stream of strictest logic and of most persuasive eloquence, together with the most exalted poetry? In this music do you miss the orchestra, the singers and the drama? Does it require an interpreter? Now then, since we are agreed in this, tell me what the Quartet means? Means! yes, I feel it certainly; but how to render it in words I know not. *It is not anything that can be told.*

There could not be a better proof, that music has two sorts of value and of meaning: one relative, the other absolute and purely musical. This defines the contrapuntal style in general and the Fugue in particular, and so justifies its existence, as well as its claim to the title of *pure* music. What then is a Fugue? It is a musical proposition, which is unfolded simply or contradictorily, according as it has one or more subjects, together with the arguments, which are deduced solely from the relations of the harmony and of the counterpoint; a music, which plays in an ingenious and (so to say) abstract manner with its elements. The end of the game is the game itself, and the Fugue signifies, above all, just what it must signify in its peculiarity as Fugue. If it is good, it will be found good; require no more; you have already the sense of the work. This sense never lies in the text of the vocal fugue. The words, attached to it, are too few to help us to this sense, nor can the fugue itself derive much profit from them. They merely serve to furnish syllables to the singers. *Kyrie Eleison*, or *Hosanna in Excelsis*,—these are all the words, which the longest and most thoroughly developed fugue requires.

It may be said that the contrapuntal style, by means of analogy, re-enacts the faculties and

laws of the understanding on the domain of feeling. And indeed the arrangement and studied (*motivirte*) sequence of musical thoughts, the beauty of the thematic development corresponds to the deductions, proofs and conclusions, which a skilful logician knows how to draw from some fruitful proposition. The combination of two or more themes, contrasted in their melodic plan and in their rhythmical movement, gives a type of the approximation of two thoughts, which seem at first to have nothing in common with each other, but out of whose unforeseen contact a design suddenly becomes perceptible, which charms by its novelty and surprises by its clearness. In short, is not the unity of subject, strictly adhered to and wisely connected with all the incidental and episodic details, alike a merit in the rhetorician and the contrapuntist?

And yet, how strange! the more a composition through analogy approaches that kind of eloquence, which is called deliberative or demonstrative, the less does the sense of the work admit of verbal commentaries. Whence comes this? It follows from the fact, that between verbal and musical logic there always lies the difference between thinking and feeling. The better a truth of abstract feeling has been analyzed and presented in the language of feeling, the less will the language of reason, or spoken words, affect this series of corollaries in notes, which prove nothing, unless they be resolved into an emotion of the heart or an enjoyment for the ears. Just so it is in another sphere, that of the pure Mathematics, in which truths in the same way elude verbal logic, and can only be given through algebraical and numerical formulas.

When we reflect upon all these properties of music, some of which penetrate so far down into those depths of the soul, that are most inaccessible to the understanding and to words, we see before all things, how much they approach the nature of the religious sentiment, and why the contrapuntal and fugued styles have been principally employed in the service of the church; the only direct application of music, in which the two significations and the two-fold values, between which we have been laboring to point out the distinction, have met and become identical. What musician has not felt the everlasting harmony of the sublime church music with the sublime act, which it accompanies? Hear those voices, rising one after the other in slow and sustained tones; they intertwine and separate like the spiral wreaths of incense rising from the censer, while, now higher and now lower, they continually echo the same complaining words. That is not the expression of a passionate grief, one of those torturing agonies of flesh and blood; but it is the holy and poetic sorrow, which announces itself in the old cathedrals; it is the utterance of our common misery at the foot of the cross, ever repeated and evermore the same. The *Allegro* of a jubilant fugue follows upon the *Andante*. Is this the reverberation of a worldly festival, the martial sound of triumph, or the announcement through thousands of the people's voices of some happy national event? Nothing of all that. This chorus expresses the solemnity of the Lord's day; it celebrates an altogether mystical feast; it sings in unison with all Christian souls, who, weary of the bustle of the world, have come to hear the hymns of the king of prophets and the concerts of the heavenly Jerusalem.

It may have been remarked, that the stumbling blocks, commonly placed between works in the contrapuntal style and the majority of hearers, frequently seem not to exist in the church music; the ignorant appear to understand it about as well as the initiated. We have already given one of the reasons of this exception; but there is another, far more universal, since it operates without distinction upon hearers of all countries and communions. There is an acoustic reason at the bottom of it.

The remarkable resonance, in buildings devoted to public worship, swells the volume of tone, rendering a multitude of details imperceptible; it in a manner simplifies the music and lends to the material effect a force, which is enough to shake the hearer, and that entirely without any assistance of the composition, supposing it to be well executed. Scarcely has the piece begun, when you surrender yourself with a shudder to that irresistible power of the accords produced by a hundred select voices, strengthened by a crowd of symphonists, through which is heard the harmonic storm of the organ roaring, making the whole sonorous building tremble. And you will say "It is God's voice." Yes, it is the voice of God, making itself heard through one of the most adorable laws of his creation.

While the harmonic effects are thus rounded off and consolidated in great masses, the ear ceases to be much perplexed by details, which would have been quite bewildering, had they been more distinctly heard. So far is this the case, that a Mass, when reduced to the simplest possible mode of execution and heard as Quartet or Quintet in a chamber, is frequently no longer recognized by the very hearer, who had been transported by it during divine service.

These remarks explain many things in the past and in the present of Music. We now know why the fugued counterpoint, which grew always more and more offensive and was gradually excluded from all profane compositions, after BACH and HANDEL found its last place of refuge in the temples; why it pleased in the church and displeased elsewhere; and why, since its re-introduction, the mass of the dilettanti have yet been able to perceive no *gusto* in it in the Chamber music. If in our day we see many voluntary martyrs to the contrapuntal style, who impose upon themselves the penance of hearing a Quartet *worked off*, it is because the title of a dilettante has become a sort of standing in the world, a card of introduction, opening many doors to one, which but for that would have remained shut against him. We are obliged to be kind and patient hearers of musicians, who play *gratis*. One checks himself, when the tendency to gape comes over him too heavily, and utters ever and anon the exclamations: exquisite! wonderful! divine! like the sentinel's: *Who's there!* to show that he is awake.

How much easier living it is, on the contrary, in the Opera, in the land of musical freedom, where the listeners recover their full natural independence! Every one is there for his money's worth; every one is sovereign judge of the satisfaction that he buys; and if the great multitude does not find this satisfaction there, then woe to the composer or the players! We have a right to abuse those, who rob us. Here the public reigns despotic, and the taste of the many from of old has been the supreme law. In the theatre there is no appeal from the decisions of the

public; the sentence is executed the moment it is passed, and the condemned always have the worst of it.

The other style hardly requires the same amount of explanations. Melody is ground for everybody's feet. Whoever loves Music loves Melody, and for the human race *en masse* Melody makes up the whole of music. Besides, I have already in a certain manner sought to enumerate its negative properties, in endeavoring to indicate the sphere and limits of the fugued style. All that this latter cannot do, Melody, with the aid of Harmony, reduced to mere accompaniment, can do. In this simplified form, if Melody can move freely, she lends expression to all positive emotions, even to images of visible, imitated, or poetically felt phenomena; she interprets words and lends them thereby an unwonted power; in the theatre she kindles up within us all the passions, which she knows how to portray and excite; she furnishes the executive talents with the means of their triumphs; she pours out streams of rapture through the organ of a euphonious voice, or through the vibrations of an instrument, and transports a whole public into that enthusiasm, which is openly manifested on the arrival of a virtuoso of the first rank. Is it not Melody again that conjures up the dearest shadows of the past, and with a few magic notes carries you back into the times of a bliss long vanished, or spans long distances and leads the sorrowing soul into its home? Is it not she, that sustains the courage of the warrior and inspires him in the hour of battle? She, that lends fervor to our most cheerful festivals! She that leads straightway to the fountain, whereat poor humanity most commonly drinks oblivion and consolation for its sorrows; that speaks to us so gracefully of Love and makes us more susceptible thereof? It is still always Melody. And if *I cannot give myself up to Love*, says some one, *I at least make music*; and this *at least* marks excellently well the correspondence of these two occupations. This is what the rhetoricians call the sublime in thought.

By the side of these attributes of the harmonic-melodic style, the delights of counterpoint seem very weak and very insignificant. But all things have their compensations in this world. If Melody is an eternal principle for the rejuvenescence of Music, so too it is an ever present cause of its corruption and its death. By the case, with which it assumes all colors and accommodates itself to all forms, by its subservieny to the most moody and transient influences, Melody makes any given system of composition to appear, so far as the hearers are concerned, as either national or foreign, antiquated or new. It founds the momentary taste and it destroys it. The instability peculiar to this element of music became still greater with a superficial and almost primitive harmony, like that in the majority of the Italian operas of the eighteenth century. At first, when it held sole sway, the power of the ruling melody was so much the greater; but it soon lost its attractive energy, since it had surrendered itself with too little reserve to the wishes of the ear. Works in this style, called *homophonic* or (one-voiced), that is to say purely melodic, generally soon wear out; we see them in their decline follow the opposite progression from that indicated by their growing favor; the melancholy progress from indifference to satiety, and from satiety to loathing. They were loved more and more, because

they were well known; and they ceased to be loved, because they were known too well. And then the music is no more than a dried up flower, which has outlived its colors and its fragrance, a noble wine, which has lost its fine aroma.

This mournful type, and yet too true, of our enjoyments gives the true measure for both styles of music, viewed from their opposition and their equipoise, since they both have a *for* and an *against*. The enjoyments, which Melody creates, are incomparably more lively; those of Counterpoint on the contrary far more enduring. The former are had *gratis*, the latter must be purchased by labor and study, like the pleasures of the mind which they represent in music, so far as it is possible to represent them in that. In the analogies of the melodic style we find again all the expression and emotional power of speech, the passions with their joys and sorrows. Counterpoint occupies the opposite psychological domain; its serious expressions do not harmonize much with sensuality; they touch the Infinite on all sides; they address ineffable words to the soul; they talk with it the exalted language of Poesy, which flashes from the vaulted firmament in characters of fire; and the thought readily suggests itself, that, had the stars an audible as they have a visible voice, the mathematical laws, having become euphonious, would spread abroad the combinations of the Fugue; and that the harmony of the spheres would then be a song of innumerable themes, as many as there are separate, and yet united worlds, to sing the praise of the Father of all worlds.

[To be continued.]

A Reminiscence of Bosio.

[From an article about the Opera Singers.]

And, first; of the "bright, particular star," Signora Bosio, or "My lady *Beaux-yeux*," as some New Yorker wittily and aptly hath it. For, those dark, speaking eyes, at once innocent and arch, are full of soft light and beauty as a gazelle's. The lustrous, massive, jet black hair reminds you of Milton's "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiled." The face, small-featured, pure-complexioned, beaming with intelligence, and chauging with the quick and subtle play of feeling; the light and slender figure, at once lady-like and fairy-like, graceful, harmonious, *spirituel* in every motion; combine with a rare dramatic talent, and a voice fine, pure, penetrating, flexible, and of a most *vital* quality in all its tones (it is a high soprano,) to make a *prima donna* such as we Americans have not before heard on the stage. The refinement of the woman and the versatility of the actress are equalled by the thorough vocal schooling of the artist. Her vocalization is faultless, her execution remarkable for ease and finish. Her economy of her voice is indeed consummate; in itself it seems but a fine, silvery thread of melody; yet, without overstraining, it is always ready for the most trying passages, and, as if by a spiritual reserved energy, it tells in the strongest and most impassioned bursts. Bosio is evidently a musician, and not, like many a *prima donna*, a clever singer *by rote*, with a dramatic turn. You feel entire reliance, therefore, on her artistic acquirement, as well as on her judgment and her feeling. All this completes and justifies the charm she exercises through certain of the higher and transcendent qualities of genius. She possesses the rare gift of imagination. You feel it in the versatility which enables her, like Madame Bishop, to enter into the very spirit and individuality of so great a range of characters, impersonating each to the life, be it a Zerlina, or a Lady Macbeth, or a Lucy of Lammemoor. We first saw and heard her, quite unprepared for what we

were to witness, in the *Macbeth* of VERDI, and what was our delight and astonishment to recognize, in that slight and delicate woman, the real spiritual conception of Shakspeare's terrible heroine, as we had never done in any more masculine actress of the spoken drama! In her *Luzcrezia Borgia*, it was the same sort of power, — rendered the more interesting from the contrast of the demoniacally strong and wicked character with the delicately-strung instrument that represented it. It was a spiritual creation; it seemed like magnetism; where the flesh seemed weak, the will was superhuman, and the visible weakness measured the invisible energy. As mere musical art, too, nothing could have been more complete and harmonious; it would have satisfied the composer. Again, in another sphere of tragedy, — the sentimental and pathetic, — nothing on our stage has ever equalled her Lucia. Here it was not the harmony of contrast, but of identity, between the assumed and the real person. The native delicacy and slight form of the actress, were just what was wanted. The maidenly, sweet, mournful music of the character was embodied both to eye and ear. When it came to the mad scene, which had been a failure and a maudlin exhibition with most of the operatic Lucias, she rose to a pure height of art and genuine pathos. It was beautiful and real; there was method, music, in the madness; the sweet delirium was without drivelling and over action. Here again you felt the spiritual element, the true poetic imagination; it was like enchantment; it had the strange fascination of a fine thing dreamed, but vanishing at the rude touch of most attempts at representation. And now, hear her in MOZART'S dear little peasant bride, Zerlina! Here the innocent, arch eyes are set in just the right head, and their timid, wandering, gazelle-like gaze is just in place. It would have drawn tears out of MOZART'S eyes, to have seen and heard so perfect an impersonation of this little pet character of his. A nature of the utmost refinement, in peasant life and garb; — just what the music of the part indicates it to be; just that did Bosio represent and sing. And how exquisitely sweet and true and expressive was her singing of that music! It was the express ideal, the audible soul and vibration of the insinuating, pleading *Batti, batti*, changed to rapture with the success it felt quite sure of, and of that purest outpouring of the tranquil ecstasy of love in *Vedrai Carino*. Hear Bosio sing them, and you will know why these two simple melodies are immortal. And here we recognize in her another test of a true artist. Unlike Italian singers generally, she can subordinate herself entirely to the music, and find her highest artistic pride and happiness in the precise intention and spirit of the composer. MOZART, and MOZART'S work, absorbs her, and she is too deeply, conscientiously, and fondly occupied to be striving for effect with ornaments and common-place cadenzas, as if the *prima donna* were the main thing, and the music secondary. — *Sartain's Magazine*.

New Publications.

Materials for the Mechanical part of Piano Forte Playing. By JULIUS KNORR. pp. 59. Geo. P. Reed & Co., Boston.

This little compend of the "Materials," into which the whole mechanical art of a pianist may be resolved, is held in high estimation in Germany; and the present translation, made expressly for the American public, has been warmly welcomed by our best German teachers. We fully endorse the following from the Preface to the American edition:

"The merits of these 'Materials' are principally these: '1. They embody the results of a truly philosophical analysis of Fingering. They teach the *principles* of fingering. Each habit formed in the outset, paves the way for meeting new requirements. The treatment of each special point anticipates all the coming problems (mechanical) of piano forte playing. There is no element in the mechanical power of an accomplished modern pianist, which is not here reduced first to its simplest form, and then carried in an orderly and exhaustive manner through its various modifications. For every sort of Chord or Passage, a *fundamental* fingering is first

found and given to the pupil to be mastered; and bearing this in mind, or rather in his fingers' ends, he will not lose the thread of method even amid the necessary deviations and exceptions. An instance of this philosophical spirit of teaching will be found in the description and exemplification of three different ways of fingering the Chromatic Scale. (page 25th.)

"2. Their thorough and progressive character. Beginning with the simplest, every form is carried through all its modifications; every Chord through all Scales and positions, &c. &c. It is a complete armory of all the useful finger-movements and positions, with the few exceptions properly disposed of in the last part of the Author's Preface. It may be safely said, that one who shall have been thoroughly 'carried through' these gymnastics, will find himself at home, (so far as the mechanical part is concerned,) in any music written for the instrument.

"3. They teach theory in practice. In mastering these exercises, you have practically learned most that is to be learned of the doctrine of Scales, Accords, Rhythm, &c. The elements of Thorough Bass are got *by rote* in practising the fingerings of intervals and chords, in all their positions, as here laid down. Of course, the verbal instructions are to be made intelligible to young pupils through the teacher. A wise teacher may so use this skeleton of practice, as, while disciplining his pupil's fingers, to convey a very full understanding of the principles of Music to his mind."

The three fingerings of the chromatic scale, above referred to, are: 1. The German, after Moscheles, leaving most of the fingers free to take in much harmony, as Germans love it; 2. the French, after Kalkbrenner, using the two *strong* fingers, and suited to a *strong*, effective, French delivery; 3. The English, after Kramer, suited to a rapid, fluent, even execution.

The Nightingale's Nest. A Cantata, by REICH-ARDT, translated from the German by A. W. THAYER. pp. 19. Geo. P. Reed & Co.

This is a very pleasant and ingenious little affair, showing, in a series of solos, duets and choruses, how young songsters have to suffer for their privilege of loving music. Yet the point of the words, we must confess, is not quite clear to us. But they are rhythmical and singable; the melodies and harmonies are simple and pleasing, only they require a principal soprano that will not shrink from *roulades* and *cadenzas*. The piano forte accompaniment is quite descriptive. The piece will be found useful in concerts, or domestic soirées, where there are four clever voices and a pianist.

Fine Arts.

Brackett's Group. — Mr. Greenough's Letters.

It must have been a genuine conception, with some artistic vitality in it, which *could* be wrought out with such long, unswerving, unrepenting, and indeed heroic devotion, as the artist in this case has shown. His creation has outlived more than the negative criticisms made upon it; it has passed the ordeal of public indifference; has won the cordial approval of connoisseurs and artists; and as it came to him whole and perfect as he first saw it in the mind's ideal gallery, so it has abided with him during the long and patient years that have intervened before his final disclosure of the lovely kernel, by skill and toil almost incredible, out of the rough cold block of marble. The only criticisms we have heard against the group are two.

It has been said to be against all classic rules of art to represent mere death, the end and not the progress of the struggle. But does not this in general true principle become an oppressive conventionalism, if applied too far? In Art, it is not so much the literal matter represented, as the spirit in which it is represented, that claims our interest; not so much the fact before our eyes, as the effect in our minds and feelings. True Art can make death itself eloquent of life, and of life only and forever. It can convert that grim king himself into an artist and a poet, and make him invest his victim with the halo of im-

mortality. To be sure, we have sometimes seen death represented in such a cold, literal, physical way, that we seemed to feel and taste only the mouldering earthiness thereof; we turned away as from the death of Art itself. Even in Ary Scheffer's painting of the "Dead Christ," with all its high and holy beauty, there seems too much of this; a painfully pervading hue and atmosphere of death,—death, that has invaded even the faces and forms of the living mourners around. But it is truly said of Brackett's work that it makes the spectator *feel*; it quickens his best sympathies and faith in God, in beauty, in the imperishable splendor of the soul. Here is death so truly, spiritually represented, so placed in true relations with time and eternity, that it only fills one with a new sense of the beauty, the mystery, the indestructibility of life. And yet the details of the work are such as satisfy the mere seeker for anatomical truth.

Again, the want of drapery is objected to, and not by the vulgar squeamish only. Possibly it is the highest art, which can so robe and invest the human form, as to imply and *suggest* all its essential beauty and make it fully *felt*, without any absolute exposure. Grant that to be very excellent in its way, and most judicious in most cases. Nevertheless the human body is the form of forms, the harmonious blending of all the perfections of form, and therefore the highest, holiest outward type of beauty and the soul of beauty. Is there no element so pure, in which it may be seen without shock or profanation? Is not Art that very element? Is it not the very mission of Art to bridge over the gulf between the ineffable Ideal and the profane Actual? If a dress is needed, is not Art itself that very dress, at once revealing and withdrawing into that loftier, purer atmosphere, where no shame is known, because there the Actual cannot be conceived of as having ever been divorced from the Ideal?

But we designed no criticism. By the side of such authority as we quote below, it is enough for us to express our own admiration in a whispered, involuntary Amen! The two letters of Mr. Greenough have already gone the round of all the newspapers; yet we feel that our readers will be glad to have a copy preserved here in our little album, as it were. Such documents, so brief, timely and to the point, so loyal to Art and to the rights of all who have it in them to be artists, are no more to be omitted in a Journal like ours, than is the President's message in a political newspaper. A public, which professes any love of Art, should every now and then refresh its recollections of its duty to artists, by re-reading these two letters, especially the last.

Boston, Monday, Feb. 23, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR: I have several times sat for an hour in the same room where Mr. Brackett's group of the "Wrecked Mother and Child" is exhibited, and always with a new sense of the power which has made that block of stone the vehicle of so many sad and tender thoughts, expressed in the language of beauty.

I have admired the art by which he so placed the head, that a glance tells us her sufferings are passed, and so swept every limb and tress, that we see the surge has lodged her there, and there left her.

To have told all this at the first glance even to the indifferent eye is a triumph. The action of her left arm, or rather its *record* of her last act, is most happy—the babe has been hugged to her heart, and borne out of harm's way to the last moment of consciousness, and there is visible in

the posture of her limbs the decency and dignity of womanhood.

I was a little puzzled at the eagerness of many spectators to get so near this work that it was impossible for them to see it, and I venture to suggest to those who wish to enjoy it, that they sit quietly on the several sides of the room, and even there survey it with half-closed eyes. The work is of marble—it is in vain that you will seek aught else by crowding upon it. By remaining at a proper distance, you will find that it is no longer marble, but poetry. To hope to enjoy higher illusion by scrutiny, is like going to Milton to enjoy the *blue* of the Blue Hills.

I was somewhat pained by the reflection that this work—wrought with all the fervor and self-sacrifice of an earnest mind—was almost overlooked in the hurry of busy life, amid the crowd of competitors for the spare time of the public; but I took comfort from the remembrance that works of this class must be before the world for a season, before they are fully seen and valued. I felt sure that others, too, must feel toward the author as I felt, and that something might be effected to secure it a permanent place in one of our public buildings.

As the work of one who has studied here *at home*, I must think this group worthy of an enduring position somewhere. I cannot but feel also that the artist has a claim on his fellow citizens for the means to go on in the path he has chosen, and for which he seems so well fitted.

If any one will read the gratulatory and exulting notices with which the press and the leading men of the country have from time to time cheered the efforts of American artists, he must feel that such stimuli are as the sound of a trumpet to a youth conscious of artistic power, and I think that when at the public call he starts thus *full grown* to the race, he should have fair play.

I can only say that if a subscription is organized to purchase this work for some public institution, I shall be happy to contribute my mite for the object.

I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,
HORATIO GREENOUGH.

RICHARD H. DANA, Esq.

April, 1852.

DEAR SIR: I see reprinted in the *Home Journal* of the 3d inst., a letter of mine to Mr. Dana, in which I ventured to call the attention of the public to Mr. Brackett's group. I should be happy if what I have said should obtain a hearing in New York.

You have mentioned me as an authority. In my capacity of citizen, I am one of the jury—as an artist, I am myself on trial. We all look to the constituency for employment and for reputation; nor is there any appeal from the public of to-day, but to their children. My earlier efforts were noticed by Allston and Morse, and many distinguished men of letters, in a manner that gave me *work*. I felt that I owed my voice to a man like Mr. Brackett.

Work, sir, is what young artists need and the American public, thus far, has discovered the workers, and kept them employed; not indeed confirming the high-sounding claims of injudicious partisans—for these are often harmful.

We all want sunshine; but even sunshine can be drawn to a focus too hot for any living thing.

If any one will examine the reviews of the Italian exhibitions, for the last twenty years, he will see that a shower of hyperbole is as good a leveller as can be found. A man will often seek and enjoy a meritorious work, who would shrink from the most "astounding genius of the age." These large drafts at sight are always in danger of being protested. No one likes even to seem a dupe.

Let us hope, sir, that Mr. Brackett's work will win for him all that I believe he asks—a right to go on. I am, Dear Sir, faithfully yours,

H. GREENOUGH, Sculptor.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, Esq.

☞ The DUSSELDORF GALLERY is now open and already thronged, as of course it would be.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 17, 1852.

We shall commence next week translating for our readers LISZT's interesting Memoir of CHOPIN, the finest genius and most interesting person of all the New School pianists.

We have also an interesting letter from LOWELL MASON, Esq., from Leipsic, about the Conservatoire there. It came just too late for this week, but will be good for our next.

Otto Goldschmidt.

All the world knows "GOLDSCHMIDT, the fortunate," the husband of JENNY LIND, but very few seem to have known or had any true perception of GOLDSCHMIDT, the *artist*, more than if he had not played in all her second series of concerts. A Philadelphia paper chronicled the marriage of the Nightingale to G. "the indifferent pianist," and we see ignorant, ill-natured, even vulgar paragraphs regarding him still passed about from newspaper to newspaper. Every idle, meddling fellow would fain be thought to have some private matter for an "item."

Nevertheless Otto Goldschmidt is an artist,—one of the pure and genuine stamp, one animated by the very soul of music, which expresses itself not only through the exquisite play of his fingers; but through his intimate familiarity with all the most inspired works of the masters of his instrument; through a decided talent for original composition, influenced a good deal, no doubt, by the peculiar veins of Mendelssohn and Chopin; and above all by a rare spiritual beauty of character, which may not be discerned by the mass across a crowded concert room, but which looks out of the soft, clear eyes, and speaks in a thousand simple and instinctive courtesies of manner to those who meet him with any power of appreciation.

It has been our privilege to hear him play much in private; and never have we heard the very spirit and characteristic of the styles of Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Chopin so feelingly and truly reproduced as under his hands. You could hardly mention a Sonata of the first, a *Capriccio* of the second, or a *Notturmo* or *Mazourka* of the third, which was not living in his memory and did not flow readily to his fingers. He has not all the strength and unfailing energy of JAEGL; he is perhaps more subject to the intermittent spells of inspiration; but his power grows and swells with the tide of the music, and his fine, clean, intimate tracing of all the delicate intricacies and *foriture* of the composition we never knew surpassed.

It is perhaps not known to many here, that young Goldschmidt enjoyed the tuition and most flattering approbation of such masters as only pupils of genius ever can command. He has studied with Mendelssohn, with Chopin, with Clara Wieck (now Madam Schumann), and with Ferdinand Hiller—possibly we do not remember rightly about this last name. His Trio concerts in his native Hamburg were of the choicest classic character, and sought by people of the finest taste and culture. In some of these his present lady sang for him,—a distinction, which scarcely another young pianist, giving concerts on his own account, could have aspired to.

Modest, small in stature, overshadowed in the Lind concerts by the greater light, he did not

pass for what he was, among the semi-musical and would-be critics. But the great Swede knew well where her heart went, and all real friends of Art must feel a certain thrill of pleasure in an event so rare and so refreshing, in this calculating world, as a real life-union between *two artists*.

Handel and Haydn Society.

The Season closed with a miscellaneous programme of Sacred music, which was presented at the Melodeon on two successive Sunday evenings. The first part consisted of selections from "The Creation," which we could not be present to hear. But the second part displayed much laudable and not ineffectual ambition on the part of a number of our native amateurs and choristers. Miss BOTHAMLY is a new germ of rare promise for our vocal entertainments. To a voice of liquid purity, large, penetrating, and of good soprano compass, she unites unmistakable assurances of soul and real talent. Her sister, Mrs. EMMONS, too, possesses a large and generous contralto, which she blended with the more trained voice of the other, with true musical feeling and perception, in Rossini's *Quis est homo*. Only by the best Italians have we heard their rendering of that Duett surpassed.

"The Chapel," by Kreutzer, was a very precise and delicately balanced piece of quartet singing, by male voices, save that the tones of the leading tenor leaped out *too far* in advance of their partners. The audience insisted on a repetition. — The organist and pianist, throughout this concert, ran rather rough-shod through his accompaniments.

Mendelssohn Quintet Club.

The Complimentary Concert on Saturday evening proved not an empty compliment. For once these worthy artists, after tasking themselves all winter, more for the benefit of the few determined seekers of good chamber music, than for their own, had the Masonic Temple fairly filled. They played with more than usual inspiration, carrying their audience entirely with them. They came to it fresh; they had had *rest*, — one of the prime conditions of musical as of all other efficiency; but one, which they had scarcely allowed themselves during the thick of the concert season, when they were compelled to play almost every night, in different towns, after much journeying and fatigue, so that their most artistic business could not but be drudgery to themselves sometimes. But this one was a genuine feast, and "flow of soul."

It opened with the first two movements of MENDELSSOHN'S posthumous Quintet, op. 87, in B flat, which were played *con amore* and with great effect. There is a bold and headlong energy in the Allegro movement, which sweeps along with it a rich freight of exquisite detail. But the Adagio is profoundly, grandly beautiful, and its lively impression lasted to the end of the concert, when a repetition was requested and it was heard again with redoubled satisfaction. We were sorry not to have the whole Quintet, though as a whole (always excepting the Adagio) we have scarcely found it equal to the composer's earlier Quintet.

Miss STONE sang *Bel raggio* from "Semiramide" in excellent voice, more round and positive

in its lower tones than we have before heard it, and more evenly modulated in its upper. There was more crisp and distinct articulation, too, in her Italian, than was her wont in English oratorio. In point of style, too, and expression, there were serious signs of progress. Miss S. gave also with true and simple finish the little Serenade: "Soft Evening Air," by Mr. RYAN, an unpretending melody of no little beauty, with a well adapted quartet accompaniment.

The Quintet of HUMMEL, op. 87, with piano-forte and double-bass, played by Messrs. PERABEAU and H. FRIES, was a most masterly and graceful specimen of that great composer. The audience drank in every movement with delight. Mr. Perabeau is in his element with Hummel, thoroughly master of his remarkable mechanical difficulties, as well as true to the composer's thought. Not so, exactly, in the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn; a too spasmodic rhythm marred their delicate beauty.

Of the selections from the Quartet of MOZART, in C, No. 6, and from the Quintet of BEETHOVEN, in C, op. 29, (the Adagio and Finale in both instances), we can only say that their music fully met and surpassed pleasant old remembrances.

Beethoven's Last Quartets.

These productions of the giant's saddest days of almost total deafness, which have borne a sort of reputation of inscrutable profundity or of outright madness, according to men's various degrees of faith in genius, have lately had a fair trial in Paris, in the *Cercle musical et litteraire*, directed by M. Malibran, and composed of artists unwilling to waste their *virtuosity* upon music without virtue. With what result, so far as one genial critic was concerned, may be seen by the following, which we translate from the *Gazette Musicale*:

"The six last quatuors of Beethoven have remained, since the disappearance of that great man from this musical world in 1827, in a state of incomprehensible mystery. Some said, and they still say: 'When the author of the Pastoral Symphony, so limpid in its melody and so clear in its harmony, composed his last quatuors, Nos. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, and 17, he was deaf and almost crazy with the grief of having lost the sense most precious to every musician.' Certain it is, that on comparing the style of these last quatuors with those earlier ones, so full of well turned melody, so clear, so logical by unity of thought, one finds himself quite lost and puzzled by this continual adjournment of the final cadence; by this seemingly unnecessary variety of measure; this spasmodic rhythm, which seems the result of a brain, a thought sick with the fever of innovation.

"M. Maurin, a young violinist of talent, the like of whom one meets not twice, M. Maurin, seconded by three other artists, young, devoted to Art in all its manifestations, even though they be fantastic or capricious, has dreamed of the restoration of these exceptional works; and his dream has become a reality; and before a select and numerous company he has, by a careful and fervent execution, caused all the singularities, the eccentric melodies and harmonies of these strange combinations of the art of sounds, to be appreciated. We did not wish to judge of this altogether novel music by a mere hearing of the ear, and cry miracle, like the Beethovenist who plays the

aesthetic *snob* even in Paris; we wished to hear with our eyes as well as our ears; and with a very correct miniature edition of the score of these quatuors before us, we followed the author's thought, his melodic designs, his ingenious and bold harmonies, his style constantly fugued, bristling with *obstinate imitations* and canons; and we have convinced ourselves that the man fell not when he wrote these audacious works, unprecedented in the art of music."

Would it be too much for our "Mendelssohn" friends to attempt one of these knotty problems some day at their semi-public rehearsal? It might at least pique the musical curiosity of their little audience, and possibly reveal new spheres of musical delight.

Mlle. Clauss.

Private letters from the best sources confirm all that the Parisian critics and *feuilletonists* say in admiration of this young pianiste. One would think the true spark of genius animated her. The *Gazette* and the *France Musicale* have repeated eulogies on her performance. Take this for a specimen, from the former paper.

"Arrived from Germany last year, without protection, save that of her talent, — a genuine, conscientious, even brilliant talent, — she let herself be heard but once at a concert of the *Société Philharmonique* directed by Berlioz. This *début* was brilliant and promised her success in the musical societies of our capital, when suddenly the poor girl lost her mother, who had accompanied her into France. She has been to weep this irreparable loss at the house of a friend, in the South of France; and here she is again in Paris, an orphan, isolated, more a stranger than she was before, but possessing a talent, that has matured in solitude, and acquired new *sensibility*, so to speak, by one of the profoundest sorrows of life.

"Mlle. CLAUSS, like all the pianists of the actual generation, combines in her execution the styles of the past and of the present day. And first, like all the present virtuosos, she unites the most supple and rich mechanism to a memory not less rich, less large and well-furnished both with retrospective works and with those so complicated of the modern music. Among other pieces of this kind, she played the fantasia of Thalberg on *La Sonnambula*, like a pianist, who does not content herself with striking, with *brusque*-ly hitting the key, but who interrogates it, like an artist, who comprehends, knows the whole power of sound and melody upon the ear and the heart, and consequently upon the sympathy and attention of her audience. To *sing* with one's ten fingers, or even with one, upon the piano, must be in the future of this instrument its last word.

"What made us believe that our young virtuoso is a pianist of the future, was that she delivered a *Notturmo* of CHOPIN, op. 9, in a delicious manner, with a delicacy of touch and a poesy of melody to ravish the thoughts, and lap them in the memory of the fine and limpid manner of the composer himself. She rendered possible the impossibilities *digitigrades* of LISZT, &c." [We gave the untranslatable sentence under "Foreign Intelligence" in our last number.] "There is no mannerism, no affectation in her way of carrying her hand; she does not fling it to show her ease: her fingers are almost always inherent on the keys, thus practising the

art of never losing time; although, (we must tell her so) the art of making oneself heard is also that of knowing how to take time: it is the secret of actors, virtuosos and orators.

"In the Prelude and Fugue in C sharp minor by Sebastian BACH, Mlle. Clauss showed herself a *musicienne* and true classical pianist; and what was no mean praise, both for the beneficiary and her audience, they made her repeat this piece in form and execution so free, so crisp and so pure."

The *France Musicale* says: "She played compositions of Thalberg, Chopin, Droyschock, Bach, Beethoven, Liszt, and to each one the young pianist gave its fitting and peculiar stamp. We fancied we remarked in her execution a tendency to exaggeration of force, which is too apt to exclude that grace and simplicity, which are the poetry of woman. It was in the classic species, in the Andante and Finale of Beethoven, in the prelude and fugue of Bach, that we *always* admired the playing of Mlle. Clauss. *There* she is irreproachable; and there too has been her grand success."

BORN ON A LUCKY DAY. A good omen for our little paper! Opening the other day the *New York Tribune*, in its bran new suit of type, we commenced reading the editor's remarks appropriate to the occasion: "Eleven years ago this day we issued the first No. of the *Daily Tribune*." That is to say, on Saturday April 10th, — the very date on which our own little bantling began to peep! Mr. Greeley continues: "Some *five hundred* persons had previously agreed to take the paper." Precisely our case too! Now if we can have a tithe of the prosperity of the *Tribune*, to say nothing of living eleven years, what more could we ask for a little journal of Music and the Arts like this?

The *Tribune* has kindly heralded, and again chronicled with praise our advent (as have many other "principalities and powers" in the great world of the press.) We prize the paternal welcome from that quarter, as a quarter not only of much humanity, but one from which many wise and sincere words have proceeded with respect to our own more peculiar world of Art.

The "Harvard Musical Association" have lately added to their library a superb edition of MOZART's piano forte works, published in London by Novello, and edited by CIPRIANI POTTER. It is very complete, in *nine* volumes, which comprise not only the Sonatas, variations &c., for the piano alone, but all of the master's concerted pieces in which the piano plays a part; as duets with violin, trios, quartets, quintets with string or wind instruments, &c. Each piano forte volume is so bound, as to hold snugly and safely the *brochures* containing the accompanying parts.

Lovers and collectors of fine classic music will covet such a set of volumes, as surely as they shall set eyes on them. We doubt not that Mr. Reed, the worthy agent of Novello, will be happy to gratify them in this respect for a reasonable enough consideration.

DAVIDSON'S ILLUSTRATED OPERA LIBRETTO. Mr. Geo W. Peck, a gentleman well known in our musical world, is agent for the sale of these. The series includes the words (Italian and English, so translated that it can be sung), with the music

to the principal airs, of 28 different operas. The opera season is over, and we seem destined to no renewal of it *this* Spring; but the *habitués* will do well to refresh their tuneful memories, as well as to get *booked up* for future opportunities, by furnishing themselves with these cheap and convenient *little books*. The cost of the whole set is \$7.62; and Mr. Peck may be found at No. 101 State St.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

TREMONT TEMPLE is to be rebuilt, on a somewhat larger scale than before, for a grand concert and lecture hall. That is as it should be, for the site is a noble one and should be held sacred to Art. Meanwhile the BOSTON MUSIC HALL is fast progressing, the foundations laid, and contracts for the other work all made, and there is every reason to hope that it will be finished near the beginning of the next musical season, and be a model of a music hall. Thus Boston seems likely to be doubly well provided.

MR. WOŁOWSKI'S CONCERT is postponed to this evening, when he has the aid of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTEY CLUB. He promises to play on two pianos at once: perhaps a very skillful feat, at all events a very foolish one. The announcement reminds us of the showman setting forth the virtues of his lion, which "came over the Atlantic in *two ships*." Mr. W. will also play some 400 notes in a single measure: — he is safe, for his audience could not count them. Nevertheless, we are told by some, who should be judges, that M. Wolowski is a skillful, tasteful pianist, and it may be, that, like some modest artists before him, he has been the victim of bad advisers in this instance. His programme includes besides, some genuine pieces, as a set of Chopin's Mazurkas.

MR. ARTHURSON announces himself for a benefit concert at the Melodeon a week hence, with the aid of the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY, of Mr. and Miss LEACH, who have been highly praised as vocalists in New York, and whom Mr. A. is not the man to engage, if there be not some true stamp of art about them. He is also to have the *new* orchestra, just formed here, of which anon. The music will be mainly from the Oratorios, in which Mr. A. has given us so chaste a model of tenor recitative and sacred song.

NEW ORCHESTRA. A number of the best artists in the Mus. Fund Society, especially Germans, have organized a separate, smaller orchestra, with a view to giving frequent concerts somewhat after the manner of the "Germanians." The design, as we understand, is not to withdraw themselves from, nor in any way interfere with the Fund Society, but rather to demonstrate, by a new selection and distribution of instruments, that the elements exist in Boston for a very superior band. Mr. F. SUCK is to be the leader, — a man in every way competent to the post. Mr. WERNER takes his own proper instrument, the first flute, instead of the viola as at the Fund, and his is just the right flute for an orchestra, without the saucy, pert tone which that little member is too apt to have. These two gentlemen are as sterling, intelligent, modest musicians as we have among us. Mr. SCHNAPP, too, lays down the viola for the trombone, of which he is a master. Mr. HAMANN, who played the fine horn solo at a late Quintet Soirée, is to be first horn. The whole number of instruments thus far, we are told, is twenty-six.

General.

BISCACCIANTI, by last accounts, had arrived safely out at California. May its genial air and sympathies inspire her, and its gold reward her! — MARETZKE's troupe, with STEFFANONE, were to close a brilliant season at New Orleans on the 7th inst. — MARINI has gone to join the opera at London, and it is said that BOSIO will follow. — PARODI was to have followed upon BISCACCIANTI's heels, but now report says Lumley has her.

JENNY and OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT are to give three farewell concerts in New York, on the 18th, 21st and 24th of May. Two at Metropolitan Hall, and the last in the

scene of her first grand welcome, Castle Garden. May we be there to hear! For Castle Garden is a sacred place to us.

The only recent musical event of much note in New York was EISELDT's last Classical Soirée.

The PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY — a glorious orchestra that — but with only about one-third the number of our Mrs. Fund audiences — gives the last of its four annual symphony concerts at Niblo's hall this evening.

THE "GERMANIANS," with JAEEL, have raised a *furor* in Philadelphia, which seems likely to keep them there beyond their first intention. JAEEL is the watch-word of a general enthusiasm. At a late concert he drew gold coins and breast-pins, as well as smiles and plaudits. The orchestra feasted their leader, Herr BERGMANN, on his birth-day, surprising him with gifts; and doubtless it was a time of outpouring of real natural German artists' sentiment and wit. Their programmes there have been rather lighter than they gave here; at least we see no symphonies set down.

OLE BULL has been fascinating the M. C.'s at Washington with two literally *solo* concerts.

Notice.

The following persons are authorized to solicit and receive subscriptions to this Journal: (*payment always in advance*,) viz:

EDWARD S. CUMMINGS, Teacher, *Charlestown, Ms.*
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JOHN S. PAINE, Music-dealer, *Portland, Me.*

Persons about to subscribe for this paper will bear in mind, that their money will go farther towards its support, if sent directly to the office of publication, which is easily done by letter *post paid*. Take care to remit in New England currency.

Advertisements.

Mr. ARTHURSON

BEGS TO ANNOUNCE that he will give a **CONCERT** of SACRED MUSIC at the MELODEON, on

Saturday, 24th April, 1852,

assisted by the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY, who have kindly consented to lend their valuable aid.

The new Orchestra selected from the Musical Fund Society has been engaged, as also Mr. STEPHEN LEACH and his Sister, whose performances in Sacred Music the *New York Journals* have so much praised. They will make their first appearance in Boston on this occasion.

The programme will comprise selections from the Oratorios of St. Paul, Jephtha, and Israel in Egypt.

Principal performers:

Miss LEACH,
Mrs. WENTWORTH,
Mr. STEPHEN LEACH, and
Mr. ARTHURSON.

TICKETS — Half a Dollar each, may be had at the Music Stores of Chickering, or Reed, or at the door.

Further particulars will be duly announced.
Apr. 17. 2t

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Apr. 10. 1t OTIS CLAPP, 23 School St.

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This work has already been introduced, and is used with great satisfaction and profit in the vestries of many Churches and in the Congregations of some, while the publishers have received numerous recommendations from Clergymen and others. Those who love the old tunes, and who deem it a desirable object that as many as possible should unite in the singing, especially at social meetings, will find this exactly the book wanted.

* * Two Editions of the Work are published—an Octavo Edition, price One Dollar; a Duodecimo Edition, price Seventy-five Cents. Both Editions are the same as regards contents, PAGE FOR PAGE, and vary only in the size of type. A liberal discount will be made when ordered by the quantity for Churches, Vestries, &c.

New York, Apr. 17.

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Apr. 10. tf

DWIGHT'S Journal of Music.

A Paper of Art and Literature.

VOL. I.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1852.

NO. 3.

Dwight's Journal of Music,

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[Translated by the Editor.]

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

I.

Painfully as his loss will be lamented by all artists and by all, who knew him, still perhaps it may be permitted to doubt whether the moment has yet arrived, when CHOPIN can be estimated at his real worth and take the high place, which in all probability the Future will assign him.

If it has many times been proved, that "a prophet has no honor in his own country," does not the experience also hold good, that the prophets, that is, the men of the Future, the men, who have a presentiment of coming time and bring it nearer to us in their works, will not be recognized as prophets by their own age? And scarcely dare we maintain, that it *could* be otherwise. The younger generations of artists may fortify themselves as they will against the slowly appreciating ones, whose uniform custom it is to bury the living with the dead: in Music and in all other Art it is frequently reserved to time alone, to bring the full beauty and merit of their works to light.

The various forms of Art are properly but magic spells, for calling out emotions, feelings, passions; and Genius shows itself in the creation of new forms, which often chime with only *such* emotions as never yet have been awakened in the sphere of those spell-bound. Can we then indulge the hope, in Arts where the feeling is connected with the exciting cause without any mediation of thoughts or reflection, that the mere introduction of new and unwonted forms and measures shall be *no* hindrance to the immediate understanding of a work? The surprise, nay even the fatigue, accompanying strange impressions makes them sound to the great multitude like a language, which it does not understand and which for that reason at first seems to it somewhat barbarous. Many shrink in terror from the mere pains it will cost to accustom the ear to it, and then they doggedly refuse it all more serious study. Commonly it is the most lively and most youthful organizations, those least entangled in the web of custom, (which, even where it is invincible, is worthy of respect), that take to the new idiom, first out of curiosity and then with passion. Through these it penetrates even into the most intractable regions of the public; through these,

at last, the public seizes the sense, the signification, the structure of the music, and does justice to its peculiarities or to its richness. Accordingly, those composers, who are not tied to traditional methods, need more than other artists the aid of time. They cannot hope that death will enhance the value of their works for the time being, as is sometimes the case with pictures; and no one of them can in behalf of his scores revive the artifice of that Dutch painter, who told his wife to spread a report of his death, to raise the price on what had been accumulating in his studio.

Great as is the popularity acquired by a portion of the compositions of the man, whose vital energy corporeal sufferings had broken down a long time before his death, there is still reason to suspect, that posterity will measure his labors by a more serious standard than the present. Future historians of music will give full credit to one, who has distinguished himself by so strange a genius for melody, by such felicitous and remarkable enlargements of the web of harmony; and they will justly prize his conquests above many a work laid out upon a vaster scale, and played again and again by an entire orchestra, or sung again and again by whole troupes of *prime donne*.

By confining himself exclusively to the Piano Forte, CHOPIN has proved himself, in our opinion, to possess one of the most essential properties of a writer or a composer: namely, a correct appreciation of the *form*, in which his mission was to be achieved, and his designs executed. And yet this fact, which we impute to him as a high merit, has harmed his reputation. Another person, in possession of such fine melodic and harmonic creative power, would hardly have withstood the temptations offered by the song of strings beneath the bow, by the languishing of the flute, by the crackle of the trumpet, which we still persist in regarding as the peculiar messenger of the old heathen goddess, for whose passing favor we are suitors. What a mature conviction it required in him, thus to limit himself to a seemingly barren domain, and out of its soil entice flowers, which seemed as if they must renounce all hope of thriving *there*! What a depth of insight is revealed in this exclusive choice of the means of plucking the various effects of instruments out of their usual sphere, where the resounding yeasty waves break on the shore, and confining them within a narrower, but more ideal circle! What a confident presentiment of the future power of his in-

strument in this self-sacrificing rejection of an empiricism so all-pervading, that another would probably have esteemed it contrary to nature, to withdraw such great thoughts from their usual interpreters! How admirable this well-considered feeling of the Beautiful for its own sake! On the one hand, he restrains his talent from the common tendency to distribute every shred of melody over a hundred music-desks; and on the other, he enriches the auxiliary sources of the Art, in teaching us how to concentrate them upon a given space.

Far from seeking his renown in the noise of the orchestra, CHOPIN contented himself with seeing his thoughts fully quickened into life upon the key-board of the piano. He always reached his end, which was no other than to secure to the musical essence of his idea the full expression of its power; but he despised the mere effect of masses and the coarse pencil of the scene-painter. As yet the value of the sketches from his fine pen has not been considered with sufficient seriousness or due attention; for people are accustomed, even in this day, to think those composers only worthy of a great name, who have left behind them at least half a dozen operas, as many oratorios and several symphonies; of each musician they demand *all*, and if possible, a little more. Whether justly, is quite problematical. Far be it from us to call in question the more dearly earned fame and the actual superiority of those epic bards, who have unfolded their resplendent creations upon the broadest field; we could only wish, that in musical works the same standard of material proportions might prevail as in the other Fine Arts; for instance, in Painting, where a canvass of twenty square ells, as the Vision of Ezekiel, or the Churchyard by Ruysdael, is reckoned among masterpieces of as high a rank, or higher, than many a picture of far greater compass, even were it by a Rubens or a Tintoretto. Is Beranger any the less a poet, because he has confined his thoughts within the narrow limits of the People's Song? Does not Petrarca owe his triumph to his Sonnets, while what one of his admirers knows his poem upon Africa? We do not doubt the gradual disappearance of the prejudices, which dispute the rank of an artist, who should write nothing but Sonatas, like those of FRANZ SCHUBERT, compared with many another, who has scored the common-place melodies of many operas, which we care not to mention. Even in Music we shall gradually learn, in the various kinds of composition, to take account first of all of the eloquence and talent, with which the ideas and feelings are expressed, without regard to the space and means, by which it is accomplished.

Now it is impossible to subject Chopin's labors to an intelligent analysis, without finding in them beauties of the first magnitude, an expression perfectly new, and a harmonic texture as original as it is complete. With him the boldness always justifies itself; the richness, even to exuberance, does not exclude clearness; the strangeness does not degenerate into *baroque* affectation. The embellishment begets no blur; the luxury of ornaments does not smother the beauty of the main lines. His best works are rich in combinations, which may be said to make epochs in the treatment of musical style. Audacious, shining, seductive, they clothe their profundity with so much grace, their art with so much charm, that

one has difficulty to disentwine himself from their transporting, magic clasp, so as to judge them in cold blood from the stand-point of their theoretic worth. This worth has been already *felt*; but it will be more and more appreciated, when the time shall come for an exact examination of the services, that have been rendered to the art of Music in the period in which CHOPIN lived.

To him we owe that expansion of the Chord, both when struck full, and when broken into *arpeggio* and through several octaves; those chromatic and enharmonic windings, of which his *Etudes* contain such astonishing examples; those minute groups of interpolated notes, which fall down like a colored dew upon the melodic figure, and for which, until he came, only the *fioriture* of the older Italian song school had been taken for a model. While he enlarged the boundaries, within which they had hitherto kept, he lent to this kind of ornament that unexpectedness and that multifariousness, which lay beyond the compass of the human voice, heretofore always slavishly copied in the so-called *embellishments* for the piano, that had become so stereotyped and monotonous. He invented those wonderful harmonic progressions, which lent a serious character even to those pages, which with their light material could scarcely lay claim to such meaning. But what of the *material* (the subject matter)? The Idea, which he charms out of it, the inspiration which he breathes into it, exalts, ennobles, magnifies it. What melancholy there is, what subtlety, what fine perception, and above all, what ART in those masterpieces of Lafontaine, whose matter is so common-place, and whose title so modest! *Etudes* and *Preludes* are titles quite as modest; nevertheless the musical pieces of CHOPIN, which bear them, remain forever perfect types of a species, which he has created, and which, like all his works, sprang from the character of his poetic genius.

Almost the earliest of his works, they bear the stamp of a young creative power, which in some of his following productions, that are more labored, more filed, more learnedly written, gradually disappears, to become lost entirely in his latest; for these are the offspring of a morbid sentimentality, which might be called the painful fruit of an exhausted vital energy.

[To be continued.]

BUGLE SONG.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory:
Blow! bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying—
Blow, bugle! answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying!

Oh hark! oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh! sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying—
Blow, bugle! answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying!

Oh love, they die in yon rich sky!
They faint on hill, on field, on river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever, and for ever!
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer! dying, dying, dying!

CLASSIC AND OPERATIC MUSIC, OR The Contrapuntists and the Melodists.

[Concluded from the last number.]

The assertion: Every age has its joys, applies also to music. In it we recognize a somewhat melancholy truth, which however but few friends of music willingly admit, who all their days keep sounding the praises of their beloved art. But the passion for music, if it be carried to an extreme degree, wears out the sense and the heart, as well as any other passion; it has, like every other, its excesses and its dangers. The liveliness of musical impressions degenerates, with certain temperaments, into an undue vehemence, and the habit of yielding thereto can in the long run induce nothing but a disturbance of the moral balance and a loss of the capacity of enjoyment. This is especially the case with dramatic and concert music, which is more passionate and sensuous than any other. But when one finally has had this sad experience in himself; when Melody, with the whole train of its allurements no longer says to us what it once said, then it often happens, that the taste changes with age; an age, however, which cannot always be measured by the number of years. Fortunately, music contains also in itself the antidote against the evil it has caused. Without loving it any the less, one can love it differently; the pleasure can regain in interest what it has lost in voluptuous fire; and other works invite us then to more tranquil emotions, since they attach the music to the pleasures of the mind, and at least keep alive in it always the warmth, which the language of feeling must have and the heart must enjoy, without unnerving it. These pleasures in their nature are the most enduring; and the works, to which we owe them, are not subject to the mournful changes of fashion, which to-day despises what it yesterday adored. The Dilettante has become a Connoisseur.

The long life ascribed to fugues lies not, as Forkel assures us, in the æsthetic superiority of that species. There can, I repeat it, be no question of absolute pre-eminence between the two parts of musical art, each of which contains but half of its resources in itself, and has not the power to make itself complete. This long duration probably lies in the structure and the technical laws of the Fugue. The changeable and perishable element, Melody, in it is reduced to its lowest value. It is nothing but a subject, a theme, a musical proposition, commonly limited to three or four bars. Moreover the invention of a *subject* is no arbitrary process, for you must find one suited to the contrapuntal analysis, to which it is to be subjected. It is never clothed according to the old or the new fashion, precisely for the reason, that makes it impossible for it to follow either. Fashion crumbles before it, as a whim gives way before necessity. And if mannerism cannot insinuate itself into the melodic design of the subject, how much more impotent it must be against the whole work! The combinations, the imitations, the canonical plays, the many crossing outlines, of which the fugue consists, gives a rounded and compact mass, which resists the strokes of Time, as in a beleaguered city the churches built of hewn stones resist the bombs, which shatter the less solid edifices.

And not only do works of the fugued style

find the guaranties of a long existence in the natural strength of their putting together; for another reason they escape a misfortune, which is perhaps the greatest next to that of being executed in the judicial sense of the word. These works are never disgraced by coming into fashion; they are not abused and worn out by having to be heard continually and without any mercy in theatre and concert and saloons, where there happens to be a piano, in promenades and grand parades. Who has not a thousand times cursed such fashionable arias, which he has met day and night under all possible forms, even where he was expecting a more serious music?

At the time when counterpoint and melody were in a state of separation, the musicians, that is to say the contrapuntists and the melodists, must have discerned very different and yet perfectly compensatory fates in the type of the two respective styles. The melodists won glory in their nation and in all Europe, the applause of the multitude, the flatteries of fashion, of which they were at once the priests, the idols and the victims; the laurel wreath, that withered as soon as it was placed upon the head of the victor; gold, that went as rapidly as it was easily earned; popularity with all its advantages and burdens. The contrapuntists reaped the quiet marks of honor, by which the toils of scholars are remunerated, and which are limited to their own circle. A place as chapel-master in a church, or organist, if fortune was particularly well disposed to one; moderate income, assiduous labors, a few scholars for interested admirers, colleagues difficult to satisfy for judges, and a silent church public for their incitement. The world scarcely knew them. But these men could write freely, as *God and their own hearts prompted*, as MOZART always had so longed to do; they had the consciousness of their merit and the presentiment of a remote but an enduring glory, and they envied not their fortunate and renowned rivals, the melodists. They were free! This explains all, as well their faith in the future, as the stoicism which they opposed to the indifference of their contemporaries. The best part of their fortune consisted of a draft upon posterity, payable when they themselves should no more need it. So lived, both inwardly and outwardly, those philosophical musicians, of whom JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH will be the prototype for all times.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Hungarian Orchestra.

The last accounts from London speak of a band under the above name, which is now successfully giving concerts in that city. As they will probably visit our country before a great while—such at least we understood to be their intention, a year since—and as they are really well worth hearing, it strikes us that a paragraph or two on them will not be misplaced.

The company is small, consisting of but fifteen performers, and the members are mostly, if not entirely, Gipsies, though called Hungarians. The leader's name is Kalozdy, and the company is sometimes called by his name, and sometimes the Locz Orchestra, from the place whence it came. Most of them know nothing of music, farther than to play on their instruments the music taught them by the leader—the violoncellist and one of the clarinetists cannot read a note.

Most of the music they play is national, such as the Rakoczy March, overture to a Hungarian Opera, pieces by Kalozdy, the leader, &c.; though in Berlin they played, in addition to these, Rossini's "Tell" overture, Von Flotow's overture to "Martha," and extracts from *Ernani* and *Nebuchadonzer* by Verdi, and from *Ilka* by Doppler. Their true sphere is their own music, which is elegiac and plaintive, constantly changing from

major to minor, from piano to forte, &c., and full of such characteristic effects, as much belonging to Hungarian music, as the omission of the *Seventh* does to the real old Scotch songs.

The Orchestra is a perfect model of discipline; and in their accelerandos, retardandos, &c., and in all dynamic changes, every man accelerates, retards, increases or diminishes, so perfectly with all the rest, that it seems really as if they all felt the thoughts and emotions of Kalozdy. This is owing of course partly to their seven years practice together, and partly we think to the fact that so many of them are taught their parts note by note by their leader, who of course will give to each man the same expression. The composition of the Orchestra, or rather the selection of the instruments, is curious.

Five violins play the leading parts and melodies; one viola, one violoncello, and one contra bass furnish the middle parts and bass. These are all the stringed instruments. Two clarinet players comprise the whole band of wood instruments. They use clarinets in A, B, D, and C, and for piccolo parts one in E b. This is not so good as the piccolo would be, as the clarinet can only be played *forte*, and has a somewhat screechy effect. The other instruments are all metallic, consisting of two keyed bugles (!) with very wide bells. The first bugle is in C, the second in F, and both have a range of three octaves. In Berlin, one of the feats of the bugler was to play a most difficult cadence with all sorts of ornaments in vocal style,—and this he did most perfectly. Two horns in F and a bombardon (?) fill up the quintet of brass instruments. Their playing won the highest admiration in Germany, and a letter from Liszt praises them almost extravagantly. Their long practice enables them to learn a piece of some length in one hour! and a year ago they had already "in the head," as the Germans express it, seventy different pieces! They are truly masters of their instruments, and should they come over here, they would afford a new opportunity for us to cultivate our tastes, at least in execution, and for the study of national music. They dress in a rich national costume, which adds not a little to the effect of their appearance on the stage or in the concert room. A. W. T.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLIMENT. One of the most beautiful compliments we ever read came before our eyes this week. It may be old to many, but it will bear repetition: Reynolds, the celebrated artist, painted a portrait of Mrs. Billington, the vocalist, representing her as St. Cecilia—the eyes turned towards heaven, listening to a choir of angels, faintly introduced on the upper part of the painting. Haydn, the composer, was present just as Sir Joshua was giving it the finishing touch, and his opinion of its merits was asked by Mrs. Billington. "It resembles you," said Haydn, "but it has one great fault." "And what is it?" asked Mrs. Billington with inquietude, fearful that the artist might take offence. "The painter," continued Haydn, "has represented you listening to the songs of the angels; he should have painted the angels listening to your enchanting notes." Flattered by such compliment, the beautiful Billington threw her arms round Haydn's neck and kissed him.

An interesting display of *Tableaux vivants* recently took place at Stuttgart, under the auspices of the Musicians and Painters. Loewe composed a prelude, and between the pictures, music of Mozart, Beethoven and Weber was performed under the direction of the veteran Lindpaintner. The series proceeded historically, representing some of the most famous pictures of the great artists.

Correspondence.

[Letter from Germany.]

The Conservatory of Music.

LEIPSTIG, March 22, 1852.

Music has made so much progress within the last few years, that the importance of a more extensive and thorough course of education is beginning to be felt; and this is especially the case with those who have made the greatest advancement. It has not been generally known in our country, that there is enough in music to occupy years of close application. The older singing books, published some fifty or eighty years ago, contained a few pages of "Rules," giving some directions as to finding the "mi," and describing the different kinds of time; and a man who could so explain these that no one could possibly understand him, was thought to be musically learned. Many a time have I heard the exclamation: "What, devote his whole time to music!" as if it was quite impossible that one could find anything to study in it for more than an evening or two in a week, for two or three months. Even now there are but very few who have any just conception of the previous preparation, time and labor necessary to thorough knowledge in the science, or skill in the art. The subject is better understood this side the Atlantic, and especially in Germany, where for many years music schools similar to our law, medical and theological schools, have been established. It is exceedingly difficult, nay, quite impossible, to obtain a thorough musical education at present in America; for, although we have good musicians, they are scattered about through the different cities, and one cannot avail himself of their instructions but at great inconvenience and expense; and it is found to be a quicker and a cheaper way to come to Europe, if one is determined to make himself in good earnest a musical student.

The inquiry has often been made: What are the musical conservatories of Europe? what are their advantages? and how may one avail himself of their privileges? With the design of answering, in part, these questions, the following account of the Conservatory here has been prepared. It has been written by a young gentleman, a Bostonian, a graduate of Harvard University, now a musical student and member of the Conservatory—Mr. J. P. When young Americans, having good natural talent, favorable early musical associations, and a sufficient preparatory education, shall devote themselves like Mr. P. to the thorough study of musical science and art, we may look for the rapid progress and success of music in our land, and may hope to realize some of the advantages for which it was designed.

"THIS INSTITUTION was founded in 1843, under the patronage of the King of Saxony, and with the valuable co-operation of the Capelmeister, Dr. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY. Its reputation spread so rapidly, both in and around Germany, that at the close of the first half-year it numbered forty-four pupils, thirty-three male and eleven female. At the commencement of the second term, the number had increased to sixty. These pupils are attracted thither not only from all parts of Germany, but from Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Russia, England and America.

"An institution like this, whose object is to give the student a thorough foundation in all branches, the knowledge of which is indispensable

to every good musician, and to enable him to perfect himself theoretically as well as practically, has this advantage over private instruction — that by the participation of several scholars in the same immediate object of study, it awakens and keeps alive in them a true musical feeling, stimulates them to emulation and hence to industry, and preserves them from partiality or *one-sidedness* in the formation of their tastes, a fault against which every artist should be particularly cautious, during the progress of his studies. It has also the advantage of cheapness. Each student pays about \$60 a year, for which he receives instruction in all branches. This moderate sum, as one can readily see, must bear a very small proportion to the expense of private instruction.

"The theoretical part of the education consists of a complete course of three years. The pupils are divided into six classes, and a new term commences every half-year; though if one is sufficiently prepared, he can enter any of the advanced classes at the time of his admission into the Conservatory. The first year is devoted to simple Harmony; the second to Harmony and Simple Counterpoint; and the third to Harmony, Double Counterpoint and Fugue. The study of *Composition and Musical Form* constitutes a separate branch, being under the charge of a different instructor. It comprises all the different forms of vocal and instrumental composition, with the analysis of classical works. There are also exercises in playing from score and the art of conducting an Orchestra. The Italian language is also taught to those who devote themselves principally to singing. Lectures are given twice a week by an eminent Professor on the History and Aesthetics of Music, and the science of Acoustics with experiments. So much for the theoretical course.

"In the practical branch also, instruction is given in classes. No limited course can be prescribed, however, as everything here depends on the talent and industry of the scholar. The vocal department is patronized mainly by females, and for those who pursue the study, exercises in Declamation are given, to improve their pronunciation, and fit them for the stage. The instruments that are made the principal objects of study are of course Piano and Violin, and each student is obliged unconditionally to devote himself to one or the other of these two. The violinists are exercised in Solo, Quartet and Orchestra playing. The organ is unfortunately not much attended to. Those, who desire to learn the common wind instruments, can do so by paying an extra fee, though it does not form part of the regular course. An opportunity is afforded to those who particularly excel on any instrument to appear at some public performance, either in orchestra, chorus, or solo.

"Besides the regular exercises, the pupils meet together one evening in the week, and those who have studied any work to the satisfaction of the teacher during the past week, perform it for the benefit of the whole assembly. These soirées are attended by the friends and families of the Professors, and frequently by distinguished artists who are visiting the city. As for instance, the past fortnight the students have been inspired by the presence of the first of living German composers, Dr. ROBERT SCHUMANN. He has twice honored these assemblies with his presence, and several of his compositions were performed in his hearing, at which he evinced great satisfaction. His wife also accompanied him, and played several pieces. This lady (formerly CLARA WIECK) ranks among the first pianists of the day, and certainly stands at the head of those of her sex.

"Two examinations are held every year, one a private one, at which the pupils are classified according to the progress they have made, — and one, a public exhibition or concert, at which the more advanced only are allowed to appear, either as composers or performers. The privilege of attending the rehearsals of the series of concerts that is given every winter in the 'Gewandhaus,' as well as of most others, is also afforded to the pupils.

"The Government of the institution is entrusted to five gentlemen, who are professed admirers of

the art, and who discharge their office without compensation. The discipline is by no means more strict than every scholar who zealously engages in the study of music, would willingly submit to. The regulations are very simple, viz., that the scholars shall attend regularly the exercises, appear at no public performance without special leave, and in general conduct themselves orderly and submit to the direction of the Government of the Institution. Each pupil on leaving the Conservatory, receives a testimonial or *degree*, stating his time of study and his comparative proficiency in the art.

"As was said above, the expense is comparatively trifling, and within the means of almost every aspirant for musical knowledge. A fund has been given by the King of Saxony, by which a limited number, whose means will not otherwise allow it, can be educated free of expense.

"The professors of the Institution are such as enjoy a universal reputation, and are many of them of Mendelssohn's own selection and appointment. Among them are MOSCHELES, Instructor of the Piano, DAVID of the Violin, and HAUPTMANN of Harmony.

"Such are the main features and advantages of this system of musical instruction. It were to be wished most heartily by all lovers of music, that such an Institution could be founded in every large city of our own country. The rapidly growing taste of our good people seems to demand some such effort, and from present appearances we may certainly encourage the hope. Objections have been made to the system of instruction in classes, but these are equally applicable to other studies as well as music. To be sure, where a pupil in a *private lesson* receives the undivided attention of his instructor for the space of an hour, in the *class* he receives individually only a fraction of the same. But this comparatively trifling evil is more than counterbalanced by the advantages, as we have above hinted. The pupil becomes acquainted with many different styles, sees the beauties and the faults of each, and is imperceptibly led in this way to the formation of his own. Again, by being constantly compelled to perform before others, he cannot fail to acquire a degree of confidence, which is beneficial and necessary to every public performer. How often do we see an instance of a private pupil, when summoned unexpectedly to an exhibition of himself, completely thrown off his guard by the presence of an assembled company, and so far from doing himself justice, making a total failure. If time admitted, we might enumerate many other advantages, to the truth of which we can testify from personal experience. As it is, for the present, our word must be taken for it, and we can only conclude with the hope, that the little insight we may have given into the system and zeal with which exertions are made in Europe in the cause of this absorbing study, may be of some slight assistance in stimulating our musical countrymen to similar endeavors."

The foregoing will be read with interest, especially by such young men as are thinking of fitting themselves for the musical profession. The time is past when one can expect to succeed well, who takes up music and pursues it professionally without a suitable previous preparation. It is not necessary, indeed, that all teachers should be learned musicians; many excellent teachers in different musical departments there may be, who have made but little progress in musical science; but still we need such as shall be able to pursue musical investigations, and give tone to the general character of American music. Such we shall have when men like Willis, Parker, and others whom we might mention, devote themselves to the work.

In addition to what Mr. P. has said, we will remark in relation to expense, that it will cost a man about as much to live in Leipsic a year as it will to live in Boston or New York a year. One may, perhaps, live somewhat cheaper here, but

this is not realized often. And the young men who come here generally find the expenses considerably more than they had been led to expect. Some live on four hundred dollars, more expend six hundred, and it is not safe for one, who has been accustomed to city life in the United States and who intends to attend the concerts, (which is quite necessary), to make his calculations to get along with less than about eight hundred dollars per annum; and then he must not be disappointed if he finds himself minus say two hundred dollars at the end of the year. But if a man has tried it and finds that he can live on five hundred dollars per annum in New York; then he may safely conclude that the same sum will answer his purposes in Leipsic, or other German cities.

In addition to the names of Professors given by Mr. P. we will add the following, all of which are to a greater or less extent connected with the Conservatory; RICHTER, RIETZ, PAPPERITZ, PLAIDY, WENZEL, BECKER, DREYSCHOCK, (violinist,) HERRMANN, and KLENGEL.

Success to the young men of America, who, *having the necessary talent*, shall devote themselves to the study and advancement of musical science and art in the land! By-and-by, when we shall have some MARY LYON to devote herself to the work, we shall have a Conservatory, with the buildings all erected and *paid for*, like the Mount Holyoke School in Massachusetts. L. M.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 24, 1852.

The Old Church Modes or "Tones."

There has been manifested of late more or less of a tendency, in the sphere of Sacred Music, to go back for models even to times earlier than Art itself. The severity, solemnity and grand simplicity of the old ecclesiastical chants has won many to the belief, that here was the only *sacred* music; that in those old traditional tunes, plain, yet inimitable, the prayers and pious aspirations of Christendom once for all were inspired with a form of utterance, to be forevermore repeated in all public worship. It is the same sort of sentiment, which led Cornelius, and other painters of his school, to try to shut out the daylight of the present, and paint by the dim, consecrated halo of a Past, when faith was more in earnest than it now seems; and Schlegel to do the same thing in literature. Elegant treatises and collections are multiplied in England, setting forth the beauties of the Church Modes in Music; and it is even intimated by the zealous ones in this direction, that the richer modern music, the Masses of Haydn and Mozart and Cherubini, the Oratorios of Handel, &c., are a degenerate, worldly music, compared with these inspired, and as it were, ordained forms of solemn song.

How reasonable this is, may appear from a few considerations, which we only briefly hint.

Music has passed through three states: the state of nature; the state of prescription, or ordinance; and the state of Free Art. Which is the highest? Which should afford most full and perfect utterance to man's highest, holiest aspirations, — in a word to the Unitary, the Religious sentiment?

All histories of Music open with quotations

from the bibles and traditions of the nations, showing its earliest *public* uses to have been religious. The simplest language which the private or the social heart knew for its joys and griefs, was naturally the best that could suggest itself to the fresh instincts of the early races for their temple service and communion with the common Parent. Slight must have been the difference *then* between secular and sacred music. It was *all* sacred, for it was of the heart; it was *all* secular, for it sprang spontaneously from child-like intimacy with nature, when the sense of the supernatural was not divorced from any natural experience.

And what sort of melodies were those thus born in common life and consecrated at the altar? Mere stammerings and ignorant gropings after Melody; simple, rude and grave (they would *now* seem), even although mirth-inspired — for there was no *Scale* of tones established, and of course no *Harmony*; nor was there through all the glowing period of Grecian art, in which we hear such marvellous effects ascribed to Music, nor even until far down into the Christian centuries. — Talking began before grammar; and Music began before Scales, Thorough Bass, or Counterpoint.

It is not to be wondered, that these primitive rude germs of Melody, adopted into the keeping of the first ministers of religion, Pagan, Hebrew, or Christian, should have become traditional and stationary models, consecrated as the sole legitimate forms of music, so that they really checked the free and natural unfolding of the Art. In the history of Music, as in our own lives, it may be true that the ghosts of our past habits, if we respect them too much, paralyze present endeavor. As every religion, every *cultus*, however true and fresh out of the heart and heaven *once*, almost immediately entered its slow phase of superstition, dogmatism, and exclusivism; so these first tuneful aspirations of an age before Art, being adopted by the church, became dull psalms and ordinances, which the creative genius did not dare to overstep. As the priests took the conscience and the thinking of men into their own keeping, so they became the keepers of the infancy of Music; and closely was the child kept to its cradle, as if it had no destiny beyond, — rocked by certain rules and theories out of the brains of bookish monks and pedants, who allowed it only *that* expansion and no airing in the secular and growing world of nature and of genius. Those rules and theories, (the slowly creeping so-called *Science* of Music), as well as the plain old stock of tunes and chants out of whose substance it was all derived, were a *Greek* legacy, — an outright adoption of the Greek Modes or Scales, which were no scales at all, — at least not Nature's Scale, — inasmuch as they had not the means of Harmony, but were to a great extent mere barren sequences of notes in unison. Yet to their conventional and scarcely melodious series, to their consecrated poverty of tones, was all the science of the priestly guardians of Music limited. The Music of the first five or six ages of the Christian Church consisted of the simple *Canto Fermo* or "Plain-Chant," called after Ambrose and Pope Gregory, which was sung in unison or octaves. No harmony, no *parts* appear in the old Missals, Rituals, and Antiphonaria. Indeed, says Dr. Burney, "the chants of the first ages have no other constituent part of good music than that of moving in some of the intervals belonging to the Diatonic scale; nor do

any stronger marks of selection and design appear in them, than might be expected in a melody formed by a fortuitous concurrence of musical sounds." (Vol. II, 41.)

Nor is it to be wondered, again, that out of this very self-denial and limitation there should have been a certain positive gain of masculine vigor and sublimity. The superior richness and variety which some enthusiasts about the "only genuine" old sacred music find in the Ecclesiastical or Gregorian *Tones*, so called, is not to be set down *altogether* to imagination and to the peculiar ears of "Pusey-ism." We may smile at their assertion of the degeneracy of all modern music, as if every deviation from the twelve church Modes or Tones or Scales, were a corruption and approach to worldliness. We may point also to the fallacy of supposing that the old works were richer in their twelve scales, borrowed from the Greek, than we are in our two, which we call Major and Minor. We may easily show that their twelve *authentics* and *plagals* were simply our *one* scale in a *sheathed* state of half-development, (as Goethe says that snakes and fishes are sheathed men). The seven notes of our natural Diatonic Scale were the fixed elements of each and all of them; the semi-tones had not yet got their arms out; and at this point the serial unfolding was arrested. Yet we may well admit that each Mode had a genius, or character peculiar to itself. Only it was the character acquired by various modes of *limiting* oneself in Melody. They were so many arbitrary species of self-denial, such as the limiting of thoughts and words to lines of certain length and rhyme, which Byron thought not altogether uninspiring when he buckled to it. Let this serve for the present. We shall resume the subject more particularly.

Franz Schubert.

It is not generally known that this rare genius manifested itself in other fields of the musical art, besides that of the immortal Song-composer. But since his early death, day after day has been disclosing manuscript upon manuscript of his, in which his creative activity and rich imagination had been embodying themselves in all the greater and lesser forms of composition. With a true Shakspearian carelessness about present fame, he published little or nothing of these; but, writing because his soul was full, because he could not help it, he left the beauteous offspring of his brain to find their own way in the world, as chance or the concern of admiring friends might rescue this or that opera, symphony or quartet from the fate of mere waste paper. In the hands of his heirs in Vienna, these piles of MSS. became as good as bank bills, or stock-certificates in the ever growing, never depreciating fund of his artistic fame.

Our friend, Mr. H. Perabeau, has kindly furnished us the following statement with regard to the compositions Schubert left behind him. Brief as it is, it includes truly an astonishing catalogue!

"FRANZ SCHUBERT was born on the 31st of January, 1797, and died the 19th of November, 1828, in Vienna. This talented composer lived and died almost unnoticed by the world at large. Devoted exclusively to the art and not seeking fame, he wrote in his short career about 145 musical works. A great admirer of BEETHOVEN, he may be said

to have been the only one approaching this immortal master in the conception of elevated and grand ideas in his symphonies, and *unsurpassed* in his celebrated Songs. Having studied music without any master, his instrumental compositions sometimes overleap the general plan and unity of the whole, bringing in quite foreign parts, which sometimes would have been better omitted. As to the difficulty of execution, he never took any notice of it, but wrote whatever his genius dictated at the moment, thus making his works very difficult. Among his works we notice:

"His first Quartet for strings, op. 29, in A min.; two Quartets, op. 125, in E flat and E; grand Quartet op. posth. in F; grand Quintet for piano and strings, op. 114, in A maj.; first grand Trio for piano, violin and 'cello, op. 99; second grand Trio for piano, etc. op. 100, in E flat, a famous work; Serenade for piano, violin and 'cello, op. 124; *Rondo brillant* for piano and violin, op. 70; three Sonatinas op. 137; many compositions, as Sonatas, Marches, Variations, etc. for piano with four hands; two grand Sonatas for piano alone, op. 42 in A min. and op. 53 in D; three grand Sonatas (op. posth.). Many compositions for piano alone. Mass for four voices and orchestra, op. 48; another, op. 141; *Tantum ergo*, four voices and orchestra, op. 45; two *Offertoires* for soprano or tenor, with orchestra and organ, op. 46 and 47; *Antienne* for Palm Sunday, four voices, op. 113; the 23d Psalm, for two sopranos and two contraltos with organ, op. 132. Songs for four male voices, op. 11, 14, 16, 17, 28, 61. About three hundred Songs, to words by Goethe, Schlegel, Ruckert, Heine, etc.

"Most of his works were left in MSS., as: six Masses; twelve Symphonies, of which MENDELSSOHN had one (in C maj.) published; ten Operas: viz., the *Spiegelritter*, *Teufels Lustschloss*, *Claudine de Villa Bella*, *Rosamunde*, *Les Conjurés*, *Die Minnesaenger*, *Les Amis de Salamanque*, *Fernando*, *Fier-a-bras*, *Le mauvais Ménage*, and two unfinished ones: *Adraste* and *Sacrotale*.

"Among his Songs published after his death is '*Die Waldesnacht*,' by Schlegel, undoubtedly the greatest of all his Songs. The figures in the accompaniment carry you on like the storm-wind through the old pine-woods, which fall cracking before this mighty element; the lightning flames in the dark night, etc. '*Gruppe aus dem Tartarus*' ('Groups from Tartarus') by Schiller, is another very characteristic Song. Very many of his fine compositions are still unknown.

His too powerful and active spirit destroyed his body in the bloom of life, (31 years old,) as was the case with MENDELSSOHN, WEBER, MOZART, etc. His last request was, to be buried next to BEETHOVEN.

"THE THREE MUSICAL JOURNALS." — Such is the title of a very friendly editorial in the last number of Mr. WILLIS's "Musical Times," welcoming our advent. Kind words, indeed, have saluted us from almost all quarters of the Press; and they are the more encouraging, that we have not in any instance sought them, and that we fancy we detect in their tone a certain genuine cordiality, distinguishing them from mere puffs in the way of business. We really think of appointing some one steward and secretary to our vanity, who shall take pride in editing a Leporello catalogue of our conquests in this line. But we especially value the aforesaid generous notice

from an older contemporary in musical journalism, since it at once establishes a true relation between our several enterprises (all to one good end, however, let us hope,) instead of that foolish and unnecessary notion of rivalry. We cannot forbear copying the piece, which is as follows:

We have received from our friend, Mr. Dwight, of Boston, the first number of his very attractive *Journal of Music*. It looks trim, tidy and Boston-y, very handsome type being put upon very handsome paper. A peculiarity of the journal is, that no music is given, the columns containing exclusively letter-press matter. The contents bear more or less the impress of Mr. Dwight's own mind, the quality of which is admirably known to ourselves, and to a large circle of readers.—There are now three journals in operation, devoted to the general interests of the art of music: *Dwight's*, the *Musical World*, and our own.—Well—this is not too many, (considering the large public they appeal to.) There is room enough for us all. Particularly so, because the three papers will differ essentially in their distinctive characters. Time, we doubt not, will fully develop what we will not, here, nearer define. The *Musical Times* will be essentially professional, useful, and educational. Perhaps we have a right to claim this character for our journal, from the peculiar advantages which we accidentally possess over others. Mr. Dwight, we observe, disclaims in his editorial article any "ex cathedra" character for his paper, (though we half suspect the entire justice of his disclaimer) his language being "Without being in any sense a thoroughly bred musician, either in theory or practice, we have found ourselves, as long as we could remember, full of the appeal which this most mystical and yet most human Art, (so perfectly intelligible to feeling, if not to the understanding,) has never ceased to make to us, &c." A plan has been projected, to stamp the *Musical Times* with a character peculiar to itself, which will distinguish it from every other paper.

This is as it should be, and as we would have it. There is room enough for all of us. The field is vast, and cannot be covered by one journal, unless that one be endowed like a great University of Art, with editors, professors, libraries and treasury unlimited. We by no means dreamed of instituting the musical journal, but only of contributing, in journal form, and in our own way, (which of course cannot be just that of any body else) our mite to the cause of true and worthy views of Art in our community;—perhaps even something approaching a philosophy of Art and of the Beautiful. We hope to make an æsthetic paper; looking at music and the other arts mainly from the æsthetic point of view, as so many expressive languages and utterances of what is best and deepest in the human soul; and only secondarily and incidentally from the scientific point.

Mr. Willis marks out for himself a most important and interesting field of labor. We need his "professional" expositions of the science and productions of the divine art; and we doubt not his entire competency to the task. He proposes to "teach by mail," that is, to give "a complete course of musical instruction through his weekly columns." The course will comprise: 1. Elementary instruction; 2. Harmony and Counterpoint; 3. Musical Form—or the Architecture of music (showing the musical structure of compositions, such as Sonatas, Symphonies, &c.); 4. Instrumentation." This feature of the "Times" we can commend to all who wish to know more about music; and we may add that the contents of the last number altogether are full of interest and instruction.

From our other most enterprising, business-like, news-crammed musical neighbor in Gotham, the *Musical World*, we must also acknowledge a flattering welcome, although it assigns us a province too much like the German town of *Weiss-nicht-wo*, in saying that our articles will be read with pleasure "especially by the transcendental lovers of music."

Still our plans for *News* are balked! This time the evil spirit of the East wind is answerable in part. A budget of interesting New York matters, "Philharmonic," "Eisfeldt," &c., has come to hand just as we go to press. But it will do next week.

We only find room to say that THALBERG positively comes over late in the summer.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

MRS. DE RIBAS. Miss Garcia has in years past contributed not a little to our higher musical occasions. In the Oratorios of the "Handel and Haydn," her sweet and flexible voice, and modest, sincere style were always agreeable. The Complimentary Concert announced for her in another column, to take place next Saturday, should prove that Bostonians appreciate their obligations both to herself and to her husband. Sig. DE RIBAS is one of our most useful musicians; in our principal orchestra, from the Academy time to this, his oboe has been remarked as one of the good points; and this inclement winter, in spite of very poor health, he has been always at his post.—By the way, looking over an old volume of the *London Musical World*, (for 1837), some days since, we chanced upon the following notice of his brother and himself:

MR. RIBAS'S CONCERT took place on Wednesday evening at the Hanover Square rooms, to a large and fashionable audience. The scheme was both various and excellent, but too long. Mr. Ribas performed an adagio polonaise, and a fantasia on the flute, both his own writing, with exquisite purity of tone and polished execution. His brother too—quite a lad,—distinguished himself in a solo, by Vogt, on the oboe. He will become a very fine player, for his tone is beautiful, and his execution already surprising for his years.

Our friends of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, during the storm last week, made a little professional excursion to the valley of the Connecticut. After performing, to great acceptance, at an Academic Exhibition at Amherst College, and giving a concert in Northampton, they passed the next morning, socially and musically, with the GOLDSCHMIDTS on Round Hill, where they were most cordially received. Quintets, &c. were tried over, Mr. Goldschmidt at the piano. And we happen to know, (what perhaps our friends will like to know was said not merely to themselves,) that their style of playing classic music was warmly commended by their hosts.

The Club are to give a series at Lawrence.

There is absolutely no chance of a concert in Boston from Mrs. GOLDSCHMIDT. She considers the three announced as due to the New Yorkers, as they were disappointed in the last serving round, owing to the death of her mother. They break up the Round Hill nest in a fortnight, and make the rest of their brief stay in America at New York.

For the farewell concerts an orchestra of eighty is engaged, of the very best artists in that city, to be led by BURKE. Also M. APPY, the violinist, and BADIALI, the noble baritone, with whom Mrs. G. is to sing a duet from the "Huguenots." Mr. GOLDSCHMIDT has composed a concerto for piano with orchestra for one of these occasions. For the rest, as far as we can learn, the repertoire is to be mainly the old one; in spite of excellent appeals in the *Courier and Inquirer* and the *Tribune* for one classical programme.

We heard Mr. WOLOWSKI on Saturday. It was a thin house and therefore perhaps uninspiring to him. In

spite of the skill displayed, the breadth of harmony, &c., we still could not see the use of playing on two pianos with one pair of hands. But Mr. W. is full of conviction that there is something in it, something suited to a genuine want or impulse of certain musical natures, like his own; he wishes it understood that he was embarrassed that night by the fact that one of the instruments was new, and therefore to the fingers like new boots to the feet, we suppose. He is not daunted, but seems very much in earnest about giving a fair sample of his talent by another concert in Boston, for which he is now in New York to engage the assistance of a pair of *prime donne*. These may more attract the multitude, but the delightful Quintet of Beethoven that night by the MENDELSSOHN CLUB was one of the sweetest possible crumbs of comfort, amid what did seem to us rather an indefinite waste of skilful,—we can hardly say clear, or expressive,—execution of quite poor music. Did LISZT really write such a *farrago* as that "Fantaisie on the Revolution of '48," with the 380 notes in one bar? If so, it was unworthy of him.

The set of Mazurkas by CHOPIN was of course good; but how strange the style, how headlong the time, how perplexing the expression, of that rendering of them!

We do not condemn, since Mr. Wolowski seems to feel it in him to convert us to his manner—two pianos and all—by repeated trials. He is an exiled Pole, of high birth and feelings, who has suffered, had trying and romantic experiences, and should feel music, like a soul that truly needs to love it. In all this he has our sympathy; but after Goldschmidt, Jaell, Rackemann, Lange, &c. &c., we must in honesty say we missed much in his playing, though the *Dailies* said that everybody was delighted. Whose fault is it, if Mr. W. expects too much of Boston?

New York.

MADAM THILLON is still singing, and still more acting, Auber's operettes at Niblo's.—Mrs. BOSTWICK has given a concert at Brooklyn.—We were hoping the good genius would inspire our "Hafiz" to write us something about those EISELDT'S QUARTET SOIREEs; but how can an Eastern poet sing through such East winds as ours?—so we must even borrow from his friend and ours, "Howadji" of the *Tribune*, who says:

MR. EISELDT'S Concert of Saturday evening April 3, is not less fair, as it recedes in memory. A programme with no lesser name than Spohr, and the others, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Haydn, may well "give us pause" awhile, and we be still the gainers. We liked best the performance of Beethoven's Quartet. The instruments went as one; they sang like a dreaming organ—if organs do dream, or if in dreaming they sing. A musical friend near us preferred the Haydn Quartet, and we could not quarrel. In fact, like certain other artists, the gentlemen of these Quartets are always good. Their degrees are upward from that. Sometimes they may be better, often best, but never less than good. President TIMM, of the Philharmonic, assisted them. We had not heard him in public for a long time. But custom cannot stale the pleasure of his smooth, neat, clear and graceful performance. The notes do not sparkle from his touch, but they drip translucent from his fingers. His style has a transparent character, like the watery richness of musical glasses. It is fine, not forcible,—sweet, not magnificent. His Excellency's fingers are almost dandies, so *point-de-vie* they are, with such white-kid-daintiness they trip along the keys. For President TIMM, among musicians, amateurs and the public, there is but one party, and its name is legion—the party of his friends.

LECTURES ON MUSIC. WM. HENRY FRY, Esq., proposes a course of lectures upon the Science and Art of Music, and upon the most colossal scale. Yet imposing as is his programme, it does not seem to us impossible, and of the very great benefit and actual necessity of such an undertaking there is no doubt. Mr. Fry's proposition is nothing less than to give a general, and, to a fair extent, adequate comprehension of the whole subject of musical composition, including its scientific relations, its history, its ethics and its æsthetics.

To accomplish this design, which implies extensive illustration, the following essentials are named: A corps of principal Italian vocalists; a grand chorus of one hundred singers; an orchestra of eighty performers; a military band of fifty performers.

Lectures of this scope are clearly not matters to be lightly undertaken and executed, and ample time is allowed for preparation, because negotiations must be commenced with artists. Ten lectures are proposed, at five dollars for the course, and ten thousand dollars is the estimated whole expense. The proposal has a lordly air, and it promises such real advantages to the many who love music and yet know nothing about it, that we shall hope for its entire success.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

England.

LONDON seems to be the point to which just now the nervous fluids in the European body musical are setting the most strongly. In the great world, the musical centre shifts about from season to season; though most of the said shifting is but a pouring back and forth out of one glass into the other, between London and Paris. But go to the lesser world of many a German city, if you would find the tuneful humor moderate and constant, as the daily air we breathe, with the supply of means and skill unailing. And first:

THE TWO OPERAS. The first-class *prime donne*, *tenori*, *bassi profondi*, &c. are now all in London, or have their faces set that way. The Royal Opera was to commence on Saturday, March 27th, and Lumley's on the Tuesday following. The *Evening Gazette* sums up as follows:

Both the Italian Opera Houses selected "Maria di Rohan" for their opening night. At Lumley's Fiorentini, Ida Bertrand and Ferlotti, appear in this singular opera. At Covent Garden, Castellan, Mdle. Seguin, Tamberlik and Ronconi, take the principal rôles. This selection forebodes a severe competition for the season of 1852, and proves Lumley boldly defiant as he challenges Ronconi in his greatest rôle, and makes play for the prize from the very start. Both managers by their programmes and lengthy notices from journals friendly to them, promise largely for the amusement of their patrons. Lumley offers two operas new to London, one by Prince Albert's brother, and the other by Flotow, a composer of some distinction in Germany. In "Martha" Madame Sontag has achieved great success. "The Martyrs," brought out here by the Handel and Haydn Society as an oratorio a few years since, is promised at the Royal Opera, to introduce Tamberlik in the hero. "William Tell" is also set forth as the great opportunity for Ronconi, Fornes and Marini. To meet this, *Don Giovanni* is to have Sontag, Cruvelli and Wagner, as Zerlina, Donna Anna, and Elvira. "Carl Benson" declares Sontag has fallen off and now sings in the French *tinny* style. He also considers Grisi decidedly *passé*, but admits Tamberlik and Fornes to be first rate.

BALFE'S new opera, "The Sicilian Bride," produced at Drury Lane, seems to have been an entire failure.

THE TWO GRAND ORCHESTRAS. The Old and the New "Philharmonic" have each given their first concert. The old society has long stood among the first orchestras in Europe and exercised a sort of prescriptive right of acting as interpreters in chief of the great symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, &c. To this they grew by yearly study upon these great works, after being at first staggered by the "uncouth singularities" of this latter giant, in whose "Pastoral Symphony" they were wont to curtail the lovely Andante! They have been charged with too exclusive a regard for the old masters, too narrow a definition (practically) of the word "classical," with black-balling men of the first merit, like Moscheles and Costa. But COSTA now is their conductor, and the Society is said to be more liberal towards new composers, as well as more truly than ever up to the classic standard in performance. The sound of the new Berlioz trumpet seems only to have aroused new energy and courage in the old camp. The concert was on the 15th ult. and the room filled with subscribers. See what a programme!

PART I.

SYMPHONY—No. 12, Haydn.
ARIA—"Land of My Sires," Mr. Sims
Reeves, (Joseph) Mehl.
CONCERTO—No. 2, Piano Forte, M. Hallé, Mendelssohn.
ARIA—"Ho spavento," Madame Castellan,
(Atalia) Weber.
OVERTURE—"Zauberflöte," Mozart.

PART II.

SINFONIA EROICA, Beethoven.
ARIA—"Ah ritorna," Madame Castellan, Mendelssohn.
VIOLIN FANTASIA—"Lucia di Lammermoor," Signor Sivori, Sivori.
DUETTO—Madame Castellan and Mr. Sims
Reeves, "Don Giovanni," Mozart.
OVERTURE—"Preciosa," Weber.
Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

The "new Philharmonic" opened in Exeter Hall, before an audience of two thousand. The orchestra numbered one hundred and thirty instruments, and we can judge something of its composition when we are told that Sivori and Bottesini, whom we know, headed respectively the violins and double-basses. Its stringed band numbers sixty-eight. What could the other sixty-two have been? we read however of twelve harps employed for certain occasional effects. With HECTOR BERLIOZ for conductor, and such forces waiting on his *baton*, and

the "Jupiter" symphony to begin with, the orchestral art was surely glorified on that occasion! The programme, though the society found the ground of its existence in the desire to cultivate acquaintance with the noteworthy of modern, as well as the old standard kinds of music, is this time mainly very sound and orthodox, except in the selection of the first part of the "Dramatic Symphony" of "Romeo and Juliet" by BERLIOZ. We give the whole:

PART I.

SYMPHONY in C—"Jupiter," Mozart.
SELECTION from Iphigenie in Tauride, Gluck.
TRIUMPH CONCERTO—Piano Forte, Violin, and
Violoncello, M. Silas, Sivori and Piatti, Beethoven.
OVERTURE—Oberon, Weber.

PART II.

The first part of ROMEO AND JULIET, a dramatic Symphony, with Solos and Chorus, by Hector Berlioz.
FANTASIE—Contra Basso, Signor Bottesini, Bottesini.
OVERTURE—"Guillaume Tell," Rossini.
Conductor, HECTOR BERLIOZ.

Most of the critics seem to have given in to Berlioz, and express wonder and delight at the bold and singular effects of instrumentation in this dramatic symphony.

The CLASSIC CHAMBER MUSIC on all its dozen social social hearths was still glowing bright, diffusing genial warmth. HALLE still stands at the head in this kind, as pianist.—Mr. AGUILAR gave three soirées devoted exclusively to the Piano Forte works of Beethoven.—Mr. DANDO's fifth Quartet Concert comprised Haydn's Quartet, No. 26; Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor, with Miss Loder for pianist; Mozart's Quartet, No. 7; and Spohr's Double Quartet, op. 87, together with five German songs.

Of our old friend LOUIS RACKEMANN, the London *Musical World* says: "He has announced a *soirée musicale*, when he purposes playing, in conjunction with M. Molique, sonatas by Mozart and Beethoven, and several of the piano forte works by Mendelssohn, Chopin and Stephen Heller. The lovers of these authors will have a treat of a high order."

ORATORIO. The Sacred Harmonic Society and its rival the London Harmonic, were fully engaged upon oratorio, with seven to eight hundred performers and the best solo talent. "The Creation" had been performed by each; Costa's society having Reeves and Clara Novello; and Sarman's, Miss Birch, Lockey, and H. Phillips. "Israel and Egypt" had been given by Costa's society. The chief singers were Miss Birch, Miss A. Loder, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lawler, and Mr. Phillips. "Samson" had been found so attractive with Sims Reeves in the hero, and Mrs. Endershon as Dalila, that another repeat was required. Beside those distinguished vocalists, Miss Dolby, Weiss, and H. Phillips took parts.—*Evening Gazette*.

ORGANS. The musical World of London is not content with all imaginable concerts, but luxuriates in large gatherings to hear new organs discoursed upon with the best skill and fancy in combination of stops by some very celebrated player.

Willis's great organ, left almost solitary and alone in the Crystal Palace, attracted thousands of church-organ amateurs to hear it well played.—*Id.*

KALOZDY'S HUNGARIAN BAND had been playing at the St. James's Theatre. Berlioz heard them with high satisfaction, and observed, "they played with irreproachable precision."—See an article on an earlier page.

LATER ITEMS.

Both the Italian opera houses commenced their season to fair, though not large audiences. The second opera presented at Covent Garden was William Tell, in which Marini appeared and Herr Ander, a new tenor from Germany, who failed to make a great sensation. Ferlotti, the new baritone, was successful at the other house, and Calzolari is said to have gained volume and flexibility of voice. Guasco and Negrin had not yet appeared—both have great reputé among tenors. The second Philharmonic Concert was honored by the Queen and Prince Albert's attendance. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony was superbly rendered, and the old Society again claimed the highest orchestral honors. Sims Reeves, Ronconi and Castellan were the vocalists, but produced no marked effect on the audience.—*Eve. Gazette*.

A CONCERT AUDIENCE of 40,000!—The interior of the Crystal Palace, whose fate now hangs in suspense, was recently made the arena of a grand Musical Promenade, designed to aid the project of perpetuation.

The time fixed for the promenade was from two to five. At two only a very few persons entered the building, and the appearance in the vicinity at that time almost prognosticated a failure of the scheme. The accessions proceeded very slowly for some time, but they became at length so rapid that before 4 o'clock there

were not less than 40,000 persons present, of which number upward of 32,000 paid a shilling for admission, while the remainder had been admitted by ticket. From 3-12 till after 5 the entire length of the building was occupied with promenaders, the sides only being left vacant. From the moment when the doors were opened, the centre of the transept became again the chief point of attraction, though the favorite fountain had vanished. Here were the bands of seven of our choicest regiments, whose services had been handsomely granted for the occasion by the respective commanders; and a few minutes after, five of these opened the promenade by marching successively, playing as they proceeded to the stations which had been assigned to them; and they continued to play there during the whole period of the promenade, the intervals of rest being so arranged as to prevent any inconvenient jarring or contest of sounds. The building reverberated for three hours with a performance of standard pieces, as judiciously selected as they were admirably executed.

Advertisements.

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MR. FRANCIS RIHA,

MR. HAYTER,

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VOL. I.

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[Translated by the Editor.]

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

II.

Had we here to talk the language of the School about the development of piano forte music, we should proceed to analyze the contents of those noble pages, which present so rich a harvest of observations. We should in the first line examine those *Nottornos*, *Ballads*, *Impromptus*, *Scherzos*, which are all full of unexpected and unheard of subtleties of harmony. We should then seek these same refinements in his *Polonaises*, *Mazourkas*, *Waltzes* and *Boleros*. But here is neither time nor place for that; such a work would only be of interest to those initiated into Counterpoint and Thorough Bass.

Through the feeling that flows forth in all of them, these works have spread and become much loved in large circles; and this feeling is in the highest degree romantic, individual, peculiar, and yet related not only to that people, which has to thank him for one more celebrity, but also to all hearts, that were ever touched by the misery of exile and by the sentiment of love.

Meanwhile CHOPIN was not always contented with those frames, within which he sketched his happily chosen figures; he would also bring his thoughts into the limits of the classic form. He has written fine *Concertos*, and fine *Sonatas*; but it is not difficult to discern in these productions rather the will, the purpose, than the inspiration. This last with him was capricious, arbitrary, fantastical, bound to no reflection; he had to give it free play, and he did violence to his genius, as we think, as often as he thought to chain it to traditional rule, to classification, to a command, which did not harmonize with the inmost peculiarity of his spiritual nature; for this belonged to the class of those which unfold in the most amiable and graceful way, precisely when they let the tide float them where it will. Therefore we consider these attempts as less successful. CHOPIN could not imprison the wavering, never sharply defined outlines, which lend his thoughts their highest charm, within the stiff, angular framework of a precise pattern. It would not allow itself to be arrested so, that undetermined, evanescent element, which, airy and impalpable, disguises the Kantian skeleton of Form, and robes it in long folds, woven, as it were, of autumn clouds, like the misty garments of the

shapes of Ossian, when, borne upon a passing cloud, they show a gentle countenance to mortals.

Nevertheless these efforts are decidedly distinguished by a rare nobility of style, and contain passages of high interest and movements of surprising grandeur of thought. We may mention, for example, the *Adagio* of the Second Concerto, to which he was particularly partial and which he was very fond of playing. The embellishments in this belong to the finest manner of the composer, and the leading thought is kept up with a wonderful breadth. The entire movement is ideally perfect, and the expression of the feeling now bright and gleaming, now touching and penetrating. It wakes the image of a noble landscape, swimming in a sea of light, some blissful Tempe, which one has chosen for the spot, in which to tell a mournful story. It is like the thought of an irreparable loss, which falls upon the human heart in the midst of the splendor of beautiful nature; a contrast, kept up by a melting away of tones and an incomparable gradation of tints preventing anything abrupt or hard from mingling a dissonance in the impression, which lends to joy the color of melancholy, and to pain the light of cheerfulness.

How can we omit to mention the "Funeral March" in his first Sonata, which, for the first time arranged for orchestra, was played at his own burial! No other tones could have expressed, in a language, which so goes through the soul, the anguish and the tears, which must have accompanied that man to his last resting place, who had so sublimely conceived the manner in which a great loss should be wept! One of his young countrymen said once to me: "Only a Pole could have written this!" And in fact, all that there is solemn and heart-rending in the funeral procession of a whole nation, weeping its own death, resounds in this funeral strain. You feel it, here is not wept the death of a hero, whom other heroes live to avenge, but the death of a whole race, of whom only women, children and priests survive, to bear witness to the tale. Whatever pure and holy feeling, whatever renunciation, faith and hope these bear within their hearts, it is all sounding, quivering, trembling in the vibrations of these tones.

But not in all his works does grief wear only this color. On the contrary, you find many passages, in which a smothered scorn, a stifled fury are portrayed; several of his *Etudes*, indeed his *Scherzos*, depict a suppressed chagrin, which

breaks out now in ironical, and now in proud despair. These dark outpourings of his muse have passed more unmarked and have been less understood, than his poems of tenderer coloring. Perhaps CHOPIN's personal character has contributed to this. Kindly disposed, friendly, accessible, always in equally cheerful humor, he suffered his exterior to betray but little of the malady, that inwardly consumed him.

This character of his was not one easily comprehended. It was composed of a thousand sorts of *nuances*, crossing and veiling one another, and indeed in ways impossible, *a prima vista*, to decipher. One could be very easily deceived about what he thought in the bottom of his soul, as is generally the case with the Slavonic race. The noble freedom, the graciousness, and even the unconstraint and captivating *desinvolture* of their manners, by no means includes confidence and frank communication. What they think and feel, veils and conceals itself like the rings of a snake, that coils up upon itself; to find its links, you must observe it very accurately and sharply. It would be very *naïve* to take their courteous complaisance, their assumed modesty literally. The forms of this smooth politeness and seeming absence of pretence are in accordance with their manners, which have acquired something strikingly Oriental from their earlier frequent intercourse with the East. Without being quite infected by the Turkish silence, yet this has taught them a mistrustful reserve in all those things, that touch the tender or secret chords; and if they speak about themselves, you may feel assured, that under a subtle, inquiring, and ironical smile, which you cannot come at, they screen all the deeper realities of their soul, which are hard to divine and to interpret.

CHOPIN's feeble organization moreover denied him the energetic expression of his passions, and so he revealed only the soft and amiable side thereof to his friends. In the thronged and bustling world of the great cities, where every one has enough to do with himself and no time to guess the riddle of another's life, and where accordingly every one is judged simply by his outward activity, few naturally ever think to take the pains to cast a searching glance through the surface into the interior of a character. But whoever was brought into confidential and frequent contact with CHOPIN, could in many instances remark, how impatient and annoyed he was at being so readily taken at his word! And the artist could not avenge the man. CHOPIN was too feeble to betray this feeling by the stormy energy of his playing; he sought to compensate himself by writing those pages, on which floats the passionate humor of a man, whose heart is more deeply wounded than he is willing to confess—just as about a frigate proudly decked with pendants, although on the point of sinking, the planks swim on the surface, which the waves have torn from its ribs. How he loved to listen, when this angry depth of the sea in his own soul, which murmurs in those tone-poems, roared out under the hands of another player with the power, which nature had denied himself!

The consequences of such impressions are of the more importance to the life of CHOPIN, the more they manifested themselves afterwards in his works. They gradually begot a sort of sickly sensibility, which grew to a feverish delirium and occasioned that violent distortion of his thoughts,

which we remark in his last compositions. Since he was almost stifled under the stricture of his powerfully suppressed passion, his Art became to him at length only the means by which he wrote out his own tragedy.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE PALM TREE OF CAPRI.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

In the garden waves the Palm-tree,
Far beyond the Ocean lies,
Over me bends all the softness
Of the deep Italian skies.

In the garden waves the Palm-tree,
And the wind is flowing cool,
Rustling in the feathery branches
Tipped with moonlight deep and full.

Far in Indian wildernesses
Float away my fancy's wings
To the desert and the gardens
Watered by Elysian springs.

Where the dread simoom is blowing,
Where the groves of Araby,
Islanded in green oases,
Lie beyond the sandy sea.

By the fount the camels kneeling
Stoop to drink the blessed waters,
While with orient vases coming
Gather round the Syrian daughters.

Where old Nile is overflowing,
And the Sphinx with heavy lids
Sits by ruins grim and sombre—
Onward to the Pyramids.

Onward through Judea's mountains,
Still o'er deserts parched and white,
Till the banks of mighty Ganges
Yield their odors to the night.

Gentle Palm of rocky Capri
Waving in the silvery light,
Thou hast stirred a thousand fancies,
Led me far this summer night.

Far in Morning Land I wandered
Where the summers never cease,
And Romance's golden waters
Ever run and murmur peace.

CAPRI, July, 1848.

The Academy of Design in New York.

We received a card of invitation to attend a private exhibition of the new collection of pictures at the Academy, on Monday evening last. "Evening dress" was announced upon the cards, and it proved to be a very brilliant *reception* occasion. The artists were there in full force, and their guests were composed of as much beauty and fashion as we have ever seen collected together from a similar motive. Broadway was densely thronged with carriages, for although the weather was exceedingly unpropitious, the extensive suite of the Academy's apartments was crowded with visitors. Among these were to be found, distinguished poets, divines, authors, editors, judges, lawyers, *et id genus omne* of the men of mark, in our city. Tables were placed in the centre of several of the rooms, and kept well supplied with ices and other refectations. Every body unexpectedly met all his most agreeable acquaintances and friends, and the *social* charm was so great as to interfere somewhat with the enjoyment of the many new works of art with which the walls were covered. But no one who was there on Monday evening will fail to go again and take a quiet and composed look, at what constantly caught his eye as he chatted, and strolled along.

One feature of the occasion was considered an unfortunate one for the exhibition—there was so large a number of beautiful *living* portraits walk-

ing the rooms, that the contrast was a trying one for the *portrait* part of the collection. The young artists—who by the way, are the most foreign-looking, and withal handsome young men one often finds—were in their element. They philandered about, each with a pretty companion under his arm, and gave one a pleasing idea of what artist-life is in its *social* phase.

We thought it an admirable thing too for the artists, to be brought thus in contact with the public, and to become personally known to those in the community, who have a sympathy for them and their pursuits. How much more encouragement and incitement to effort is there in this, than dealing with a *vague* public, at arms-length—so to speak—as is usually the case with all classes of artists. And then we thought of the art which we represent—of music, and musicians. Why cannot something of this kind be effected for them too? Why is not a semi-social and semi-professional *congress* of musicians as practicable as that of painters? The subject of the "Musical Institute," which we discussed in a former number, again recurs to us, and it seems as though—if not that—some musical fraternity of the kind, must spring into existence in this city ere long. We have so many highly educated, accomplished and gentlemanlike members of the profession already in the city, and their number is so fast increasing that such a result seems inevitable. It strikes us, that the new enterprise of the *Normal School*, which was to have been entered upon this spring, but (owing to the absence of Mr. Lowell Mason) is now deferred until next spring, and which already shows such encouraging signs of prosperity and vitality—that this enterprize, will result, in some way, in accomplishing—among other desirable ends,—a kind of social fraternity of musicians; and that musical artists will, in some manner, be brought into direct and personal contact with the public, and themselves and their art be thus better understood and better appreciated. Our whole sympathy—we need hardly say—would be enlisted in the accomplishment of such an object.—*Willis's Musical Times.*

[Translated by A. W. T.]

A Sketch from the Diary of a Composer.

BY MADAME KINKEL, OF BONN ON THE RHINE.

When I was in H. studying counterpoint, I lived in very quiet lodgings near the conservatory, which I had only found after long search, and of which I had taken a good deal of pains to satisfy myself that there were no musicians in the immediate neighborhood. Everything went to my wishes; the people in the house knew and cared nothing about music, and the rooms over mine were occupied by an aged widow, who never stirred in her chamber with anything heavier than felt slippers on her feet.

The first month or two I was completely occupied with chords and intervals. I figured and *dis-figured* basses—and in fact had too much to do at my writing desk, to play as much as usual. The widow above me was charmed by the quiet of her fellow lodger, and praised me to the landlord as the very beau ideal of a tenant. Towards April, after the windows on the sunny garden side of the house began to be opened, I discovered in the rear of a contiguous building, which ran back from another street to the opposite side of the garden, a violin player, who had just moved in, and who cut all sorts of capers on his instrument. True enough, when we both had our windows closed, I could only now and then hear a few of his loudest notes, but these were bad enough in conscience for my delicate ears. I never can listen to a badly played violin, without imagining that I hear in its tones, the ghost of that particular cat, who gave her howls for the manufacture of the E

string, that men through her martyrdom might gain a pleasure.

I considered that if I was disposed to submit to the inconvenience of keeping my garden windows closed all summer, my *vis-a-vis* could hardly be expected to do the same. So the matter came finally to this — to see which could fairly kill the other off with bad music. Here I had clearly the advantage; I rolled my grand piano up close to the window, and the moment the violinist put bow to string, I set up the cover of my instrument, raised the dampers, and played with all my strength in another key. Against my full harmony his single melody of course could do just nothing at all, however hard he exerted himself to vex me.

He finally wrote me a polite note and inquired whether we might not make a truce, and agree upon certain hours, during which the one should bind himself not to disturb the other while practising. I saw that I had to do with a man of understanding, and therefore called upon him, and showed that, in my present studies, when in search of some particular tone which I needed but which was not forthcoming, his music, though so distant, was a far greater cause of disturbance to me than when I was playing myself, for then I could drown his tones by my own. I depicted my misery to him, when I had put my pen to the paper ten times already in vain, and had hardly got my thoughts collected again after the last interruption, his violin how continually, like the shears of the Fates, cut off the thread of my thoughts.

The violinist had no difficulty in comprehending that two musicians, if they did not play the same piece, were one too many in the same place, and having taken his lodgings for a month only, to my great satisfaction withdrew to other quarters.

Unfortunately for me however, in the meantime, my unceasing, really mad piano forte playing, my weapon in the war which I had waged against the violinist, had so increased the violence of the nervous headache to which the widow was a martyr, that she gave the landlord notice, and at the end of the quarter also quitted. Various persons, who came to see the rooms, happening to come at moments when I was playing with all force, declared to the landlord, that the rooms pleased them highly, but they did not like living in the house with a musician; for even if one was fond of music, it was tiresome to listen to exercises and studies all day long, and this in the end would give one a disgust at the very idea of music.

At last came a young lieutenant. He found the rooms *magnifique*, the view from the windows *superbe*, the chambermaid *charmante*; and then he measured the wall to see if there was room for his grand pianoforte. The landlady was honorable enough to ask, whether it was an objection to the place that a person played the pianoforte in the rooms underneath, and it sounded about as loud in one room as in the other. The lieutenant answered laughing, he cared nothing for that; on the contrary, such mad music as the two instruments would make, all in confusion, would be an endless source of fun to him and his comrades.

When this was reported to me my heart sank; for against such ears my weapons were of no avail. But what *could* I do? My finances did not allow me to change my rooms, since I had

paid in advance for the whole period of my stay, and in every new lodging I might meet again the same misfortune. Nor had I the same means at command as Spontini, who, as is well known, obtained free lodgings at the theatre for his female fellow lodgers, on condition that they should never touch the piano when he was at home. I labored hard to acquire the power of complete mental abstraction. I *would* not hear anything else than the tones within me, and sought to convince myself that the lieutenant's playing was but noise, and bore no relation whatever to music. But such attempts to *educate* my ears and nerves not only miscarried in spite of my best will, but the strain upon my nervous system almost destroyed my whole organization.

I now devised a different plan of study. Early in the morning, while the lieutenant was sleeping away the effects of his heroic deeds at the previous evening's tea-table, I undertook to perform the exercises set me in my thorough bass lessons. But, alas, it was not possible to finish before the lieutenant was up and drumming away at "*Vor Romeo's Raecherarme*" or "*Erzittre Byzanz!*" He spent all his leisure time at the pianoforte, and in those days a lieutenant had an endless amount of such time, God knows! He played gallopades, polkas, quicksteps and such trash by the hour together; all with pedals raised, chromatic runs and scales in the bass not excepted — *horribile dictu!*

I determined upon battle for life and death!

The moment he touched his piano I sat down to mine; and as mine was twice as powerful as his, I had no difficulty in annoying him to my heart's content. I would make four-part chords with both hands, with *tremolandos* in the deepest bass. Against this he could only pay on twice as hard, and the tuner had to be called in twice a week to put on new strings. After all I suffered more than he did. I could only drown him by playing such music as his own, and the listening to such stuff, gallopades, polkas, &c., was to me perfect martyrdom. In my favorite pieces, the "Songs without words," Fugues and Sonatas, there is too much of the *pianissimo* to pierce through the noise of his polkas.

In the course of a few weeks, I had gained so much on my musical antagonist, that even to him the mingled harmonies of D and C major were no longer entirely agreeable. The servant girl said to me, that, the Herr Lieutenant had inquired whether his playing over my head might not disturb me somewhat? I answered with affected indifference, that when I was playing my piano forte, I paid not the slightest attention to the weak-toned affair overhead.

In the meantime I had finished the *decima quinta* in my contrapuntal studies, and was set to studying out themes for fugues. Now indeed must I take advantage of every moment of peace; but when I had set me down in the very best humor for my difficult task, no sooner did I hear the lieutenant's spurs clattering on the stairs, or the moving of a chair overhead, than it would come over me like a fever, "Oh woe! now he is going to play!" and ere he had struck a note all capacity for study was gone. I grew as it were crazy with rage, and when I had heard, perhaps but a note or two of a hand organ in the street, the *idea* of the lieutenant's piano forte would make me almost beside myself. When not engaged in writing, perhaps merely reading the

newspaper, my wrath and indignation were boiling within me — in fact, I was no longer master of my thoughts. At last I actually hated my tormentor as my worst enemy — as the disturber of my whole existence.

My continual efforts — all in vain — to set myself down to my composition, the constant interruptions, and my own anti-polka *tremolando-fortissimos* — all together so overwrought my nerves, that when for once in a while he was invited out to tea, and left me in peace, I could effect nothing, for headache. He spent most of his time at home, however, and was frequently visited by five or six friends, who howled airs from Bellini and Donizetti at the piano, either *unisons*, or what was still worse, with bass and air in octaves. Sometimes too they exercised themselves, with a view to their future vocation, by breaking the furniture and crockery and letting the battle cry resound from the window in the stillness of night.

To play anything which should make itself heard above such choruses, was an undertaking in which I did not dare venture the pure tones of my splendid instrument. In time however, I learned to revenge myself after such an evening, by inviting the children of the free school to my room mornings from six to seven, to practise psalm tunes for the school examination, and thus disturbing the lieutenant's sleep.

At length he remarked that I never began to play, until immediately after he had placed himself at his instrument, and that I purposely played the loudest. That made him malicious, and he called in the regiment trumpeter to assist him. Now, thought I, *I am done for!* and threw myself in despair upon the sofa, stopping up both ears. But the battle had now become a contest of honor. I took courage and conjured up one final resource.

I knew a Frenchman, who was passionately fond of blowing the *serpent*. Of this instrument, Hector Berlioz, in his work on the art of instrumenting, says among other things the following:

"Its essentially savage tones fitted it far better for use during the bloody sacrificial ceremonies of the Druids, than for the Catholic church service in which it is continually employed. An abominable relic of that want of understanding, feeling and taste, which, time out of mind, has regulated the employment of music in our churches. The single exception that can be made is when, in the Requiem, the serpent is used to strengthen the awful choral of the *Dies Irae*. Its howlings, which make one shudder, are there doubtless in their right place; indeed, this instrument, when used in the accompaniment to these words, which breathe all the horrors of death and the vengeance of a jealous God, seems actually to possess a sort of mournful poetry."

The instrument thus described seemed to me just the thing to use in carrying out my plan. In respect to music, I called to mind a Flemish monk, by the name of Huebaldus, who lived in the time of Henry the Fowler, and in his treatises left behind him the oldest compositions in parts. These move in pure fifths and octaves, up and down in direct motion! The venerable master says of this style, by no means bad at that time, "*Videbis nasci suavem ex hac sonorum commixtione concentum!*" Still, they effect a musician of the nineteenth century quite in the opposite manner. I have sometimes proved this when my visitors have stayed too long. I no sooner

commence on a so-called "Organum" of Huebaldus, than away they go screaming from my doors.

Now whenever the lieutenant had a visit from the Trumpeter, I would carefully steal out of the house by the back door and wait in a neighboring confectioner's until he was gone. Then I came home perfectly unconcerned, greeted the lieutenant, who would be leaning out of the window, in the most friendly manner, and who, deluded by seeing me return home, would be confounded by the thought that he had given the trumpeter his drink money in vain.

But not in vain did I promise a capital breakfast to my serpent blower and two Ross trumpeters from the orchestra, whom I regularly had come to me, on a morning when I knew the Lieutenant had been out dancing all night, at five o'clock, A. M. for rehearsal. We rehearsed the above-named "Organum" of Huebaldus, whose long extended notes seemed to have been written expressly for the serpent; but our concert never wanted for foreign assistance; for all the cats and dogs in the neighborhood, even the poultry and the jackasses of the milk-women, joined jubilant in these primitive tones.

Three times we performed our morning serenade, when the lieutenant left.

Correspondence.

[From our New York Correspondent.]

Music in New York.

MADAME ANNA THILLON is still singing, but has only produced three operas—the *Diamonds of the Crown*, the *Black Domino* and the *Child of the Regiment*. She continues to be a great favorite—because she is a pretty woman. Yet her prettiness is Frenchy. I saw it long ago in the rosy-faced wax dolls with flaxen ringlets. We all agree to that. Everybody consents that it is sadly artificial,—but she has crowded Niblo's on her three evenings in the week for two months, with only three operas, and her audience is enchanted. One great reason of her success is the same as that of the modern French vaudeville. The operas of Auber represent the daily life of modern men and women. Everybody likes to see his own life and his own companions projected into the perspective, and made a picture. With what profound interest I have seen a man contemplate his own daguerreotype. Conceive the Fornarina, "who loved her love more than her lover," as Xavier de Maistre says, standing before the Madonna del Sisto, of which she was the probable model, and beholding herself transfigured by genius into an immortal and sacred image.

It is impossible to get back again to the Opera Comique, and I will pass on to something more sympathetic, which is the Philharmonic Concert of Saturday evening, the 17th of April. The great saloon of Niblo's was crowded by a capital audience, largely German, of course, but with that abundant sprinkling of "the old familiar faces," which puts you in such good humor—the best of preludes—because you are sure of sympathy in enjoyment. The great feature of the evening was Spohr's *Weihnachtstöne*, Consecration of Sound. It is the musical illustration or interpretation of a poem descriptive of the characteristic influence and power of sound, which the

Composer desires may be always read by the auditor, before the performance. It is an unhappy and fatal desire. A "song without words" is the song that genius writes, in music. Let me explain a little: Art is simply a language. Its aim is to convey ideas—which is the end of all expressions. Its varieties are only modifications and differences of form. There is nothing final or fatal in them. A picture does not essentially differ from a statue or a song. Picture, statue, and song are the flexible speech of the artist, to manifest, according to his gift, the emotions of beauty, grandeur, pathos, or of whatever thought inspires him. Each of these forms, in strict science, must therefore be sufficient to itself. If you are compelled for intelligibility to write under a pictured tree—"this is a tree"—it is no proper picture. If you must say of a song, this is meant to express these and these emotions, what use is there of the song?

Now no student of the pictures of a master requires any hand book to indicate their meaning, because a fine picture is just that which the observer sees in it. And in the degree that a man is musical, or capable of receiving delight from music, in that degree he rejects all words or explanations, and derives the meaning of the music from its own perfection as an expression. Recall Mendelssohn's *Gondola-lied*, one of the most exquisite, airy and, in the highest sense, dramatic pieces, in music. It is the musical incarnation of Venetian moonlight. You see how my words struggle after a description of it, and are therein an illustration of what I say. Now no words could possibly be written to that music, because, if they were good enough, they would be too good, and by their perfection in another way would distract the hearer. On the other hand, you published last week Tennyson's wonderful *Bugle-song*,—which implies all its own music so entirely, that the thought of making a melody for it is amusing and hopeless. I do not forget the great exceptions to this rule in Haydn's Canzonets from Shakspeare, and Beethoven's melodies to Goethe. But neither the "*Mignon*" nor "*She never told her love*" are the more beautiful, because of the beautiful music. The music is still delightful, but it does not reveal any new value or thought or emotion in the poetry.

There is the case, and there is the fatality of Spohr's desire that the poem shall be read before the symphony is performed. Why? Certainly only to explain the music. But if it does not explain itself to the musical mind, and for such only is music composed, then it is irretrievably defective as a work of art. If it is good, there is no need of explanation. In the *Pastorale* of Beethoven how offensively superfluous is the elaborate sketch of pastoral life so often prepared for the programme. It is a kind of insult to the Composer.

Spohr's great symphony is very majestic. The first movement, especially, is masterly. But fancy opening your bill of fare, as the conductor's baton imperially rose, and reading, "*Gloomy silence of Nature before the creation of Sound, Busy life afterward, Sounds of Nature, The Elements.*" The misery of the thing is that your mind falls into the rut, and away it runs on the sharp look out for the point when the "gloomy silence" merges in the "busy life afterward." Music, I trust, and a great symphony of a distinguished master, is no such intolerable trickery as this.

The heaving, rocking under-tone of the whole introduction, imparting the idea of vast and mysterious restlessness, with the shimmering play of themes shooting along the surface, like the sun-sparkles upon the sea, is impressive in the highest manner. Don't accuse me of falling into my own trap. I am merely describing an individual impression in the same way as I should describe my feeling upon seeing a picture or a statue, or upon reading a poem. If I were the composer of a symphony, I should certainly not apprise you in a schedule of general heads what I meant to express in it. If you heard it and then told me what impression you derived, I should know if I were successful or not.

The Philharmonic orchestra is admirably drilled. The members are all inspired by the same sympathies,—mostly Germans, they believe in the German Composers, who would not regret to sit among the audience and hear their own immortality so assured. Mr. TIMM, the most elegant of our Pianists, is President; Mr. SCHARFENBERG, whose delicate and polished style evinces the student of the best classics only, is Vice President. They assist in the orchestra, taking very humble parts. Scharfenberg, I think, played the cymbals. The Symphony, which can never be very popular, despite the song, serenade and battle-march, gave great satisfaction. Individually, I confess too distinct a sense of science in Spohr's music, excepting some of his fragmentary songs. There are great volume and splendor of sound and movement in this Symphony, but little of that irresistible *elan*, which bears you out of the consciousness of means into the Elysium of delight. If I were an angel and conscious of my wings, as I floated in the June sunshine, I should feel something was yet imperfect.

Mr. SCHARFENBERG played a Concerto of Mendelssohn's with the orchestra. I wish he were more impassioned. Yet his reverence for the master is very beautiful, and the quiet, uncompromising purity of his style is sure to secure your most judicious approval. Later in the evening he and Mr. TIMM played a Grand Duo of Mendelssohn's upon the Bohemian march from "*Preciosa*." It was effective, but not striking. In fact neither of the piano performances were strictly interesting. They were learned and skilful rather than inspired. But the audience made it a point of honor to listen silently, and recognized by their applause the admirable performance, although there was no enthusiasm for the works.

I was glad to hear something of W. STERNDALE BENNETT's, whose name is so familiar in the English musical notices, as a "classical" musician. He was a scholar of Mendelssohn's, I believe, and to too much purpose; for his overture is only a very admirable study in that master's style. It has a masterly air, but you feel it is all derived from the admirable science of the Composer. The pervasive inspiration, which is always individual and in which there can be no study, is utterly wanting. I recognized whole phrases, doubtlessly written with the utmost sincerity. But they were not Bennett's music, they were only the music he loved.

Mrs. BOSTWICK sang. I was much disappointed. Her voice has a certain domestic sweetness, but that seems to me all the true pleasure derivable from her singing. She is well cultivated enough, but the total want of freshness and the constant sense of effort, although careful and successful,

make the whole impression rather mournful, like the sweetness of faded flowers. Mr. HAASE blew a trumpet better than I have ever heard a trumpet blown before. It was really a fine performance, and I could not but regret all the while that so much skill and trouble had been lost upon the instrument. There is a manly and heroic strain in its peal, and it kindles chivalric feeling and recalls Sir Philip Sidney's saying of the ballad of Chevy Chase, that it "stirred him like a trumpet;" but it is still a pity that a man should expend his lungs and labor to such a necessarily unsatisfactory result. The concert was much too long, by the by, and on the whole, not so interesting as it should have been. Why should Mrs. Bostwick sing the *Happy birdling*, when Jenny Lind sang the *Bird Song*? Why, above all, should the Philharmonic Society assume the responsibility of such a proceeding? HAFIZ.

[FROM ROME, March 29, 1852.]

A correspondent of one of our friends writes from Rome that among the artists there orders have been abundant this past winter; and that the Americans particularly have been purchasing works by modern artists.

Our friend, Frank Boott, who has been pursuing his musical studies diligently in Italy, has produced a composition of which the writer speaks thus. "We had a grand musical soirée in our rooms the other day, with Paggi's oboe, Ramacciotti's violin, Wiehmen on the pianoforte, and Rheintaler's songs; and among other things we had a stringed quartette of Boott's, admirably performed. It was certainly a triumph for him, and I am delighted to say to you that it was full of science and freshness of fancy. The themes were original and naive, and the *condotta* clear and unconfused. It quite surprised me by its merit, and its piquancy and spirit gained for it an unanimous applause. Just where young composers fail, he succeeded, in the management of its partition and the development of his theme."

The same letter contains an account of some very successful private theatricals among the Americans and English, in which our friend the writer assisted. The *Midsummer Nights' Dream*, and *Merchant of Venice* were performed with great effect. But we must not entrench any further upon the privacy of a letter not intended for publication.

New Publications.

Theory and Practice of Musical Composition.
By ADOLPH BERNHARD MARX. Translated from the third German edition and edited by HERMANN S. SARONI. 8vo. pp. 406. New York. F. J. Huntington, and Mason & Law.

A work of this importance cannot receive justice in a hasty notice. We have reserved it with the hope of finding time and room for that; but lest the matter should grow old in the mean time, we make here simply a first note of our impressions, meaning to return to it again.

We have here, then, something upon which to congratulate our musical public: namely, a clear and intelligent translation of the first, or rather of the *substance* of the first, of the four volumes of MARX's famous *Compositionslehre*. We trust it paves the way to a translation of the entire work, which covers the whole field of musical composition, with a copious supply of illustrations throughout. So far as our own acquaintance goes, as well as the report of all our best informed German musicians, the subject has never before been developed with anything like the unity, the naturalness,

the clearness, the completeness, and the charm (unwonted in dry scientific text-books,) which we find in these noble labors of the Berlin professor.

The beauty of it is, that he unfolds the whole thing from a little germ; that is to say, from the simplest conceivable little phrase of melody, such as one might hum to himself without a reason, or such as might have been the very beginning of music in the rudest ages of mankind. This little phrase is examined, its elements noted, then its possible variations, consequences and enlargements sought, till finally we discover the whole scale of tones, as well as the nature of a musical period, sentence or proposition, with all its rhythmical and melodic conditions. First however, melodies for two voices are introduced, or as the translator renders it, *duophonic* melodies; this leads to some discoveries about chords and natural harmonies and the origin of the notes of the scale in their fundamental tones or roots, and so we learn our first lesson in Harmony or Thorough Bass, in the heat of our first efforts at melodic invention. For *invention*, from the first, is made the exercise of the student, and Marx's system herein is quite kindred with the method pursued in our modern "Schools of Design."

MARX is a believer in musical *Science*, in the possibility of referring all the elements of the art back to a unitary, central principle, and not a mere empiric like GODFREY WEBER. Thus he notes the importance to the key-note (say C) of the Fourth and Fifth (say F and G), and the indispensableness of these three roots to the generation of the full diatonic Scale; and he does not hesitate to renew (perhaps as a second independent discoverer) the proposition of an obscure but very suggestive and philosophical French author, MOMIGNY, who published in 1806 a *Cours d'Harmonie*, in three volumes, that the Scale be written in a way more expressive of the true relations of its parts; namely, by placing the key-note (C) in the centre, with the Fourth and Fifth at the two extremes, thus:

G, a, b, C—C, d, e, F,

To invention of melodies for one and two parts or voices, follows that of melodies for three and four and even more voices; including by the way all that is essential about Chords and Modulation, and exercising both the analytic and inventive power of the student at each step.—This concludes the First Book, or "Elements of Composition."

The translated volume includes also the Second Book, which treats of the "Accompaniment of given Melodies." These melodies or themes it takes from two sources, namely, the old sacred *Chorals*, and the secular *National Songs*, and shows how they are to be harmonized, with plain and with figural bass, giving noble examples of SEBASTIAN BACH's arrangements of some of the old Chorals. Here too are amply treated the peculiarities of the "Ecclesiastical Keys," or Modes. The description of the various expressions of the Ionic, Dorian, &c., we notice to be essentially adopted from SCHILLING's *Aesthetik der Tonkunst*, though we cannot vouch for the fact that MARX was not the older of the two.

Here the present translation ends. The original goes on in the next volume to unfold the mysteries of composition in the various musical *forms*, from simple Songs, to Canons, Fugues and Double Counterpoint.

Of Mr. Saroni's translation we have already said that it is intelligently made. He fully understands his author, and the force of language. We only wish, that in his endeavor to give the sense as concisely as possible, and also to adapt the whole thing to the wants of pupils, and make an *American* text-book of it, he had not seen fit to abridge as much as he sometimes does. We notice paragraphs omitted, pages and whole chapters as it were re-cast into the form of his own mind, illustrations curtailed, &c. &c. And in this, while we give his translation credit for great clearness, it has seemed to us in some portions which we have compared, that he has rather sacrificed a certain verdure and picturesqueness of style, which in the original redeem the book from the dry category of most treatises. For the author's very general and long Preface, the translator has, wisely as we think, substituted an admirably clear statement of the "Elements of Musical Notation," by himself.

In the rendering of technical terms it could hardly be expected that all tastes, or all the essential *desiderata* of the subject should be satisfied. We do not like those Greek terms *monophonic*, *duophonic*, &c., in place of the

simple German "one-voiced," "two-voiced," &c. In one other instance it strikes us that the term selected will be apt to perplex and mislead the scholar; we mean his translating the term *motiv* by *design*. The design of a musical, as of a pictorial composition, or a poem, covers the idea of the whole work; whereas what the French and Germans term the *motiv* in a piece of music, is the mere melodic *germ*, or little elementary thought or figure, which is perpetually reproduced in ever new forms and keys throughout the whole structure, and like the first seed-leaf or cotyledon, types the whole conformation of the tree:—those first four notes, for instance, in Beethoven's C minor Symphony. We have no English word for it; then why not borrow the European, and say *motive*?

But we have already paused longer in this first reconnoitring of the field, than we intended, and we must conclude with simply recommending the work to students. Other publications must still bide their time for review.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 1, 1852.

The Old Church Modes or "Tones."

[Second Article.]

Under this head, in our last number, we alluded to a certain retrospective, Middle Age taste in music, manifested of late in certain quarters, more especially in England; to a certain peculiar reverence for the old Ecclesiastical Modes, as if no music since them could be half so rich or sacred. To test the reasonableness of this, we appealed to the history of the musical Scale, the basis of all musical Art, and showed that these grand and severe old melodies, originally without harmony, were properly older than Music itself *as an Art*; and that their peculiarities of expression are owing to the fact of the *imperfect*, half-developed Scale in which they were written:—a Scale without semi-tones, and hence without the means of modulation through a variety of keys. We stated, what is commonly known among musical students, that their nominally *twelve* modes or scales are in fact only our *one* diatonic scale, with some of its most important elements or organs latent, unpronounced, or rudimental. While, as for their peculiar *sacredness*, it would appear that they were all borrowed from the Greek, from uses which we know not to have been other than secular.

If the tone-series ranged from C to c, as the initial and closing note, the tune or melody or chant was called IONIC, and had, of course, the firm, serene, composed and solid character of our major key of C, confined to the few simplest modulations of the diatonic scale. If G was made the starting-point, it was called MYXO-LYDIAN, and such tunes had the singular expression of aspiring to rise or modulate into the tone-sphere a fifth above, and never getting fairly up there for want of the sharp F, but having to gravitate constantly back to C; hence it is not an independent, self-subsistent key; it depends on the Ionic, and is in fact that; it commences not firmly grounded like the Ionic, but as it were hovering and floating upward; and in its termination there is no repose, but rather excitement, since it reverses the two poles of Tonic and Dominant, making what is called the "Plagal" or "Church Close," which sound so bold and startling. The DORIAN took the same sounds

from D to d, and had a very earnest, solemn character, most used in high church festivals. And so on through the twelve Modes. (The musical student may find them fully described in the work of Marx, noticed on an earlier page.)

But it must be remembered that these Gregorian chants or "tones" at first were sung in unison, depending on great masses of voices for their effect. It was very slowly that any Harmony was added to their rough melodic progressions. Some occasional chords must have been now and then improvised and have grown into unwritten habits, especially at the closing cadences of tunes. By degrees it became common to add a voice part above the *canto fermo*, which was called *Discant*. But it was not before the enthusiastic studies of the monk Guido Aretinus in the 10th century, that anything like regular *Counterpoint* appeared. And for centuries after that, indeed even till after the Reformation and the dawning of mental freedom in Europe, when Music had got well secularized upon the stage, what harmony there was, was mostly limited to the hard, barren intervals of *fourths* and *fifths*, with an extremely timid and shy use of the expressive *thirds* and *sixths*; while (as we have said) the semi-tones had not all got emancipated and recognized in the Church, which made law in musical as in other matters. The secular and vagabond music of the streets and fields, we may fancy, had semi-tones and *thirds* enough, without knowing it, any more than Moliere's M. Jourdain knew that he had been speaking prose. Because the natural instincts are more suggestive, more prone to accept all the elements of any truth, than a cramped science, made the subject of ordinances and prescription. Music is so true and genial to the whole of human nature, so allied to the heart and therefore of course to freedom, that only in the free and secular air of untrusting, generous, joyous, although checkered life, can she fully be herself, and fulfil her beautiful and perfect mission among sister Arts. The very idea of prescription is alien to the very soul of Music, who must be allowed freely to unfold all the types of order and unity and beauty and divine wisdom out of herself. And is it not her divine mission to elevate the whole of life and make it holy? But to return to our historical sketch.

So much, in passing, of the "Church Modes" and the Gregorian Chants. We must further notice how elaborate a music the restless, curious ingenuity of old composers, working within the aforesaid superstitious, theoretic limitations, had gradually evolved out of these plain materials, by the time of the establishment of our full modern Scale and of the true beginning of modern musical ART. The grave *Discant* which was sung above the *Canto fermo* soon took on refined and florid airs, so that some one compared it to "the curls and folds and flounces in a female dress." From the *antiphonal* or responsive singing, choir answering choir with the same melody commenced a little later and pitched a fifth or fourth higher or lower, that is in the *plagal* mode, arose the trick of Imitation, Canon and Fugue, which kindled up the emulous inventive and refining faculties to many a long heat. This accounts for florid and elaborate melody, for separate and long-spun parts, and melodies pursuing and entwining one another in one intricate and involved composition; while by the same process, together with the inviting facilities of the first church organs, arose

such timid and scant use of chords and harmony as we have just seen. The result was, theoretically, a whole system of counterpoint; and practically, an abundance of very elaborate, though cramped specimens of Art, especially the Catholic Mass and Passion, and all the wondrous difficulties of Fugues and Canons, carried mostly to a pitch of barren artificiality, until this science culminated and became inspired in great SEBASTIAN BACH and HANDEL.

We must regard then all this musical development before the 17th century, all from the Ambrosian *plain chant* to Sebastian Bach (though PALESTRINA stands out solitary and sublime, above the shining constellation of grand old English church composers, in the 16th) as mere preparation for the modern Art of Music proper. It mainly amounted to just this: The treasured inspiration of the same old stock of plain church chants and chorals, wrought over and over, and refined and twisted by a scientific ingenuity, until it became necessary that the fountains of melody should be replenished, or rather, that new fountains should be opened.

This came, in due time, with the progress of letters, arts and commerce, which were closely followed by the art of counterpoint, beginning in Rome, thence passing to the Hanse towns, and so on; and with the expansion given to the moral life of Europe by the Reformation. The secular, neglected vagrant, Melody, was picked up out of the streets. The popular airs, the free and native music of the human heart, were recognized. Music burst her fetters and got upon the stage. And then the progress of the art was rapid and inspiring, and all its secular gains and its rejuvenescence told upon its uses in the Church.

After reviewing these facts, is it wise or proper to carry our partiality for the old and simple and church-consecrated so far, as to ignore what modern times have gained in the power of expressing all the highest and holiest aspirations of the human soul through tones, as Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini and the rest have done!

AN ELL FOR AN INCH. In our translation from LISTZ's memoir of CHOPIN, in the last number, we spoke of a certain painting, instanced as a small one, as covering "a canvass of twenty square ells"—it should have been *inches*.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

SENORA DE RIBAS offers a very attractive programme for her complimentary concert this evening. She is to sing herself a Cavatina by that liquid melodist, Cimarosa, and the *Fatal Goffredo* by Donizetti. Also in the Trio of maskers from *Don Juan*, with her sister and Mr. Arthurson, and a duett with Mr. A.

Miss EMMA GARCIA sings a ballad by Wallace, and Miss Julia Garcia the "Captive Greek Girl," by Hobbs; and the two sisters the duett by Wallace: "Sainted Mother, guide his footsteps."

Mr. ARTHURSON will sing "Thou Soft flowing Avon," composed in 1740, by Dr. Arne.

SIG. DE RIBAS will play upon his oboe the *Adagio Religioso* of Ernst, with organ accompaniment by Mr. HAYTER, senior, and a solo of his own, with orchestra.

Mr. HAMANN, the fine French-hornist, is down for a solo: and Mr. GARCIA for a piano-forte solo, with orchestra. Three good overtures, and Meyerbeer's *Marche du Sacre*, make up the balance.

We trust there will be an overflowing house. The programme looks long, but the pieces are short and will be all through, we are assured, by 10 o'clock.

A NEW THEATRE AND OPERA HOUSE. We rejoice to learn that the prospect brightens for a fine theatre and place for lyric music, besides the two great concert halls in progress, in our city. A full and spirited meeting of merchants and others was held at the Revere House on Wednesday evening, when the wants of Boston in this respect were strongly set forth by the Mayor, by P. P. F. Degrand, Esq., and the chairman of the meeting, Edw. C. Bates, Esq. A committee consisting of Messrs. John D. Bates, John E. Thayer, William Amory and Gardner Brewer, were chosen, "to apply to the Legislature for an act of incorporation, for erecting a building for theatrical representations, to select and obtain the refusal of one or more suitable sites; and to take measures for obtaining subscribers for the necessary amount."

NEWTON MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. A pleasant "Public Rehearsal" of this new choral and orchestral society, numbering some eighty members, took place last week. The first part of the programme consisted of glees, duets, and trios by Calcott, Kreuzer, Bishop, &c.; the second part, of sacred quartets and choruses. Besides the names of MENDELSSOHN and SPOHR, those of our friends, S. JENNISON JR., the conductor, and EDWARD HAMILTON, appeared as composers. We are happy to learn that Mr. Jennison is about to publish a series of six sacred choruses.—May this example of Newton soon be followed by the other thriving and intelligent communities, all over Massachusetts and New England!

New York.

EISFELD'S LAST CLASSICAL SOIREE will probably come off on the 8th at the Apollo Rooms, when, we understand, the following pieces will be given:

BEETHOVEN'S Septet, in the original form, for clarinet, bassoon, horn, violin, viola, 'cello and contrabasso; HAYDN'S celebrated Quartet in G; and either MENDELSSOHN'S second Trio, in C minor, or SCHUMANN'S Quintet, with Mr. Scharfenberg for pianist.

The Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY took place on the 17th ult., when Ole Bull was elected an honorary member, and the following officers chosen for the ensuing year:

President, H. A. Coit. 1st Vice President, W. Scharfenberg; 2d Vice President, H. C. Watson; Treasurer, Anthony Reiff; Secretary, F. Scherpf.

Trustees, Ogden Haggerty, F. H. Austen, Julius Metz. Directors, Th. Eisfeld, H. B. Dodworth, C. Pazzaglia, G. Schneider, U. J. Hill, Jas. Shelton, F. A. Stohr, Wm. Thos. Roberts, G. F. Bristow, Louis Ernst, John A. Kyle, D. L. Downing.

The German LIEDER-KREISE, or popular chorus societies, which for the last three years have held their anniversaries in Baltimore and Philadelphia, will this Spring gather *en masse* in New York. It will be a time of real German enthusiasm, at once rhythmical and free.—A similar festival will take place on the 7th of June at Cincinnati.

The newspapers chronicle the marriage of Signor BETTINI, the popular *tenore*, with Mlle. SOPHIE MARETZEK, a sister of the indomitable *impresario*.

The "GERMANIANS," leaving Philadelphia in triumph, have been welcomed back to one of their special homes, which is Baltimore. We see that they have meanwhile paid a flying visit to Washington.

BISCACCANTI had given five concerts, amid much enthusiasm, at San Francisco.

Germany.

VIENNA. The German Opera finished on the 14th of March with the *Prophète*. On the 15th the Italian Opera began, with Mmes. Medori and Demeric, and MM. Fraschini and De Bassini in *Lucia*. On the 17th Mme. Maray and M. Scialese made their debut in *Don Pasquale*. To these succeeded *Lucrezia Borgia* and Verdi's *Macbeth*, in which last Medori and the baritone De Bassini had a wonderful triumph.

SCHULHOFF, the pianist, had returned and was giving successful concerts.

On the 1st of May was to be celebrated in the chapel of the royal palace a jubilee commemorative of its foundation four hundred years ago. Among the works to be performed, were Masses by Mozart, Assmayer, Mayseder, Eybler, Preyer and Beethoven; Graduals and

Offertories by Haydn &c.; finally a grand Litany by Mozart and the abbé Vogler's Choral Vespers.

The concert for the Charitable Fund for musicians was composed of all the music to Meyerbeer's *Struensee*, Mendelssohn's posthumous Symphony and "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, a Symphony by Beethoven, and the Oratorio of "Noah," by Preyer.

BERLIN. The musicians of the royal chapel were to present a *bâton* of honor to their director, Taubert, (author of Jenny Lind's "Bird Song,") as a reward for ten years labor; the same honor had been paid to Spontini and Meyerbeer. — Much was said of a new Oratorio, "Daniel and Nebuchadnezzar," by the organist Kuntze.

Madame WAGNER took her leave in the part of Fidelio. *Don Juan*, with Mme. Koster for Donna Anna, the *Grossfurstin*, by Flotow, the *Doppelflucht* by H. Schmidt, *Fille du Regiment* and the "Doll of Nuremberg" are named among the operas old and new. As singers for the Summer season, were announced Roger of Paris and Mme. Meyer, Liephart from Vienna, and Formes the baritone.

Meyerbeer has written a Cantata for the 28th anniversary of the marriage of Prince Charles of Prussia.

At the college Frederic-William, the pupils of the first class have performed the tragedy of *Antigone* in Greek, with the choruses by Mendelssohn.

BRESLAU. The Academy of Song gave on the 3d of March a concert, composed of chorals by John Eckart and S. Bach; a motet by Mich. Bach; the *Requiem* by Hasse; a cantata by S. Bach. On the 26th they sang Haydn's "Seasons."

At OKLAU, Dr. Karl Loewe's Oratorio of "John Huss" was performed. [The music of this is in that author's romantic, German ballad vein, full of pleasing variety and contrast, and may be produced some day ere long in Boston, as we once found some amusement in translating its quite clever poem for one of our most active professors of sacred music.]

LEIPSIC. Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto* has been represented with unanimous applause.

AMSTERDAM. The inauguration of the statue of Rembrandt, who died in this city in 1674, was to be accompanied by a grand musical festival, in which all the philharmonic societies of Holland were to partake. It was supposed that there would be over 2,500 executants.

Paris.

At the GRAND OPERA, Tedesco and the tenor, Roger, have been singing in the *Prophète*, Laborde in the *Huguenots*, Gueymard again in "William Tell," and Mlle. Courtot, a pupil of Duprez, in *La Faworita*. — There is great expectation of the new opera, "The Wandering Jew," which was to be brought out early in April. — A *danseuse* there too, Mlle. Priora, is spoken of as one destined to renew the triumphs of Taglioni, Elsler and Cerito.

ITALIAN OPERA. Mlle. Cruvelli sang Rosina in the "Barber." Lablache, as always, was irresistible in the rôle of Bartolo; Calzolari sang that of Lindoro admirably, and Belletti distinguished himself in Figaro.

Cinderella was given for the benefit of the contralto, Angri, in which Lablache had another triumph. In *L'Italiana in Algieri*, Ferranti was very amusing as Taddeo. In *Don Pasquale*, Cruvelli again, with the quartet above named.

The season closed on the 1st of April with a concert, said to have been rather *triste*, as Sophie Cruvelli and her sister, who were announced in the programme, had already left for London.

At the OPERA COMIQUE the appetite for graceful fun holds out and there has been great activity in feeding it. In one week, the *habitués* had passed in review before them, as in a sort of magic lantern on a grand scale, the *Domino Noir*, the *Fille du Regiment*, *La Dame Blanche*, the *CariDonneur de Bruges*, *le Maçon*, *le Tableau parlant*, *la Fête du village voisin*, and the *Château de Mme. Barbe-Bleue*, — eight merry operettes!

Then they have had a new one-act opera by Adam, called *le Farfadet* (the Hobboblin), in which he has a caricature of the statue scene in *Don Giovanni*. — Also *Madelon*, and the *Trompette de M. le Prince*, great favorites, by F. Bazin. The caste of the former piece was

MM. Sainte-Foy, Andran, Hermann Leon, Lemaire, Mlle. Lefebvre and Mme. Mayer. — The *debutante*, whom Berlioz praised, Mlle. Wertheimer, had been ill, but was to reappear in male costume. — *Galathée*, a new comic opera by M. V. Massé, was announced, the part of Galatée by Mme. Ugalde, that of Pygmalion by Mlle. Wertheimer.

OPERA NATIONAL. Duprez's opera, *Joanita*, has drawn crowds, and shed a glory over a multitude of smaller things, romances, canzonets, &c., which the great tenor composed before he wrote for the theatre, and the beauty of which the Parisians have just begun to recollect. Caroline Duprez, the daughter of the composer, sang in *Joanita*, and she is styled an *adorable* singer by the French critics.

The "Prison of Edinburgh," by Caraffa, and *la Pie voleuse*, have since been played.

VIEUXTEMPS was to arrive in Paris and give a concert about this time. — M. TELLEFSEN, a young pianist and composer, whose style and sentiment are said to be analogous to those of his master, Chopin, was to give a concert.

A LEARNED FEMALE ORGANIST. Mlle. Juliette Dillon, organist of the cathedral of Meaux, has been giving Soirées of MUSICAL IMPROVISATIONS. On the first evening, she improvised five times: 1. Preludes in a given key and measure; 2. improvisation on a theme proposed on the spot; 3. on a poetic subject; 4. on several themes of different style and character; 5. on a scene containing several contrasted subjects.

SOCIÉTÉ ST. CECILE. The programme of the sixth concert was as follows: Overture, *Meeres-Stille*, by Mendelssohn; Trio from *Les Songes de Dardanus*, by Rameau; Chorus from *Les Elus*, by M. Wekerlin; *Pastoral Symphony*, Beethoven; Air de Limnander, sung by Mlle. Miolan; *Pavane*, dance air of the sixteenth century; Overture, *Le Roi Etienne*, Beethoven. Orchestra directed by M. Seghers; choruses by M. Wekerlin.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER was to give his last concert in Paris on the 19th of April in the Salle Herz. He was to play two new compositions; viz., a fantasia on *le Prophète*, and his *Souvenir d'Italie*.

Mlle. CLAUS is still extolled to the skies, especially in her performance of Beethoven's Sonata in C sharp minor (the "Moonlight"). She was to leave for London.

Advertisements.

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New York, Apr. 17.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

MY SONGS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

All my little songs and fancies
Are the moment's birth alone.
As the fleeting hour advances
Vanishes each winged tone.

Fate poetic souls must sever,
And no tongue must breathe their name.
Ah! how vain to hope that ever
I shall win a lasting fame.

Tones upon my harp-strings burning,
When my heart is touched and thrilled,
Only when to hearts returning
Find their destiny fulfilled.

May their ringing echoes cheer me
When my lyre is hushed and dead,
And the Angel Death is near me
Beckoning to my lonely bed.

C. F. C.

TABULAR VIEW
OF THE

Chronology of Musical Composers.

1480. Josquin de Prez.
1510. Luther.
1530. Tye.
1540. Tallis.
1560. Orlando di Lasso, Gioronimo Converse, Luca Marenzeo, Palestrina, Ferrant.
1580. Bull, Weelkes, Este, Monteverde, Morley, Bird, Wilbye, Dowland, Peri, Emilio dal Cavaliero.
1610. Gibbons, Ford.
1630. Allegri, Batten, Child, Cesti, Carissimi, Luigi Rossi, Bassani.
1670. Lulli, Wise, Aldrich, Kerl, Humphries, Purcell, Lock, Rogers, Blow, Scarlatti.
1690. Goldwin, Lotti, Clark, Clari, Vinci, Colonna, Chreyghton, Steffani, Corelli, Gasparini.
1710. Wagenseil, Geminiani, Green, Astorga, Keiser, Marcello, Durante, Graun, Handel, Croft, Leo, Arne, J. S. Bach, D. Scarlatti, Pergolese, Caldari.
1740. Rameau, Tartini, Alberti, J. C. Bach, W. F. Bach, C. P. Bach, Jomelli Galluppi, Gughelmi, Giardini, Terradellas, Gluck, Boyce, Hasse, Paradies.
1780. Crispi, Paer, Vanhall, Abel, Steibelt, Gretry, Viotti, Piccini, Sacchini, Bocherini, Paisiello, Cimarosa, Meyer, Beethoven, Kozubuch, Pleyel, Haydn, Mozart.
1800. Vogel, Cherubini, Hummel, Cramer, Kreutzer, Clementi, Mayseder, Winter, Moscheles, Auber, Dussek, Meyerbeer, Weber, Mendelssohn, Rossini.

The Musical World, (London.)

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MOZART'S DON GIOVANNI.

[The relation of this immortal music to the story and libretto is happily shown in the following imaginary conversation between the musician and the poet, each speaking from his own point of view. It is from a remarkable work (written by a Russian) upon the Life and Genius of MOZART, of which we are preparing a translation for the press.]

If we examine the scenes of the libretto singly, we find at first a want of connection and a strange medley, as if the most heterogeneous elements of dramatic poetry had been thrown into a bag and shaken up, and then drawn out like the numbers in a lottery. In fact what do we see? A merry marriage, and on the way to it a bloody corpse; love breaking its first vow, and life expiring with its last gasp; an orgy in the house of the living, and in the churchyard a ræonassent that speaks; trivial fun and drollery, mingled with attempted deeds of violence, with murder, cries of despair, oaths of revenge and apparitions from the tomb; a banquet with champagne and spiced with music, and Death in person as a guest; Melpomene and Harlequin, men and demons, dancing at the same feast! Then, when all this crowd has whirled round to dizziness within this phantasmagoric circle, when all the contrasts of human nature have exhausted themselves in these Saturnalia of the imagination, every one withdraws, scarce knowing whither, with the exception of the hero of the piece, who goes to hell.

Can you imagine how DA PONTE, the successor of METASTASIO, the court poet at Vienna, nourished on the milk of the most sound and classic doctrines, could, in the year of grace 1787, have soared in this singular work to the highest pitch of romance, which reminds one of the "Mysteries" of the middle ages, and which, forsaking all the traditions of dramatic art in the eighteenth century, could not seem good enough for anything but a puppet show! Many years had flown since "Don Juan" was first put upon the stage, when the critics cried out about the absurdity of the poem, though they admitted that it had afforded to the composer the matter for a music, the like of which was never heard before. They did not explain this accident, for accident admits no explanation; besides, they were in the right. The libretto without the music is as absurd as possible; and yet this absurd text and this sublime music form together but one body and one soul; and yet, for all that, there is no one who will not recognize how far the images of the composer

exceed the contour of their poetic outlines, and how little they are like them too. No one will fail to see in the story of Don Juan, as it is moulded by the music, an order of things entirely foreign to the contents of the libretto.

We wish to point the attention of the reader, with the finger, so to speak, to the difference in the points of view from which the musician and the poet proceeded. If you consider them singly, their intention is divided, indeed sometimes even opposed; yet there is throughout an understanding and a harmony between them, as soon as you take them together. To this end we imagine a sort of historical romance, but without any outlay of fancy,—a dialogue, in which the authors of "Don Juan" talk over their design, one proceeding from the letter of his poem, the other from the spirit of his score. Both seem to us to be so clear, that we run no risk, if we translate their thoughts.

MOZART. My dear Abbé, I want a text for an opera, but do not give me, I beg you, another French comedy. This time I have to do neither with the court, nor with Vienna. I am to work for the Prague public, who understand every syllable from me, and for the orchestra in Prague, who play me at sight. The *troupe* is excellent, and the singers can do everything I ask of them. It is precisely as if MOZART were working for MOZART. It must do me honor. I should like to have something out of the common run. Help me to it.

DA PONTE. You could not come more opportunely. I am just now engaged upon a text. It is taken from an old comedy by TIRSO DE MOLINA, and is called: "The Marble Guest, or the Scape-grace of Seville." MOLIERE and GOLDONI have made comedies out of it; I have an idea of working it up into an opera. It is the most remarkable tale of *diablerie*. Nothing like it was ever offered to the dilettanti; only I feared that no composer would be pleased with it.

MOZART. Let me see what there is in this devil story.

DA PONTE. In the first place there is an equestrian statue, who, being invited to a supper, gets off his horse, because it would not be quite the thing to enter a saloon borne upon four feet. The statue refuses to eat anything; on the contrary, he holds forth to the master of the house, a precious scamp, in a very edifying discourse, and thereupon takes him down with himself to hell. That will be very fine, I assure you. A player

with chalked face, a delft helmet, white glazed gloves, and a complete Roman suit of armor manufactured of old linen. (Laughs.) Moreover there will be lightning out of all the trap-doors, and devils of every line. About one thing only I am in despair, you see. And that is the speech of the spectre; for, although I flatter myself that I understand my trade as well as any one, I am not SHAKESPEARE, that I can make ghosts speak.

MOZART. No matter what he says. Death will speak in my orchestra, and in a way to be understood. I know too well how *he* speaks. Excellent! The statue is a settled matter. What else is there?

DA PONTE. Next there is a beautiful lady; the statue is her father, who was killed in single combat by the reprobate, the hero of the piece. The Signorina weeps, is naturally quite inconsolable, and indeed the more so, since the traitor has nearly played her a very base trick, her, the daughter of a Commendatore, and what is more, the betrothed of the handsomest young man in Andalusia. She swears to be revenged. So far it all goes well for you, maestro; but now comes the bad part. The young man, who expects to marry her, and who is charged with the duty of avenging her father, makes many promises, in fact he draws his sword; but before the knave, who is as resolute and brave as four, he loses his presence of mind, and the sword improves this opportunity to slip quietly back into the scabbard. Our lover is, I confess, a poor knight. You see him always following the footsteps of his beloved, like a prolongation of the train of her black robe. There was no means of representing him otherwise; so that the lamentations of the Signorina and her schemes of revenge bring nothing to pass.

MOZART. You would bring the impossible to pass! You would hasten the justice of heaven! You would wake up the dead from their graves! You ought to comprehend that it is the imperious cry, the superhuman cry for vengeance, which brings in the statue. Between these things there is an obvious connection. Abbé, I am in raptures with our prima donna; I would have chosen her among thousands. As for the bridegroom, he deserves not your reproaches. How can you desire the *poverino* to do battle with this incarnate devil, who offers a glass of wine to the ghost of the old man whom he has murdered? The daughter's husband would have gone after his father-in-law, and then, as in "Figaro," we should have had no *tenore*. A fine advantage! *Caro amico*, you know not what such a man is; I understand your scape-grace; but patience! when you shall see him on the stage, facing the statue, his eyes flashing with desperation, irony and blasphemy upon his lips, while the hairs of the audience stand on end (I will look out for that!); when he shall say: *parla! che chiedi? che vuoi?* (speak! what do you ask? what do you want?); then you will recognize him. No, no, a reprobate of this stamp can not be punished by the hand of a living mortal. It would make the devil jealous. Body and soul, the devil alone must have all; have compassion therefore on the young man. He promises, he would, he even tries: is not that all a prima donna could require of a loyal tenor in such a case! You see, the life of our lover is altogether an internal life; it is all spent in his love; it will be great and beautiful, my word for it. (*Looking over the manu-*

script.) You make him swear by the eyes of his beloved, by the blood of the murdered old man. What a duett!

DA PONTE. Truly, maestro, you are right. What a blockhead I was not to see how much wit I had; that seldom happens with my peers! But will you be as well contented with the rest, which I have yet to lay before you? This villain is a terrible devourer of women. In Spain alone he has already swallowed *one thousand and three*, and the devil of a man has travelled much. You will see that I could not bring all these ladies on the stage; but I needed at least one as the representative of this host of victims. I have taken her from Burgos, where our man stole her heart, and then, what know I how or where, deserted her. This *Didone abbandonata*, wife, widow, or young lady, (for that is a point which I leave undecided), cannot digest her shame. She pursues him over hill and vale, and inquires of every one she meets about the faithless fellow. At length she finds him deeply occupied with another. Instead of offering her excuses, the *briccone* laughs in her face and leaves her with his servant. The lady never loses courage. She is persuaded to wander through the streets by night with this very servant, disguised in the cap and gold-laced mantle of his master. She perseveres in loving the traitor, and after all hope is lost, seeks at least to convert him, though compelled to renounce his possession. Between ourselves, maestro, I believe that she is mad. You see, we can make nothing else out of her.

MOZART. O, the noble, the adorable person! Mad, say you? yes, for you poets, who regard nothing but the actions of persons and the words, which you put into their mouths at random. But to what different interpretations are not the words, nay even the actions liable! It is necessary to look into the heart, and, next to God, it is the musician only who can look in. Mad! At all events she is good enough to excite coarse merriment! Make her say what you will, but when my music like a mirror shall reflect the image of this high-minded and devoted soul, I trust my friends will see something very different from a mad woman in her. (*Looking through the manuscript.*) She comes to his last supper. That is altogether admirable; the unheeded voice of the guardian angel, letting itself be heard before the voice of judgment. (*After musing a while.*) Besides, this passionate and energetic person is the necessary link between the other persons, the two most prominent of whom, as I already perceive, are destined to a passive part. *Didone abbandonata* shall be the angel of the drama, and, so far as the music is concerned, the nucleus of the concerted pieces. She will afford us trios, quartets, perhaps even a sextet, should there be occasion. I have found a relish in the sextet, since we tried it in "Figaro," although the lyric stuff was very poor. Is it not strange, my dear friend; the better you do your part, the less are you aware of it!

DA PONTE. I am satisfied, if you take it so. As to the sextet, there is an opportunity for one; we are not yet at the end of our list of persons; there is one who certainly will please you: a young rustic bride, who is open-hearted, full of feeling, a little coquettish, to be sure, and even somewhat imprudent, but only from necessity, as you shall see. A morsel worthy of you, my gallant maestro!

MOZART. And of thee too, thou holy man of an Abbé.* We know you.

DA PONTE. The scape-grace meets her with her wedding procession. He is a connoisseur, this scape-grace, we do him the justice to acknowledge that, and he has always a plenty of intrigues on hand. A moment suffices for him to lead the wedding guests aside as well as the bridegroom, who is a blockhead, a regular simpleton. The peasant bride is on the point of falling into the snare, like a lured bird, when some one grasps her arm and holds her back. This is our *Didone abbandonata*, who carries off the prize from the *briccone* in the very nick of time. This master in the art of seduction however is not put down; he tries to to use force, which happily does not succeed. The bridegroom, blockhead as he is, is nevertheless enraged and means to have his rights; but it turns out, I do not know exactly why, that he, instead of administering blows, gets them himself, and well laid on. He howls like one possessed. The little lady comes running in at his cry, and examines the bumps and bruises they have left upon the dear man with the butt of his own musket. A trifle! the little lady knows a specific, that will heal him in a moment. You must not forget, maestro, that the night just commencing is that of her wedding day. I have done the best I could, *caro maestro*, and have written a sort of Cavatina.

MOZART. Let us see the Cavatina. (*Reads.*) *Vedrai carino*, &c. Hem! a very poorly disguised —! Well, you could not have made it anything else; but my plan, do you understand it? is to describe in music the sweetest moment of life, the heart's supreme bliss and ecstasy! Another poet would have tried to express this in his way, and would have just spoiled it all for me; but you, whom I love as the apple of my eye, you, my devoted comrade, my faithful Pylades, you, the true poet of the composer, you take my hand, lay it upon a heart beating with rapture, and say to me: *sentilo battere* (feel it beat). Now indeed, it is for me to feel and to make others feel. All the ecstasy of love shall express itself in this Cavatina; glowing and chaste shall it be, in spite of the text. The text gives the language of a peasant girl; it becomes her; the music shall be its soul, the soul of MOZART, as he led his Constance to the nuptial bed. You see, I am already madly in love with our country maiden.

DA PONTE. (*Somewhat excited.*) I knew that she would please you.

MOZART. (*After reflecting anew.*) But, dear Abbé, to what genus does our common work belong. Plainly no *opera seria* will come of it. The great scape-grace and woman-devourer, the *Didone abbandonata*, about whom they make merry, the blockhead who is jeered and cudged, even the statue, who accepts an invitation to supper, all this seems to be far from suitable to the heroic kind. At the most, only the daughter of the Commendatore and her lover could come on in the *coturnus*; and your renowned predecessor, Signor Metastasio, of glorious and enduring memory, would have rejected even these with contempt, because they are neither Greeks nor Romans, neither kings nor princesses. On the other hand, a piece, which ends with the death of the principal person, and whose closing decoration is a representation of Hell, is quite as far from being an *opera buffa*. What is it then?

* The Abbé passed for a woman-hunter.

DA PONTE. (*Almost angry.*) Corpo di Bacco! am I then a simpleton, that you can suppose I meant to make an *opera seria* of such materials. My purpose was, to write a *dramma giocoso*, and the comic element is nowhere wanting in the plot which I have the honor to explain to you. But you take the thing up in a way

MOZART. Let us not get excited. Am I not *contentissimo* with all that you have given me? *Dramma giocoso* let it be then; what care I for the title of the work? after us perhaps somebody will find a better one for it. What is of the most importance to me is, that all sorts of contrasts are found united in it; everything in this opera must be brought out in strong colors. Foolery must not look paler than crime; nor love paler than anger and revenge. Else would the last form, that of death, crush all to atoms. There is something so fine in laughter! In "Figaro" I have only smiled; but here I want to laugh out heartily, to unburden myself in earnest; only about whom and with whom, is so far not quite clear to me. You know my views about your alleged crazy lady. The country bumpkin, to be sure, might entertain the public by his *rôle*, but this does not afford much material for the score. A blockhead in music is the same thing as in the world, *poco o niente*. Have you not perhaps still another person in reserve? You smile.

DA PONTE. I see, I must produce in self-defence the very thing which I kept back at first, in order to prepare a pleasant surprise for you. Yes, my dear, we have a buffo *ex officio*, and I agree to lose my place as poet to the imperial royal troupe in Vienna; yes, I will renounce my peculiarity as an Italian to become a *Tedesco* (a German) in the broadest sense of the word, if the buffo is not to your taste.

MOZART. I do not doubt it. You Italians are masters in buffoonery.

DA PONTE. You Italians! And who are *you*, then, sir composer of the "Marriage of Figaro"?

MOZART. I flatter myself, I am your equal in certain respects, though not in all.

DA PONTE. And do you presume to be more than an Italian in Music?

MOZART. We will talk about that, when our present business is finished. Now the question is about the buffo; and if it is worth the pains, I will endeavor to make myself, so far as I am able, your compatriot.

DA PONTE. PAISIELLO would kiss my hand for his like. Judge yourself! Our buffoon is the servant, the secretary, the steward, the factotum of the *briccone*. Here it may be said: "like master, like servant." He resembles his master about as much as a well-dressed ape might have resembled the devil, before the rebellious angel had cloven feet and tail. As to the *morale* of the creature, he is a coward, a lick-spittle, a great talker, and a jester, and for the rest the best man in the world. He frankly blames the conduct of his master; he mourns most heartily over the young birds, who let themselves be caught by his amorous oglings and caresses; and this pursuit, in which he is entirely disinterested, seems to him so diverting, that he cannot help seconding with all his powers the bird-catcher, whose dexterity has inspired him with a profound admiration. He curses every day the onerous drudgeries, the long fastings and the dangers, to which the adventures of the Don expose him; every day he takes his leave, and every day his sheer

simplicity, a certain spirit of adventure, and more than all, his attachment to his master, whom he regards at the same time as a monstrous villain and as an admirable man, entangle him against his will in the most abominable transactions. You see him sticking his nose into every broil. If his own hide is in danger, the rogue slips through your fingers, like an eel, the very moment that you think you have him. Should he see the devil, he would first shut both eyes, then he would half open one of them, because the devil is a sight not always to be seen. In short he is a compound of good nature and low drollery, of cowardice and light-hearted improvidence, of awkward apishness and instinctive cleverness, of natural and original stupidity, and of some borrowed understanding. Ha! what say you to him? Have I not given you a rich conception of our buffo?

MOZART. Yes, above price! sketched with a master's hand; the only character that you have perfectly comprehended! It only remains for me to put on the coloring; this time, if I fulfil your design, I am lucky.

DA PONTE. I forgot to tell you, that the pleasant rogue is the editor of a private journal, for which his master furnishes him the matter. Such a delectable journal, such an awful chronicle there never was before. In it you find entered, in the order of dates and places, the names, qualities, ages, and a complete inventory of all the beauties whom his patron has honored with his attentions. I presume that you would find also a historical sketch of each adventure. For the journal already forms an immense folio volume. Naturally enough, this servant is rather proud of his labors as editor. He reads it to everybody, who will or who will not listen. As to seizing the fit hour and audience, you will see that he has about as much tact as any of his colleagues, who drive the pen. The forsaken Dido awaits an explanation; now is the time or never, thinks the historian of the king of scape-graces. Surely, nothing can console her so well as a work, in which there is a chapter especially devoted to her; and instantly he prepares this edifying lecture for her. Is not this comic?

MOZART. Comic certainly, but scandalous, and almost horrible. I will put in an apology to the audience, that they may pardon you this joke. At bottom it is quite pardonable. Dido is an entirely victimized person in the dramatic point of view; one wrong more, one insult less, — she is used to that, poor lady. These are all glowing coals heaped upon the head of the *briccone*! We could not collect grievances enough against him, to bring the contents of the piece into harmony with the developement and the finale. But, a *propos*! how many acts has the opera?

DA PONTE. Two acts, which will certainly outweigh four.

MOZART. What shall we have for the finale of the first? I should like a grand finale with choruses and scenic action.

DA PONTE. Verily that shall not be wanting. You shall have a splendid festival, to which the *briccone* invites all the passers by. You shall have peasants, peasant-girls, and masks, ball, music, and magnificent supper. Here is the knave of a master, planning the most abominable tricks, and the knave of a servant, paving the way; others are busied with plans of revenge; the crowd

drink and dance, including the blockhead, whom they also persuade to dance, though his heart goes not to the violins. All is *pell-mell*, what we technically call a beautiful confusion. Suddenly in the midst of this gay whirl is heard a piercing shriek from an adjoining cabinet. What is the matter? They all look round, and find the young lady missing; the *briccone* too has disappeared. Ah! the traitor! ah! the arch villain! you understand. . . . They shriek, they swear, they storm, they beat the door with violence, it bursts open, and forth steps the *briccone*, sword in hand, dragging his servant by the hair. He the guilty one! O, no! bold liar. He is surrounded, encircled, pressed upon, insulted, stunned, confounded; a hundred clubs are brandished over his head. The tenor makes the most of his lungs, the women support him with their screams, as the old geese do when the goslings fight; the musicians jump over their overturned desks and rush out; a storm, which happens to be raging out of doors, comes as if called to take part in the heathenish uproar. Shrieks and confusion, seem to know no bounds. Ah, *mein Herr*! are we fairly rid then of our scape-grace; the pitcher goes to water till it breaks. No, by no means! Our *briccone*, whose eyes glarè like a tiger's, his drawn sword in his right hand, hurls back with his left whatever opposes his way; he cudgels the invited guests, receives no wound and disappears behind the scenes, with a loud, devilish laugh. The curtain falls; you clap your hands with approbation.

MOZART (*embracing the Abbé several times with enthusiasm.*) Friend! brother! benefactor! What demon or what god has poured all this into thy poor poet's brain? Know, that the world owes you a monument for this finale. Tell me no more; I know the thing now better than yourself. You are a great man. You task the powers of the musician terribly, but never did a more splendid opera subject come out of the head of an artist, and never will there come such another. Let me embrace you once more, my dearest friend, and thank you in the name of all the Faculty of composers, singers, instrumentists and dilettanti, *nunc et in secula seculorum*!

DA PONTE (*much flattered.*) O, you are too good, dearest maestro! Spare my modesty. In your opinion then I have produced a masterpiece?

MOZART (*inspired.*) Without the slightest doubt. *You, or the destiny of MOZART.* It now remains for us to combine the concerted pieces; in relation to which you shall receive from me, as you did for "Figaro," the most precise and circumstantial instructions. I will also give you the poetical thoughts of the arias, which shall characterize the persons as I conceive them. As to the action, there is nothing to be said.

DA PONTE. My rule, my metrical compass, my shears and file are at your service, and I will say all that your propose to do. You believe then, that our opera will rise to the stars?

MOZART. I know nothing about that, but I believe that sooner or later "Don Juan" will make some noise in the world.

ERNST IN SWITZERLAND. From Bâle, Ernst went to Zurich, and the day after his arrival he gave his first concert in the Casino. What gave to this concert a more than ordinary interest, was the presence of the unfortunate Countess Bathyani, who was desirous of hearing the accom-

plished *virtuoso* whom Hungary had applauded and fêted in happier times. Since the illustrious lady has inhabited Zurich, she has not been once to the theatre. Ernst played his famous solo on the Hungarian melodies, with that expression of tender poesy which always animates his execution. Tears were seen to flow from the cheeks of the Countess Batthyani, and the following day she was anxious to see and speak with the great artist, who had given her such sweet and profound emotion. This touching interview produced a deep sensation in Zurich and the vicinities.

[HENRI HEINE has written perhaps better verses for music than almost any man since Shakspeare. The following little wildflower of his fancy (of which we translate the form only, and the sense, so far as it is not for life or death involved in the untranslatable melody of the German words,) is the theme of one of ROBERT SCHUMANN's most exquisite and unique melodies. It will be understood that in German, the Moon is masculine and the Sun feminine.]

THE LOTOS-FLOWER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HENRI HEINE.

The Lotos-flower is troubled
Before the Sun so bright,
And with her head down drooping
She dreaming awaiteth the night.

The Moon he is her wooer,
He wakes her with softest rays,
And to him all friendly unveils she
Her flow'r-sweet, innocent face.

She blows and glows and brightens,
And straightens up mutely again,
Tears sheds she and odors, and trembles
For love and for love's sweet pain.

J. S. D.

[Translated by the Editor.]

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

III.

These aberrations of an over-excited feeling, which however never lessen the rare worth of the harmonic material — on the contrary they entice the initiated to a deeper study of it — are scarcely to be found at all in the more familiar and favorite compositions of CHOPIN. His *Polonaises*, which are less sought than they deserve to be — to be sure, it is very difficult to perform them perfectly — belong among the finest products of his inspirations. That they have nothing in common with the painted primness of ball-room, virtuoso and saloon *polonaises*, will be understood of itself. Their powerful rhythm electrifies the slack nerves of our *blasé* indifference. The noblest traditions of the Polish national character are preserved in them: that firm determination and that earnest pride of the old Slaves steps forth from them to meet us. Almost all of them breathe the warlike sentiment, together with the tranquil, thoughtful power, which was the inheritance of those Poles, who, following the maxim of Boleslaw, the duke of Pomerania: "First weigh it, then dare it!" combined the courage of the brave with that chivalric courtesy to women, which neither on the day before nor after the battle ever forsook those warriors, and which to the heroic king Sobiewski, "when the horse-tails of the Crescent were as thick before him as the ears upon a corn-field," suggested the tenderest letters to his wife.

In listening to many of CHOPIN's *Polonaises*, you fancy that you hear the firm and heavy tread of men, advancing with the consciousness of courage against every turn of fate. In some of the

others this broad manner disappears. Especially in the *Polonaise-Fantasia*, which belongs to the last period of his works, you perceive no more those bold and brilliant portraits; no more the lively step of that cavalry so used to victory; an elegiac mood predominates, which at the most is interrupted only by a melancholy smile.

The celebrated *Mazourkas* of CHOPIN wear an entirely different character from the *Polonaises*. Upon a wholly different ground play tender, pale and opaline *nuances*, instead of the juicy and strong coloring. The feminine — and even effeminate — element is no longer placed in a certain mysterious twilight, but advances into the foreground with such decided significance, that the other elements vanish before it or are banished into its train. Woman here appears the queen of life: Man, to be sure, is still spirited and proud, but lost in the dizziness of pleasure. In spite of this, there is a sad vein running through it. The national songs, in their melody and in their words, strike both these tones, and both bring out the singularly effective contrast, which results in real life from that necessity of cheering sorrow, which finds a magical narcotic in the grace and stolen charm of the *Mazourka*. The words, sung in Poland to these melodies, give them moreover the right to cling closer to the life of memory than any other dance music.

CHOPIN has happily appropriated to himself the popular melodies and transferred into them the whole merit of his labor and his style. In polishing these diamonds to a thousand facettes, he discovered all their hidden fire, and, even gathering up their dust, he set them in a pearly ornament. Could there be a better frame, in which to enclose his personal recollections, poesy of all sorts, attractive scenes, episodes and romances? These now owe to him a circulation far outreaching their own native soil, and they belong at present to the ideal types, which Art surrounds with the glory of its sanction.

CHOPIN has set free from its bondage the secret essence of Poesy, which is only indicated in the original themes of the Polish *mazourkas*. While he has adhered to their rhythm, he has ennobled their melody, enlarged their outline, and magically introduced into many passages a harmonic *chiar-oscuro*, which gives back that world of excitements and emotions, wherewith hearts are moved in the dance of the *mazourka*. Coquetry, vanity, fantastical humors, inclination, sadness, passion, the outgush of feelings, all are in it. To comprehend how admirably this frame suits these soul-pictures, which CHOPIN executes within it as with a pencil dipped in the colors of the rainbow, one must have seen the *Mazourka* danced in Poland; there only can one learn the whole that lies in this national dance.

Indeed one must perhaps have been in CHOPIN's Fatherland, fully to understand and appreciate the character not only of his *Mazourkas*, but also of many of his other compositions. They almost all breathe that aroma of love and longing, which surrounds his *Preludes*, his *Nottornos*, his *Impromptus*, like an atmosphere, in which all the phases of passion move by in succession. In all these compositions, as in every Ballad, every Waltz, every *Etude* of CHOPIN, lies the memory of a fleeting moment of life full of poetry, which he often so idealizes and spins his web out of such fine, ethereal threads, that they seem no longer to belong to our nature, but to the fairy world, and

sound like the chattering, confidential whisper of a Peri, a Titania, an Ariel, or of those elemental spirits, which likewise are subject to the bitterest illusions and to unendurable ennui.

Amongst the great number of his *Mazourkas*, too, there reigns a striking diversity of subjects and of the impressions they call forth. In many you hear the clink of spurs, but in the most above all the scarcely distinguishable rustling of crape and gauze in the light breeze of the dance, amid the flutter of fans and the jingling of gold and diamonds. Some seem to describe the lively enjoyment of a ball, which on the eve of a storming of the castle is as it were undermined with heaviness: you hear the sighs throughout the dance-rhythm, and the dying away of the farewell, whose tears it veils. Through others glimmers the anguish, the secret sorrow, which one has carried with him to the festival, whose stir cannot drown the voice of the heart. There it is a murmuring whirlwind, a delirium, through which a breathless and spasmodic melody is hurrying to and fro, like the impetuous beating of a heart, that breaks and perishes in love and passion. There again resound from afar bold *fanfara*, like distant reminiscences of glory and of victory. Some there are, whose rhythm is as vague and evanescent, as the feeling, with which two lovers contemplate the rising of a star in the firmament.

One afternoon — there were but three of us — CHOPIN had been playing a long time, and one of the most distinguished ladies of Paris felt herself overcome by a certain mournful feeling of devotion, somewhat such as comes upon us at the sight of grave-stones on those fields in Turkey, whose cool shades and beds of flowers hold out to the astonished traveller the promise of a cheerful garden. She asked him, whence the involuntary awe might come, which bowed her heart before monuments, whose exterior disclosed only what was soft and lovely to the eye, and how he would name the extraordinary feeling which he enclosed in his compositions, as if it were the ashes of unknown ones within sumptuous deeply hollowed alabaster urns? Conquered by the beautiful tears, which moistened such beautiful eyelashes, CHOPIN answered with an openness, that was rare with him, in cases which concerned the secret relics he had concealed in the shining casket of his works. He told her, that her heart had not deceived her in its melancholy mood; since, bright and cheerful as he sometimes was, he could not free himself entirely from a feeling, which in a certain manner formed the bottom of his heart, and for which he found an expression only in his mother tongue, no other having a word corresponding to the Polish *Zal*. This word includes the whole gradation of feelings, which a deep grief engenders in the soul of man, from mere dejection and regret to bitterness and hatred.

And in truth it is this *Zal*, which gives to all of CHOPIN's works their peculiar color. It is not wanting even in his loveliest reveries, — those in which BERLIOZ, that Shakspearian mind, embracing all extremes, saw with so accurate a glance "*de divines chatteries*;"* that is to say, the coaxing, flattering love-charm, which is peculiar only to the women of those semi-oriental countries, whereby the men are cradled by their mothers, fondled by their sisters, enchanted by their sweet-hearts, and in comparison with which the coquet-

* Untranslatable. By *chatteries* Berlioz seems to have had in mind the playful fondling of little kittens.

ries of other women appear awkward and insipid to them, so that they exclaim with perfect justice: *Niema iak Polki!* (Nothing beats the Polish ladies!) That caressing, sportive nature, at once so full of *abandon* and of reserve, transports the heart into the wavering, aimless motion of a boat without sail or rudder.

In his playing, CHORIN painted in a fascinating manner this wavering and heaving, letting the melody continually rise and sink like a boat upon the undulations of the mighty waves. In his works he indicated this manner, which lent such a peculiar stamp to his playing, by the mark "*Tempo rubato*." Latterly he left it out, persuaded that, if one correctly understood his compositions, it would be impossible for him not to divine this rule of irregularity. In fact his music must be delivered with that sort of accented and prosodically measured wavering, of which it is difficult to catch the secret, if one has not often heard him play himself. He took much pains to impart this mode of playing to his numerous pupils, especially his countrymen; and the Poles, or rather the Polish ladies, caught it with the talent and the tact, which they possess for every thing, that has to do with poesy or feeling.

[To be continued.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 8, 1852.

RATES OF POSTAGE. We receive many inquiries and complaints from out-of-town subscribers, who have been grievously taxed with postage on our Journal. This need not be. Subscribers have only to pay at the post office by the quarter, *in advance*, and the postage for this Journal, as fixed by law, is only *five cents* per quarter, for any distance not exceeding fifty miles, and *ten cents* per quarter for any distance not exceeding three hundred miles. By neglecting to pay in advance, subscribers are charged the high rates of *transient* newspapers.

Mendelssohn Quintet Club.

The last of the public rehearsals took place in Cochituate Hall last Tuesday afternoon, and was an occasion of unusual interest. The Club had during the morning contributed the music to the academic exhibition at "Old Harvard." This was a pure *con amore* rehearsal, and the pieces very choice. There was none of the anxiety of preparation for a concert, but the real enjoyment of re-testing the virtues of good music in a circle of good listeners. First came MENDELSSOHN'S earlier Quintet, op. 18, a rich and varied banquet in itself, whose flavors never pall upon the taste, and whose guests never miss any of the old enthusiasm. Next, by way of variety, Mr. WULF FRIES "said" (as the present French musical critics express it) the Serenade of SCHUBERT on his violoncello, with quartet accompaniment. — Then came a Quartet by MENDELSSOHN, in E flat, with a pathetic slow introduction, a passionate Allegro, an Adagio of the profoundest melancholy, a quaint minor strain in the spirit of some wild old *Volkstied* or Ballad, and a bold finale: — in fact the whole, by its eminently impassioned character, now and then analogous to Beethoven's Sonata, might be distinguished as the "Quartet *Pathétique*."

But the last piece was the climax of this kind of inspiration. No words could describe that

wonderful Quartet of Beethoven, in C, though opening with chords that indicate no settled key, and in which the most fantastic and original humors of the man are worked out with a gigantic force of logic. Much of it reminds one of ideal landscapes of the boldest and wildest Alpine scenery, relieved with exquisite green spots where the sunshine loves to linger and tempt forth the innocent, sweet flowers. In one passage, the smooth commingling of the harmonic currents, with the cool feeling of deep, quiet waters, seems an unconscious presentiment of what is most Mendelssohnian in MENDELSSOHN. To crown the whole with glory, a fugue-theme, of unusual length and florid figure, is at last introduced by a single instrument, and, duly answered by the others in their turns, is wrought up with surprising power and beauty. It tasks the utmost hardihood of execution, but at the same time inspires the courage (without which man would not be so much above machines and animals) to essay even the Impossible.

Mr. AUGUST FRIES, the genial leader of the Club, sails this week for Europe. A pleasant summer to him in his native Germany, and may he bring back fresh inspiration from that real home of Art, as well as more "treasures new and old" of its choice music. Another season will, we trust, show the "Mendelssohnians" that a hearty and a *paying* audience has at length been moulded by their potent, plastic spell into a true and constant sympathy with what they may undertake for us in the way of genuine classic music

Mlle. Clauss. — An American's Description.

This rising star among the pianists, of whom we have already transferred some notices from the French papers, has excited the interest of "Spiridion," the lively Paris correspondent of the *Atlas*, who thus tells her story:

"Picture to yourself a beauty of the Saxon race: a beautiful, smiling, and yet poetical face, set off by silken pale blond ringlets, eyes of limpid blue, lips perhaps rather too large, but bright as rubies, and full of frankness, innocence, and kind-heartedness, hands small as an infant's, so delicate that you may trace the blue veins in them — a timid, modest, embarrassed woman. A face of that chaste, divine, melancholy, loving expression which characterizes the women of the Saxon race; which seems formed by God for the solace of some happy hearth, for a mother and for a home.

"What does she here? Why have precocious sorrows traced their lines on that face, made to be loved and to be sheltered even from the rougher winds of heaven?

"Alas! the common tale: Misfortunes and poverty. Her father died before she was out of the nurse's arms, the mother strained her resources to educate her; she evinced some talents for music; new privations were supported; other efforts were made to cultivate these gifts. The child was now grown to be the girl of eighteen; it was time she contributed to the common stock.

"Mother and daughter came to Paris, to thrust their hands in the great wheel where so many skinny fingers are seeking to secure prizes. This was about the close of last winter. Mlle. Clauss played in some drawing-rooms, and once in a grand *matinée musicale* of Berlioz, but she was unnoticed; even the musical journals and the *feuilletons* of Tuesday, which spoke of the beautiful concert-room, the fine eyes of Mme. Frezzolini, and the talents of Berlioz, seemed unconscious of her existence. . . . All she wanted was a line — one God speed you! — that she might give her own concert with some chance of success.

"She knew that she had but to be heard, and her success was assured; but Paris, so cordial, so kind to the

famous, is completely indifferent to the obscure. It cannot be otherwise, so many appeals are made to her, so much mediocrity boasts the wand of genius.

"Unaided as she was, her concert must be given. Her mother, who had health and energy of character, went to printers, music sellers, critics. The poor girl was discouraged. She would not stir out of her house. She sat all day long on the piano stool, seeking consolation from her instrument. She had become pale and emaciated. Many a time her poor mother awoke in the night and looked to see if her child slept, and the child, to quiet her mother, hastily closed her eyes and feigned sleep. At last the great day was at hand, all the tickets had been sold and the bills printed. Suddenly Mme. Clauss falls sick, she becomes worse, her physicians give her up, she is delirious, she is dying, she is dead. The poor orphan throws herself upon her mother's corpse, bathes her cold hands with her tears, and almost reproaches her by her sobs to have gone and not taken her away too.

"Fortunately, they knew Mme. Sabbathier Ungher. This benevolent lady took her home and became a mother to her. Her kindness re-established her health, she returned to Paris this winter, and is famous. Thalberg and Herz and Liszt proclaim her the first of living performers."

A GOOD SUGGESTION. Many plans for reforming the system of Musical Notation are now agitated. Some of these would modify the common mode of representing music to the eye only in certain particulars; others proceed against it root and branch. All of them set forth a goodly show of reasons; but the difficulty is to turn the current of musical study out of its old channels into new ones, however straighter, plainer, easier these may be. But now and then a very slight change is suggested, which has but to be seen to be adopted, and which, once adopted, is fraught with conveniences quite out of proportion to the modest magnitude of the change itself. Such seems to us the very simple modification of the Staff, proposed in the following letter.

To those who sing at sight plain parts within a moderate compass, our old system of five lines is clear enough. But where added or *leger* lines abound, as in almost all instrumental music, the eye of the reader is often perplexed with the multitude of parallels; and it is hard to tell, without borrowing too much time for it, where the main lines of the staff leave off and where the added lines begin. This perplexity is simply and perfectly avoided by the suggestion of our correspondent. Let any music publisher adopt it in some standard publication, and we see not how it can fail to pass into universal practice.

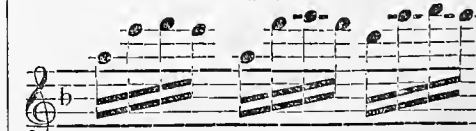
But we let the originator of the idea speak for himself.

PORTLAND, Me.

MR. EDITOR: — It has occurred to me that an improvement may be made in the Staff upon which notes in music are written, by having the upper and lower lines made of double thickness, also of the added lines the fourth above or below, thus:

[See Huxten's Instruction Book, page 93.]

EX. I.



EX. II.



The advantages are, that in reading the leger lines at sight, there will be less hesitation in determining the letters; for often the short lines, being run together, leave the mind in doubt for an instant as to what those letters are; because the eye does not distinguish the fifth line on the Staff from any other.

Again, there will be less effort in reading notes, because having these prominent points to judge from, the eye will perceive not only with greater ease, but certainly, either in the bass or treble staff, thus assisting the experienced performer as well as the beginner.

I would, through your valuable journal, submit the idea to publishers of music for their reflection, hoping, if it be an improvement, that the musical public may be benefited by it.

ED. B. ROBINSON.

The Concert of Senora de Ribas.

There is an inherent difficulty in Complimentary concerts. The very effort to multiply attractions involves the fatality of a loss of unity in the programme, which seriously impairs the interest in a merely musical and artistic view. The musical interest has to give way somewhat, while the personal interest becomes the primary. All are anxious to lend their aid in making the compliment a solid one; many of the professional fraternity volunteer, and great as may be the heartiness of the thing, as well as the richness of material assembled, still it seldom hangs together well as an artistic feast. It almost always turns out that the bill of fare is too long, too miscellaneous, and that the viands it enumerates have been too hastily cooked.

This applies to nearly *all* such concerts, and of course it is no disparagement to that of Saturday last to own that it did not wholly escape the common fatality. In spite of the drenching rain, that flooded every thing, commencing but an hour before the concert, it was gratifying to see the Melodeon quite well filled; and it was an audience in the best humor to be pleased. The orchestra embraced most of the resident talent; but the putting together was partly new; some, who were expected, failed, and substitutes had been called in at a moment's warning; the foresight of rehearsals therefore had been balked; and so the overtures moved forward rather confusedly and lamely. Especially that first one, to *Massaniello* — not Auber's, but Caraffa's — which opens with a slow movement in which the horns had much to say, and said it very unintelligibly. So too the accompaniments about spoiled the Trio from *Don Juan*, which seemed to have been well enough studied on the part of the singers.

Senora DE RIBAS was warmly received, nor had her voice lost any of its flexibility or sweetness. The air from Cimarosa she executed with great beauty. Her two younger sisters, Miss JULIA and Miss EMMA GARCIA, pleased by the rich and musical quality of both their voices. Mr. ARTHURSON sang "Thou sweet flowing Avon," Dr. Arne's old song, in pure voice and style, accompanying himself. Senor DE RIBAS played Ernst's *Adagio Religioso* on his oboe with a breadth and rich warmth of tone, so feelingly modulated, that this intractable instrument seemed, thus skilfully coaxed, not so very far inferior to the violin in power of expression. The piano-forte solo by Mr. GARCIA, (*père*), was a very neat, light-fingered performance, and proved that there is some virtue in the old school. Messrs. RIHA and FRIES played their brilliant Duo Concertante, by Kalliwoda, with the usual *éclat*.

A Few Words on an Opera House.

To the Editor of the Daily Advertiser:

SIR,—In an article under the above caption, which you did me the favor to publish on the 19th of June last, occur the following remarks:

"But, while the extensive canvassing which has been carried on by the friends of this project (the Boston Music Hall), has met with such signal success, it has further elicited in every quarter the unexpected, but most agreeable fact, that a large majority of the most influential class of our citizens, — of those in fact who pay for the erection of such buildings, and who patronize and enjoy them when erected, — desire an opera house in addition to the Hall, a *bona fide* opera house, of such a size and character as shall give them and their families the means of permanently enjoying the Opera in their own city, such as shall place Boston in the foremost rank of music-loving and music-supporting communities, and cause her name to be mentioned with the highest honors for a practical and earnest appropriation and patronage of art."

Your readers will have perceived, by recent announcements, that this long-desired project has at last taken a tangible form, and that the preliminary measures have already been commenced, in the appointment of a most influential and excellent committee. The same papers which make this announcement, however, couple with it the somewhat absurd statement that the intention is to build a theatre which will seat *five thousand persons*. This must certainly be unauthorized by any of those gentlemen who are intelligently interested in the matter, because they must be supposed to have looked somewhat into the subject, and of course to know that there is no such building as this existing as a regularly appointed theatre in the world. No theatre in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Madrid, or Naples, *begins* to hold any such number, and it is well to take this early opportunity for setting the public mind right on such a point, to prevent exaggerated expectations, and subsequent disappointment. — Drury Lane Theatre, the largest in London, holds 3060 persons; — Covent Garden 2800, — and the theatres on the Continent, although many of them are somewhat larger in area, still, from the predominance of private boxes and the greater convenience of sitting room allowed, do not accommodate, in any instance that I am now aware of, more than the above-mentioned number. How unwise and unnecessary then would it be to attempt to do more than this, or to suppose that Boston could furnish audiences for which London has not thought it expedient to provide accommodation.

Many, even of these sittings, however, are, it should be stated, exceedingly uncomfortable. — Covent Garden with its 2,800 and Drury Lane with its 3,060 seats, exclusive of that

"No room for standing, mis-called 'standing room.'" excite very invidious comparisons among the foreigners in London, and, according to Mr. Gwilt, cause a good deal of nightly torment to the English play-goers.

The arrangement of seats, and the extent to which the general capacity of the house should be allowed to infringe upon personal accommodation, is at once the most momentous and the most delicate question which the promoters of the present project will have to decide.

Let us suppose that the shape, which is thought least prejudicial to the effect of music by the majority of the *sound-doctors*, has been decided upon, and whether it be the semi-circle, the horse-shoe, the lyre, or the oblong parallelogram is all one for the purposes of the present argument. Two great considerations have yet to present themselves, which are strongly antagonistic in character, — two repugnant requisitions in fact, between which the projectors of an opera house are always compelled to choose. Like Desdemona, they "do here perceive a divided duty" between comfort and profit. They are to decide if the seats in the best portions of the house, whether stalls, chairs, couches, box seats or slips, shall be so packed, as to crowd a large number of persons into the given area, and thus make a house which will be re-

munerative to the manager at a moderate price of admission, — or, on the other hand, if they shall be arranged with some attention to the comfort of the occupants, thus reducing the paying capacity, and, of necessity, raising the price of admission to a point which the public will very reluctantly pay. On the one hand uncomfortable, pillory-like seats, — on the other unremunerative audiences and bankrupt management, — these are the Scylla and Charybdis between which they are doomed to steer. Happy indeed the stockholders who accomplish a successful passage. Of the first difficulty Bostonians in general know quite enough by sad and often grumbled at experience. Does not an hour in the parquet or boxes of the Boston Theatre or the saloon of the Museum, make one, with aching back and compressed knees, sigh for an arm-chair at almost any price, and dispose even the most money-loving citizen to purchase relief to the spine and the tortured *patella*, even at a hundred per cent. advance! Bolt upright on a shelf a foot wide, with his feet drawn under it and a narrow strip cutting across the "small of his back" to keep him in position, it is totally impossible for him to enjoy anything at all, — Zerlina's warbling and Don Sylva's thunder are all in vain for him.

Such are the accommodations to which we have hitherto been accustomed. On the other hand, the *La Scala* at Milan, the Grand Opera at Paris, the famous theatre at Bordeaux, and perhaps it is not too much to say *above* all, the Astor Place Opera House in New York, present us with the other form of difficulty. The enormous area of the first named house, and the metropolitan character of the second enable the receipts to keep some pace with the expenditure, but it is a well known fact, and one of which the New York manager will readily satisfy the most incredulous, that large as is the Astor Place Opera House, Salvi, Marini, Bettini, and Bosio cannot be engaged there without serious loss to the management, even with a full house on every representation. Before the curtain, it is perhaps the most comfortable and even luxurious house in the world in the general character of its accommodations, though behind the curtain it is very small, ill-arranged and inconvenient. Between these two drawbacks, since we *must* class convenience as one of them, the limited capacity of the house has always prevented its being carried on to any pecuniary advantage.

Here then is a nice question, and one, the argument of which could be easily made to fill columns of your valuable space, were it allowable to do so. Let us see, in the end, how it will be successfully solved. That it *will*, I have too high an opinion of cotemporary sagacity and application to doubt for an instant. Of course there will be a *competition* among the Architects, as it would be a gross piece of favoritism to give so large and important a public commission to any one, leaving all the others entirely unconsulted. Allow me to suggest, as the only safe and sure means of arriving at a fair result and of securing an informed and responsible tribunal of decision, that the building committee should secure the services of three eminent architects, *who do not themselves compete*, to advise them in their selection from the plans presented. This is the English practice, where such things have long been thoroughly understood, and there is no wonder that this is the only condition upon which their best talent can be induced to enter into public competition, since the real artist has often less to hope from an uninformed (I use this term professionally of course) or irresponsible tribunal, than the mere showy and vulgar pretender.

Boston, April 29, 1852.

A. G.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

BOSTON MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY. The public rehearsals for 1851-2 came to a close last week. The summer vacation will give the Society a breathing space, in which to recover from the confusion and discomfiture necessarily occasioned by the burning of their old head quarters in the Tremont Temple. The loss of their mu-

sical library, seeing that it was insured, will doubtless be more than made good with their present superior facilities and judgment for selection. On Monday the Annual Meeting took place, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

For President, GEORGE J. WEBB; Vice President, THOMAS COMER; Secretary, JOSEPH N. PIERCE; Treasurer, S. S. PEARCE; Librarian, ISAAC MOORHOUSE; Auditor, WILLIAM BENNETT; Associates, W. VANSTANE and VINCENT DORN; Trustees, JONAS CHICKERING, GEORGE S. BIGELOW, J. P. BRADLEE, S. E. GUILD, JOHN BIGELOW; Consulting Physician, CHARLES G. PUTNAM, M. D.

MENDELSSOHN'S "ELLJAIL." Many music-lovers will be gratified to learn that one of our enterprising music publishers contemplates issuing an elegant and cheap edition of this particularly favorite Oratorio. The great cost of the London edition, sumptuous as it is, has hitherto placed it beyond the reach of most of us.

MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT and her husband, we see it stated, have been prevailed upon by many of the citizens of Northampton to promise a private concert in that beautiful village, before they leave it. The proceeds will go to charitable purposes.

It is now confidently stated that the large-hearted Songstress has remitted to Sweden the last instalment of the \$150,000, which she dedicated to the foundation of Free Schools in her native country.

The NEWTON MUSICAL ASSOCIATION will give a concert, during the next or following week, in compliment to their conductor, SAMUEL JENKINSON, JR., Esq., to whose arduous "labors of love" in arranging, copying, composing and carrying through rehearsals, the Society owes so much of its success.

In Watertown a musical society has been formed, under the auspices of Mr. ASA R. TROWBRIDGE as conductor. It takes the name of "THE WATERTOWN CHORAL UNION."

In Baltimore, OLE BULL, assisted by JAEEL and the GERMANIANS, has given two brilliant concerts. The papers speak of a new piece, for violin and piano, the joint production of Ole Bull and Jaell.

California.

MADAME BISCACCIANTI. Great is the success, apparently, of our esteemed *cantatrice* in the land of gold. There is something quite refreshing, like a return to the days of our own musical youth, in reading full-fledged musical criticisms in the newspapers of that far off new world. If only for the curiosity of the thing, therefore, our readers will perhaps warrant our copying the greater part of one notice sent us in a San Francisco paper. It shows that a concert can be got up on a pretty good scale there already, and be well appreciated. The prices of tickets, we are told, ranged from *two to five* dollars.

SIGNORA BISCACCIANTI'S SECOND CONCERT.—The American was filled last night with a highly intelligent and appreciative audience, among whom shone conspicuous a large number of fair ladies, to listen to the performances of Signora Biscaccianti, on her second appearance in California. The opening piece was an overture, "L'Italiano in Algieri," performed by the whole orchestra, under the direction of that accomplished musician, Mr. Loder. They exhibited the evidences of his careful training since the last concert, and proved that there is material sufficient to constitute, when more accustomed to each other, an orchestra of rare excellence. . . . The fourth piece was the opening song in Bellini's "La Sonnambula," "Come per me sereno," by Signora Biscaccianti. On her entrance, led by Mr. Loder, she was received with the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience. Her execution of this gem was in the highest degree finished, and called down a vociferous encore. In response to the call she again made her appearance, but contented herself with acknowledging her kind reception with most arch and bewitching grace. . . . The Signora again made her appearance, and this time in the English song, "I'm Queen of a Fairy Band." It took all hearts by storm, and in truth it is not to be wondered at, for never had a California audience listened to such exquisite melody, such bird-like song as fell from the lips of the fair *cantatrice*. Of course it was encored to the echo. Miss Coad, though evidently shrinking with timidity at following so celebrated a songstress as the Signora, was reassured by the kindly plaudits of her friends—and all appeared to be her friends—and sang the favorite ballad, the "Bells upon the Wind," with much sweetness and expression. The next piece was that most touching of Scotch ballads—

and none can express so much feeling as they—"John Anderson my Jo," by Signora Biscaccianti. We can hardly give utterance to the sensations this produced. The opening, joyous and confident, the finale, melting with tenderness, exhibited in perfection the Signora's great powers of expression. The prolonged gush of melody that prefaced each stanza was one of the most splendidly executed pieces of vocalization we have ever listened to. Loud, rich and full at first, it died away like the vibrations of a bell, and with a little break in the cadence, until it seemed as if the very silence that for an instant followed, could be heard. Though out of place, the applause that followed each repetition of this was irresistible. The two last lines were rendered in a low and touching strain, that went to every heart. In response to the most vociferous encores, she appeared, and seating herself at the piano, her beaming countenance turned towards the audience, sang with a world of expression, the well known ballad of Moore—"Believe me if all these endearing young charms." Amid the most enthusiastic applause, and a shower of bouquets, she retired. Part the third opened with an overture by the orchestra, after which Madame Foubert sang a pretty Spanish song, "La Manola," with great effect. She was called out to repeat it. "Porgi Amor," from Mozart's Opera of "Don Giovanni," showed the Signora possessed of new and most versatile powers. The Romanza "Una furtiva lagrima," from "L'Elisire d'Amore," by Signor Moretto, adorned, by his fine masculine voice, a pleasing contrast with the rich melody that had preceded. But how shall we describe the grand finale, "Ah non giunge," repeated by Signora Biscaccianti by universal request? She was evidently aware of the high expectations that had been raised, and seemed to have reserved her full powers to give effect to this exquisite gem. Her voice now raised in a burst of song—now sinking to the lowest and softest notes, sounded at times like the rushing breeze, and again like the gentle zephyr sweeping across the strings of the Æolian harp. It was the very perfection of music, and seemed to surround one with an atmosphere of melody. The audience were transported with enthusiasm, and the house resounded with the most rapturous applause. Again she repeated the concluding and most striking portion, and then, followed by the same demonstrations of delight, she retired. She had achieved and sustained a triumph. It is impossible in this already extended notice to enter into an analysis of the Signora's vocalization, and point out the many excellences of her performance. The citizens of California have never listened to anything approaching her singing, and none, who enjoy and appreciate genuine music, will fail to hear her.

England.

Our last summary brought us through the opening performance of the two Operas, and the two Philharmonic Societies. We now resume.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* was brought out, twice at least, in grand style. Herr ANDER, called the first tenor in Germany, took the part of Arnold, in a manner which has been pronounced the best since Duprez was in his prime. We quote from the *London Mus. World*:

Herr Ander has a fine voice—a pure, legitimate tenor, with good notes *de poitrine*, and a fine command of them. His method of singing is admirable. He declaims well, phrases well, and executes with facility. Like all German singers, he is deficient in agility; but, unlike many of his compatriots, he has a good *portamento*, and his style is at once noble and devoid of exaggeration. His performance, on Thursday, of the music of Arnold, decidedly was the best we have heard since Duprez was in his prime. . . . In the duet with Mathilde, Herr Ander exhibited both passion and good taste, and the fine quality of his middle notes could not fail to strike the *connoisseur*. The defects of the new tenor are few, and easily amended. He, at times, forces his voice in the higher notes, and thereby impairs his intonation; while occasionally he gives way too much to impulse, and perils not merely the correctness of his execution, but the purity of his tone, which, almost throughout the register of his voice is remarkable. As an actor Herr Ander is natural, manly, and prepossessing; but to judge him fully in this particular, he must be seen in a part of greater dramatic importance than Arnold. Since the first appearance of Signor Tamberlik, the theatre (already rich in tenors) has not made so valuable an acquisition as Herr Ander.

The Guillaume Tell of Signor Ronconi is much superior to that of his predecessor, Signor Tamburini, although the peculiarity of his means forces him to alter, and therein not to improve a great number of passages in the recitatives, airs, and duets. In spite of this drawback (which was materially felt in the magnificent duet with Arnold, "Dove vai") his impersonation of the Swiss patriot was very masterly, and he entered thoroughly into the spirit of Rossini's music. In the great *finale* of the second act, when the deputies from the various cantons meet to organize the plot against the Austrians, his acting was very striking, and he completely filled the stage with his presence. Perhaps Signor Ronconi's most impressive scene was that in which, at the command of the tyrant Gessler, Tell shoots the apple from the head of his son. A more pathetic piece of singing than the air (one of the most exquisite *morceaux* in the opera) in which he previously addresses Jenny, bidding him be

firm and invoke the aid of Heaven, has rarely been heard, and rarely has an audience been more completely moved. The return of Signor Marini, who will be remembered during the two first seasons of the Royal Italian Opera, is a boon to the subscribers, who have now (with Herr Formes) two first-rate *bassi profondi* instead of one. The small part of Walter is only important in a musical point of view, and the fact of its being confided to such a singer as Signor Marini tells in favor of the liberal policy which the management appears bent upon pursuing. Signor Tagliafico, another old and deserved favorite, made his *re-entrée* in the character of Gessler, to which his clever singing and intelligent acting imparted due importance. Of Madame Castellau's Mathilde it is only necessary to say that it was as good as ever, and that she sang the beautiful *aria*, "Selva opaca," and the duet with Arnold, with great feeling and purity. . . .

The orchestra and chorus were perfect. The overture was encored with acclamations, and a similar compliment was paid to the magnificent chorus, "Giuriam, giuriamo," at the end of the finale to the second act, in which the genius of Rossini has reached its highest flight. The execution of the whole of this picturesque and masterly scene was admirable. The chorons of the inhabitants of Uri, in A minor, "Guglielmo," which usually passes without a hand, was given with such crispness, and such a well managed *pianissimo*, that this was also redemanded; and at the fall of the curtain Mr. Costa was compelled to come forward by unanimous desire. The opera was placed upon the stage in the most liberal manner as regards scenery, costumes, &c., and the performance in general was one of the most remarkable in the annals of the Royal Italian Opera.

Donizetti's *Les Martyrs* was to be given for the first time in England on the 13th ult. The cast included Tamberlik, Ronconi, Formes and Mme. Julienne; the last named lady bringing a high reputation, as a dramatic soprano, from Brussels.

Mlle. JOANNA WAGNER, whom we have seen even compared to GRIST, is announced as being exclusively engaged for the Royal Italian Opera.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. (Lumley's.) On the 13th Rossini's *Italiana in Algieri* was to be revived for "the dashing and energetic Mlle. Angri." (By the way, Garcia, we believe, thinks her the only contralto besides Alboni, and for this reason wishes his new pupil, our own Adelaide Phillips, whose voice he finds to be a genuine first class contralto, to enter this interesting field.) Belletti, too, and Ferranti, were to take part.

"Vive la CRUVELLI" had become the word. This lady, crowned with Parisian laurels, was announced at her Majesty's to sing in *Norma*, on the 17th.

In spite of what is said above, Lumley also announces Mlle. WAGNER to make her *debut* in *Romeo et Julietta*.

The programme of the second concert of the (old) PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY included, besides the *Pastoral Symphony*, three overtures: viz., Mendelssohn's *Meeres-Stille und glücklicher Fahrt*, Cherubini's to *Les Deux Journées*, and Weber's "Ruler of the Spirits." Piatti and Bottesini played a Duo concertante for 'cello and contrabasso. The rest was vocal. Simms Reeves sang an Aria by Beethoven, from *Fidelio*: *Della vita*; and with Ronconi a duet by Rossini: *I Marinari*. Ronconi sang an old Aria, by Stradella; Castellau, a scena by Mendelssohn: "Infelice"; and the two a duet by Mozart. This programme is said to have been entirely selected by her Majesty and Prince Albert.

JETTY TREFFZ had arrived in London; also the great German basso, STAUDIGL. ERNST and VIEUXTEMPS were both expected.

The SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY repeated the "Messiah," according to the annual custom, in Passion week. The singers were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Simms Reeves and Herr Formes.

CHAMBER MUSIC. Quintet Soirées (Mr. Ella's); Quartet Soirées (Herr Jansa's); Trio Soirées (Mr. Harris's, at Manchester); and classical piano forte soirées (Mr. Bille's, the Russian, and Mlle. Speyer's), still furnish forth the choicest programmes.

DUBLIN. The Musical Festival in commemoration of Moore passed off triumphantly.

The performances were opened with a monody and chorus, after the manner of the Grecian Drama, delivered by Mr. David C. Bell, professor of elocution, in a style which gave assurance of his accomplishments in the profession of which he is a distinguished master: then followed selections from the "Odes of Anacreon," the "Melodies of all Nations," "Lalla Rookh," the "Sacred and the Irish Melodies,"—the second part having been opened with "Evenings in Greece," recited by Mr. Bell.

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[Translated by the Editor.]

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

IV.

We have now spoken about CHOPIN, the composer; about his works full of immortal thoughts and feelings, in which his genius, now conqueror and now conquered, wrestles with sorrow, with this fearful element of earthly life, which it is one of the problems of Art to reconcile with Heaven;—his works, into which, like tears into a vial, all the enchantments of his heart, all the outbursts of his musing and aspiring, of his inward indignation have discharged themselves;—his works, in which he has overleaped the limits of our dim and obscure perception and penetrated into the world of Dryads, Oreads and Oceanides. It would still remain for us to speak of his talent for delivery, of CHOPIN as a master of his instrument, had we the melancholy mood for that, and could we awaken feelings and emotions, that are intertwined with our inmost personal remembrances, out of the grave and work into their winding shrouds the colors that belong to them. For this power we trust not ourselves; and vainly would it strive for any tangible result. Who could undertake to describe to those, who have not heard him, the charm of an indescribable poesy, a charm as fine and permeating, as that light exotic aroma of the *Volkameria* or *Calla Aethiopica*, which pervades only places, in which few men dwell, and is shyly dissipated, where the

dense crowd thickens the air, so that it is only impregnated by the sharp smell of full-blown tuberoses or of brightly blazing pitch-pine torches.

CHOPIN knew that his playing did not take effect upon the multitude, and that he could not pack the masses. For these are like a leaden sea; although to be bent and hammered by every fire, yet its sluggish waves are hard to stir up; they require the powerful arm of an athletic workman to run them into a mould and cause them, under the image which he impresses upon them, to become at once thought and feeling. CHOPIN knew that he was fully understood only in those alas! too far from numerous circles, in which all minds were fitted and prepared to follow him, and to transport themselves with him into those halls, whose entrance is guarded by a door of ivory, with diamond pillars, which support a cupola, flashing with the play of the prismatic colors,—halls, where all is bewildering enchantment, frolicsome surprise, where dreams prove real, and where CHOPIN fled and loved so dearly to remain. Indeed he said himself once to a friend, an artist, who has been much heard since then: "I am not made to give concerts; the public makes me low-spirited, I feel myself as it were stifled by its breath, embarrassed by its curious gaze, and dumb before all those strange faces. But you, you are intended for it; for, if you cannot win the public over to yourself, you have the stuff to strike it dead."

As he was fully conscious of what the nature of his talent demanded, he seldom played in public, and with the exception of some concerts at his first appearance in the year 1831, when he let himself be heard in Vienna and Munich, he confined his concert-giving entirely to Paris. Moreover the state of his health forbade his travelling; for about fifteen years this was so shattered, that many times he lay whole months long as it were dying. In the single excursion, which he made into the South of France in the hope of healing influence from the milder air, his condition was so miserable, that the landlords several times demanded pay for the full value of the bed he occupied, so that they might burn it, because they were afraid of its contagion.

And yet—we must be pardoned the remark—we believe, that public concerts injured his physical strength less than his artistic sensibility. His voluntary renunciation of noisy applause concealed, as it seems to us, a wounded feeling within him. He had a very distinct consciousness of his

high stand-point; but possibly the outward recognition did not offer such a corresponding echo as to give him the calm certainty, that this stand-point was entirely appreciated. The applause of the multitude failed him, and he undoubtedly asked himself, how far the select saloon society could by its enthusiasm supply the place of the greater public. But few understood him. And did *they* understand him fully? An uneasiness, which was perhaps a riddle to himself, at least in reference to its real source, was undermining him in secret. Praise itself almost made him irritable. Inasmuch as the whole applause, to which he was so perfectly entitled, did not rain down upon him out of full clouds, the isolated expressions of praise annoyed him. In the midst of the courteous forms of speech, with which he often shook them off like burthensome dust from himself, one could perceive, with little knowledge of human nature, that in his own opinion he fancied himself applauded not only slightly but in the wrong way, and that he then preferred remaining in his solitude alone with his own feelings.

But he was far too fine a connoisseur in the department of irony, he had too shrewd a perception of the ludicrous in others, not to avoid naked sarcasm. He would not wear the mask of a genius misunderstood. Under a seeming complacency, full of amiability and graciousness, he so utterly concealed the wounds of his quite justifiable pride, that one scarcely dreamed of their existence. One need not be much in the wrong, were he to ascribe the ever growing infrequency of his concerts more to his inclination to avoid occasions, which did not yield him all the tribute, which he could require, than to his feebleness, which had been put to equally hard proofs in the lessons, which he gave all his life long, and in his playing hour by hour in his chamber.

It is to be lamented, that the indubitable advantages, accruing to the artist from the fact that he devotes himself only to a select public, are so much diminished by the niggardly alms-giving sympathies of such circles. The cold polish, which covers the forms of their applause, like the fruits upon their supper tables, and the imperturbable tranquility which broods over the expression of their warmest enthusiasm,—these cannot further or inspire the artist. If the poet is carried away by the inspiration, which seizes him in his solitude, he can only find it again in the most attentive, most intense and living sympathy of his audience: he cannot drink it from the cold looks

of an Areopagus, assembled to judge him. He must feel assured, that he moves his hearers, that he thrills them, that his feeling sets like chords to vibrating in their hearts, that he bears them along with him on his flight into the infinite; just as the leader of yon winged troops, when he gives the sign for departure, has them all follow him on the route to fairer shores!

But had it been otherwise; had CHOPIN actually reaped all the homage and the overflowing admiration, which he deserved; had he been heard, like so many others, by all nations and under all skies; had he solemnized those splendid triumphs, which create a capitol wherever a whole people greets with acclamation merit, honor, or genius; had he been known and recognized by thousands, as he was by hundreds only:—still we would not linger in this part of his career to count up its successes.

What are nosegays for those, whose brows demand immortal laurels? Ephemeral sympathies, passing admiration, are scarce worth mentioning upon a tomb, which calls for monuments of a true and enduring glory. CHOPIN's creations are destined to carry into distant lands and times the joy, the consolation, the beneficent spiritual excitement, which works of Art awaken in the suffering, thirsting, languishing, or in the persevering and believing souls, to whom they are consecrated. Thus they knit an endless bond between all noble natures, on whatever zone of the earth, in whatever section of time they may have lived; unrecognized by their contemporaries, when these have been silent about them, or, if they have spoken about them, frequently misunderstood.

[To be continued.]

JENNY LIND.

[Written in June, 1851, for Sartain's Magazine.]

We have just been recalling, in happy reverie, the impression made on us by the singing of JENNY LIND; or rather, endeavoring to shape into words the impression that abides with us, after a frequent hearing of nearly all her concert pieces during her tour of the Eastern cities, and after time enough has passed to test the durability of first impressions. At this distance, we can think the matter over calmly, and with every allowance for any enthusiasm which circumstances and the magnetism of such great popular occasions, as the first Castle Garden concerts, may have produced, over and above what was due to the intrinsic music of the woman.

Calmly, we said. But always, from the first, we heard her calmly. We have not needed the effect of distance to tone our admiration down to that. Thus, then, we may as well begin: let that confession stand as one important element in the artistic fact to be described. Our delight in the Swede's singing was, from the first, a calm delight. It was not so exciting, as it was satisfying. Not that her voice and art were passionless, or coldly intellectual, or simply sensuous and natural in the sense of childlike. We mean no negative sort of calmness, such as was alleged in a disappointed tone (if not in a triumphant tone of preconceived disparagement) as *their* experience, by certain of her hearers, who, either from their unreasonable expectations, or their addiction to the cheaper stimulus of Italian Opera, or some other cause, seem to have been non-conductors and non-receivers to the fine, strong LIND electricity.

For instance; it is altogether a calm and passionless pleasure which we feel in the mere physical fact of a remarkably rich, clear, musical voice, of great compass; hers is certainly a splendid specimen of that branch of natural history;

and we have even met one or two individuals so rash as to declare that the whole secret of her vocal fame. If we heard her calmly, we nevertheless heard more than a voice.

There is a similar, but heightened pleasure, too, where human ingenuity (we speak not yet of Art) perfects, or curiously and happily applies, the gift of nature; as when we listen to a musical box; though it is doubtful, if the pleasure be enhanced by finding the said musical box encased in the throat of a laboriously *soffeggiato* prima donna;—a doubt predicated on the principle of rendering unto nature the things that are nature's, or unto the mechanic the things that are mechanical, but unto the woman and the artist only the things that are woman's, by virtue of a soul and understanding in them. For some time, not a few were willing to confess only to this sort of calm entertainment in the LIND, magnanimously conceding to her any amount of musical-box notoriety, and thinking to compensate for this detracting of the artist, by an equally cold abundance of praise of the woman personally, aside from her art. But we well know that it lies not in any conceivable, or even infinite perfectibility of mere vocal execution, to affect us at all like the artist, whose soul it was we heard making music through her voice. Did she make a flute of herself in that clever trio from the "Camp of Silesia"? There was, indeed, the triumph of execution: but was it only that? was there no poetry in it? no play of the fancy? nothing of that same trace of genius which we are willing to own in some of the humbler efforts of *genre* painting? And, after all, the flute-trills, the warbles, were but two smallest passing phases of *her*; mere flitting sun-specks through the leafy shadows; trifles in themselves, and yet, in essence, of the universal daylight that fills the world with light and beauty.

From a musical box to a lark, a thrush, a nightingale, is one step higher, we suppose, at least in the line in which our present thought is moving. That bobolink we heard this morning in the meadow was higher, by whole circles of song, than all of them. That gushing melody of nature; that free, wild, bird-like quality of song, blithe and unstinted; song that seemed to *sing itself* out of a heart that only sparkled with the sunshine that lights up the fresh morning face of the whole outward world, to tunes unstudied, exquisite, for ever varied:—that every one enjoyed in her. The "Bird Song" and the "Herdsman's Echoes" made you fresh and young again: they brought you back to childhood and to nature; those single notes brought whole related sceneries and memories with them; the mountains came and stood about you, and the chest seemed almost to expand with purer and more bracing air, even in the crowded concert-room. Well, this too, was a *calm* enjoyment; here was a genuine, a rich emotion; here was the transporting magic of Art recalling Nature, and the fresh sensations of a child yet at one with Nature; but, like the wholesome influence of Nature itself, there was repose, serenity, and balance in the emotions awakened.

"True," said the disappointed; "that was all very pretty, very wonderful; but it was something more that we expected from the Queen of Song. We went to have our souls shaken like reeds bowed before the wind, by the fiery, lyric passion of a Norma or a Borgia, as we have heard of Grisi, Pasta, and the like. We looked for more exciting stuff, for the cold thrill of tragic crises, or to be melted into tears and sweet delirium by a voice that should seem the very soul of the Bellini melody, and come over us like a south wind to reveal the latent Italy within us. But when we came to hear her *Casta Diva*, and her various cavatinas and romanzas from our favorite operas, by which the world tests all great singers, we owned, to be sure, the artistic finish, the triumphant execution, the faultless taste, so far as the outward form and unity and beauty of each piece were concerned; but still we found it cold,—we did not feel the passion seize upon us. *She* was cold, and of course we could not be much on fire." And so on to the end of the chapter.

We never sympathized with this talk, although we heard her calmly. Her quiet manner in Italian song was far more to our taste, than the impassioned seeming, the hyper-tragic intensity, the extravagant gesticulation, the *furore*-calculating outbursts upon common-place cadenzas, of the full-blooded prima donnas, who take fire as readily without as with occasion, and who seek to carry an audience by storm every five minutes. JENNY LIND never forgot the propriety of the concert-room, and of a miscellaneous programme. She gave us, at least, elegant, discriminating, chaste, artistic *readings* of the different styles of music, naturally expected of a singer who must be at home in whatever there is current. If we had found her altogether absorbed, as if seeking and finding her whole sphere in the Italian Opera songs of the day, and as if there could be no greater glory than to be queen among the Italian prima donnas on their own ground, we should at once have felt her limit and have missed the LIND, this new and greater fact. To our mind, she did full justice to the Italian music; only she did not treat it as the all in all of music. In her singing of it, though it was appreciative, sympathetic, hearty, there was the implied power and passion for a much deeper and greater kind of music. And this it was that spake so powerfully to us that first night in Castle garden, in the very first strain of the *Casta Diva*, that we feared we had been dreaming when we heard the next morning the criticisms and complaints of failure, from those who only marked the flutter of a half-abashed appearance before a New World audience, or who, preoccupied with some ideal or conventional notion of the true style of *Casta Diva*, saw only the deviation from that, ignoring almost the divine fact before them. We rather were delighted with the palpable assurance, which, with her first tones, shot to our heart with the warmth of sunbeams, that it was in her to do all that, and more; and in the long run, how has it turned out with regard to that very song? The supremacy of her model of the *Casta Diva* has been acknowledged in New York, after disarming, at the first attack, the firm-set Italian prejudices of the most fastidious of audiences at Havana and at New Orleans. Truly, it must have been a taste long pampered with coarse and questionable spices, which could not feel the pure and genuine sweetness and pathos of her *Qui la voce*. We never felt the sentiment of Bellini's melody so exquisitely, and so unalloyed with sickening sweet. In mere bravura passages, she, indeed, sang coldly; for much of this, although Italian, is cold music: mechanical and for display, like fire-works; and it is only saying that she could not affect passion. She could treat all these things, after their several kinds, each characteristically, genially, entering into its spirit, with a sort of universal sunshine and Protean facility of Art, in them all and above them all, whether the dazzling bravura, or the impassioned, tragic scena, or the delicate and subtle grace and sprightliness of the *Opera Comique*. When were Rossini's sparkling fancies heard in such perfection?—Rossini, the least pathetic, yet the most creative and ideal, of the modern Italian composers,—the man of genius of them all!

The truth is, JENNY LIND is a *great* singer, and to be fairly judged, must be heard in many varieties of music, but especially in *great* music; and it is a melancholy fact that, although Italy once had her Palestrina, and her severe, sublime, church music, the modern Italian music is not great.—An artist, in the high and large sense, like JENNY LIND, only *illustrates* with her many-sided faculty these lighter things of which we have been speaking, these various specimens of song, culled from all quarters and all fashions of the day. To *sing herself out*, to concentrate all her energy and all her fervor on the given music of the hour, she must have *great* music; music inspired by a great sentiment; music, which, whether secular or sacred in its name, naturally rises to the religious; music that leaves you stronger, calmer in your soul, and not the victim of a weak and morbid moodiness and pathos; music not empty of *passion*, but so full of passion, of the central passion of the soul, in which all souls are one, and

which only the Eternal can satisfy, that its effect is more like repose than like excitement. You feel for once your normal state in it, sound and strong, and at home, and at peace with all; for, addressing the central spring of feeling, it quickens into harmonious life all the emotions of the soul. The singer who truly and worthily renders such music, even with her utmost fervor, with her whole soul, will seem calm and lofty, and you will listen calmly, while it may yet be one of the intensest moments of your existence.

Now, this was the music in which we were destined fully to know JENNY LIND. This was the real power and mission of the singer; this the gift she gave so calmly, to be laid up in the calm depths of the receiver's soul. We felt it in reserve for us through all the little things she sang, (the Swedish songs, the flute songs, the Donizetti airs, &c.) complete and individual as each was in itself; we felt it full and direct upon us, as if admitted to the inmost sanctuary, when she came to the great music, the sublime Handelian song of faith: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," to the spiritual sweetness of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," the "Mighty Pens" of Haydn, &c.; and, from these heights, we came back to enjoy still more the happy, sunny distribution of her Art over all kinds of wild or hot-house (operative) flowers of song, to please all kinds of tastes and fancies and degrees of culture. It was this sound central energy that seemed to explain the whole. A Swedenborgian said of her, in the dialect of his school: "She has the strongest *sphere* of any person I have met." If there is any one phase or attitude of song in which she still stands in our memory as most characteristically herself, the impersonation of her own art, it is in that great song from "The Creation," where her soul did really seem to soar "on mighty pens," eagle-like, with unflinching, and yet reverent eyes, looking into the very sun. We think of the copious sunshine of her singing, so large and liberal and wholesome is it, and so quickening. It is this large, central, sunward reference and convergence, as it were, of all her special efforts, this great central passion gently glowing in the background, through the lightest and most playful, the most artificial and the wildest of her songs, that makes JENNY LIND the most popular singer in the world. Independently of all known of her outside of the concert-room, the whole impression of her performance, however it may be of the songs taken singly, is always accompanied with enthusiasm. A sympathetic thrill of genuine, large humanity, is sure to reach every hearer, relating all these multifarious melodies to him, and proving to him the reality of that world, that element of Art, of which he knows so little, but must know more, as he would carry with him a type of the solution of all present discords, and an emblem of the true, divine state of the soul.

A truce now to the talk about Northern and Southern singers. JENNY LIND is not a mere national phase of vocal art. Genius is not national, in so far as it is genius, but universal. If she is greatest in the rendering of German music, it is because the German now-a-days is intrinsically the greatest music. You may talk of Italian melody and German harmony; of Italian pathos and expression and of German science, fugue and counterpoint; of Italian voices and of German orchestras. But real, original, creative *genius*, in these days, has appeared mainly, if not only, in the German music. There is a deeper feeling and a sweeter melody in the *Freyshutz*, in the songs of Mendelssohn and Schubert; and, certainly, if we go back so far, in every slightest air of Mozart, which will outlive scores and schools of modern Italian operas. Best in these JENNY LIND cannot but be, if she is great and universal; while, with a catholic comprehensiveness of taste, her voice and art illustrate all varieties and nationalities of song. The key-note of her world-enchanting, ever-varied strain, however, whether it modulate to grave or gay, to solemn or fantastic, is still high and central, and to be interpreted only by these great words, Art, Humanity, God, Universal Harmony. To be an artist, above the criticism of the cultivated few, and, at the same

time, holding spell-bound all the millions, as no artist ever did before, is a fact admitting of no lower explanation. J. S. D.

The *Knickerbocker* for May, in publishing the following lines, says of them, that they were written for Mr. Dempster, who has set them to music:

LINES.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The May-sun sheds an amber light
On new leaved woods and lawns between:
But she who, with a smile more bright,
Welcomed and watched the springing green,
Is in the grave,
Low in her grave.

The fair white blossoms of the wood
In groups beside the pathway stand;
But one, the gentle and the good,
Who cropped them with a fairer hand,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

Upon the woodland's morning airs
The small birds' mingled notes are flung;
But she whose voice, more sweet than theirs,
Once bade me listen while they sung,
Is in the grave,
Low in her grave.

That music of the early year
Brings tears of anguish to my eyes;
My heart aches when the flowers appear,
For then I think of her who lies
Within her grave,
Low in her grave.

Mademoiselle Johanna Wagner.

This celebrated vocalist is the niece of Richard Wagner, the Chapel-master of Dresden, whom Liszt, in a recent pamphlet, pronounces to be the greatest composer of the age. The early days of Johanna Wagner were passed at Wurzburg in Bavaria, her parents being engaged at the theatre. As a child she was selected to represent the good spirit in the fairy spectacles, her declamatory powers being remarkable. At fifteen years of age she made a successful *début* in *Abigail*, in the comic piece, "Le Verre d'Eau," at the theatre of Ballenstadt. She subsequently appeared as *Preciosa* and *Esmeralda*, and made a great sensation in the part of *Cordelia*, in "King Lear." At this epoch of her career it was remarked that her style was distinguished as much for juvenile grace as tragic energy. Her original destiny was fixed for the drama; but as her parents, who had a reputation as teachers of singing, perceived that she had a good voice, she was taught the character of the *Page* in Meyerbeer's "Huguenots." Her organ, however, daily increasing in compass and power, she was allotted the part of *Caterina*, in Halévy's "Reine de Chypre," and the striking success she met with decided Mlle. Wagner to quit definitively the legitimate drama for opera. Her uncle strongly urged her to visit Dresden; but before she went to that city she visited Paris with her father, and there took lessons for six months of Manuel Garcia, the brother of Viardot and Malibran, and the master of Jenny Lind. On the arrival of Mlle. Wagner at Dresden, she was engaged for five years at the theatre; and from this time she took the line followed by Madame Schröder Devrient, although without any servile imitation of the style of that eminent *artiste*. In *Agatha*, in Weber's "Der Freyschutz," and in Beethoven's "Fidelio," she acquired great fame. Her next engagement, owing to political events having affected the Dresden theatre, was at Hamburg; and she was the first singer in Germany who undertook the part of *Fidès* in Meyerbeer's "Prophète." It was her delineation of the character, which spread her name throughout Germany. She afterwards sang in Vienna and Berlin with signal success, in the last-mentioned cap-

ital being the successor of Mme. Viardot in *Fidès*. The result was, that the Royal Intendant of the Berlin Opera House entered into an engagement with Mlle. Johanna Wagner for ten years, on terms far beyond those ever before granted to any *prima donna* in Germany. In her contract, leave of absence for six months during the year was reserved for the young and gifted *artiste*.

The *répertoire* of Mlle. Wagner is rich and varied; and, owing to her genius, the masterpieces of Gluck and of Spontini have been most successfully revived at Berlin. *Iphigénie* (en Tauride) and *Clytemnestre* (en Aulide,) and the *Grand Priestess* in the "Vestale," have been highly popular. Her *Alice* in "Robert le Diable," *Valentina* in the "Huguenots," and *Fidès* in the "Prophète," have displayed her supremacy in Meyerbeer's operas. Her *Eglantine* in Weber's "Euryanthe," was her farewell part at Berlin, on the 18th of last month. In the revival of Spontini's "Olympia" she was the *Statira*, surpassing, according to the German critics, the celebrated Milder, who was the original representative. Kellstab, the eloquent critic of Berlin, writes of her *Statira*, "In passion she is a Medusa, in imperious command a Juno, and in pathos a Niobe."

Mlle. Wagner does not confine her line of characters to the classic models. Her *Norma*, *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Romeo*, in Bellini's works, have created as great a sensation in Germany as her *Fidès*, *Fidelio*, *Statira*, *Alice*, *Valentina*, &c. Her *Donna Anna* in "Don Giovanni," and *Odette* in Halévy's "Charles VI.," show the versatility of her lyric capabilities.

Mlle. Wagner, while she has acquired within such a brief period her artistic fame, seems to have inspired her admirers in Germany with the highest respect for her personal qualities. When she quitted Hamburg, in the spring of last year, for her engagement at Berlin, there was a grand ceremonial at the Tonhalle: she was crowned in public, and the population accompanied her to the railroad, greeting her with prolonged acclamations.—*London Illustrated News*.

Correspondence.

LEIPSIC, March 12, 1852.

Dedication of the Music Hall of the "Thomas School"—M. Hauptmann—Chorus Singing.

The "Thomas School" is connected with the Thomas Church; and the choir of the latter is obtained from it. JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH was formerly Music Director here; and he has been succeeded by several distinguished men. The present incumbent is M. HAUPTMANN, who is also Professor of Harmony in the Conservatory. The place was procured for him by MENDELSSOHN, with whom it was a favorite object to gather around him men of science, and Hauptmann most deservedly ranks among these. He is now everywhere known as one of the most profound theorists living. He has also published Motets, and other pieces of Church Music, which are held in high estimation by musicians. But there is something more attractive about Hauptmann than either genius or learning; it is amiability. He seems to be filled with kindness, gentleness, and courtesy; and I have met no German, nor indeed any one, in whose presence one is made more perfectly at home, and by whom one is treated with more affability and attention than by him. Although standing at the very head of musical science, he has, as yet, published no work of importance on harmony; he says that he waits for more experience, so that when he publishes a book, it may be of some value. A good hint is this to some of us, who write, and publish works on the theory of music in the United States, without knowledge

and without experience. How often we see verified the old saying (and frequently in musical productions) that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Hauptmann is now, however, engaged in the preparation of a philosophical treatise, which he intends to give to the public in a few years. His health is not firm; he is a diligent student, and bodily infirmity is probably the result of severe and long continued mental labor. He is very popular, and is, perhaps, equally respected for his knowledge, and beloved for his goodness. He called yesterday, bringing tickets to a musical performance, on the occasion of the dedication of the Music Hall of the School. It is not indeed a new hall, but an old one repaired, painted, and ornamented; it is in the same house where BACH lived, and is the very room where BACH, HILLER and others labored and conducted musical performances. Hauptmann now occupies the same apartments which were formerly occupied by the great Fugist. The exercises, with the exception of a short address by one of the pupils, were exclusively musical, as follows:

- I. Prayer. "Kommt, lasset uns anbeten."—
HAUPTMANN.
- II. Motette. "Der Geist hilft unserer Schwachheit."—
J. S. BACH.
- III. Four part songs:—
 1. "O Thäler weit, o Höhen."—MENDELSSOHN.
 2. "O sanfter, süßerer Hauch."—MENDELSSOHN.

[The above may be found in the "Social Glee Book," and have been sung in the Boston Musical Conventions.]

 3. "Waldeinsamkeit."—HAUPTMANN.
 4. "Ich stand auf Berges Halde."—HAUPTMANN.
- IV. Motette. "Jauchzet dem Herrn."—SCHICHT.

The singing was by the choir of the school and church, which consisted of about fifty voices; Soprano and Alto by boys. It was entirely without accompaniment. A grand Piano Forte in the room was only used to announce the pitch before each piece. This singing most difficult music without accompaniment is something wholly unknown with us in America. I know full well that there are choirs and Quartet clubs, who sing comparatively easy music in public without accompaniment, but even in this what is often the result? Bach's music is exceedingly difficult. Handel, in comparison to Bach, may be said to be easy; and yet our choirs could but few of them sing Handel and sustain themselves well without instrumental aid. But here is a chorus who stand up and sing Bach's and other most difficult motets, the most difficult vocal music perhaps ever written, by voices alone, with as much certainty as the sure aim of an experienced marksman.

I think I have never before witnessed such devotion to the work as in these singers. Here is indeed entire self-committal. Every one throws all the powers he has, physical and spiritual, into the performance of the music. Every tone is attacked with a conscious certainty of success; no matter how complicated the rhythm, it is given with an energy and truthfulness that a first rate violinist can hardly excel. The singers seem to have a perfect command of their vocal organs, and are no less certain of results than is the accomplished Pianist when he strikes the keys, or the violinist when he draws the bow. There is an entire absence of that sleepiness, drowsiness, inattention, and foolish levity too often witnessed in our choirs. No looking about, or whispering, or laughing, or silliness, but close attention is ever manifested. I wish I had words to point out that consecration to the work, that deep, heartfelt interest which these choir members seem to possess;

so that it might be sought for by our American singers. But we cannot obtain it unless we use the appropriate means; education only will do it; musical training, such as we have but little idea of, must go before; and as we plant, so we shall reap in these things. This choir is drilled daily; five o'clock is the hour when they come together every day for their lesson, or rather their *training* and *practice*. For so far as I have had opportunity to observe, the *teaching* here consists mostly in *training*. But I must not enlarge. I have never before heard a vocal chorus so prompt, so energetic, and perfect in time and tune as on this occasion. The place too, was holy ground, for all the great musicians have visited that saloon; BACH lived there as his home, and HANDEL, and HAYDN, and MOZART, and BEETHOVEN have been there. A new portrait of Bach (or rather an old one put in perfect order) has been placed at the head of the hall, and opposite to it, is a fine bust of SCHICHT, who, though less known, was a very profound musician, as his works testify. On the whole, I have not attended a more interesting musical performance in Germany. L. M.

LEIPSIK, April 2, 1852.

Concert by the Pupils of the Conservatory of Music.

Last evening the saloon of the Gewandhaus was crowded to listen to the pupils of the Conservatory. Concerts are occasionally given, perhaps once a quarter, or once in six months, under the direction of the Professors, in which the pupils give specimens of their proficiency in the composition and in the performance of music, vocal and instrumental. The weather was very unfavorable; but notwithstanding the rain, the house was crowded, indeed some persons could not find admission. Tickets are not sold, but are given away by the teachers and pupils to their friends. The orchestra at such times is in part made up of the pupils, deficiencies being supplied by professors employed for the occasion; of course they have one efficient band. DAVID and DREY-SCHOCK were at the head of the violins. MOSCHELES conducted the piano forte pieces; DAVID conducted the violin concertos; REITZ conducted the songs; RICHTER conducted the chorus music, and the respective authors themselves conducted the overtures. There were two original overtures performed:

- I. Overture for Orchestra, composed by W. FREDERIC NICOLAI, of Leyden, Holland.
- II. Overture for Orchestra, composed by HEINRICH VON SAHR, of Dresden, Saxony.

Both of these overtures were highly creditable to the young men, and were well received; the last, perhaps, being the most meritorious production. The other music consisted of selections from various authors, as follows:

PIANO FORTE MUSIC.

- I. Concerto for Piano Forte with Orchestra, by BEETHOVEN (C Minor, first part,) performed by Wilhelm Gerbig, of Almelo, Holland.
- II. Trio for piano forte, violin, and violoncello, by Mendelssohn (No. 2, C Minor,) performed by three pupils, Fraulein Laura Boerngen, of Verden, Hanover; Herr F. George Haubold, of Leipsic; and Herr Gruetzmacher.
- III. Grand Sonata for piano forte, (F Minor, op. 54,) by Beethoven, performed by Fraulein Rosalie Hirschfeld, of Danzig.

VIOLIN MUSIC.

- I. Concerto for Violin with orchestra, by Molique (A Minor, No. 5, first part,) performed by Herr George Japha, of Königsberg, Prussia.

- II. Military Concerto for Violin, with orchestra, by Lipinski (first part,) performed by Herr Carl Hahn, Nuremberg.
- III. Introduction and Variations for Violin, with orchestra, by David, performed by Herr Wilhelm Langhans, Hamburg.

VOCAL MUSIC.

- I. Aria, from Stradella, sung by Fraulein Anna Masius, Leipsic.
- II. Aria, by Rossini (Barber of Seville,) sung by Fraulein Marie Kuehne, Magdeburg.
- III. Recitative and Aria, from Figaro, by Mozart, sung by Fraulein Marie Grohmann, Magdeburg.

CHOIR MUSIC.

- The 137th Psalm, for Soprano Solo, Choir and Orchestra, by E. F. Richter.

Such was the music of the school exhibition; it was in all respects highly creditable to the institution. The students are from various parts of Germany and England; and for the last few years America has also been represented. Such an institution is much needed in our country. A Conservatory of Music upon a proper basis, and under suitable regulations, would do much for the advancement of a pure style, and correct taste. It would be to music what the Normal Schools are to education generally; would raise the standard of musical education, and the qualifications of music teachers; and put forth an influence in many ways to promote the cause of secular and sacred, vocal and instrumental music in the land. L. M.

New Publications.

Sonata Pastoral, for the Piano Forte, op. 28, by BEETHOVEN. Boston: O. Ditson.

Sonate, que voulez tu?—(Sonata, what do you want of me?): said the French critic, who was at a loss to comprehend the meaning or the charm of this classical form, in which the great composers have loved to develop their purely musical ideas. It is the form also of the orchestral symphony, and the quartet, trio, &c., for string instruments. It is "*caviare* to the general," who care nothing for a strain without the words, unless it be to lift the heels in march or dance. Nevertheless the Sonata is and will ever remain one of the most perfect, most inexhaustibly novel and interesting, as well as strictly logical forms of *pure* music. Not till one feels its beauty, and can become delightfully absorbed in the pursuit of its ever-unfolding and changing, ever-vanishing and re-appearing, intertwining and separating threads of melody; not till one can listen deeply interested in the fate of the themes first announced in the Allegro; can demand a religious expression for the pitch of enthusiasm to which it carries him, in the Andante or Adagio following; and then feel the need of frolicsome recreation in the free and graceful Scherzo, or Minuet and Trio; and finally feel curtailed of a just satisfaction, unless he may hear in addition to all, in like key and kindred theme with the beginning, the bold conclusion of the Finale:—not till one knows this experience, does he properly know the real enjoyment of music. And hence all musical artists and composers find their choicest pleasures in little social performances of something in the Sonata form, especially the string Quartet.

In the Sonata for piano forte, one who has half the executive power required for the modern variation and fantasia school, can, to say the least, have a rich and realizing taste of this kind of inspiration, all by himself. And would he taste it in its richest depth and in its purity, would he number the hours thereof with his best spiritual communions or poetic raptures, let him study these Sonatas of BEETHOVEN, who in this outline form discloses as much grandeur of thought and depth of passion, as in his greatest symphonies for a whole orchestra.

The knowledge of these things is growing among our young students of the piano; and the taste so formed, can never die out. With so excellent and cheap an edition as Mr. Ditson is now issuing of the whole of them, it becomes a duty which every student and amateur owes to himself, to possess the set, number by number,

as it comes out. This "Pastoral Sonata" forms the fifteenth of the series, and breathes the deep tone-poet's feeling of the woods and fields and summer, like his greater Symphony of the same title. It is full of exquisite passages, and there is great variety of beauty in its several movements. Possess yourself well of its spirit, by practising it over and over, and you will have a new bond of intimacy with nature.

Les Willis (Spirit dances). By the Author of "Glen-mary Waltzes." pp. 9. O. Ditson.

Five delicately graceful little dance melodies, for the piano, in the forms of Mazurka-Polka, Redowa, Waltz and Polka, conceived in allusion to a French tradition, according to which the "Willis" are the spirits of maidens, who suffer punishment in another world for an excessive love of dancing. Of course the punishment is dancing still. It is one of the London Art Union engravings, if we remember rightly, which embodies the same superstition exquisitely to the eye. MENDELSSOHN should have made the music. But as he did not, we may be thankful to Mr. RICHARD WILLIS for writing his imagination of it, in these popular and easy forms. — The title page is prettily engraved, and the inside copies a description of the scene of such a dance.

The Pestalozzian School Song Book. By GEORGE W. PRATT and J. C. JOHNSON. Boston: A. N. Johnson, 36 School Street.

From a brief perusal, this seems to us a very useful and convenient little book of elementary lessons, vocal exercises, songs and hymns for Schools. The rudiments are well stated and arranged. It is properly a *text book*, from which the scholar can learn at first hand; the definitions being in plain language and order, and each followed by such a series of illustrations, as saves the trouble of writing on a blackboard. The Songs are harmonized in three parts, pleasant melodies to pleasant words; and the whole concluded with a small collection of plain psalm and hymn tunes. The size and type are convenient.

Two Hundred and Fifty Easy Voluntaries and Interludes, for the Organ, Melodeon, Seraphine, &c. By JOHN ZUNDEL. pp. 87. New York: Mason & Law.

Mr. ZUNDEL is one of the thorough-bred German organists, a pupil of RINK, at home among the fugues of BACH and HANDEL, and one whose example goes to the discountenancing in the church of shallow, frivolous, operatic or variation music, or drivelling, aimless so-called voluntaries and improvisations, and to the illustrating of the real, lofty and religious style of music that has grown up with the instrument, through its inspired masters. The "Plymouth Church" in Brooklyn has him for an organist. Many here in Boston will remember the impression he produced a few summers since by his organ-playing at the "Musical Convention," when he held a large audience, mostly of the uninitiated in such things, enchained by a great fugue of Bach. It would seem that he was a fit person to prepare a manual for his juniors, who compose the rank and file of organists in our many churches.

The advantage of this collection resides in the fact that, while it meets just the practical organ wants, established in the routine of our congregational forms of worship, supplying opening voluntaries and interludes of the customary length, in all keys and moods of devout sentiment, it carries into all these little things the air and style of the true learned masters of the instrument, — priests, they might be called, of that tone-temple or celestial city of harmony, which a great organ is. In the simplest thing you like to feel that the learning and the power for greater and more complicated lie behind it. Mendelssohn may write a Choral, as plainly and simply as a Yankee singing-master; still it will imply all the learning and the genius of Mendelssohn; it is steeped, baptized, as it were, in the deep and holy spirit of his whole musical culture. Were it not better that the common church organist, instead of extemporizing his own crude voluntaries, should take such *simple* gems as he can handle out of the mines of the great composers; then, simple as they are, whenever they are played, they will set vibrating those chords in the audience which are

in unison with all that is most sublime and intricate in the creations of musical art. It is somewhat in this sense, judging from a hasty perusal, that this collection has been composed or arranged from noted masters.

A well-written Preface contains a history and description of the organ, with hints to church committees with regard to purchasing. The book is printed on a large, oblong page, on beautiful paper, and with a music type superior in elegance and neatness to any that we have seen.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 15, 1852.

Mendelssohn's Songs without Words.

Without words, and without names even! It is music speaking for itself, or rather speaking for the human heart, disdaining any other interpreter. Each melody, with its accompaniment, is like a pure stream flowing through rich scenery. The stream is the soul's consciousness, the scenery is the world of mingled associations through which it flows, time's shadow on its surface. Sometimes however the accompaniment suggests unearthly scenery, enchanted regions, and the song is like the life of a soul disembodied, or translated where it knows no more the fretting bounds of time.

Several of these pieces however have a title, indicating merely their general character: there is one styled a "People's Song," and there are three "Venetian Gondola Songs." Let us look at these latter for the present. After being rocked by this music, till it haunts your thoughts, you feel that you know Venice, though you may never have been there.

"My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which like a sleeping swan doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing."

The atmosphere, the limpid coolness of the water, the rhythm of its motion, and the soft, sad, yet voluptuous coloring of all things; in short, the very volatile essence of all that life, is, as it were, caught and perpetuated in these subtle, accommodating forms of melody. What is the meaning of Venice in history, is a question which might perhaps be answered, if we could only tell what influence this music ministers to the mind. Hearing it and losing yourself in it, you inhabit an ideal Venice, the soul, as it were, of the real one, without its sins and infirmities, its horrible suicidal contrasts.

The first of the three (Number Six of the First Set) is a sustained Andante, in six-eight measure. The accompaniment, by a very simple figure, gives the rocking sensation of a gondola, while "the oars keep time." The gentle key, G minor, indicates soft moonlight or star-light; and presently the song floats off, in loving thirds and sixths, full of tenderness and musing sadness, which has more of longing in it than of regret for actual suffering. It rises higher and louder at times, but never breaks through the gentle spell, always sinks back into the dreaminess of the hour. The sentiment is so pure, that one might dream himself in heaven; only the sadness makes it human. Far off in the smooth stream, the boat for a time seems fixed, suspended, and the voice alone, amid its natural accompaniments, informs the distance. Again the motion is resumed, but fainter and more remote, and as the

sounds die away in the smooth shining distance, how magical the effect of those soft high octaves, ever and anon twice struck, as if to assure us that beyond it is as beautiful as here; and finally all the harmonies converge into a single note, just as broad spaces on the farthest verge and boundary of sight are represented by a single fine line. At the introduction, after the rocking accompaniment, so soft and dreamy, has proceeded a few measures, you seem suddenly to touch the water and have a cold thrill of reality for a moment, as the harmonies brighten into the major of the key. The predominating expression of the Air, however, is more that of tranquil, child-like harmony and peace, than of any restless passion; an innocent delight just slightly tempered with the "still sad music of humanity." The coolness of the buoyant element allays all inward heat.

In the next one (Second Set, No. 6.) which is a quicker movement, marked *Allegretto tranquillo*, and in the key of F sharp minor, there is a more stirring and exquisite delight. It rises to a higher pitch of enthusiasm, as if the heart in its still joy overflowed. The beauty of nature seems almost too much for the soul, the harmony of all things too complete. Fancy's images rise thicker than before. The hills, the clouds, the gleaming waters, seem more living than before, and the soul stretches out its arms to them. Listen to that long high trill, which seems to carry the thoughts up and afar, as if they had left the body to play with the fleecy, pearly clouds about the moon, while the boat glides on in its sleep unconsciously below; and then the rapture of that bold delicious cadence, with which the reverie is ended, as if the skies came down with us to earth! The memory of that aerial excursion haunts the following melodies; the song floats in the middle, between two accompaniments, the waves below, and a faint prolonged vibration of that same high note above, like a thin streak of skyey color in a picture.

The last one, which is No. 5 of the Fifth Set, is perhaps the most beautiful of the three. It is in A minor, *Andante con moto*, and still the same rocking six-eight measure. There is even more of the physical sensation of the water in this. Ever and anon the stillness is startled by a loud stroke of the key-note, answered by the fifth below, and sometimes in the lowest octave, which gives one an awed feeling of the depth of the dark element, as if a sounding line were dropped. And again the mingled gurgling and laughing of the water, as it runs off the boat's sides, seems literally imitated in those strange chromatic appoggiaturas, which now and then form a hurried introduction to the principal note. The whole tone and coloring of the picture is deeper than the others. It is a song of the *depth* of the waters. The chords are richer, and the modulations, climbing towards their climax, are more wild and awe-inspiring. But by degrees the motion grows more gentle, and the sea more smooth, and the strain melts away in a free liquid cadence, in the major of the key, like closing the eyes in full assurance of most perfect bliss.

You feel that no soul ever conversed more intimately with nature, than did Mendelssohn when he composed this music. And music only could reveal what is here revealed.

If you would know Mendelssohn truly, study him in these "Songs without Words." They are

of his most genuine, most individual inspirations. They are quite various in character,—some thirty-six of them in all;—and there is scarcely a characteristic trait of the composer's style, developed in his larger works, which you will not find quite clearly pronounced in one of these little *Lieder*. In them you have the whole of Mendelssohn, that is of the innate, and not the acquired music of the man.

New Pianists in Paris.

There seems no end to the series of prodigies in this line, which keep up an ever renewed *furor* in Paris. Some seem really artists, in whom finger work is subordinate to the feeling and the soul of music; others are what the old BACH in his day called "finger knights;"—perhaps now we should say *chevaliers d'industrie digitigrade*. Of the former class is Mlle. CLAUS; to the latter, we fear from the description, belongs the latest wonder, who has been exciting the Parisian connoisseurs and dilettanti, M. HABERBIER. Innovations in fingering, in the mechanical art of bringing out effects, appear to be the fascination of the man, or rather the key by which he contrives to unlock the *blasé* indifference of Paris and get at his public. We translate from the *Gazette Musicale*:

"M. Haberhier is a Prussian from Königsberg, about forty years old, who plays the piano like any good player; only, he performs with two hands certain passages which a single hand might execute, and thereby gives more intensity to the sounds, especially to *trills*, which, being thus struck by the two index fingers, have more force and *éclat*. But the two hands, thus employed in a manner in perfecting a passage, a phrase, must for the time being dispense with accompaniment, with harmony; which, strictly viewed, is no great inconvenience, since harmony kept too continually complete produces monotony and ennui on this instrument.

"M. Haberhier is a *composer-arranger*, [the term will suit many of the virtuosos, who have visited us], and does not seem excessively set upon playing only his own music. In his first concert he played a picturesque fantasia, entitled 'Souvenirs of Norway,' upon popular airs of that country; then a fragment of Thalberg's fantasia on *Sonnambula*; then *la Fontaine*, an imitative study, not too well justifying its title; and then the overture to 'William Tell,' arranged by him, and one might say, somewhat by Liszt, who might claim, in this arrangement, the honors of collaboration. For the rest, the digital gymnastics employed in this piece by the Prussian pianist, enabled him to produce fine effects and make his new method appreciated. In his 'Souvenir of Denmark,' M. Haberhier displayed in that national song, which is the *Marseillaise* of the Danes, a force, a harmonic energy, which provoked warm applause, in the feminine part of the audience especially, which seemed quite enthusiastic. We need not say that the hall was crammed with artists, who occupy themselves with the art of playing the piano. You almost walked over the heads of pianists. As for me, I was flanked on the right and left by two, who did not seem very eager to adopt the fingering of M. Haberhier.

"And, to continue to treat this piano question, which seems to us not nearly exhausted, we will say that the piano, which sums up in itself all

music, ought not to be regarded as an end exclusively instrumental, but as a means of expressing sentiments by harmony and melody, so far as possible. To make leap out from it a rich, sustained, round, powerful, expressive tone, not too much smothered by the accompaniment,—that should be the study of every pianist who would impress an audience. That is the result to which Mlle. MATTMANN has arrived. She elevates the modern music to its height, and elevates herself to the level of the inspirations of our great masters. In the piece entitled: *Les Champs*, by Prudent, her fingers are the interpreters of all the thrilling sensations of nature; she enacts a living idyll before your eyes, the songs of the villagers; she paints, by limpid and fugitive sounds, the murmuring rill; you seem to feel and breathe the freshness of the morning breeze; and then you hear the joyous and confused laughter of birds, who go to sleep warbling at the mysterious approach of evening: Theocritus, Thompson, Gessner, have painted nothing more fresh.

"And now see Louise Mattmann take up the op. 27 of Beethoven, which she has made her own, that Sonata in C sharp minor ['moonlight'], which so many pianists try to comprehend and to interpret; that sombre elegy, which exhales all the griefs of the soul, all the tortures of passion, the terrors of despair and death. The young virtuoso does not call to her aid poetic images, as we here are obliged to do. It is by her whole panting frame, it is by the emotive, vibrating sound of the human voice, which escapes from each of her fingers, that she proceeds, that she makes herself the equal, the sister, the confidant of Beethoven, that she weeps and despairs and cries in harmony with him. Thus to identify body and soul with the inspirations of genius, is to prove that one possesses it herself, that one has received this sad and beautiful gift from heaven at her birth."

MADAME OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT sings the first strains of her farewell on Tuesday night. The programme of the "last concert but two in America" is announced. It is made up after the model of the former concerts, which established her artistic sway among us; indeed the selections are mostly from the same music. Thus she is to sing first that grandest specimen of the modern romantic school of German opera, the *Scena* and prayer from *Der Freyschutz*, the thing of all her brilliant things which she sings the heartiest; then one of the florid Italian bravura pieces, showing the extraordinary play of her voice: from *Beatrice di Tenda*; then (for the first time here), with BADIALI, a duet from Meyerbeer's "Huguenots;" then the pure melting Mozart melody: *Deh vieni non tardar*, from *Figaro*; and finally the "Bird's Song."—This brings up in our mind some snatches of the melody, with the English words to which it is sometimes here sung, of a touching four-part song of Mendelssohn:

"The Nightingale is gone away!
Spring-time again invites her;
She has not learned another lay,
Her old Song still delights her."

And this is all to be in New York! Sadly and wistfully we read it; most of our readers probably will not be there. Yet do we not all regard those farewell concerts as in a certain sense our own occasion? The feelings of all, whom the matchless singer has won to the love of lofty song

and of the divine humanity expressed in song, flow to that favored audience that is to represent us all; they are to listen for us all vicariously. For it is really a matter of general concern, when an Artist of the highest stamp, the first who ever came to us, and who has been revealing to the heart and brain of this young giant nation the true beauty, dignity and consequence of Art, now takes her leave. It is as if we, this whole people, had been hearing most entrancing and mysterious music in our sleep, music such as changes the whole tone of life, and were now leaning forward to where we seem to hear its last faint receding strains.

Perhaps next week we shall be able to report somewhat of these concerts; for no one thinks of other music now. Meanwhile we have had the curiosity to go back to, and even the rashness to print upon another page, some notes we made a year ago, recalling first impressions of the LIND. Sure we are, we shall find no occasion to *unsay* aught;—but who shall say the more that can and should be said,—the chief part being, after all, unspeakable and only felt and working somehow in the lives of the true listeners.

CROWDED OUT. A rich letter from "Hafiz," about music in New York, came to hand just as our paper was about made up. It will be good next week; meanwhile we make room here for the concluding lines:

"Madame GOLDSCHMIDT is in town, and was serenaded at Delmenico's on Monday evening. I had recently the rare pleasure of making the acquaintance of her husband. The impression of his playing,—its quiet, rich refinement, its deep feeling and exquisite appreciation of whatever is noble in thought and delicate in sentiment,—was most fully confirmed by that of the man. I wish it were right to say more, for there are some pleasures of which we would gladly make the whole world a confidant.

"OLE BULL comes from the South, witching the world as he advances. It is his intention, I learn privately, to give Concerts here, and I am curious to find if my old enthusiasm for him will be awakened. Think of us on the eve of hearing Jenny Lind and Ole Bull!"

Happy Howadji! But we mean to be there too, and share that happiness with you; for whence, but from New York, can a Journal of Music be edited, while the Queen of Song there holds her court!

ITEMS.—ALBONI, the greatest contralto in the world, it is reported, will sail for this country on the 17th of this month.—The mystery of Mlle. WAGNER's engaging herself to the Royal Italian Opera, in London, notwithstanding Lumley's announcement of her, is explained by the report that she was not satisfied with Lumley's security.—Two brand new English Oratorios are announced for the forthcoming Birmingham festivals.—It is encouraging to learn that our MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY have resolved to have *private*, as well as public, rehearsals.—The "BOSTON MUSIC HALL" is rapidly rising above ground; a hundred workmen are now employed upon its walls.

HECTOR BERLIOZ, the eccentric French composer, is just now all the rage at Weimar. His opera, *Benvenuto Cellini*, was brought out at the theatre on March 24th, under the direction of

Liszt, who is now chapel-master at that place. By a singular coincidence, on the same evening of this performance, another composition by Berlioz, entitled *Romeo and Juliet*, was produced under his own direction, in London, at Exeter Hall. A letter from Liszt concerning this performance commences in the following strain:—"Honor to the master chisellers!" Glory to things of beauty, and space for them! *Benvenuto Cellini*, represented yesterday evening, March the 20th, will continue on its legs, and without abatement of one inch of its stature. Without any puff, London and Paris may be informed of its success. It is one of the most powerful works whereof I am aware. There is here simultaneously splendid chiselling and original and life-glowing statuary, &c."

Books and Journals.

The Howadji in Syria. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852.

Who will not welcome another book by the author of "Nile Notes?" Like that, the present volume is no dry statistical log-book of voyages and travels. The measure has been taken again and again of everything in Egypt and Syria, by armies of savans. The real poet traveller, whom we love to read and talk with, takes their labors with him as his guide and yard-stick; but the book he writes to us, is the spirit of the Eastern scenery and life passed through his own sympathetic and poetic soul, as it were the music of an organ or the glow of sunset, and reproduced in free prose-poem form, which, as we read it, fills us with the aroma and the genuine sensation of the scenes which he has visited. These live on in him, and so he writes from memory, that is, from his own tempered consciousness and feeling, at a year's distance, as vividly and safely as if he were penning notes upon the spot.

The exuberance of style and fancy in the former book is somewhat sobered down in this; and yet, to show how genuine that exuberance was, it here wears for itself a thousand little sly side channels of delicate wit and humor, through which it runs prattling and sparkling along by the side of the grave or sentimental discourse. The book is *toned down* by a deeper experience, without any loss of young poetic wealth and fervor. We have read nothing lately, which affected us and held us occupied in a manner so like that of the best romantic music, say of Mendelssohn or Chopin. Take this sentence, as a fair sample; it closes the chapter of the first day's travel in the Syrian desert: does it not seem the translation into words of some exquisite *Notturmo*?

"A gay wind blew out of the desert, tossing sand in their faces, and running with low gusty laughter to play with the palms, and to carry back into the wilderness the Muezzin's cry.

"It fled, and we watched the day gloriously dying. Then suddenly fell over the world the sable folds of the great tent of Night: the darkness was cool and sweet, and through myriads of points above, the gone glory of the day looked in and made the darkness gorgeous."

The *Knickerbocker* for May is received from Pettridge & Co., agents in this city. It is full of pleasant literary varieties; among others, a long extract from an unpublished poem by HALLECK, and a couple of chapters of the "Fudge Papers," contributed serially, with an eye eventually to a book, by IK MARVEL. The "Editor's Table" is loaded with bon-bons; it is one unbroken stretch of twenty pages, as compact as the thickest forest foliage, where the eye may light at any point and find something pleasant;—you may begin in the middle, or at the end, and find the beginning of something, and the subjects pass you like the individuals in a crowd. A very entertaining editor is MR. L. GAYLORD CLARK, and we are happy to read the announcement on this said "Editor's Table" that some of the choice gatherings thereof for sixteen years past are to be published in a book by the Messrs. Appleton.

The *Favorite*, a Monthly Magazine of instruction and amusement for Boys and Girls, D. H. JACQUES, editor, is on our table. From inspection of this No. I. for April, as well as from old acquaintance with Mr. Jacques, we can commend it heartily to our young friends. It is

made very attractive to the eye by marginal wood-cuts and illuminated cover; and the reading matter is just such as children love, while they gather up thereby some grains of wisdom and acquire habits of observation, as well as feed a pure imagination and a sense of the Beautiful. German Fairy tales are here happily retold; fancied dialogues of young folks, little transplantations from classic mythology, bits of news for youthful scientific curiosity, &c. &c., fill up the pages pleasantly.

Every happy child should be a subscriber to this monthly feast, and help ensure its continuous and increasing richness. It costs but \$1 per year, and is published in New York, by Hyatt & Jacques, 97 Cliff Street. We shall be happy to receive and transmit subscriptions from our young friends hereabouts.

We are indebted to the Editor, CHARLES HALE, Esq., and the publishers, Messrs. Redding & Co., for a full set, from the beginning, of *To-Day*, a Boston Literary Journal, published every Saturday. It is very neatly printed in octavo book form, and its literary *melange* of reviews, poems, tales, extracts from forthcoming new books, &c., is lively, sensible and in good taste. Each number of "To-Day," seems an improvement on the last, and it has now reached number *twenty*.

We have owed no small assistance, in the organizing of our subscription list and sending out of specimens, to the *Massachusetts Register and Business Directory*, for 1852, for a copy of which we are indebted to the publisher, Mr. GEORGE ADAMS, 91 Washington street. In it you find the names of all the towns and counties, the officials, the societies and corporations, the principal traders, manufacturers and men of professions, the newspapers, the academies, &c. &c., in our State.

There is a sort of charm about well arranged Statistics, which is almost as æsthetic, as the sense of cleanliness and order in one's life. Not a little inspiration comes out of this homely economy, shaping multifarious dry facts into an orderly world or *Kosmos*.

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The above articles are imported principally direct from the celebrated Color establishment of VINSOR & NEWSON of London, to the sale of whose materials the subscriber gives particular attention. This House obtained the Prize Medal for Colors awarded at the Great Exhibition in London.

Apr. 10. tf M. J. WHIPPLE, 35 Cornhill.

AN OLD SONG, WITH A NOTE BY CHARLES LAMB.

This quaint old song, with LAMB's quainter commendation of it to his musical friend, (VINCENT NOVELLO?), is taken from "The Arrangement of Paris," a Dramatic Pastoral, by GEORGE PEELE, 1584. We prefix a bit of the introductory dialogue.

Paris. Nay, what thou wilt; but since my cunning not compares with thine, Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of mine.

Enone. There is a pretty Sonnet then, we call it CUPID'S CURSE:

"They that do change old love for new, pray Gods they change for worse."

[They sing.]

Ena. Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A Love for any Lady.

Par. Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other Lady.

En. My Love is fair, my Love is gay,
And fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray Gods they change for worse.

Both. { Fair, and fair &c. } (repeated.)
{ Fair, and fair &c. }

En. My Love can pipe, my Love can sing,
My Love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry, merry roundelays.
Amen to Cupid's Curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray Gods they change for worse.

Both. { Fair, and fair, &c. } (repeated.)
{ Fair, and fair, &c. }

To my esteemed Friend and excellent Musician, V. N., Esq.

DEAR SIR,—I conjure you, in the name of all the Sylvan Deities, and of the Muses, whom you honor, and they reciprocally love and honor you,—rescue this old and passionate *Ditty*—the very flower of an old forgotten Pastoral, which had it been in all parts equal, the Faithful Shepherdess of Fletcher had been but a second name in this sort of Writing—rescue it from the profane hands of every common Composer: and in one of your tranquildest moods, when you have most leisure from those sad thoughts, which sometimes unworthily beset you; yet a mood, in itself not unallied to the better sort of melancholy; laying by for once the lofty Organ, with which you shake the Temples; attune, as to the Pipe of Paris himself, to some milder and more love-according instrument, this pretty Courtship between Paris and his (then not-as-yet-forgotten) *Enone*. Oblige me, and all more knowing Judges of Music and of Poesy, by the adaptation of fit musical numbers, which it only wants, to be the rarest Love Dialogue in our language. Your Implore, C. L.

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VOL. I.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1852.

NO. 7.

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Persons willing to become Agents for procuring subscribers, especially Music-Dealers and Teachers, are invited to correspond with the Editor, as above. Satisfactory references required, and liberal commissions allowed.

The "Societe des Concerts" at the Conservatoire at Paris.

By a Correspondent to London Musical World.

At the latter part of last year's season, two Englishmen were at Paris. They were habitués of the Philharmonic of London, and had of course heard much of the Conservatoire; but they had also been told the latter had fallen off much since the Revolution, while, as they knew, the former had considerably improved. The difference between the orchestras, they had been informed, was not so great, and consequently there was not so anxious a desire to hear and see as there often is. Besides, it must be confessed there were most decided John Bull prejudices in both of them as to French matters. But there is something about a Beethoven Symphony no Philharmonic man can resist—an Alderman would as soon refuse turtle. Accordingly we entered one of the indescribable vehicles which, under an immense variety of the prettiest feminine appellations, do the duty of cabs, and proceeded to the Rue Poissonniere in search of tickets. We found immense difficulty in procuring them, but, on mentioning the Philharmonic, we were supplied with the only two billets left, with which we proceeded to our hotel, and in due time to the appointed place. We were ushered into a large hall, on each side of which were a range of plain columns; and on exhibiting our numbers were told on which side to enter. Half Paris seemed to be there, and every one seemed full of interest and anxiety. By and-by we were marshalled to our place by an old woman in a spotless white cap, who acted as box-keeper, and we found ourselves in the Salle des Concerts. This in truth is a theatre, and not a concert-room, in our sense of the word. It is of oblong form, but it has its tiers of boxes,

balcon, stalls, parterre, couloir, &c., like any other theatre. The place of the stage is occupied by some seats placed on the level, and then side benches, which run rapidly to the back. Its decorations are distemper and seem only temporary. In fact the arched ceiling appeared to be covered with nothing but common paper-hanging. The part occupied by the orchestra is painted as if ornamented with hangings, and inscribed with the names of the most celebrated composers, in which we gladly saw those of Handel and Bach. There was an evening dress. The French are always *bien ganté bien chaussé*—but the ladies wore their bonnets, and white chokers were not visible.

There is a marked difference on the part of the auditory. Alas! that we should have to say it, but the finer part of the Philharmonic members seem as much interested in themselves as in the music—like the Roman ladies in the time of Horace in Juvenal. There is no rustling of silks—no light breathings, that amount almost to a titter, as young ladies enter. The mammas do not faint, nor the *chaperons* turn out a whole row, that their fair charges may take their seats, while the band are playing the "adagios" of the first movement. Nothing of this sort at Paris. No; they come for the music; and every one is seated quietly and silently in their places. In the meantime the band enter and take their seats. The first and second violins are disposed in front, on two sets of benches, facing each other. In the centre between them are benches for the chorus. Behind these, facing the audience and crossing the ends of the violin benches, are the tenors. From these the benches rise rapidly, and are filled on the right side, as you look at them by the violoncelli, each one attended by his contra-basso, and on the other side are the wind instruments. All these benches, except the violins, face the audience. It will be understood that the wind band and the basses each form a mass, while the violins are divided. There was another marked difference in favor of the French arrangements. There was none of that fearful dissonance at tuning the instruments: no rasping of basses, howling of horns, squeaking of fiddles, and blowing of trombones, that form such an unpleasant overture to the programme, and dull the ear to the first chord of the symphony. Except a few slight touches, almost inaudible, to make sure all was right,—not a sound was heard. The band consists of somewhat less than our numbers, and of about our own proportions, except that there are four bassoons instead of two.

In the meantime our neighbors had discovered that we were strangers, and pointed out to us, with the gentlest politeness, all the men of distinction—the principal being Auber, for whom there seems an esteem and respect we scarcely ever saw fall to the lot of any musical man. A short time elapsed and the conductor, Monsr. Girard, took his place, and was warmly received; and the band began the famous E flat of Mozart.

The first chord seemed hardly so full as at the

Philharmonic, and the drum began with too much of a bang, as is the general custom in France; but the rich piano echo notes of the wind band compensated for this. The scale passages for the violins seemed much like our own; but those for the *tutti bassi*, both in the forte and piano parts, were much better; they were as clear as a run on a piano forte. Still we would not allow of any superiority. The allegro began deliciously, the horns were so rich and so well in tune. Never mind; we are reforming our horns in London; they will be better next year thought we. The *crescendo* was fine, taken with great judgment, and the burst into the forte splendid. Again, the excellence of the basses, their extraordinary clearness of execution and ensemble, attracted our notice. The wind instruments played perfectly in tune, and with much judgment. The whole movement was exquisitely rendered; but the true John Bulls could not, or would not, acknowledge so very much difference as yet. Our neighbors were delighted to see us so pleased. "Monsieur knows the score thoroughly I perceive." Of course we bowed and looked as wise as we could.

The *andante* began, the violins playing with marvellous delicacy. The basses gave the *rallentando*, as they descend splendidly. It was like a gleam of sunshine. Still the playing of our two clarionets, Williams and Lazarus, is so exquisite, that we John Bulls again would not allow, as yet, any great superiority. It was the same with the *minuetto*—the trio is always done so splendidly by our clarionets—first with such richness, and the repeat such a wonderful piano, that though the horns reminded us we were not at Hanover Square, the difference still was not so great. At last began the *finale*. The violins led off the rapid passages like one single instrument, giving as much light and shade in the forte passages, as delicacy in the pianos. Instead of unmeaning division, the air in the forte came out with all the energy and beauty of Mozart, but when the second piano part came, with the imitation and answer from instrument to instrument, my friend leaned over to me, and whispered in the interval of the pause—"Ah! old fellow, we have nothing like this at the Philharmonic; in fact, we have not got a piano there." Alas! it is too true. We felt in the presence of artists of superior training and of superior intelligence; and when the symphony ended, we both sighed—"Well, this is the first time we ever heard the 'Swan' symphony done perfectly."

But we were not destined to one surprise only. The chorus entered. It did not appear so numerous as our own. The band struck a single chord; and they began, without accompaniment or forte strains, a very original motet of Leisring's,—*"O Filii."* The voices went together as perfectly as the "Dom-Chor" of Berlin, but not so "aigu" in tone. The strains are simple and mournful, and are echoed by the same chorus (always without accompaniment) *pianissimo*. Such an echo we never heard. It was as perfect as if the mocking nymph herself had repeated it from the

side of a woodland hill. All that we could hear of the author was, that he was a German of little fame. The composition itself had not much to recommend it except originality; but it was most effective as a *tour de force* for a chorus, and it was most rapturously encored.

As if to give us the greatest possible contrast, the next piece was the andante in G, and presto movement in D, from Haydn's Quartet, No. 5, performed by the whole stringed band; and it was executed as we never heard anything done before. The andante was like the performance of two finished players of the deepest feeling. The violoncelli were surpassingly excellent. The presto was given with the most sparkling effect—the rapid divisions as clear as a Genevian box. Something of the kind has been attempted in England, but without success: you perceive a want of unity. There are continued trips and stumbles; and instead of fancying it a quartet performed by four instruments of immense power and sweetness, at once recognise it as orchestral.

As if to carry the system of contrasts to its uttermost, the next piece was the 18th Psalm of Benedetto Marcello—"I cieli immensi narrano." (We call it the 19th.) The only works of this pure and simple writer commonly known in England, are the 8th Psalm and the 41st (42d in our version)—"As the hart panteth," and "O Lord our Governor." The 18th is very superior to these. It begins with a fire and energy unusual to this writer, and reminds one of some of the spirited movements in Haydn's masses. It is but repetition to say that the chorus was superb. . . .

This simple psalm preceded the mighty Symphony of Beethoven in C minor—certainly the most inspired work of the kind ever produced. There was a pause, during which every person seemed to be concentrating his attention; the same quiet examination of instruments went on—a careful look from the conductor was cast round—and amid breathless silence the great symphony began. It is hardly possible, and besides it would weary our readers to dwell upon all the points of this noble composition. The very first four notes were given with a force and precision we never heard before. The fortes and pianos again attracted our admiration at their exquisite light and shade. The little bit of solo for the horn rang out as clear as a bell, and as round as a diapason. The long notes, which alternate as echoes between the stringed and wood band, were perfectly smooth and in tune, a thing we hardly ever hear in England; the basses were as clear as the violins themselves, and altogether the symphony seemed to develop fresh beauties at every bar. The same remarks will apply to the andante, particularly where, for the sixteen bars preceding the fortissimo reprise of the subject, the flute, oboe, and the two clarionets have the field to themselves, and their notes seem to twine round each other in the most graceful melody; their tones were perfectly silvery. The *scherzo*, however, deserves a few words of notice. It was taken much slower than in England, and the *rallentando* more *cantabile*, and very judiciously so; for as the time is accelerated at the *fugato*, it gives the instruments an opportunity to execute their notes accurately. The basses gave the subject as clearly as the notes of an organ, instead of the puff-a-puff-a with which we are usually treated. We cannot understand the reason of hurrying over this movement; it is not marked so either in the German or French scores, and its effect is marvellously enhanced by steady treatment. The oboes and horn again excited our admiration, but the treat was to come; the pianissimo was perfect—the orchestra seemed asleep except the dull beat of the drum; the *crescendo* was regular and gradual, not as ours, getting into a fortissimo long before its time, and trusting to the blare of the trombones for a burst, but increasing only to the forte, and then bursting with fortissimo on the first chord of that wondrous triumphal march; and here appeared the vast superiority of the brass band, as our old friend, Tom Ingoldsby, says,

"The sweet trombones with their silver sounds," and silver it was, each playing *with* the band, and not endeavoring to drown every body else; blow-

ing, as a facetious friend of ours says, enough to carry off one's "whiskers." We will not attempt to describe that march; let the reader remember what we have said, and then let him fancy what the different points must have been, with such horns, bassoons, and oboes as these. The close was followed by a short pause; every one seemed to draw a long breath, and then followed such a burst of applause as we hardly ever have heard. No soul attempted to move till all was over. There was no fidgetting for hats, turning boas round necks. No; it was clear the audience were as refined in appreciation as the band in execution. We parted with the heartiest shake of hands from our neighbors, who seemed positively charmed to see how we enjoyed the music. "Vive la Société des Concerts," said we, as we resumed our hats, and made our last bows to our polite friends.

To compare the two orchestras let us begin at the bottom of the score. Their contrabassi are as superior to ours as Bottesini is to all other players—they *really* play, and don't make a fuzzy sort of sound. The celli shew hardly so much difference, the four bassoons add much to their richness. Our tenors I think quite as good, thanks to that consummate musician and artist Harry Hill. Our violins have more power in the fortissimo parts; like all the rest of the band in the piano parts, and in *tout ensemble*, they are very inferior. Their solo bassoon is richer than ours in tune, though not superior in execution. Our bassoons use too weak a reed. Of the clarionets we have already spoken. Their oboes and horns are vastly superior. Our oboes never seem in tune, and our horns never seem to know their parts: how awfully they stumble about in the trio in the *Eroica*. Their flutes are not better than Ribas. Their trumpets are certainly not better than ours; while their trombones are as superior to our ear-splitting Bartlemy-Fair bulls of Bashan as can be conceived. We have nothing like the pure tone of this wood-band—it is like the chords of the swell of an organ—nor have we anything like the rich tones of their brass band: theirs is music, ours is blare. Our tympanist stands alone—none in the Conservatoire can rival Chipp. Whence, then, comes the difference? It is discipline—obedience—no one thinks of himself, nor plays for himself; every one is subservient to the whole. This is only to be got by repeated rehearsal; this is what the Philharmonic wants; and this it must have, or it will soon feel some rival at its heels.

[Translated by the Editor.]

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

V.

"There are all sorts of wreaths," says Goethe, "and indeed some, which one may pluck as he walks along." These by their balmy freshness may gladden a few moments; but we may not hang them by the side of those, which CHOPIN won by such assiduous, exemplary toil, by an earnest love for Art and by a sad sympathy with the states of mind, which he has so superbly portrayed.

He has not sordidly competed for those easy crowns, on which so many of us would modestly pride ourselves; he has lived as a man of pure heart, noble sentiment, good and sympathizing, whose soul one feeling wholly filled, and that the most exalted of earthly feelings, the love of country; he passed away through the midst of us like a hallowed shadow of all that Poesy, which has its home in Poland: therefore we bend in reverence before his tomb and we would strew for him no artificial flowers, would twine no lightly woven perishable wreaths! We would exalt our hearts to his sarcophagus, would learn of him to put away from us all that belongs not to the noblest

striving, and to direct all our aspiration toward deeds, which plough a deeper furrow than the stream of to-day. Let us then, in the mournful time in which we live, renounce all that is unworthy of Art, despise all that bears not in itself the pledge of durability, forsake all that hides not in itself a spark of the eternal spiritual beauty, which it is the calling of Art to let shine, that it may shine itself; and let us think continually of that old prayer of the Dorians, whose simple language breathes such holy poetry, when they besought the Deity "to give them the Good through the Beautiful." Instead of making haste to entice hearers and to please them at any price, may we rather strive, like CHOPIN, to leave behind us a heavenly echo of what we have felt and loved and suffered. Let us learn from his great memory to desire that of ourselves, which shall give us honorable rank in the mystical Commonwealth of Art, instead of demanding of the Present, without regard to the Future, those cheaply earned wreaths, which wither and are forgotten almost as fast as they are heaped up.

Instead of those, there fell to CHOPIN's lot the fairest palms, which any artist in his life-time can acquire; they were awarded by his peers and companions in Art; and an even more exclusive public, than the musically cultivated aristocracy, that visited his concerts, dedicated to him its enthusiastic admiration. A circle of celebrated names composed this public, and these names bowed before him, like kings from different kingdoms, who had come to celebrate one of their own. These rendered unto him in full measure the tribute, that belonged to him; and it could not be otherwise in a land like France, which knows with so much tact and foretaste how to discover and appreciate the rank of its guests.

The most distinguished geniuses of Paris often met at Chopin's; they loved to go to him, because they found the most delightful enjoyment, and because they were entirely without restraint. For he possessed that amiability in receiving guests, so native to the Poles, which not only subjects the host to all the rules and duties of hospitality, but also makes him free from all regard to his own personality, so that he can devote himself exclusively to the wishes and the pleasure of his guests. One felt well with him, because he left all to the decision of his friends and placed himself and all he had at their command. An unreserved bountifulness, which also is peculiar to the simplest peasant in Slavonic nations: he acts the host in his hut, with more cheerful haste than the Arab in his tent, and what is lacking to the splendor of his entertainment, he supplies by a proverb, which he always repeats and which even the grand lord after the most sumptuous banquet under golden canopies repeats: "Disdain not what is unworthy of *you*, but it is my whole insignificant fortune, which I lay at your feet. (*Czym bogat, tym rad.*)"

One who has had an opportunity to observe the manners in CHOPIN's father-land, will understand more readily what lent to our social meetings at his house more heartiness, more freedom than elsewhere; that cheerfulness, that rang so clear and genuine, leaving behind no flat or bitter after-taste and hegetting no reaction of dark humors. Although CHOPIN evidently avoided large company, yet he was in the highest degree obliging and amiable, when you fell into his house as it were; seeming to concern himself about nobody,

he succeeded admirably in busying every one with just what most attracted him, and in captivating every one by his agreeable and courteous demeanor.

[To be continued.]

TRIUMPHANT MUSIC.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I.

Ay! give me Music! flood the air with sound!
But let it be superb, and brave, and high;
Not such as leaves my wild ambition bound
In soft delights, but lifts it to the sky;
No sighs nor tears, but deep, indignant calm,
And scorn of all but strength, my only need;
From whence, but Music, should my strength proceed?—

From some Titanic psalm?—
Some thunderous strand of sound, which in its roll
Shall lift to starry heights my fiery soul!

II.

Strike on the noisy drum, and let the fife
Scream like a tortured soul in pain intense,
But let the trumpet brood over their strife,
Victorious, in its calm magnificence;
Nor fear to wake again the golden lute,
That runs along my quivering nerves like fire;
Nor let the silver-chorded lyre be mute,
But bring the tender lyre,
For sweetness with all strength should wedded be,—
But bring the strength, the sweetness dwells in me!

III.

Play on! play on! the strain is fit to feed
A feast of Gods, in banquet-halls divine;
Not one would taste the cups of Ganymede,—
But only drink this more ambrosial wine!
Play on! play on! the secret soul of Sound
Unfolds itself at every cunning turn;
The trumpet lifts its shield, a stormy round,
The lute its dewy urn,—
But in the lyre, the wild and passionate lyre,
Lies all its might, its madness, and desire!

IV.

Again! again! and let the rattling drum
Begin to roll, and let the bugle blow,
Like winter winds, when woods are stark and dumb,
Shouting above a wilderness of snow!
Pour hail, and lightning, from the fife and lyre,
And let the trumpet pile its clouds of doom;—
But I o'erstep them with a darker plume,
And beat my wings of fire;—
Not like a struggling eagle baffled there,
But like a spirit on a throne of air!

V.

In vain! in vain! we only soar to sink;
Though Music gives us wings, we sink at last;
The peaks of rapture topple near the brink
Of Death, or Madness pallid and aghast;—
But still play on! you rapt musicians, play!
But now a softer and serenest strain;
Give me a dying fall, that lives again,
Again to die away;—
Play on! but softly till my breath grows deep,
And Music leaves me in the arms of Sleep!

[Communicated.]

Organists vs. Choristers.

In our opinion it is high time that the attention of Parish Committees were called to a prevailing abuse that ill accords with an advanced condition of musical science. We allude to the division of the musical responsibility between an organist and a chorister in our sanctuaries; a remnant of the olden time, unsuited to the present; in accordance with the spirit of the age it should give place to the march of improvement.

The custom owes its origin to a time previous to the use of organs, when amateur performers

upon instruments practised with a numerous choir, who elected from their number some person to select music, not on account of his acquirements, where all were equally unskilled, but by reason of his popularity. The post, being one of some little distinction, soon becomes a source of pride, like all other places of honor within the gift of a popular majority; and whatever other changes occur in the choir, if no fault is found with his general deportment, his musical acquirements are not called in question; he is permitted for years by the Parish Committee to retain his place, out of respect for the attachment he is supposed to feel for it. The change proposed will meet opposition from him;—in the order of nature it would appear that innovation shall be resisted, the better to test and justify it;—yet nothing but the vain argument of precedent can be offered favorable to the present system.

In some instances, on the introduction of organs, the office of chorister was very properly abolished by his resignation; but, too frequently, the organist, perhaps the only musician in the church, finds himself occupying a false position, subordinate to some worthy mechanic or tradesman, *sans* tune, *sans* time, *sans* taste, "*sans* every thing."

The Chorister, what is he? A shoemaker perhaps, by profession. Let him keep to it. Some are butchers, others are tailors, tinmen, men of useful and respectable talent, who should never direct in an astronomical observatory, though they be familiar with the use of the spyglass. Again, he is an eminent man in the society, always seen by the congregation at the head of the singers, separate from the rest by a space, because *they* are not *choristers*;—always heard to proclaim the page after the minister has finished the hymn, as if the arduous duty of finding a tune had occupied him every moment since the night previous, when the minister sent him a list of the hymns;—always seen by the congregation to speak to the organist between the verses, as though the power or sweetness of the beautiful harmonies depended upon it. Often has he been known to select a solo or duet in order to illustrate to the congregation his uncommon talent as a vocalist. "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!" saith the preacher. He is not expected to know more than one part of the harmony, and in general, disappoints expectation even in that. A suggestion of the organist would meet reproof as a supererogatory meddling.

Things are not so at the Trinity or Grace church in this city, the Trinity, the Swedenborgian, the Mt. Vernon churches in Boston, nor at any other church in Christendom where talent occupies its true position. Instances have frequently occurred where organists of fine acquirements would have been received into our churches, had it not been for the jealousy of the choristers, who anticipated the ludicrousness of their position in view of his superior attainments. In other instances, however, the organist enters upon his duties against the will of the chorister, who pursues a line of policy embarrassing to the player, disheartening him; nor does this Dogberry in music rest easy until the usefulness of the organist is utterly destroyed. It has been the custom ever since the introduction of the organ among us, for our large cities to supply, in a great measure, the country churches with the organist. He finds there a choir large enough and of such material as he could drill in a short time into good discipline. But the chorister, who

never knew there was such a thing as a Mass or an Oratorio, and never heard any good music in his whole life, resists any innovation as though his life were at stake; and the poor organist accompanies the harsh voices and the grating discords, till his year expires, glad of his freedom to find a situation more to his taste. As to there being a well drilled choir under such an organization, it is impossible; there can be no progress.

Why is it thus, that the organist, living in a world of harmony, to whom every day adds new inspiration, should not impart according to the universal law of nature? Simply because "The world could no more contain two Cæsars than it could two Gods." Yet, in the whole course of our experience, we never knew an organist who seemed to feel any vanity in his position as a teacher. The mantle seems to sit upon his shoulders easily, not a mark of distinction but a reward of merit, well earned by years of patient study and perhaps by the toil of a lifetime. He is unobtrusive, unassuming, manifesting none of that ostentation or that exercise of arbitrary power, which ignorance and presumption wear in order to be thought learned. His life illustrates this sublime thought of the great orator, "I wish to be like the violet, spending its fragrance unseen. I wish to do good unobserved, to see honor blotted out and its place supplied by duty." Profound experience in any science is unattended by pride; for the more a man knows, the more he regrets his deficiency. But, supposing the case, which we never saw, of an organist proud of his distinction as conductor, is it contrary to custom or to justice that one should be honored according to his merits? Let us apply this rule, and what becomes of the honors of our *quasi* musician, who employs the best available musical talent and uses it, as well as he knows how, to build up for himself a counterfeit reputation? The cause of religion demands the change. The hearts of many are insensible to any other appeal than that addressed to them through the solemn strains of harmony; *out* of the Church they cultivate their taste for the noblest music the world affords; and shall the music *in* the Church be to them forever an inanity? This change is due to the organist; who, like other men of spiritual talent, should be untrammelled by circumstances, free to invite and to indulge the inspiration of genius with which he is endowed. This principle has been acknowledged by nations which we would fain believe less civilized than ourselves, and we find that, throughout Europe for generations past, painting, sculpture, poetry and music have not only been patronized but pensioned, in order that even common anxiety of livelihood should not occasionally overshadow the meditations of their votaries. Were it necessary, we could cite the custom of England, where the organist is established in the church as much as the rector, and where, as there are no choristers, he does not tremble at the sight of the village blacksmith, harmonious though he be.

The organist,—what are his qualifications? He is a composer, and his practised eye recognises the good and avoids the bad of musical compositions; a harmonist, and his nicely tuned ear detects the false tone; a metronome, and his even measure perceives the slightest echo; a teacher, he imparts what he knows by the most judicious method; a connoisseur, he introduces to the choir and congregation a higher order of musical selections; in fine, he is a musician, and his science

vies with chemistry, physiology, astronomy for the palm of greatness, more spiritual than either. He should be the Mentor of his choir; and it is to be hoped that Parish Committees throughout the United States will correct this common blunder, so unjust to the organist, so fatal to progress, so subversive of the natural order, and so contradictory to common sense, and make their organist, if competent, responsible for all the music in the Church.

D. R. S.

NEW YORK, May 10.

[Paris Correspondent of the New York Tribune.]

The first representation of the *Juif Errant*, by Halévy, took place at the Grand Opera on Friday evening last. The musical critics are pretending to be unwell, thus deferring their reports until they can have heard the production some half a dozen times, without which it is impossible to pass a conscientious judgment upon it. The ticket offices were not open, every place having been long since disposed of. Pit seats were negotiated in the street at fifty francs, and boxes of four places brought 300 francs at 7 o'clock. The President was there, but so deeply buried in his box that few but the artists were aware of his presence. The performance was over at precisely half-past one, the machinery being a little stiff and the intermissions as long as the acts. The Opera had spent such fabulous sums upon the scenery of M. Halévy's partition, that it would have been ruined had the play been damned. Happily, a success which promises to be as durable as the *Prophète* has saved the treasury from being collapsed. The scenic art has never been carried to such lengths as in this opera. The *Enfant Prodigue* gave us a view of the glories of Heaven; the Wandering Jew opens the gates of Hell, and shows us the fiery furnace and the tortures of the damned. The crust of the earth seems to peel and shrivel away at the clang of the last trump; the weary march of the way-worn Israelite comes to an end with the close of earth; the graves give up their dead, and from every nook and corner rise, in their shrouds and winding-sheets, the hosts that have slept under the sod, waiting for the judgment-day; in the flaming caldron are imps turning head over heels, and the underlings of Satan tossing up and impaling on pitchforks the miserable sinners that had been "tried and found wanting;" over and above all are the lyres and the raptures of just men made perfect and the bliss and happiness of Paradise Regained. The Old Testament tradition of the final apportionment of woe everlasting to about ninety-nine hundredths of the human race were so marvelously and so frightfully realized, that when I woke up the next morning, and found I was still alive, I was considerably incredulous, and imagined it to be an illusion of the Evil one; but I have got over that since I have been writing this letter. I can say nothing of M. Halévy's music; it is altogether too scientific and *recherché* to be properly appreciated at a single hearing. In case I become qualified, by frequent attendance, to speak with a clearer comprehension of the subject, you may rest assured that I shall do so.

MUSICIANS IN NEW YORK. It is said that there are two thousand six hundred and eighty-five persons, male and female, in this city, that live by their musical labors. Some teach vocal music; some teach instrumental music; some sing; some play the piano; some fiddle; some give concerts; some sing in church; some sing in opera; some sing in both church and opera; some play the bugle, flute, haultboy, French horn, cornet à piston, ophéclide, banjo, bass drum, kettle drum, tenor drum, triangle, cymbals, fife, violoncello, clarinet, flageolet, guitar, melodeon, organ, tamborine, trombone, or other noisy instrument; and all of them blow their own trumpets.—*Mus. World.*

In the third act of the new play of Benvenuto Cellini, Melingue, who is as good a sculptor

as he is a comedian, makes a plaster statuette of one of the female characters. This he does under the eye of the spectators, and while carrying on his share of the action and the dialogue. Such has become the demand for these specimens of this favorite actor's skill, that they are sold after the performance, by auction, in the saloon of the theatre, and bring much higher prices than they are worth as mere works of art. Every one desires to possess a model made under such curious circumstances, and M. Melingue is at present a dangerous rival to Cleverger and Pradier.—*Paris Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

Correspondence.

Music in New York.

[Received too late for insertion last week.]

The Germans certainly bring us a great deal for all the advantages they derive from us. We owe to them what musical cultivation we have, and although the pleasant times have not yet arrived in which, as in the father-land, we sit in Summer gardens or Winter cafés and listen to the best music which the best genius has written, yet the concerts under German auspices become yearly more popular and delightful, and those who love music, not because it is fashionable, or the opera an agreeable resort, but because they have the same pleasure in it that birds have in the sun-light,—they follow the call of Eisfeld and the Philharmonic, and are very well content to be scouted as "classical" and "pedantic."

Treating of German matters you see I fall into the German manner. Do you remember, in learning German, those breathless and balking chases of prolonged and involved sentences up and down and over the pages, with dictionary and grammar in hand, like a leash of hounds to hunt down the quarry? Ichabod Crane had a limber switch with which he "helped" his "young friends," as Dr. Birch called his pupils, "over the tall words." What work and incessant "helping" Ichabod Crane would have had in teaching German!

I have not written you of EISELDE's delightful Quartet Soirées, but have only referred to them. They have been very excellent. EICHORN, with his trusty violoncello, NOLL, with his enthusiastic violin, the elegant TIMM, the appreciative SCHARFENBERG, and others whom you know, whom we know, and whom we all like to know, have assisted in these concerts. There have been singers too: Mrs. WATSON, and a raven-haired Miss WHEELOCK, lesser birds, but sweet in their way, and who, marvellous to say, do not undertake what they cannot do. Mr. Eisfeld commenced his chamber concerts last Winter at Hope Chapel. There are two halls of that name opposite the New York Hotel—Hope Chapel the greater, and Hope Chapel the less; the latter being a low, bare, dismal room under the other, and corresponding to a vestry. It was an odd place for such select concerts. But they succeeded admirably; the choice circle of "classics" and "pedants" was always gathered together, in Hope Chapel the less—or Hopeless Chapel as it more properly looks—and this season Mr. Eisfeld has taken the Apollo rooms, whose antecedents are musically good—for there were held the first Philharmonic concerts.

He has culled for us the best of Beethoven's, Haydn's, Mozart's, Spohr's and Mendelssohn's

chamber compositions, and they have been played to an audience that truly enjoyed them. Of course it is not a "Native American" audience, for all your neighbors are sure to speak German, and you mark the well-known characteristics of their features; and if you could only summon the Kellner, and order *ein brocken brod* and *ein glas bier*, you would be far away from the Apollo and lost in an anonymous *Lokal*. The last concert on Saturday, the 8th of May, was as good in kind as any I remember. It ranks with Jenny Lind's and the best Philharmonic. The charm of the evening was Beethoven's *Septette*,—whose rich, ripe, mellow character, held all the performers to sympathy of feeling not less than truth of tone. Yet sometimes that wild, impulsive violin of Noll's would break a little, like an over mettlesome horse in trotting, but scarcely ever injurious to the general effect, because it served only to sharpen your apprehension of his enthusiasm for the music. Noll and his violin always seem to me like a fiery horse and a fiery rider. They excite each other. They dart, and sweep, and run, rejoicing in themselves and in the race,—not without gentle movements, also.

How masterly this *Septette* is! How full of the majestic facility of genius in its prime. It varies through the different movements with a fertility of invention, and a singular clearness of expression; as if, I mean, the composer had found no difficulty in conveying his intention. There is nothing cloudy or gloomily grand, in it,—none of the misty Alpine peaks that rise defyingly along the usual range of his mountainous music. But the airs are so melodious, the movements so transparent, that it reminds you of the sunny ease of Mozart, or of his own Pastoral Symphony, although without any feeling of superficiality.

"But what is it all about?" inquired my well meaning friend Quidnunc, who has no ear for music, who, in his own words "knows nothing about music, not a bit, but is sure of what pleases him." This last, of course, he said with an air implying that whatever does not please him, is not pleasant, and that it is mere affectation, "classicality," and "pedantry," to profess pleasure in it.

What do you say to this style of remark?

I asked Quidnunc in reply, what the sunshine was all about, what the beauty of a statue or a picture was about, &c. And Quidnunc looked at me silently and sadly, as if convinced that I was, *pro tempore*, out of my head.

A Trio of Mendelssohn's was played upon the piano by Scharfenberg, with violin and violoncello. It was interrupted by the snapping of a string in the violoncello. But, like most of Mendelssohn's Concertos which I, at the moment, recall, it wanted the glow of genius, the permeating sense of music, rather than of science. The refinement, the feeling, the ripeness, the skill,—these I always feel in Mendelssohn, and often as in the *Lieder ohne Worte*, the overtures and parts of the oratorios, a beauty which is quite inexpressible. Yet, if I read upon the bill a Concerto of his, I am not kindled with expectation, but rather with curiosity. I know it will be good. But will it be irresistible? Will it bear me along with itself, or leave me, only longing to be borne, upon the bank? Don't suspect me of the slightest treachery to Mendelssohn—but I do find a good deal of his music uninteresting.

They played the Russian Hymn with Veit's variations, and it was religiously done. I have never heard a more perfect performance than the delivery of the melody. It was entirely simple, but it was pleading and pathetic beyond words. In music of a Northern inspiration there is a strange wildness, — a masculine grief, but utterly hopeless, as of old Norse Kings. You remember Landseer's Reindeer standing upon the shore and looking across the cold dark water to the snowy silence of the mountains. There is no hint of Summer or of softness in the picture, but its pathos is fascinating and profound. It is the same that there is in this Russian Hymn, and in the northern songs of Jenny Lind — which are as far from clap-trap as *Vedrai Carino*.

Last of all we had Haydn's Quartet in G major, which well ended this delightful series of concerts. The *Adagio Religioso*, so tranquil, so solemn, so sweet, was given with that feeling and fidelity of which you would be sure with these gentlemen. You can no longer pride yourself, in Boston, upon monopolizing the finest music in the finest kind. Your withers are wrung. With the Philharmonic and Eisfeld, we yield the field to none.

Beside this exquisite evening, we have had little of note in matters musical. A complimentary concert to a very deserving artist — the Contra-bassist CASOLANI — filled Niblo's saloon one evening and deployed a host of various talent. I agree with my friend of the "Musical Times," that Dodworth's Band's performance was the most pleasing. He properly calls it a serenade-band; and the mellow, liquid, consenting sweetness of the effect well justifies the name. Summer moonlights under the balconies of innumerable Queens of Beauty, are necessarily figured in imagination, as the soft, long notes of the wind instruments float out. The rest of the performance was fair. Young BRAHAM sang several of his English ballad-songs with good effect. But Madame BOUCHELLE — forgetting who had sung before her, and how — ventured upon *Casta Diva*. Madame Bouchelle is not equal to *Casta Diva*. It is a very remarkable fact, if she does not know it; and if she does, her singing it is the more remarkable. It is to be said, however, that she was disappointed in the presence of an artist who was to assist her, and was therefore obliged to substitute the *Aria* for the song allotted her. But it was a great error of judgment to select *Casta Diva*.

There was also a concert at Metropolitan Hall, to introduce the "Plus-Harp Guitar or Bewitcher." You can fancy what it was. Some Andalusian musical enthusiast — it is plain to see that — has fitted a series of additional strings to the Guitar, having the general quality of harp-strings, and the effect is a mingled sound of the two instruments. In such a hall, of course, as in the open air, it had neither richness nor power, but only a faint tinkle. The inventor, Senor Gallageos, played a dreamy, monotonous composition, of which the effect was rather that of the wind sweeping through an Eolian Harp, than of any melody. Little ADELINA PATTI, who has also just sung at the Lyceum Theatre, sang Jenny Lind's *Echo-Song*, and *Ah! non giunge*. She is only nine years old, but her cultivation is quite remarkable, and her voice, although pleasantly child-like in tone, is sweet and easily fills that great hall. It is a pity she is to sing in a

theatre. She will be stung by the frenzied desire of applause, which will do much to ruin her as an artist. I never see a prodigy of this kind, who is really interesting as little Patti is, without remembering the young Mozart, and that whom the gods love, die young; or grow old, faded and forgotten, which is worse. HAFIZ.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 22, 1852.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, May 19th.

Madame Otto Goldschmidt's Concert.

The charm of that voice and soul and art has not gone. It has lost nothing, but really gained in power; at least, it is more *felt* than ever. Metropolitan (late Tripler) Hall, last night, was thronged, as at its first opening and tuneful consecration: — a brilliant, eager, enthusiastic throng. There was perhaps a more entire, unanimous, unflagging warmth of reception, (outwardly expressed) in those last concerts in our little Melodeon. But an assembly of three or four thousand must be more heterogeneous, and comprise more coldly curious, more inappreciative auditors, than one of twelve hundred. Again, here the visible splendor and vast sweep of the hall itself comes in for too great a share in the impression of every thing performed therein; it presents indeed a brilliant scene; but *too* brilliant, too glaring and distracting, and finally (with the added drawback of close air and the heat of so many gas burners) fatiguing and stupifying to the musical and every other sense. It is encouraging that an artist of fine tact in such matters, has made a careful study of coloring for the interior of our new Boston Music Hall, so that it shall be at once rich, harmonious and subdued. Moreover, the great singer's lower notes were somewhat veiled by a cold which she had taken in the head, a day or two before, so that, at first, we could not always catch the completion of a low strain or phrase with all that distinctness, to which we had been used in the Lind. The higher tones, however, always come out smooth, bright and triumphant, and before the unfailing art and fervor of the singer, such an obstacle (seemingly at least) soon melts utterly away.

Now, we have named all the drawbacks, we believe, — all the things that threw any slightest shade of a shadow, doubt or chill across the heavenly-warm and luminous sphere of that glorious hour. In spite of the complaints we heard, afterwards, about the louder kind of applause not seeming to come quite up to the occasion — (hook enough, no doubt, for the wilfully *critical* to hang a hope upon! though the complaint really indicated that more was felt by each among the audience than could be satisfied by the combined power of applause in all;) still, this was a complete renewal of the great triumphs of Jenny Lind; — all the greater, that she is now so much more generally appreciated and understood. There was in the audience more of the quiet, thoughtfully receptive, than of the inflammatory mood; and the true artist sings to that with deeper satisfaction. To us, (and we know it was so with most of the earnest friends of music) each effort of her art last night *surprised* us, much as

we have heard her, as a new revelation of higher and higher and hitherto unappreciated excellence. To things so perfect, as to the beauties of the earth and skies, of day and night, the soul only opens continually, the progress being in the perceiver and not in the thing perceived.

At eight o'clock Mr. EISELDT took his stand at the head of his orchestra of eighty, comprising the sixty of the noble "Philharmonic," and with the wave of his baton came the full, strong, solemn, minor chord — the key-note of general gloom and apprehension — which opens the wonderful overture to *Egmont*. We never heard it given with a breadth and passionate emphasis so true to this sombre and gigantic conception of Beethoven. It made a grand, cloudy background for the beautiful anticipations of the evening; — a summer cloud, big with the advent of the Queen of May and of all the melody of birds and human hearts. Signor BADIALI exerted and acquitted himself worthily of the occasion in the tender Romanza from *Maria di Rudenz*; his mature and manly tones never filled a hall more satisfactorily, and his style was finished, chaste and eloquent. Indeed, throughout the evening, the Signor kept free both from those stereotyped common-place cadenzas, which have so often seemed not to belong to him, as well as from the stunning detonation in which his strong lungs would sometimes indulge. It was a performance duly tempered to the hour, which was her Majesty's, the sovereign Queen of Song; it was, on his part, all we could desire.

Wild outbursts of applause at length greeted Madame GOLDSCHMIDT, as she bounded forward in white bridal attire, her head dressed with loose sprays of vivid green. Slender she seemed; but a healthy, hearty, steady joy beamed in her countenance; and she seemed the happy artist wife, with soul now doubly wedded, knowing rest no more in the ideal only. The first chords of the recitative recalled her from the public to her dramatic identity with Weber's loving, faithful Agatha, watching by moonlight for her lover: *Wie nahte mir der Schlummer*. These first tones sang themselves in a soft, slow, murmurous, slumbrous, unconscious manner; but how beautifully the voice became awake! how heart-felt and subdued the prayer: *Leise, leise*, broken by the allusion (all in harmony) to the peaceful starlight without! Then the sense of solitude, as she leans out of the window, while the breeze creeps through the pines! And the wonderful transition, when she hears his footsteps, to the rapturous and overwhelming strain of joy, alternating with a fond heart's fears, which closes one of the greatest scenes of modern romantic lyric drama! Surely she is the keeper of the true secret of that music. The end explained the beginning, which some one near us whispered he thought "tame!"

It was now Mr. BURKE's turn. "Variations on a theme of Schubert;" we feared the virtuoso-ridden and abused theme of the "Serenade;" but, to our sober joy, his violin began the deeply musical *Lob der Thraenen*, or "Praise of Tears," and right feelingly and exquisitely he praised them; but the first variation and the finale (after the approved solo-player's pattern) were too full of capers to bear any relation to such a theme; such variations (they were by David) are not even fantastic, they are simply bewitched by a mechanical uneasiness. Mr. Burke did full

justice to his beautiful theme, and to whatever there was beautiful in the appended variations.

And now for our universal songstress in a specimen of the Italian school: the scena and aria from *Beatrice di Tenda*. The slow introduction, *Ah! miei fedeli!* was given with the full pathos and sweetness of Bellini; and in the bravura part, her voice absolutely revelled in flashing and, as it seemed, extempore intricacies and marvellous refinements of execution. We have marvelled at the matchless frolic of her art in this piece before; but this exceeded all before. O! Italian prime donne, with your everlasting conventional cadenzas and *fioriture*, painfully polished down to nothing, why is it that your ornaments sound never new, while her's sound never old! Your ornaments are lessons, but her's are spontaneous flashes of her soul,—delicate heat-lightnings of the warm midsummer night of inspiration. Once her voice ran, like an electric spark, through the chromatic scale; we have heard chromatic scales before; but here each note of it was brightly touched with a new and wholly individual character. Who now shall say that the singer, whose soul is informed with all the living inspirations of the German composers, is not thereby qualified to throw as much life and fervor into the test pieces of the Italian opera, as those who only know this last kind of music?

The second part was opened by Mr. GOLDSCHMIDT. The modest young pianist, whilome uniformly overshadowed and overlooked, was watched, this time, with a respectful, eager curiosity; for, to the careless world's eye, he had suddenly become a man. Why had that expansive forehead, that finely classic, thoughtful mouth, that whole face full of intellectual experience and sentiment, and whole form stamped with artistic, modest self-possession, escaped general notice until now? Real worth can bide its own time. Never before in an American concert, we can safely say, was Weber's noble *Concert-Stueck* (Concert-piece, or Concerto), so admirably, so perfectly played. With all the force required to suit the piano to so vast a place, there was not in it, from beginning to end, a single phrase or note in which the idea and spirit of the music were not made paramount, while the player and the instrument and the execution were unreservedly subordinated to that end. That was true Art; he felt the orchestra and the orchestra felt him, and they all felt (including the good artistic SCHARFENBERG, who turned over the pages for his friend), that here was a musical and spiritual meaning to be interpreted, through all their sympathetic co-operation, to the delight and edification of that great audience. It was warmly applauded and VON WEBER was glorified in the second, as he had been in the first part of the concert.

The duet from "The Huguenots" between Mme. GOLDSCHMIDT and Sig. BADIALI was nobly sustained in both hands. Her great dramatic energy and the unrivalled purity and volume of her voice here told remarkably; even in largeness, the soprano tones seemed equal to the baritone,—large as the sentiment they uttered, of a woman ready to die for him she loved.

Mr. EISFELD's "Concert Polonaise" was a spirited, refreshing orchestral piece. It moved on with a triumphant and intoxicating wealth of harmony, worthy to clothe the noble rhythmic outline of the Polonaise form, like a young Bacchus crushing red grapes with every step.

But now comes the climax, not of the violent dramatic excitement, but of the serene pure height of song. Was ever the disembodied, spiritual quintessence of melody passed through mortal ears into immortal souls, if it was not then in her delivery of the MOZART melody: *Deh vieni, non tardar!* Some of those long-drawn, heavenly receding tones were the most clarified and never-cloying sweet of sound. You drew it in, insatiably, as you would the exquisite smell of a rose pressed to the nostrils. The singer seemed to "expire into her song." This was simpler music, in one sense, than any previous piece; but into its transparent perfection all the blended resources of her art seemed to secrete themselves. The hearing of one such strain is the birth of a new ideal and a new faith in a man's head and heart.

After Sig. BADIALI's impassioned delivery of the Cavatina from *Lucia*, which was pertinaciously encored, the songstress closed with that song of the "Birdling," which she "yet must be singing;" and it seemed as fresh and delicious a necessity of her very nature, and as new, as if it had not been sung hundreds of times. The audience rose—satisfied,—a heartier testimony than the usual calls for more. For so vast an audience it was the most intelligent, most thoughtfully attentive we have seen, and gave the fullest proof that the great singer has converted all her critics. If further proof of that is wanted, read the notices of the *Courier & Inquirer*.

We remember when it was not an uncommon thing to hear JENNY LIND called a *cold* singer, one who lacked the fine Italian fervor and feeling in her music. We do not hear this now of Mme. GOLDSCHMIDT. We believe some people have become convinced through her that it is possible to have *feeling* and *fervor* even deeper than Verdi or Donizetti have known how to infuse into their music. What a teacher and inspirer of the deeper, holier feelings is such a voice as hers, wedded to such music as she loves! It is no idle fanaticism that studies not to lose a note of these farewell strains. It is only sad that it must end! We spoke with her yesterday about leaving America, and in less than an instant the tears filled her eyes, and she strove in words to tell that she *felt* much at leaving such a country. Perhaps it will not be violating confidence, to add that it is her wish to sing her "Farewell to America," as she did her "Greeting," in a song composed for the occasion by her husband, to verses written by a poet who has several times graced the columns of our Journal.

J. S. D.

P. S. We had the pleasure of taking OLE BULL by the hand this morning. He looks not much altered, and *talks* as eloquently and enthusiastically as he was wont to play. He gives a concert here on Saturday, with JAEEL and the GERMANIANS, and will, very likely, be in Boston in a week or two.

Prof. A. B. Marx, of Berlin.

We have seen a private letter from the learned and philosophical author of the *Compositionslehre*, or "Theory and Practice of Musical Composition," the first volume of which has been translated in New York and noticed in a recent number of our journal. He writes, under date of April 29th, to a German professor of music in one of our Southern cities, informing him that he has concluded a contract with Mr. Robert Cocks, of London, for the publication there of his entire work, in four volumes, in the English language. He asks his correspondent whether he deems it expedient to undertake a separate translation in and for America, but adds, in reply to his own question: "I think not; because the *fourth* edition of the *Compositionslehre*," (now preparing by the author),

"to which the London translation will adhere, contains such important improvements in respect of method, that a new translation of the third edition" (the latest one accessible to an American translator) "cannot agree with it."

Our music-teachers will be interested in the fact that Dr. Marx has another more practical work in contemplation, of which he thus writes: "As soon as I shall have finished and published the treatise on the 'Science of Music,' (which I hope will be in the summer) I shall proceed, at once, to work out my 'Method of Musical Instruction,' which—if I am not mistaken—will produce a radical reform of the present modes of teaching music. It is quite certain, that I shall issue this work (which includes all branches of musical instruction, namely, the piano, singing, composition, &c.) in German and in English at the same time. The success of *this* work in England and America, owing to the thoroughly practical tendency of those nations, may naturally be greater than in Germany; it may perhaps serve, in less time and with a deeper and surer basis, to further and complete the artistic culture in these lands, which by their healthy nature and their social conditions devote themselves to actual interests, and leave the ideal to the care of us poor Germans, who live and brood, by the grace of God, in an Aristophanic suspension, and have our homes like the cuckoos in the 'Clouds.'"

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

The work on the Music Hall goes on bravely. A whole army of laborers are at work; the walls have risen high above the ground, and already the skeleton forms of orchestra and balconies may be seen. The general plan of the building is now easily understood, with its various entrances and corridors. Standing in the centre one can already in imagination people the great space with familiar faces, while waiting with impatience the actual completion of the work.

Of the project for the new Theatre and Opera House we have, as yet, nothing definite to report, but hope soon to be able to present to our readers the welcome intelligence that the work is really begun with some sketches of the plan of the building and its proposed location. Meanwhile, the National Theatre, we hear, is about to be rebuilt on the old site.

As the new buildings rise, the workmen are engaged in removing the walls of the Boston Theatre, which has been perhaps, more familiarly known to the musical public under the name of the *Odeon*; very dear in the recollections of many lovers of music, as the place where we first heard and learned to know and love BEETHOVEN; as the scene of our initiation into the knowledge of the great works of the masters of instrumental music, where the nucleus of our own immense audiences of the lovers of instrumental music, was first gathered and instructed. It is pleasant to look back on those small beginnings, and we cannot see these walls coming to the ground without a passing word of farewell, nor move onward without a glance backwards at the pleasant recollections of a former time.

During the Summer season, we understand that the *Germania Serenade Band*, under their leader Mr. Schnapp, propose giving a series of afternoon promenade concerts in Union Hall. The evening out-door concerts of this little band in some of the neighboring towns last Summer, gave much pleasure to large numbers of people. Their selections of music are good and the excellence of their performance on brass instruments is well known to all concert goers in the city.

London.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS. The WAGNER war still rages, and an amusing column of advertisements of the rival houses appears in the London papers. "In place of re-

port," says the *Athenæum*, "to reflect the spirit of the week, we should chronicle green-room gossip and Chancery argument. In our rival Opera-houses Law has been more listened for than Music since we wrote last." The parties are all in chancery. Instead of *Casta Diva*, we have Lumley's prayer for an injunction. Bills, answers and affidavits are studied instead of scores; hearings in chancery have taken the place of rehearsals, and arguments are listened to instead of Cavatinas. What may come of it we know not; "such business requires a great deal of thought, and chancery justice is so very difficult to follow." We leave them with the wards in *Jarmyce*—"expecting a judgment"—and wish them a safe deliverance.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. *L'Italiana in Algeri* was revived on the 13th of April for the debut of Mademoiselle Angri and the *reentrée* of Belletti. The *Musical World* (London) says:

"The class of opera to which *L'Italiana in Algeri* belongs is almost extinct. No composer of the present day attempts it, and it may safely be added that no composer of the present day, in attempting it, would be likely to succeed. For this there are substantial reasons. Singers are educated now in quite a different fashion from that which prevailed in the days of Cimarosa and Paisiello, and in the early time of Rossini. Verdi and his followers have killed the school, without substituting a better. What is chiefly demanded now in a singer is a powerful voice, and a certain amount of dramatic feeling, armed with which he at once launches into the sea of public life. The consequence is inevitable. The majority of singers are quite abroad in one of Rossini's early operas; they have neither the flexibility nor the style; either their voices are stiff and obstinate from want of the necessary training, or impaired, if not altogether destroyed, by "hallooing and singing," not of anthems, like Falstaff, but of Verdi's *cavalinas* and *finales*. We are much mistaken, however, if some day, the sort of Italian opera of which the one produced on Tuesday is so admirable an example be not restored, and the modern specimens, which have really no style whatever, altogether abandoned. Such a result would be well for all parties—for singers, who wish to preserve as long as possible the quality and freshness of their voices, more especially.

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"Mademoiselle Angri (who experienced a flattering reception, and is a valuable acquisition to Mr. Lumley's company) is a dashing and spirited actress into the bargain. Her assumption of the part of Isabella was extremely animated, and her execution of the music in general admirable. We must blame her for introducing an air from *Zelmira* in the first act, since the original ('Cruda sorte') is quite as good and in much better keeping; but this was redeemed by the highly effective style in which she gave the recitative and air, 'Pensa alla patria.' (Act II.) Excepting an occasionally exaggerated manner of sliding up, as it were, to the high notes—a fault with which, though easy of correction, Mademoiselle Angri has been frequently reproached—her singing in this air left nothing to be desired. Her delivery of the recitative was large and imposing, and her flexibility in the rapid passages of the *coda* proved her an accomplished mistress of the florid *bravura* school. Without recapitulating the many other excellent points in Mademoiselle Angri's performance, we may at once pronounce her success to have been decided, and congratulate the theatre on the possession of a contralto of such eminent talent and means."

Of Belletti it speaks in terms of very high praise, and describes his reception as one of great warmth and frequency of applause.

CRUVELLI had also appeared in *Norma*, *Il Barbiere* and *Fidelio*. Her performance of the rôle of Norma has elicited the warmest commendation.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. Here GRISI had appeared in *Norma* and *Valentine*; we are obliged to defer a more extended notice of her appearance and that of Cruvelli, which lies somewhere *perdu*.

THE CONCERTS. The New Philharmonic Society, at its second concert gave a programme which presents a rather curious combination of the very latest and perhaps questionable novelties with the greatest acknowledged masterpieces. We find the C minor Symphony of Beethoven, for example, side by side with the *Island of Calypso*, an operatic masque by E. J. Loder. The overtures were Cherubini's to *Anacreon* and the *Zauberflöte*. Herr Reichart sang an aria of Gluck's, *Nur einen Wunsch*, from *Iphigenie*, and a *Liebeslied* with chorus by Gumbert. A chorus, *Chant des Chérubins*, by Bortniansky seems to have been considered a novelty worth producing. The composer was director of the Imperial Chapel at St. Petersburg, some twenty-five years ago, and we learn that Berlioz was much struck by the performances under

his direction. A Concerto for piano forte and orchestra by H. Wylde, completes the programme. Of the performance of the Symphony the *Musical World* (London) says:

"M. Berlioz' reading of this extraordinary composition was the true German reading, his *tempi* were the true German *tempi*, his lights and shadows the true German lights and shadows—in other words those of Beethoven himself. We doubt, however, if Beethoven would have approved of the additions to the brass instruments, and more particularly to the doubling of the horn parts, which, in the second theme of the first movement, is equally unnecessary and obtrusive. We are aware it is the French custom, but all French customs are not necessarily good. These, however, are matters of taste. The applause that followed the symphony of Beethoven was of a description which left no room to doubt that the impression produced had been deep and genuine; it was perfectly deafening, and quite unanimous."

The performance of Loder's *Island of Calypso* is represented to have been "imperfect, ineffective, careless, and, at times, slovenly," though in its composition "unquestionably one of the ablest and most beautiful works that has ever proceeded from the pen of an English musician."

At the third Concert, the overtures were Mendelssohn's to the *Isles of Fingal*, Weber's *Euryanthe*, and Beethoven's *Egmont*. With the Berlioz symphony, *Romeo and Juliet*, the *Athenæum* seems by no means pleased, and prophesies that the interest felt in it will fall and not rise with every further performance of it. Berlioz, on the other hand, according to the *News*, received an overwhelming ovation, and "he has won the suffrages of our musical audiences by the magic influence of his genius. It has been a battle with professional prejudices intense intolerance, artistic ignorance and bigotry, but the victory has been for art, development and progress against the standstill purists and dogmatists."

"The charm of the evening," says the *Athenæum*, "was the performance of Madame PLEYEL in Weber's *Concert-Stück*. She is, beyond question, the queen of pianists, since, with all her power and skill, she is still feminine."

From the *Chronicle*, we learn that,

"Madame Pleyel's delicious nonchalant ease and superb confidence won the audience in the first half dozen bars, proving her vast power and wonderful brilliancy of fingering were in perfection. Weber's concerto is admirably adapted to exhibit the most finished pianist, and this performance satisfied the most exacting. The strength, vehemence, and coloring of the bolder portions were exquisitely relieved by the bell-like brilliancy of touch, and magical rapidity of execution in the high treble passages. Nothing more wonderful was ever achieved upon the piano forte."

Selections from Spontini's *Vestale* and Gluck's *Armide* complete this programme. The vocalists of the evening being Miss Dolby, Madame Clara Novello, Reichart and Staudigl.

THE QUARTET ASSOCIATION, composed of Messrs. Sainton, Cooper, Hill and Piatti, have introduced Cherubini to the English public as a Quartet composer, by the performance of his Quartet in E flat, in which we are told Cherubini is fresher, more vigorous and more enterprising than either Spohr or Onslow.

Elijah had been performed at the last of Mr. Hullah's Monthly Concerts and also by the Sacred Harmonic Society, and the *Messiah* in Exeter Hall for the Benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians.

There are multitudes of Chamber Concerts, Mdlle. SPEYER's, Mr. BEALE's and the Beethoven Quartet Society; the Royal Academy Concert and the Glee and Madrigal Union, but none of these present any features of note. Of the Amateur Society, the *Athenæum* says:

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HENRIETTA SONTAG, THE COUNTESS ROSSI. Various rumors respecting this lady's proposed visit to the United States are being industriously circulated throughout the country; various parties claim to be her agents, and to have made arrangements with the Countess and several eminent musicians who are to accompany her, in relation to "the spoils;" and various reasons are

assigned for her coming; all of which—rumors, parties, agents and arrangements—are false and wholly unsubstantial. Our authority is no less a personage than Madame Sontag herself. In a recent letter to a gentleman in this city, in referring to her intended visit, and the reports concerning her engagement with this, that, and the other adventurer, she says:

"I am free yet. Mr. — has made several overtures to me, but I have not accepted them. I mean to come over to America next Fall, trusting to God, a few good friends, and the well-known generosity of the American people. I would not undertake such an enterprise were it not for the sake of my children, but for them I will undertake anything honorable, however arduous it may be."

Madame Sontag intends to embark for New York, in the latter part of August, and will arrive here early in September. — *Musical World*.

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[Translated by the Editor.]

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

VI.

On such evenings, CHOPIN's chamber was lighted only by a few lights, which stood about his Pleyel *flügel* (grand piano). He was particularly partial to the instruments of this manufactory on account of their somewhat veiled, silvery tone and their easy touch, which enabled him to woo forth tones, that might be compared to the sounds of the glass-harmonica.

Around the *flügel* you saw a group of listeners, who bore the most distinguished names. HEINE listened, with the sympathy of a countryman, to Chopin's legends out of the mysterious land, in which too his ethereal fancy was at home. Chopin and he understood each other in every half word, in every half tone, and the musician answered to every gentle question of the poet. Near Heine sat MEYERBEER, and this master of Cyclopean tone-architecture loved to spend an hour in following, with evident satisfaction, the windings of the arabesques, which clothed the thoughts of Chopin as with a transparent veil of lace.

Farther along, sat ADOLPH NOURIT, that noble, at once passionate and ascetic artist, a strict Catholic, who in the later years of his life renounced all participation in productions of a superficial sort and, with chaste and enthusiastic reverence, served Art alone. A melancholy passion for the Beautiful undermined his existence,

and already there seemed to paint itself upon his brow, that sombre shadow, which the outburst of despair always reveals to men too late, to men, who are so eager, and yet so unfit to solve the mysteries of the heart.

HILLER too was there: his spirit and his musical talent were kindred to those of Chopin, and he was one of his most faithful friends. We often assembled at his house, and while he was preparing the great works, which he afterwards put forth, he wrote piano pieces, of which the *Etudes* remind us as powerful sketches, in perfect drawing, of those studies of trees, in which the landscape-painters, as it were extempore, conjure up a complete little poem of light and shadow through a single tree, a single branch.

EUGENE DELACROIX sat buried in silence before the apparitions, which twittered through the air in tones. He asked himself inaudibly, what palette, what pencil, what canvass he would have to take, to lend them life in his art?

The one among us all, who seemed to be the nearest to the grave, the old NIEMCEWICZ, listened to the "Songs of History," which Chopin translated for him, who had outlived times now no more, into dramatic scenes, when, to the texts of the Polish bard, the rustle of weapons, the song of the victors, the festal hymn, the lament of the imprisoned, the ballad upon the fallen heroes, resounded under his fingers.

Apart by himself, sombre, and silent, stood MICKIEWICZ: in the features of the northern Dante it stood written, that this feeling never left him: "The salt of the stranger is bitter, and hard is the ascent of his door-steps!"

Sunk in the cushion of a sofa, sate GEORGE SAND, intently listening and gracefully enchained. She spread over this music all the glowing reflection of her genius, which possessed the rare peculiarity, only reserved to the few elect, of recognising the Beautiful under all forms of Art and Nature; that magical look, before which, in highly gifted ladies, the rind, the mask, the coarser hull falls away, so that they see the soul, that is therein enchanted, in its invisible essence, the Ideal, which the artist has imprisoned in the stream of tones or the veil of colors, in the undulations of marble, the architectural lines of stone, or in the rhythm of verse. The highest manifestation of this sense is the correctness of the impression and the certainty of the judgment. To the happy natures, which it luminously pervades, it will make superfluous the heavy burden of the

science of Art, under whose pressure one makes a painful pilgrimage to the consecrated regions, which *they* reach at a bound; and this sense develops itself far less through search into the mysteries of science, than through intimate communion with Nature.

Even so deep a look did it require, to recognize and to appreciate Chopin's character,—a character, whose folds concealed no movement, no impulse, not dictated by the tenderest feeling of reverence and the noblest understanding of the affections of the soul. And yet never was a nature more formed, to justify perversions and strange aberrations, for his fantasy was full of fire, his feeling excitable to violence, and his bodily condition weak and sickly. Who could fathom the sufferings, which this antagonism must have produced? But he never laid them open to the gaze of others, he preserved their mystery under the impenetrable cheerfulness of a proud self-control.

His life was simple; neither adventure, nor implications, nor episodes are to be found in it. What he received and felt, what made an impression on his inner being, that was his events, to him more weighty and significant, than the changes and events out in the world. The lessons, which he continually gave, with punctuality and assiduity, were in a manner his daily work, which he performed with conscientiousness and cheerfulness. This, once done, he poured his soul out in his compositions, as other men pour it out in prayer to God. He has involved himself in no transaction, in no drama, he has knitted no tie and loosed none. He has exercised a decided influence upon no being. His will has never interfered with another's wishes, he has oppressed no spirit through the domination of his own. He has tyrannized over no heart, and laid no invader's hand upon another's fate; he sought nothing and would have scorned to beg for anything. On the other hand, he withdrew himself from all chains, all friendly connections, which might carry him away and draw him into more bustling circles. Ready to give away all, he did not give away himself. Perhaps he thought, like many proud hearts, that love and friendship are nothing, if they are not all! Perhaps—but whether it was so or was not, no one precisely knew, for he never spake of love and friendship; his most intimate friends did not press into the sanctuary, where his soul dwelt, when it withdrew itself entirely from the rest of his life.

In his conversation he appeared to interest himself only for that, which concerned others and avoided drawing them out of the circle of their personality to bring them to his own. His individuality did not challenge watchful curiosity; he pleased one too much, to allow such thoughts to occur to him. The whole of his personal character was harmonious and appeared to need no commentary. His blue eye was more spiritual than dreamy; his fine and mild smile never became bitter. The fineness and transparency of his complexion misled the eye, his blond hair was soft as silk, his nose slightly curved; his bearing and demeanor were so aristocratic, that one treated him, involuntarily, as a prince. His movements were graceful and curious, the tone of his voice always moderate, and often subdued, his form small, his organization gentle. His whole appearance reminded you of the plant *convolvulus*, which, on an incredibly slender stem, rocks to and fro its superbly colored calices, which have, however, such an airy texture, that the least touch tears it in pieces.

In company he showed the equal disposition, which no discomfort troubles, since it claims no interest for itself. Commonly he was cheerful; his caustic understanding easily discovered the ludicrous, even where it lay not on the surface. In the play of his features he developed, for a long time, an inexhaustible humor and often amused himself in comically improvised representation with imitating the musical formulas and the peculiar *tic* of many virtuosos, their movements and indeed their countenances, and that with a talent, which, in a minute, brought their whole personality before you. But, even in moments of the brightest humor he knew how, with the finest tact, to preserve the limits of decorum.

Although seldom, yet there were moments, when we surprised him deeply moved. Then we saw him become pale and white as a corpse. But even in this deepest emotion he remained collected. Then, as always, he was sparing of words about what he felt, and a minute's composure withdrew from us the secret of his inner life. He knew how, in a noble manner, to forgive, and cherished no grudge in his heart against those, who had injured him, although such wounds sank deeply into his soul and there gnawed on, in secret, after their peculiar occasion had long since vanished from his memory.

Generally reserved in his conversation, he was completely so, in all, to which any fanaticism of opinion, political or religious, attaches. Only through what he did or left undone in the narrow circle of his activity, could one judge him in this relation. His love for his country revealed itself in the direction, which his talent took, in the choice of his friendly intercourse, in the distinguished increase of scholars, in the frequent and very important services which he rendered to his countrymen; but we do not remember that he ever allowed himself to express his feelings in this connection. If he occasionally fell into conversation about political ideas, which are so warmly agitated in France, he made it his point rather to criticize them, than to advocate views of his own. Being in relations with some political celebrities of our time, he knew how to limit this relation, independently of all political agreement of opinion, to simple personal friendships.

Democracy was in his eyes an accumulation of too heterogeneous, unstable, wild and violent ele-

ments, to win his sympathy. Some twenty years ago came up the social questions and their threatening ascendancy was likened to a new inroad of barbarism. Chopin was painfully affected by what there was terrible in this comparison: he despaired of looking for the sparing of Rome from those modern Attilas, and of rescuing Art, its monuments, its customs, the entire Civilization, that elegant life of refined leisure, of which Horace sang, from their destructiveness. Moreover, he followed events from afar and a shrewdness, which one could scarcely have suspected in him, often enabled him to prophecy what better informed persons had not anticipated. Yet, when observations of this sort escaped his lips, he did not develop them, and his chance expressions first excited attention when the result had confirmed them.

Chopin was sincerely religious and attached to Catholicism; but he talked about religion even less than about politics, and he kept his faith to himself without ever making a profession of it. Consistently with all this, in his practical life he followed the maxim of a most highly distinguished man, the Marquis Jules de Noailles, who, in his old age, often said to us young men, when we disputed about opinions: "You will some day become convinced, as well as I, that it is utterly impossible to talk with *every body* about *every thing*."

[To be continued.]

How often from the steep
Of echoing hill, or thicket, we have heard
Celestial voices, to the midnight air
Alone, or responsive to each other's notes,
Singing their great Creator! Oft, in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With glorious touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic numbers joined, their songs
Divide the night and lift our thoughts to heaven!

MILTON.

Music in the past Half Century.

An Address delivered before the Harvard Musical Association, at Cochituate Hall, Boston, Dec. 22, 1851.

BY SAMUEL JENNISON, JR.

Gentlemen of the Harvard Musical Association:

At this late season, so near the expiration of the year, we shall not have forgotten that which, at its opening, was, on every hand, brought to our notice—that we were standing upon the threshold of a new half century; we have not yet ceased to affix to our journals and our epistles a date whose figures indicate the commencement, according to the common acceptance of mankind, of another long and important division of time; while a crowd of memorable musical events occurring in our own city within a few years past, some, almost within a twelve month, as, for example, the advent of pure Italian Opera; the institution, under your own auspices, upon a scale, at first so humble, and before audiences then so inconsiderable, of the public performance of the elegant Trio and Quartett at your Chamber Concerts, now become, in the hands of others not unworthy, a standard entertainment; the establishment of an association for the cultivation of instrumental music, whose weekly rehearsals are thronged with the ever increasing numbers of the admirers of classical composition; the frequent arrival upon our shores of bands of skilful performers upon all manner of instruments, helping to swell

and almost wholly constituting our orchestras; with the occasional visit of some of those more distinguished artists from the Old World, who find here a New to conquer and carry captive; the not infrequent departure abroad of those personally known to us, in quest of a musical training not here to be obtained, whose names, it may be, are yet destined to distinction, and of whom already one *prima donna* and, at least, one pianist have risen to no small eminence; the so recent production, by one of your own number, of original and elaborate symphonies, and later still, the introduction of musical theses in the list of subjects at Exhibitions in our University; add to which, the commenced erection of an edifice which shall indeed be a Temple worthy of dedication to such an Art; worthy even of her whose thrilling notes, as when there first heard, shall forever haunt that other Temple which stands hard by:—a project, let me add, to which, long floating indistinctly before our minds, you may take a just pride in having first imparted a definite form and character, since only by that energetic action taken on the night of your last Anniversary, and by the unremitting zeal with which it was prosecuted by your Committee, could the enterprise have ever been crowned with success;—all these have tended to keep us perpetually reminded that here, at least, we have beheld breaking the dawn of a new musical era. And while others had been engaged in recording the changes, the signs of progress or decline, which were visible in the systems and establishments of the political, the scientific, or philanthropic world, it seemed not unfit, at such a time and before such an Association to attempt an examination into the comparative condition of our cherished Art, during the period now past; a subject not likely to have, and which accordingly was not found to have, attracted the attention of general writers, and yet an art, which, in the language of M. Fétis, has "radically varied more than twenty times in its constitution and in its effects, and been subjected to such a number of accessory transformations besides, as seem to have made of it wholly different arts;" and of which M. Forkel observes "that every period of ten years introduces some forms or turns of melody peculiar to itself, and which generally grow out of date before that period expires." And, gentlemen, throughout the course of preparation for this service, which, when I look over the catalogue of your members, I am fully sensible was awarded me rather in return for the original suggestion, I have been at every step, as the field of research expanded before me, persuaded that the brief hour usually allotted to a public address must necessarily be wholly insufficient for the due investigation of a subject so fertile, demanding a treatment at once historical, critical, philosophical.

It has appeared to me that the man most competent to discourse upon a subject like this, is he whose life is equal to these years past; whose days have been spent in some of those great capitals where this art is best known and most highly honored. And how could one dignify from himself the lack here of those opportunities for hearing and for study so essential to a truly intimate and thorough acquaintance with the subject proposed? For where have we lived? In no Paris, centre of civilization, "Mother of the Arts!" where, at this hour, might be collected together, in groups like those whose representations adorn your music rooms, a MEYERBEER, an HALEVY, an ADAM, an

AUBER, a BERLIOZ: in no Vienna, where, little more than a half-century ago, might have been seated beneath the same roof, HAYDN, GLUCK, PAISIELLO, SALIERI, RIGHINI, ANFOSSI, listening to the first public performance of an opera composed and conducted by MOZART! In no London, where in the time honored Abbey, slumber, side by side, HANDEL and PURCELL; where BRAHAM, like whom, as once the saying ran, was no tenor in Italy, still survives, spanning the half-century with his brilliant life of song; in no Milan, where a theatre, with whose plaudits the world's walls have rung, stands erected over the site of the Church of our Lady of the Ladder; in short in none of those European metropolises which Architecture, Painting, Music have for centuries, enriched, illustrated, glorified. We have no memories of a Catalani, a Farinelli, a Mara; we listen to no voices of a Lablache, a Mario, a Grisi, a Sontag; these visits of a Jenny Lind are but angel visits still, for their rarity as for their sweetness; we recount no prizes gained, no fames won, no splendid *débuts* of a La Scala or San Carlo; we have no world-renowned masters from a world-renowned Thomas School or *Conservatoire*; we can point to no PALESTRINA, no BACH, no PERGOLESI, no GLUCK, no WEBER, none, absolutely none, of their unfading lustre, born, living, and dying a citizen among us: only faintly, as yet, have we heard the echoes of master pieces that enchant the world; a thousand great productions yet unknown, almost unheard of in this remote, this new world of the West. And yet, praised be Heaven for those characters which communicate from mind to mind the ravishing strain as well as the breathing thought and burning word,

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,

from whose mysterious depths have sprung such creations as the Oratorio of a HANDEL, the Opera of a MOZART, the Symphony of a BEETHOVEN. And, amid these glimpses, we pause to lament that the Spirit of Art has never been domesticated with us: that, amid the perils and privations which beset the path of our Fathers, on this night, of all others, ever present to our thoughts, side by side with those austere virtues which have rendered their names names of might, there could not have been sown the seeds of the Beautiful also with the Good; and, like the Miltons and Shakespeares, whose words dwell in our memories, and linger upon our lips, the Poets of Music, the Makers, able, at times I am tempted to say, to appeal with even ten-fold and hundred-fold power to the human heart beyond those, should not have been earlier recognized as worthy to be admitted to a place among our household gods, and to have their names also rendered familiar as household words.

And yet, gentlemen, notwithstanding the ever pressing sense of disadvantages, which might well make one distrust the correctness of any conclusions here arrived at, while they render certain the incompleteness of the performance, disadvantages which, I speak it with sincerity, have made me feel it not a little presumptuous in me to have attempted this task, permit me to add, that no moments stolen from ordinary occupations could have been spent upon a labor more congenial than that which your invitation has induced me to undertake; the preparation of the report I propose to present to you, rather than the oration to deliver.

He who investigates the history of music, cannot fail to be struck with the fact that it is, or at least has hitherto been, an eminently progressive art, and that its greatest developments have been of comparatively very recent date. That which we now denominate music is the result of the successive labors of several generations. Sculpture and Painting may well have existed in a high degree of perfection in the earliest days of civilization: since they hold communion mainly with the outward and visible forms of nature. The beautiful model existed in life or idea a thousand or two thousand years ago, as well as now. Therefore the Laocoon group, the Apollo, may well have been perfect in the days of ancient Greece; but the Symphony of a HAYDN could not have seen the light, until, in the fulness of time, the development of the science of harmony, of the capacity of instruments, of the skill of performers, had prepared the way for a HAYDN: and no argument could convince us that ancient Athens could have listened, in her agora, her streets, her groves, her Odeon, to such strains of power as swell upon our ears in our own.

Sufficient, however, has been to each generation and to each people its own music, however rude the same may be deemed by us. Every individual becomes conscious, from time to time, of progress made in the capacity to appreciate music. Do we not perhaps each remember a time when the various means which science employs to give a zest to the combinations of harmony, when suspensions, syncopations, and unresolved dissonances were an abomination, were what the Italians were wont to call *scelerata*, — *accursed* — to the, as yet, uncultivated ear?

As the individual, so the world has passed through many rude, unfashioned days: and the history of Music, while it abounds with examples of wholly or partially barbarous practices and modes of composition and execution in which men have at some time found satisfaction and taken delight, is not deficient in anecdotes corroborating the suggestions of each one's experience, that, to the untrained ear, the sweetest harmony whose touches now (to reverse the exquisite words of Lorenzo) become soft stillness and the night, may be intolerable jargon.

The terror and affright with which the fierce Algerine recoiled when he beheld pointed at him the awful bell of a huge bass horn in the hands of the French musician whom he was on the point of running through with his lance, may serve to symbolize, though somewhat extravagantly, the shudder and dislike (and it is a curious psychological fact) which the Arab is said to have experienced upon listening to the rich and copious harmonies of one of the French regimental bands which accompanied Napoleon's expedition into Egypt.

Let us, in a very brief sketch, take notice of the following facts:

Until five hundred years ago, no compositions for four parts had ever appeared. Counterpoint did not exist. The makers of melody, the *trouvères*, or finders, were a distinct class from the harmonists. The barbarism of successive fifths was of frequent occurrence.

In another century, counterpoint having arisen, harmony has made surprising progress. In that period was invented the canon, the first form of the round and fugue; and rests were first introduced, particularly in the Tenor, which was so

called from its *holding*, or sustaining, the melody; the female, or soprano voice being then, as you are aware, wholly unknown.

The invention of printing music with movable types did not occur until the beginning of the succeeding, the sixteenth century. In this period arose those celebrated discussions and controversies concerning the fundamental principles of music. Disputes ran high about the diatonic division of the scale, and the mathematical relations of sounds were widely explored. "Every mathematician," says M. Fétis, "thought himself born to be a musician." The happy result of all this was the discovery by ZARLINO of *temperament*, the proper method of tuning the clavichord. Towards the close of that century, music was written to be sung by as many even as nine choirs at once. In the meantime, melody was lost sight of. No attention was paid to the sense of words; everything was written in fugue; and the absurdity and pedantry which prevailed in the scholastic disputations, was scarcely less conspicuous in the composer's counterpoint.

Between 1550 and 1600, instruments were first introduced into the church to play the part sung by the voice. Just before the close of that century, in 1594, occurred that memorable event which infused into music a new life, when was brought upon the stage, the precursor of the long line of musical drama, "*The Death of Eurydice!*"

About this period, too, creeps in the "audacious innovation," as it was esteemed, "of the use of the *sensible note*," so called. MONTEVERDE dares to place together the fourth, fifth, and seventh; a collocation, which leads the mind to the ensuing chord, and which at once gave rise to genuine and regular modulation. The distinction between the major and minor modes was then also marked out.

Arriving at the commencement of the seventeenth century, we find music beginning to acquire more lightness and buoyancy, and new combinations and varieties of measure produced. Then it was that the Neapolitan school became celebrated under LEO, DURANTE, PORFORA, SCARLATTI, by whom and their successors were originated nearly all the ordinary forms of music; airs with variations, rondeaux, the aria with chorus, scenas, trios, quartettes and finales. It was not until this so late period that thorough or continued bass, signifying a bass running *throughout* the music, began to be used, becoming the peculiar labor of the organist's left hand. At this period, we should not omit to mention, were produced those difficult organ compositions, which, even now, challenge the skill of the most expert performers upon that instrument. Down to this period, the gamut, notwithstanding MONTEVERDE's discovery, was still limited to six notes. No writer treated of the gamut of seven notes until one LAMBERT in 1680.

At the close of the seventeenth, and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, oratorios had begun to acquire importance: and about the same time, GASPARI, the predecessor of SCARLATTI, CORDICELLI, and CLEMENTI, first formed the principles of fingering the harpsichord.

Towards the middle of the last century, the Trio and Quartett have received great improvement, and the Symphony takes its origin: at first composed for four violin parts, viola and bass; afterwards extended to admit the wind instru-

ments, and now brought to the highest perfection by the successive labors of MARTINI, HAYDN, MOZART, and BEETHOVEN, who are thought by some to have occupied the ground so completely, as to render it not merely hazardous, but presumptuous, for any to attempt to follow them into this, their peculiar territory; a criticism, however, of which, vast as their works are, another fifty years may perhaps have developed the mistake.

Only a hundred years have elapsed, since, in France, a hitherto unregarded country, the Italian composers, LEO and DURANTE, found admirers. The struggle of their successor LULLI, with the old French composer RAMEAU, which ended in the Italian being compelled to quit the field, was followed by the entire reform of the Grand Opera by GLUCK: the history of whose yet more violent struggles for superiority with PICCINI forms one of the most curious chapters in the annals of the Art.

M. Fétis concludes the sketch of the past condition of music, prefacing the first volume of his Musical Biography, published in 1830, and from which we have derived most of the foregoing facts, with an allusion to the immense number of methods for all kinds of instruments, musical biographies, bibliographies, journals, critical reviews, pamphlets, &c., forming, as he says, a repertory of musical literature so extensive, that there exists none like it for any other art or science whatever; to which we may add that the contributions of the learned author himself have been among the most unceasing and valuable; and that the number, then so large, has increased, in probably accelerated ratio, since the time when he penned those concluding lines.

The remark may strike with surprise many of those accustomed to revel in the luxurious strains of the present day, the frequenters of the Concert-room, the admirers of the modern Opera, that, critically speaking, while composers have multiplied, while instruments of music have increased in capacity, and performers in skill, while the art, in its details, has progressed with such rapidity, and its resources have been carried to so unlimited extent, while one, at least, of its great forms, the Symphony, has sprung up almost within the memory of living men, Music has been thought, in its tone and character, to have experienced, since the day of HANDEL, a decline. And, difficult as it may be at first to admit this conclusion, yet if we will endeavor to abstract the modern music from the associations that cluster about it, and present it, distinct and isolated, before our minds, we may find ourselves led to concur in an opinion which older and sager judges, with great confidence, express.

In the literary world we have not infrequently heard it asked, where are now the profoundness of learning, the concentration of thought, the fulness of meaning, the energy and vigor, the breadth and grandeur, which were manifest in the pages of the old writers; which have made us so often feel that a few paragraphs of some of those we might name, were more suggestive than a volume of many a modern author?

May we not observe that something, in like manner, has faded from music? Has she not, also, in shaking off old conventionalisms and pedantries, become divested of some of her pristine energy and vitality? Does not the sentiment occasionally force itself upon us, that there

is a degree of compactness and solidity in the music of the past, sought generally in vain in that of the present time; just as many an old mansion, with a century of storm and wind upon its head, appears to give promise of longer duration than the frailer and more hurried erections of the day.

But I cannot illustrate this better than by giving the results of the observation of Dr. Crotch, who, in his Lectures, divides music into three different styles,—the Sublime, the Beautiful, and the Ornamental; each of the first two being of a higher order than that which succeeds it. The era of the first was peculiarly that of BACH and HANDEL; the second is represented by HAYDN and MOZART; the third, by ROSSINI and his successors. These various styles, traceable, through more or less intermixture, along the century past, he compares to the different phases of the Dramatic Art, as they arose in Greece: first was Tragedy, then came Comedy, which finally degenerated to Farce; or, to the Orders of Architecture,—the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian: and he calls attention to the fact that the superabundance of ornament, the delicate tracery, &c., were the sure indication of decline in the architectural Art.

The philosophy of this decline we cannot stop to examine at all minutely. The circumstances of our time require, more than ever before, that every one should become cosmopolite; that he should devote a portion of his attention to many things rather than confine his study, as in former days, exclusively to one, or a few. Hence, generally, a less deep devotion to the labor of study; hence, greater superficiality.

The facility of intercommunication between countries, has, it may be, tended to enervate music from the much wider infusion, than ever before, of a sort of Parisian gaiety, fashion, luxury, which have tinged the morals and manners of all nations. Music cannot but undergo a transformation of some sort, when city and country become blended, when France penetrates into the remote recesses of Europe; when Russian, Hungarian, Polander, Italian, take up their abode in strange capitals: just as it happened in the Twelfth century, when the Crusaders, returning from the East, with the grouped notes, trills, appoggiaturas, and graces of the countries they had left, brought about one of the most remarkable epochs in the annals of European music.

A further cause of the growth of the modern character of music may perhaps be found in the history during the early part of the century, of that portion of Europe, where Art had its home. In WEBER'S "Life of a Composer," one of two personages engaged in conversation thus addresses the other:

"The epoch in which we live, fruitful in excitement, has subjected us to the two rigid task-masters, death or pleasure. Overwhelmed by the horrors of war, and rendered familiar with every species of misery, men have betaken themselves to the more coarse and exciting pleasures of art, as means of relief against the pressure of evil. The theatre has been made a raree show; the restless mind, impatient of the calm and quiet enjoyment which the master-pieces of art afford, seeks relief and excitement in splendid scenery, broad humor, melodies calculated to tickle the ear, harmonies of the most stormy

kind. We become accustomed in daily life to the strong and stimulating."

Thus it seems not improbable that the taste of a people might have become vitiated, and nations have striven to forget their woes and their defeats in the exciting and brilliant, as an individual might seek to drown his sorrows in the bowl. It might be curious to learn how far those stormy times had an influence in fashioning the genius of BEETHOVEN, as they did in giving direction to that of JEAN PAUL, between whose great spirits, notwithstanding the denial of M. SCHINDLER, there has always seemed to me to exist an unusual resemblance. The dreams of battle fields, and Visions of Annihilation, with their infinite horrors and pathos of the one, and the *Heroic Symphony*, with its mournful Funeral March, of the other, were, confessedly, alike the result of Napoleon's living on earth.

But whatever the cause, the fact is one which has attracted attention; and one which, without finding it necessary to indulge in any undue lamentation, while what has been still lives with us, we may be forced to admit. With the decay of the sentiment of reverence every where forced upon our notice, the solemn, the severe, the serious, have lost their *prestige*. The time demands celerity, brilliancy; it is impatient of all that, requiring thought and study, would retard its hasty march; and it has become a question of grave import whether men will return to imitate very largely the examples which former ages have set them; whether the world will hereafter rear up scholars so erudite, thinkers so profound, musicians so thorough, as some that have been and gone; whether a FARINELLI can ever again be fanned to toil on, for nine long years, in the continuous practice of nothing but the vocal scale, with so unshaken confidence in the teachings of an old PORPORA.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE ORCHESTRA.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The world is but a huge Orchestra,
And we therein musicians be,
And she who stirs our human feelings,
Is our sweet sister, Harmony.
The great men, standing high above us,
Shall the Conductor's part fulfill,
While we, poor devils, scrape and fiddle
As best we can, some well, some ill.

The poor man's *Tempo* is *Andante*,
Allegro suits the rich man well,
And in the great man's *Maestoso*,
Our piping notes the music swell.
But many a one doth vainly fiddle;
Nor clear, nor tunelessly plays he,
And therefore must for life, contented,
An humble bellows-blower be.

The dread, or dislike, which some of the Reformers had of instrumental music is nicely hit off by Burney, in an anecdote which he gives of the visit of Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander to Iceland in 1773. A musical instrument, somewhat similar to a violin, called a longspier and played upon with a bow was presented to them. It was a long time before they could find a person wicked enough to play upon it before them—the Icelanders had learned psalmody and the hate of instruments from the Reformers. But at length a man was found, who, after being fortified by a few glasses of gin, ventured, in secret, to play a psalm tune!—*Bird's Gleanings from the History of Music.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 29, 1852.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Saturday, May 22.

MADAME OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT's last concert but one took place last evening. Metropolitan Hall was as crowded as before, and there now reigned (inside at least) the real, deep satisfaction of music, glorified in such delivery, in place of the much dissatisfaction resulting from the eager rush for tickets, whereby multitudes became the prey of speculators. No one less anticipated, or more regretted this, than Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt, and Mr. G., as if his artist cares in the matter were not enough for one man, has resolved to superintend in person, this morning, the sale of tickets for the farewell concert, and use all possible precautions to prevent individuals from buying up large numbers. Of course, such being the demand and such the press of time, these good efforts will be only partially availing.

This concert was distinguished by its number of new pieces. The star of the hour first revealed itself in the purest height of its heaven; it was as when, watching the sky while day mellowed into evening, we discern the first star so serenely, boldly shining almost at the zenith. It was in that lofty, lovely air in Mendelssohn's "Elijah": *Hear ye, Israel*, that the first vibrations of that spiritual voice came out over the multitudinous sea of listeners. *Hear ye!* Was it not as if the tones of some sister and beloved of mankind, full of heavenly assurance, pleaded with us, reminding us of pure heights of harmony and peace and God above all this selfish din and discord? We know not when her voice has ever been to us more perfect; it seems as if the infallibility of those upper notes of hers were but an outward correspondence of her soul's sure reliance in all high endeavor; — the higher, the surer. Yes! and we have heard her say, "the little troubles are the only real discouragements in this life." Like many a great soul, she finds in these, her cross. From the sweet, sisterly pleading of this first little, truly Mendelssohnian, melody, which seems to proceed out of the remotest inmost centre of sweet, calm life, (we hardly know whether from without or within us), her transition to the recitative: *Thus saith the Lord*, was most impressively distinct and noble; it seemed as if it must have re-assured and re-vitalized a whole nation in slavery, to have heard the sublime energy of the communication: "I, I am he that comforteth; be not afraid," &c.; we never listened to such prophet-like, or rather angel-like delivery; we thought of the most religious climaxes of the patriotic Hungarian orator, sublimated into pure music, into the universal speech, the medium of purely universal and eternal interests. Possibly this was but a passing pleasure with the frivolous and self-satisfied; but what earnest soul — and all such are sufferers — did not feel stronger last night after listening to those strains of musical eloquence — for it was something more and different from song!

What can we say of her *Ah! non giunge*, but that it was the same graceful, gushing, sparkling, exhaustless fountain of joy and rapture, that her voice always makes of it? Each listener caught his part of the profuse sprinkling of sunshiny

melody, and every face was radiant, as every heart was happy. There was no resisting such a demand as broke forth for a repetition, and (as formerly) she bounded forward and alit, like a bird on a swinging spray, upon the same long trill, without instruments, which formed her only re-introduction to the first strain of the melody.

There was great curiosity, of course, to hear her, for the first time, sing Mozart's bewitching *Batti, batti*. She gave it with perhaps less archness than Bosio, nor did she attempt, being alone, to act it out. But, not the less perfectly for all that, did she give voice to all that Mozart meant by its delicious and insinuating melody. It did not appeal to the superficial *applausive* faculties, and did not "bring the house down" very tremendously, but sank, never to be forgotten, into the luxurious quiet of the soul. We do not believe that we shall find ourselves disenchanted of Bosio's Zerlina, though *this* Zerlina even pleaded far more musically and more Mozart-like.

Meyerbeer's "Gypsy Song," the most simply brilliant of all her songs — even now it *hummt, und schwirrt, und singt, und klingt* in every bewitched fibre of our memory — was more brilliant and more irresistible than ever. The voice leaped and revelled, like a "chartered libertine," throughout the exhilarating atmosphere of the whole realm of tone, and, as if by the sudden prompting of a full and (if it could be said of her) unwonted sense of power, it rose at the end, like a strong, full-volumed jet-d'eau, to the key note (E flat) in the extra octave, or as they say, *in alt*. Was there ever heard so bright, so full, so strong and rich a tone of human voice at that height? The Gipsy Song was ecstatically applauded and repeated.

She closed the evening, as usual, with a brace of characteristic popular melodies. "Home, sweet Home" was surcharged in every tone with the emotion of a full heart, which knows the meaning and the worth of *home*, and yet, as is infallibly the way with her, it never passed the boundary of common-place and sickly sentimentality.

Fitly the feast of melody died away, — like the warm, deep, purple, sunset calm after a gorgeous summer day, — in the prolonged, mysterious mountain echo of those low horn tones, through which her voice droops so slowly, semi-tone after semi-tone, into a mere far-off, faintest murmur and, as it were, dis-embodied spirit of a sound, in that little Swedish "Mountaineer's Song." How it held every listening faculty in suspense, and waked imagination in the most prosaic hearer! and when the voice, that had so long floated off, came home to its key note, as her hands swept slowly over and descended on the closing chord on the piano, what a sweet shock of surprise it was to find that there had not been a hair's-breadth of swerving from the pitch!

A point of great interest in this concert was the original Concerto by Mr. GOLDSCHMIDT, for piano forte with orchestra. It was truly a success, being listened to with a sustained unanimity of attention to the end, and applauded very warmly. Although he had been obliged to cut down his composition to make it short enough to venture before so large an audience, it nevertheless impressed us as a work in the true classic form and spirit. It had merit in it; it developed with an increasing breadth and sense of power as it went on. The instrumentation was especially rich and

impressive; and the large, *crescendo* manner of the orchestral symphonic passages, when the piano forte was silent, never disappointed in the climax. If there was any weakness, it was perhaps the want of a little more positive *theme* in the opening (andante), but the treatment, the development was full of dignity and power, and revealed profound acquaintance with the best manner of Mendelssohn and Schumann. The Allegro (there were only two movements) displayed the graceful facility and fine fire of the pianist in a sparkling, limpid, rapid melody, that multiplied itself through pleasing transformations, not unlike, in its general character, to the Allegro finale theme to Mendelssohn's G minor concerto.

The orchestra performed two capital pieces. First the overture to *La Vestale*, by Spontini, — a music wholly unknown in this country, but which, judging from this overture and from a most lofty, heavenly aria from it, which we heard Mme. Goldschmidt sing in private, as well as from its high rank in Europe, ought to be as familiar among us, to say the least, as *Norma* or *Ernani*; and then the *Saltarello* from Mendelssohn's fourth Symphony. M. APPY played a violin solo with all that refined sweetness and truth of tone, and pathos of expression, which we remember to have heard from him in Boston. Sig. BADIALI once more "refreshed his laurels" in a couple of romances by Mercadante. And must our next letter chronicle the last in America of this pure, glorious revelation of "the art divine"!

NEW YORK, May 25.

The Farewell Concert.

Castle Garden, last night, presented a spectacle, the like of which we hardly hope again to witness in our mortal life. Think of *seven thousand* faces, lit with sad enthusiasm, looking from every part of every circle of the vast area and gallery, so brilliantly illuminated, turned all to one focus, to greet and to enjoy, for the last time, face to face and audibly, the presence and the almost more than mortal music, of a woman who, in eighteen months, by the mere divine right of goodness and of a matchless voice conscientiously trained to perfect obedience to the highest inspirations of Art, has established a sort of moral and ideal empire in the hearts of this whole people, rude and cultivated. We believe no other human being could have drawn together all the elements of such a magnificent occasion, and blended all in such a pure enthusiasm. We doubt if it has ever had a parallel among the popular triumphs of Art. We could not help half fancying that it foreshadowed the supremacy of Woman, in the peaceful, broadly catholic and all-conciliating sphere of Art, the most human of all human occupations, whereas Man's supremacy has been in statesmanship and mere material interests. Men, to be sure, have been and are poets, painters and composers, hitherto, far more effectually than woman, but all this comes of the feminine element, which tempers even our male clay.

Well, we will not indulge in speculation, but go back to Castle Garden. The evening, after a sultry day, was wet with frequent showers, as if in sympathy with the, at once rich and melancholy, occasion. How vividly we recalled in contrast that first night of JENNY LIND in America, and all those six first nights in Castle Garden, when, through wondering crowds of a whole city, poured out for her welcome, and in the golden

glow of a superb sunset, we passed in to the magical old castle of light and song, and with souls steeped with beauty again passed out, mingling with the human tide up Broadway, under the glorious moonlight, as if the whole world were keeping festival! The programme too, for this time, was in its great features, a reminiscence of that first one, making up by the charm of association for what it wanted in novelty and classical selections, as compared with the two preceding. We love Castle Garden; it is a better music hall, at all events for JENNY'S voice, (and so she esteems it, and so did M. BENEDICT,) than Tripler Hall. And it displays an audience, in full sight of each other, and brings all eyes to a common focus, and makes the general aspect musical, as no hall, built parallelogram-wise after alleged *acoustic* laws, can do. Here then was the most fitting place, where the largest number, representing the whole population of loyal subjects could best await the last appearance of the dear and sovereign Queen of Song.

She, as if in honor of the occasion and of the land that she was leaving, (we may add, too, with a noble trust in the great public and entire disregard of the ungrateful slanders kept up through the week by certain New York papers, which outrageously charged to the designs of Mr. Goldschmidt the speculation in tickets, which, however much to be regretted, was indeed unavoidable, so long as there were plenty of people ready to buy at prices so much higher than those originally set upon them)—she, led forward amid deafening plaudits, appeared dressed in bridal magnificence, surpassing any previous occasion. She seemed as if disinterestedly merging *herself* in the full splendor of the popular heart's ideal of her. It was no *personal* end which she had before her to accomplish, but the high representative mission of a royal priestess of the Beautiful and True. Call this enthusiasm,—we should sadly suspect ourselves if we were *not* enthusiastic, and we should grossly insult that vast audience that sat around us, did we not take it at its word.

How *Casta Diva* was sung we cannot undertake to tell in words. It was a piece dignified enough to open the occasion (after Cherubini's overture to *Les deux Journées*, and BADIALI's air from *I Puritani*), and quite in character with her and her serious tuncful office that night. It was identified with the first impression of her voice in this country; and it was the test piece with the French and Italian-opera-spoiled critics, who then carped at her interpretation of it, but which has since vindicated *her* Italian method above them all. Like the breeze in the pine woods, the first low, full tones crept sweetly, solemnly over the hearts of the listening multitude, rising and swelling into fuller and heavenlier power, and taking deeper and deeper possession of the audience, holding them spell-bound in perfect attentiveness and perfect unity of feeling, as if it were the "spirit of God moving over the face of the waters." *Casta Diva* was a new music, fraught with more beauty and more meaning to us than we had ever credited to the concert-hacknied aria before. In the elaborate, rapid melody of the outburst of human passion, which succeeded, her voice rioted in a new profusion of brilliant, and sometimes extempore embellishment, triumph upon triumph of execution, a perpetual surprise to the delighted ear, yet always true to the

essential spirit of the music, as it is her instinct always to elude mere hacknied figures and cadenzas.

Mme. GOLDSCHMIDT was followed by her husband in the last movement of Mendelssohn's Concerto in G. minor. We suppose it is too much to expect the popular feeling to be *just* in such a case; she reigned an idol in the people's hearts, and they are naturally slow to recognize the full claim to any man, especially one not already occupying a large place in the zodiac of popular admiration, to be that idol's mate and equal for the rest of life. As a man and an artist, OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT is of the fine and delicately intellectual order; he must be known *near to*; he is not made for the popular idol, not a giant to impress at first sight and afar off, like Ole Bull; but he is made to be prized and loved by all who in any real sense have *met* him, and he possesses the artist character in a rare degree of purity and power. He appeared pale, care-worn and agitated; yet, ungrateful instrument as the piano is, in Castle Garden, of all places, he gave a noble rendering of that brilliant finale of Mendelssohn's, compromising nought to cheap effect, and in some points of accent, *ad libitum*, retardation, &c., interpreting it somewhat differently from JAELE or HATTON. With the hearty applause of much the larger portion of the audience, there were mingled some signs of indifference, and even some few malignant, mean-souled hisses, to the shame of an American audience. This, be it observed, was before he played. His proper bearing, and his performance, impossible as it was to appreciate it *there*, restored the disaffected to their self-respect, apparently, and there was something like enthusiasm when his next turn came, to play Thalberg's *Tarantella*.

Why shall we speak—for the tenth time at least—of Madame GOLDSCHMIDT's remaining pieces; of her exquisite archness in the Rossini duet, *Per piacere*, from the "Turk in Italy," in which BADIALI's ponderosity labored in comparison with the refined *buffo* elasticity of BELLETTI; of the Trio with flutes from the "Camp of Silesia," a charming *genre* piece of musical poetry, say what you will—of her "Comin' thro' the Rye," the most sunshiny, flashing frolic of melodious gayety and archness, ever improvised upon an old theme even by *her*; or of the Swedish "Echo Song," from which we did not find one particle of charm worn off? We turn back for a moment to give credit to Sig. BADIALI for *Largo al factotum* (though the misfortune with this grave and excellent baritone is, that he is *no* factotum,) and to regret that the programme was disfigured by one specimen of the most commonplace and clap-trap sort of overtures, namely the overture to *Zampa*. (But it did us good, so much do we admire the logic of character, to hear the man behind us in the crowd, who had before said, "What a mistake Jenny made in getting married," and that, "as for Goldschmidt, he was nothing," now exclaim of *Zampa*: "Ah! that's great!")

But there must be an end to all good things! So felt that brilliant audience, more and more soberly, as the swift hours passed. And so felt the great singer, and she must simply utter it and end it gracefully and feelingly, in a fitting strain to fitting words. In the same spot, where, standing eighteen months ago, she sang her "Greeting" to America, she now sang her "Farewell." The poem, which we give below, was as beautiful as

could well be in the limitations of the case; and the music by Mr. GOLDSCHMIDT, though not of the most popular and *taking* character, was truly beautiful and worthy to embalm the farewell of the noble Muse and benefactress, whom he takes away from us to be his wife. It was sung with feeling and received with feeling, with tearful eyes and silence, rather than with tumultuous farewell plaudits. Long lingered many eyes where she departed, and long stayed many, talking over in groups their pleasure and their loss, and the great hall slowly emptied and this great ideal episode in our young national existence,—the maiden greeting of JENNY LIND, the triumphal career of the unrivalled artist, and the artistic farewell of Jenny and Otto Goldschmidt—was ended and of the past, save as it has sown seeds of beauty in our souls!

FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

Young land of hope—fair Western Star!
Whose light I hailed from climes afar—
I leave thee now—but twine for thee
One parting wreath of melody.
O take this offering of the heart
From one who feels 'tis sad to part.

And if it be that strains of mine
Have glided from my heart to thine,
My voice was but the breeze that swept
The spirit chords that in thee slept.
The music was not all my own—
Thou gavest back the answering tone.

Farewell—when parted from thy shore,
Long absent scenes return once more;
Where'er the wanderer's home may be,
Still, still with memory turn to thee!
Bright Freedom's clime—I feel thy spell,
But I must say Farewell—Farewell!

The happy couple positively sail in the Atlantic on Saturday—the day that this will reach our readers. They hope to be soon in Switzerland and pass a genial next winter in the sunny garden of Italy.

J. S. D.

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY still attracts crowds of admiring visitors. "The Fairies" of Steubrick seems still to be the centre of attraction, the universal object of admiration. The magnificent NAPOLEON of Paul de la Roche (once seen, never forgotten) is, we regret to learn, to be removed this week. The Gallery is to be enlarged by the addition of a large number of pictures after the first of June.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

Of the OPERA HOUSE we have no later news; but in New York, we see that a similar project of building a new opera house is entertained; to be erected on the north-east corner of Fourteenth Street and Irving Place, 204 feet on Fourteenth Street, and 122 feet on Irving Place. The building is to accommodate from 4,000 to 5,000 persons, and the price of admission to no part of the house is to exceed one dollar. The yearly rent is to secure seven per cent. upon each share, and there are to be seventy performances, or opera-nights, every year. Each subscriber is to have one of the best seats for every share of \$1,000, the choice of seats among the stockholders to be decided by lot. The building is not to cost more than \$200,000, and no money is to be collected from subscribers until one hundred and fifty shares are subscribed; some \$50,000 being already subscribed.—And we find an account of the plan of the proposed Opera House in Philadelphia, which is to seat five thousand persons, not only *comfortably*, but *luxuriously*. Shall New York and Philadelphia have such opera houses and Boston have none?

NEW ORGAN. A noble specimen of this noblest of all instruments may now be seen at the factory of Messrs. W. B. D. SIMMONS & Co., in Causeway Street, which

has been built for the Williams Hall in Washington St. It is built upon the German plan, the compass of keys being from CC to G, and the pedals from CCC to D. We have a full description of its contents, but can give only the following recapitulation of its stops:—

Registers to Great Organ,	15
Choir "	10
Swell "	14
for Couples, etc.	9
" " Pedal Organ,	4

Whole number of Registers, 52

We notice some new stops in this instrument, viz: in the Choir Organ, the Fagotto (from CC to middle C, 24 pipes); in the Swell, the Double Trumpet; and in the Pedal Organ the Ophicleide and Harmonica (16 feet from CCC to D, 27 pipes.)

The Organ is to be placed in a recess formed in the Hall for its reception. The extreme dimensions of the screen which is to cover the Organ, are as follows: 35 feet high, 24 feet wide, 16 feet deep, including projecting key-boards.

We had the pleasure of hearing the accomplished organist of the Mt. Vernon church perform upon this noble instrument, and feel confident that it will add to the already high reputation of Messrs. Simmons & Co. as organ builders. It will remain for some time in their factory, as the Hall is not yet ready to receive it; and we would recommend all interested in the organ to visit their rooms. Being without a case, it affords a good opportunity to examine the curious and complicated mechanism of the interior of a large organ.

A pious monk has given, in a moment of inspiration, a description of the organ in Latin verse, thus translated:

"Twelve pair of bellows ranged in stately row,
Are join'd above, and fourteen more below;
These the full force of seventy men require,
Who ceaseless toil, and plentifully perspire;
Each aiding each, till all the wind be prest
In the close confines of the incumbent chest,
On which four hundred pipes in order rise,
To bellow forth the blast that chest supplies."

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION. When shall we have music for the *People*? Music that all who will may hear, without money and without price; free to all ears, as the sparkling fountain on the Common is, to all eyes. Some ten years ago, the City Government, if we recollect rightly, made an appropriation for the purpose of engaging a military band to play on the Common one or two evenings every week during the Summer. Perhaps it was the liberality of individual subscriptions that provided this great enjoyment for the thirsting spirit of the people; no matter *how* it was done; the thing was done; and the crowds of delighted listeners that surrounded the musicians that Summer, were a sufficient proof how much it was needed, how gratefully it was received, how highly it was enjoyed and appreciated. How much better to give the public money for such a purpose than to squander it (as is done every year) in a useless display of fireworks, in this burning of villainous saltpetre, which astonishes the eyes of the spectators barely for a couple of hours, and lights them home not a whit wiser or happier than when they came! Compare this with the lasting pleasure that might be given to those who pass their days in hot workshops, to the mechanics, the seamstresses, the operatives of every class, men, women and children; a pleasure, innocent, elevating and cheering.

We have operas and concerts, in their season, of every description, for the enjoyment of those who can afford to pay for such a relaxation. But, how many there are among us to whom it is impossible to devote even the smallest sum for such a purpose, who yet would enjoy, beyond conception, the pleasure that might, in this way, be given. In Europe, it is almost universally the custom for the military bands in the great cities to play frequently in public, for the pleasure of the people; and the same custom prevails here in the cities of Montreal and Quebec, where the great bands of the regiments play, once a week at least, in the finest possible manner in some public place, throughout the Summer, and the people of every class attend in crowds to listen. Why cannot the people of Boston enjoy such a privilege as well as the inhabitants of the Canadian cities? The experiment tried here some years ago, to which we referred above, was very successful, and was followed in several

of the neighboring towns. Why shall it not be tried again? We have the musicians who are competent to perform in a manner not dreamed of at that time; and an immense advance has been made in musical knowledge, in the love of music during these ten years. Why shall not *all* share in this pleasure? The expense would be but small, and the money necessary to carry it into effect could be easily raised. In some of the neighboring towns last Summer the plan was tried with eminent success. We heard the *Germania Serenade Band* give several evening concerts on this plan. The music, we need not say, was of a much higher order than what we formerly heard. The day of *Wood Up* and the *Hero's Quickstep* has gone by, and the finest selections from operatic and other standard music may now, with the means at our command, be made familiar to all. Shall Boston be behind Cambridge and Brookline? Who will give? Will the City Fathers see to it?

NEWBURYPORT. We are glad to see that the good examples set by the Cambridge Musical Association, by the Newton Musical Association, and by the new Society in Watertown is followed in other places. We hear of a musical society in Fitchburg, organized last winter; and now a correspondent writes us that, "In Newburyport a Musical Fund Society is forming, with the view of having a series of eight vocal and instrumental concerts next winter; the expenses to be defrayed by a monthly subscription, taken up through the Summer. This society has been organized by Messrs. R. E. Mosely and E. Griffin. We are glad to see this *new* city, 'the city of schools,' keeping up, in the march of musical refinement, with her sisters of larger growth; the good taste of her citizens has been evinced by the engagement of the Germania Musical Society and Mendelssohn Quintet Club for a series of concerts, during the past two seasons."

Paris.

A friend in Paris, under date of May 16th, writes us: "Just at this moment there is rather a dearth in the musical market; all the artists having taken flight for London since the beginning of the season. Concerts, which have been most abundant, have nearly ceased; the Italian Opera House is closed, and at the Grand Opera, Halévy's opera of the *Juif Errant* shuts out all possibility of having anything better for some time to come. I have been once to hear it, and do not feel very anxious to have the strength of my tympani so tried again. It is the first time in my life that I have listened to an opera in five acts, without hearing some two or three "morceaux" of a superior order. In this case, I really do not think my musical sensibilities were awakened to the presence of a single striking idea. It is a sad thing to see a man so thoroughly versed in the science of his art as to be able to develop trivialities, for so many hours, without once moving his audience by the creation of even a pleasing melody. The mass of brass instruments used upon several occasions is positively terrific; so much so that a man of some wit in Paris, observing some repairs being made upon the outer walls of the Opera House, declared that M. Halévy must have treated them as Joshua did the walls of Jericho. The Grand Opera in Paris has become a place of scenic decorations. The administration care little for the quality of the music, or the excellence of the libretto provided that there is a chance for magnificent scenery, and a gorgeous ballet. Music has become the despised handmaiden of scene painters, and ballet dancers."

CONSECUTIVE FIFTHS. During a walk which I took with Beethoven, I was talking to him of two consecutive fifths, which occur in one of the earliest violin quartets in C minor; and which, to my surprise, sound most harmoniously. Beethoven did not know what I meant, and would not believe that they could be fifths. He soon produced a piece of music paper, which he was in the habit of carrying with him, and I wrote down the passage with its four parts. When I had thus proved myself to be right, he said, "Well, and who forbids them?" Not knowing what to make of this question, I was silent, and he repeated it several times, until I at length replied, in great amazement, "Why, it is one of the very first rules." He, however, still repeated his question, and I answered, "Marpurg, Kirnberger, Fux, &c. &c. In fact, all theorists." "Well, then, I permit them," was his final answer.

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[Translated by the Editor.]

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

VII.

In one case only did CHOPIN renounce his premeditated silence and his usual neutrality: and that was when the question turned on Art. Then under no circumstances did he keep back his conviction and his judgment. Here he felt his weight as a master, and he left no doubt about the way in which he viewed questions that properly belonged to the sphere of his competency. For several years he advocated his views and opinions with impassioned zeal; afterwards, when the triumph of his ideas lessened the interest of his rôle, he sought no farther opportunity to appear anew as the standard-bearer of a party.

In the year 1832, scarcely after his arrival in Paris, it is well known that a new school was formed in Music as in Literature; young talents shook off the yoke of the old forms, and the political fermentation of the first years of the July revolution passed over into questions of Literature and Art. The Romantic style was the order of the day, and men contended for and against with passionate party spirit. While one class did not admit that it was possible to write differently from what had been written, the other demanded that the artist should be free in the choice of the form for his thoughts and feelings, inasmuch as the true rule of form consists in the harmony of the same with what it has to express.

The most gifted, able and intrepid representative of the New Musical School was BERLIOZ. CHOPIN went with him decidedly; but if he was one of those, who most strenuously insisted on emancipation from the traditional formulas, still he was equally resolute in rejecting those shouts of the market-place and other monstrosities, which would only have introduced new abuses in the place of the old. Here too he thoroughly maintained his independence. The boldnesses in his compositions he surrounded with so much grace, proportion and fundamental science, that the admiration they excited fully justified him in having trusted only his own genius. His deep studies, his habit of well-considered labor, the reverence for classic beauty, in which he had been brought up, guaranteed him against all danger of squandering his powers in groping about and experimenting, as it has been the fate of many disciples of the new ideas.

If Chopin withdrew himself, as we have seen, from the whirlpool of society, he clung on the other hand with so much the greater heartiness to his family and to the acquaintances of his youth. He stood in uninterrupted connection with his relatives; especially dear to him was his sister LOUISE, whose spirit and ways of feeling were most kindred to his own. She has several times made the journey from Warsaw to Paris, to visit him, and she too was his constant nurse in the last three months of his life.

CHOPIN was born at Zelazowa-Wola in Warsaw in the year 1810. His own recollection of his boyhood related chiefly to a gift from the CATALANI, a gold watch with the inscription: "1820. Madame Catalani to Frederic Chopin aged ten years."

The years of his childhood offer nothing especially remarkable. He was frailly built by nature, and the anxious attention of his friends was directed above all to his health. He grew up among patterns of domestic virtues and religious observances, and had the example of simplicity, activity, piety and refined culture before his eyes. In his ninth year he received instruction in music, and soon after he was placed under the charge of a passionate worshipper of SEBASTIAN BACH, by the name of ZIWINA, who for many years conducted the musical studies of the boy in the good old thorough manner. His parents, (his mother was a Pole, his father a Frenchman,) lived in limited circumstances and indeed never thought of building hopes upon a brilliant

virtuosity in their son, but kept him to the earnest and conscientious study of Music, so that he might become a competent and skilful teacher.

Through the magnanimous patronage of Prince Anton Radziwill—the same, who has shown his artistic capacity by his compositions to Goethe's "Faust"—Chopin was admitted rather early to one of the high schools of Warsaw. But the prince did not stop there; he provided for the complete education of the boy, in whom he had discerned a remarkable talent, and obviated, through the mediation of a friend of the family, Anton Korzuehowski, all the necessities involved in the education of an artist. At the school Chopin made the acquaintance of the sons of Prince Borsy Czetywytynski; their mother, who loved and practiced music with a true feeling for the art, conceived a great sympathy for the young artist, and in her saloons he had first an opportunity to know the select and brilliant circles of the higher society, in which Warsaw was at that time so rich. Soft, full of feeling, fine in every sense, the features of his face had in his sixteenth year an ideal beauty, of which it might have been said, that it belonged to no determined age or sex.

Into this first period of his youth falls his attachment to a young maiden, who all her life has thought of him with loving devotion. The storm, which tore him far away from his home, severed this first love and robbed the exile of a fond and faithful wife, as well as of his fatherland. Never in his after years was there for him the bliss of such a tie as he dreamed of then. His beloved kept his memory sacred, and clung with filial affection to his parents; nor would Chopin's father permit that the portrait of his Frederic, which she had drawn in their days of hope, should ever be replaced by another however more artistically perfect.

When he had finished his schooling and had learned, through the study of Harmony with Joseph Elsner, the difficult art of being severe with himself, his parents wished him to travel, in order to hear great performances of important musical works. With this view Chopin visited some cities in Germany, in which however he never stayed more than a short time. In the year 1830 he had just left Warsaw again with a similar purpose, when the revolution of the 29th of November broke out.

He saw himself compelled to remain in Vienna, where he performed in some concerts, without

however making the impression, which he had a right to expect. He left Vienna with the intention of going to London; still he desired to stop some time in Paris; he had his passport *visé*-ed to England "*via* Paris," and this word contained his whole future. Long years after, when he had become naturalized and settled down in France, he used often to say, laughingly: "I am only here on my passage through."

Shortly after his arrival in Paris he gave several concerts and was heard by the higher society and by the young artists equally with admiration. I still remember very well his first appearance in the saloon of M. Pleyel, where the ever reiterated applause could not satisfy our surprise and enthusiasm at a talent, which revealed a new phase in the poesy of musical art and developed such felicitous innovations in form.

Chopin did not allow himself to be dazzled nor intoxicated by his triumphs; he bore them off without pride, but at the same time without false modesty. All his countrymen, who were then in Paris, prepared the most hearty and appreciating reception for him, and from that time forward he was constantly welcome in the house of prince Czartoryski, the Countess Plater, lady Von Komar and her daughter, the Countess Delphine Potocka. This latter lady was in beauty, intellect and grace one of the most admired queens of society; to her he has dedicated his second Concerto, the one before alluded to, with the beautiful Adagio. At a later time he associated especially with his countrymen, and this too had some influence on his musical occupations. He continued in fact by this means in a sort of musical correspondence with his fatherland; they brought him new songs and poems to Paris, and furnished with his melodies these flew home again and quickly became generally known and loved, without anybody knowing the composer's name. As the number of these melodies had increased considerably, he thought at last of collecting and publishing them. But he was not destined to realize this thought, and so his Songs have remained lost and scattered flowers, whose fragrance only here and there salutes a wanderer, whom chance has led into the distant regions where they still grow. We have heard some songs in Poland which are ascribed to him and which are worthy of him too; but who can venture to undertake an accurate separation of the productions of his muse from those of the spirit of the people?

But evidently Chopin is a tone-poet, who by his compositions has lent an individual expression to the poetic sense, the poetic way of feeling of a people in a given period. His music does not fit either of the two great frames, which are distinguished by the names of German and Italian music. But that national coloring was with him by no means a thing purposely sought for: he did not make it *a priori* his ideal; perhaps he would himself have wondered, had you called him a national composer. As with the genuine national poets, so in his music the peculiar national spirit pervaded the creation without forethought and without the consciousness of the creator. And this spirit resides not merely in the form and rhythm of the Polonaises, Mazourkas, &c.; but one and the same feeling runs in a thousand ways through all his works, Concertos, Scherzos, Preludes, Etudes and especially Nottornos. Thoroughly subjective, Chopin has breathed into all

his tone-creations one and the same life, his own inmost and most individual life, so that in all a unity of character prevails, an exclusive mode of feeling, out of which their beauties, and indeed their weaknesses and defects too, flow.

This very definitely pronounced peculiarity of Chopin could not be without influence on his judgment in Art, on his partialities and aversions in his views about the works of the greatest masters. In fact he only sought in them what was kindred to *his own* nature. What came near to this, pleased him; but to whatever was remote from this, he scarcely allowed justice. He could not go outside of himself, and the greatest beauties and the greatest merit passed for nothing with him, if they contradicted one side or another of his æsthetic comprehension. As great an admiration as he cherished for BEETHOVEN, yet certain portions of his works appeared to him too rough-hewn; their build was for him too athletic, the passion in them seemed to him too sickly, the rage too impetuous, and thundering; to him the lion's marrow in this giant's limbs was too coarse a stuff, and the seraphic, Raphael-like profiles, which emerge amid the violent creations of this spirit, became frequently almost painful through the cutting contrast.

In some of the melodies of FRANZ SCHUBERT he recognized the full charm, but unwillingly he listened to those, whose outlines (to *his ear* at least) were too sharp, in which the feeling lies as it were bare and naked, and where you (so to speak) hear the limbs crack under the rack of pain. Everything immoderate and rude repulsed him; everything that approached the style of the new French melodrama, was martyrdom to him. If he was partial to the Romantic, yet he hated all insane excess, all startling and shudder-exciting effects. Even Shakspeare he accepted only with strong reservation, just as he once said with regard to Franz Schubert, that the sublime became disfigured, the moment that the common-place or trivial succeeded it. He despised the narrow fetters of the old form, the stiff symmetry of a bird-cage; but it was to soar like a lark into the air, and not to creep through the hollows of the woods and listen to the howling and roaring of the wild beasts, or to make through the sandy desert paths, which the treacherous wind ironically covers up again behind the desperate traveller.

All the free and sparkling flow of the Italian music, as unsought as it is unlearned, pleased him quite as little as that which in the German bears the stamp of a power, of which he recognized the strength, but not the elevation. Among the composers of the former period he valued and played HUMMEL most, and MOZART was to him the ideal type of musical poetry, since he more seldom than all others condescended to overstep the bounds, which separate the excellent from the common. And yet his abhorrence of the common-place and his pure nature found even in "Don Juan," that immortal masterpiece, passages, whose presence he lamented; his reverence for Mozart was not thereby lessened, but as it were saddened; he could go so far as to forget what he did not like, but to become reconciled to it was to him impossible.

How much Chopin regarded Art as his most sacred calling, how proud he was that heaven had appointed him to this vocation, and with what a religious piety he looked upon himself as

a priest of the same, was proved in his dying hour by a provision of his last will. He, who among the first artists of his time had given the fewest concerts, nevertheless ordered on his death-bed, that he should be buried in the dress he used to wear in his public concerts. As he associated his love for art and his faith in it with the thought of immortality, so he again testified by a dumb symbol, when he laid himself down in the tomb, to the conviction that had elevated and made beautiful his life.

[To be continued.]

Music in the past Half Century.

An Address delivered before the Harvard Musical Association, at Copley Hall, Boston, Dec. 22, 1851.

BY SAMUEL JENNISON, JR.

[Continued from page 60.]

Turn now for a moment to the creations of BACH and HANDEL. Recall those massive organ fugues of the former, the ponderous chorusses of the latter; and where do you behold such perfect models of pure harmony, finished modulation unconnected with words, as in those fugues so infinitely to be enjoyed, if one will but study to fathom them; or as in those yet sublimer harmonies which it was the fortunate lot of the latter to ally to the most inspired of words? For Handel had the singular fortune to seize upon a theme (I speak now of the Messiah) to which, for all that is most tender, most holy, most lofty, no other could be equal. That great and conspicuous name of that incomprehensible Being, the light of the whole Christian world, seems to have set the stamp of its own greatness upon, and hallowed, the work.

MILTON and HANDEL: they are ever and peculiarly associated in our minds, as having occupied respectively the highest ground in poetry and in music. Theirs is a similar dignity and sublimity. All the suggestive materials in a world's history, real or mythological, a ten years conflict around the walls of Troy, with pagan deities for allies, all the voyages of the pious Æneas, all the crusades which supplied a Tasso's invention, the discovery of a new world, the downfall of Jerusalem, which had filled the mind of Coleridge, the journey of Dante through the realms of darkness and of Paradise, all yield in grandeur to, and some are paltry and insignificant beside, that great theme

"Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woes."

So it always seems to me to be with HANDEL and the Messiah: and so the subjects which other composers have found, The Creation, Palestine, David, Elijah, St. Paul, even the death of Jesus, the Mount of Olives, the Last Judgment, majestic as they may be, appear clothed in less glory than this. What can so take hold upon all affections as those words of cheering, of pathos, or of praise, "Comfort ye my people," "He shall feed his flock," "He was despised," "For thou didst not leave," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," &c. We may well conceive the feeling with which the composer replied to the prelate, who, on learning his design, proposed to furnish him with words: "How," said HANDEL, "does he think that he can give me a better text than prophets and apostles filled with the Holy Spirit?" and we may conceive the

inspiration which fired his soul as he wrote, and of which he said he could give no account, but, such was his exaltation, in the words of St. Paul: "Whether I was in or out of the body, I know not."

The aspiration of HANDEL, as of MILTON, was answered. What in them was dark became illumined; what was low became raised and supported so that they did, indeed, rise to the height of their great argument. And this has been recognized by the greatest of those, whose names and works have shed a lustre upon the musical world in past days. Therefore it was that BACH said, "He is the only one whom I should like to see before I die, and who I should like to be if I were not BACH." And therefore did MOZART on hearing these words modestly add, "And I would say the same, if I could have a voice where they are heard."

Therefore it was that the great GLUCK, bidding his English visitor follow him to his room, said, "I will introduce you to one whom, all my life, I have made my study, and endeavored to imitate;" and, pointing to the full length portrait, added, "There, Sir, is the portrait of the inspired master of our art; when I open my eyes in the morning, I look upon him with reverential awe, and acknowledge him as such, and the highest praise is due to your country for having honored him."

Therefore it was that HAYDN must weep like a child, overwhelmed with the sublime strains in Westminster Abbey.

Therefore it was that BEETHOVEN in his last moments, on receiving a copy of his works, exclaimed: "*Das ist die Wahre!*" "That is the True!" styling him the greatest Composer that ever lived. "I cannot," says a writer quoted in the Life of BEETHOVEN, "describe to you with what pathos, and I am inclined to say, with what sublimity of language, he spoke of the Messiah of this immortal genius. Every one of us was moved when he said: 'I would uncover my head, and kneel down on his tomb.'" And at another time, you will remember he said of him: "Handel is the unequalled master of all masters. Go, turn to him and learn, with few means, how to produce great effects."

Therefore it was that worthy custom arose, continued in England to this day, when, by a simultaneous impulse, following the example of their king, the vast audience rose from their seats when those magnificent Hallelujahs burst upon their astonished ears.

Pardon me if I have been betrayed into quoting at unnecessary length these various opinions. Do you say HANDEL needs no eulogy? Yet do we not need to have our memories refreshed as to the estimation in which he was held by those who in our estimation stand highest? Is there not occasion for the fear that, notwithstanding all the professions of regard for him, in the deluge of modern productions, and in the press of modern composers, the surpassing excellence of HANDEL may be forgotten, and by reason of a few quaintnesses and old fashions in him, his wonderful greatness be neglected till it become traditional and talked of, rather than seen and felt.

The apprehension would surely not be an unwarrantable one, if a class of critics should spring up to maintain, as one young American is related to have done, that even BEETHOVEN is but an indifferent composer; DONIZETTI the only genuine master!

If then in that grandeur of style, if in those lofty and powerful HANDELIAN and BACHIAN attributes (so to speak), attributes which it is easier to feel than describe, we seem to observe a decline, what a change has not melody undergone! How much less truthful and natural her character than that she once bore! Upon how slender a framework are many of the modern airs constructed! how slight the theme, the subject, which serves for the basis of many modern *cavatins*, in comparison with that of the simple old songs! Do we not observe now a large infusion of an unhealthy, romantic element, pervading all forms of music, betokening rather sentimentality than sentiment; leaving with us often the impression that it is but shallow, superficially meretricious, with all its pretension, meaningless as the interminable *mi moro! oh ciel! ahimé! pietà!* of the Opera—the transformation of the innocent village maiden into the languishing belle of the town.

Even take the *Casta Diva*, divest it of the charm of a Jenny Lind's vocalization, cast off that wrapping of elegant *floriture*, anatomize the melody and see how slight its foundation.

You will readily comprehend my meaning, if you do not admit the correctness of my proposition, when I refer you to such songs as HANDEL'S "*Love in her eyes sits playing*"; to HAYDN'S Canzonet, "*The season comes when first we met*," or "*O tuneful voice*," with its delicious accompaniment, scarcely inferior to "*Adelaide*." Go back to almost any song of SHIELD and STORACE, charming melodists of England: bring to mind "*Tell her I love her*," "*The streamlet that flowed round her cot*," "*Down by the river there grows a green willow*": remember the music of Moore's melodies; look at all those airs which MOZART could throw off with so proverbial facility; think of the *Agnus Dei* in the first Mass; of *Batti, batti*, and *Vedrai carino*, it is almost impertinent to remind you;—then think if you might not hunt over endless sheets upon the shelves of music stores, before finding any imbued with a sweetness so chaste and charming as those and others you may recall; songs containing in themselves so living a germ, such a core of pure and refined melody as those which from our boyhood we have sung a thousand times, yet scarce grown weary: which needed no support of shifting harmonies and kaleidoscopic modulation. How many of those of the present day, alluring, fascinating though they be, in comparison with such as I have named, soon pall upon the ear! How little do they wear! How quickly does the appetite

—— "Sicken and so die;"

till we exclaim,

no more!

It does not please me as it did before.

Examine, finally, the stock of modern church tunes. How undeniably deficient are they by scores and hundreds in that beauty and expressiveness which once lifted the heart of the worshipper to the very gates, indeed, of heaven.

It is not to be denied that there are occasionally memorable instances of melodious invention in some of the later composers; but take a glance from MOZART, for instance, downward through ROSSINI to DONIZETTI and VERDI, and is it altogether with a silly prejudice that we cast our eyes back upon the days when embellishment was not so needed to direct attention from the meagreness of the theme; when the ear had not yet become so addicted to the use of stimulants, as to

disdain the plainer fare which afforded gratification sufficiently vivid and nourishment far more wholesome?

Will MOZART in future days remain in high repute, or will the DONIZETTIS retain their ascendancy, and extend their empire? Is the world's progress towards greater purity of morals, or towards sensuality and licentiousness?

Among recent changes in the character of musical compositions, none are more apparent than those discoverable in pieces for the piano forte, an instrument which has become, and deservedly so, the most popular and extensively cultivated of all.

Where is now the Sonata, that finished, elegant composition, with its three or four varied movements, each complete in well ordered beauty?

This form of composition, created by BACH and HAYDN, adorned and embellished by the varied genius of PLEYEL, KOZELUCH, CLEMENTI, MOZART, and so forth down to BEETHOVEN, and deemed by them worthy to perpetuate their unfading beauties, is a form now almost extinct, except in its broader arrangement for various instruments, in Trio, Quartett and Symphony. As for the *Toccata*, the occasional title of piano forte compositions within fifty years, the word itself requires a reference to the Musical Vocabulary. The word *Sonata* was originally applied only to pieces *da suonare*, "to sound," in other words for wind instruments, while *Toccata*, from *toccare*, to touch, was a term given to compositions for instruments with keys. In place of these you now find in the music stores an endless variety of *Capricci*, *Divertissements*, *Romances*, *Sketches*, *Serenades*, *Nocturnes*, *Songs without words*, *Airs with variations*, *Andantes*, and *Adagio* "*religieuses*" and "*sentimentales*," *Souvenirs* of all manner of places, people and things, *Fantasias*, for the most part founded on favorite themes from favorite Operas—as if to originate a pleasing subject were beyond the power of the writer,—and intended to dazzle and amaze with their difficulties, rather than to charm with their sweetness or sentiment.

While the demand for novelty and brilliancy in this class of music, (where it is perhaps more observable than in any other) has led manufacturers to discover various methods of improving the action of the Piano Forte, the superior mechanism, on the other hand, giving a great elasticity of touch is of itself sufficient to suggest, if it does not even demand more rapid performance.

The names of the crowd of fashionable composers half a century ago, or just beyond, setting aside always the Haydns and Mozarts, have well nigh sunk into oblivion, if here they have ever even been heard of. NICOLAI, STERKEL, STAES, EICHNER, VANHALL, SCHROEDER SCHOBERT, BOCCHERINI were thought in their time to exhibit various degrees of elegance, polished melody, rich harmony, spirit, science, or pathos: but the modern performer turns from them all for the most part as unprofitable and insipid. To CLEMENTI, it should not be forgotten, is however to be awarded the palm for unsurpassed elegance and beauty. To him BEETHOVEN assigned the foremost rank, saying that they who thoroughly studied the works of CLEMENTI, at the same time rendered themselves acquainted with MOZART and others, while the converse was not the fact. The most recent school of Piano Forte composition, and which has sprung up in the period we

treat of, is well characterized by a writer in the Westminster Review of some twelve or more years ago as the *Marvellous School*: it comprises THALBERG, HENSELT, CHOPIN, LISZT and so on. Its peculiarity is so well known, as to need no particular description. Let me however observe, that the student of this school, besides rendering himself familiar with all ordinary difficulties of execution, will find it well nigh indispensable also to acquire an acquaintance with every key in which music can be written. Such signatures as five flats were once used but rarely, were brought forth only on great occasions: Mr. Gardner thinks BEETHOVEN enters it only "for tragic purposes." But now WEBER's "Invitation to the Dance," once the *ne plus ultra* of a young amateur's ambition, is but simple in its key as in its general structure. A brilliant Set of Waltzes by THALBERG, published some years since in this city; together with the Sonata, op. 27, of Beethoven, upon F sharp minor, one of the most strikingly plaintive of all of that composer; the *Marcia Funebre* in Sonata, on the minor of A flat, which brings into requisition the flat C, are the most readily occurring illustrations of the importance of becoming familiarized with what were once the insuperable difficulties of the signatures of six or seven flats or sharps. And after the researches of modern piano forte composers into the piquant harmonies, and sometimes startlingly and intensely pathetic and appealing tones our beautiful Grand Pianos in those wild keys give out, we smile at the days when the simple key of F with one flat, was that beyond which the composer scarce ventured; when that key alone filled the four hundred folio pages of the Virginal Book of Queen Elizabeth. The habit of conquering difficulties very naturally creates a craving for new and greater difficulties to be overcome; and to excel in manual dexterity has become the chief ambition of the pianist. Hence there has been a constant tendency to originate only compositions which should dazzle and bewilder for the great degree of skill required to execute them; and we have now thousands of such pieces, whose performance would have been as great a cause of amazement and incredulity to the musical world of former days, as the propulsion of matter by steam, or transmission of messages by electricity.

Yet how much further can this be carried? There must be ere long a limit to this velocity; for even if the hand could be trained to unlimited capacity, as easily as demisemiquavers of quadruple or quintuple rapidity can be written for it, we may safely assert that the ear at least can never become trained to such delicacy and acuteness as to appreciate or follow, much less to derive gratification from more headlong rates of speed. It is a common saying, that beyond a certain range of the thermometer we are unable to appreciate the intensity of heat or cold; so if you extended the key-board of the piano an octave or two in either direction, you would gain nothing; and so for a performer to increase the rapidity of his playing much beyond what has been attained, would be as futile, so far as the gratification of the listener is concerned, as for the exhibitor of a panorama to unroll his cylinders with the speed of a locomotive, and expect the spectators to enjoy his picture.

This prodigious education of the hand cannot, however, be without its effect. Piano forte music will not go back to the baldness of the earlier

days, and the result may be developments in some form or other which we cannot anticipate.

The *Cantabile* or singing style has of late obtained great attention in piano forte composition. And as a substitute for the too often rapid *Airs with Variations*, which once monopolized the time of the student of that instrument, for the creation of an elegant taste, such works as the "*Lieder ohne Worte*" of MENDELSSOHN and others must be regarded as of high value. In modern pianos of best quality much regard seems to be had to the production of a tender and expressive singing tone. It was in fact the search for this which gave rise to the invention of striking the strings with hammers instead of quills.

In the department of Opera, what age can have been so lavish of its wealth? The Italian Opera! What hosts of delicious associations does not the name call up, even with us, of whom but little more than ten years since we read in an article in the *North American Review*, that the tastes and habits of our people were so averse to this species of entertainment that it could never in all probability find great favor among us; yet whose absence or too long delay now produces a void which attests the rapidly growing demand and need. Time would fail to enumerate the many works which have contributed so much to the pleasure of the world: the solitary one of BEETHOVEN, the multitudes of that galaxy of WEBER, ROSSINI, BELLINI, DONIZETTI, MEYERBEER, AUBER, MERCADANTE, PACINI, VERDI, RICCI, BALFE, and the like, affording what a fund of brilliant fancies, harmonious combinations, imposing effects!

Of the origin of the Rossinian style an anecdote is on record, which seems to deserve transcribing.

It is said that in 1814, at Milan, the composer first met with VELLUTI, a singer of eminence, who was fond of displaying the beauty and flexibility of his voice. Upon the second rehearsal of the "*Aurelians in Palmyra*," then about to be produced, the singer began to exhibit some of his graces, which the *maestro* with much delight applauded. Upon a subsequent repetition, however, the beauty of the cantilena was entirely lost in the luxuriance of ornament thrown around it. ROSSINI scarcely recognized his own music; and, aware that every one imitated the favorite VELLUTI, and believing that there would be no more simple melody, since, the fashion once introduced, every vocalist would add whatever embellishments his own taste, uncultivated or otherwise, might suggest, he resolved, perhaps not without a wise design, "to take into his own hands the guidance and management of these inevitable graces: he would not leave room for a single appoggiatura: but the ornaments should form an integral part of the music and be all written down in the score."

Another anecdote which, if well founded, would indicate that the celebrity of ROSSINI for having thus originated a new school, came near being disputed by another resident of the same city, is to the effect that one PETINI, a painter of no small genius, who also gave promise of becoming a musician of eminence and whose musical compositions were thought not a little to resemble his illustrious contemporary, after having heard the "*Pietra del Paragone*" of the latter at La Scala, was observed to become silent and melancholy: and when, a few days after, being found diligently at work at his easel, he was asked why no longer

traces of music were to be found about him, he replied: "Ah! you see I have abandoned music: there can be but one composer in that style, and he, ROSSINI, was born a year before me."

If it be true that this rival had the genius asserted, it was a foolish whim which deprived the world of another candidate for musical fame. For there are clearly no two composers of decided celebrity whose works do not bear as distinct marks of individuality, of idiosyncrasy, as are found in the verses of different poets, or the pictures of different painters.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

MIDNIGHT WIND.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

Wind of cloudy, bleak November,
Falling, rising through the night,
As I watch each dying ember
By my lamp's low softened light,
Sadly, vaguely I remember
Hours of sorrow and delight.

Rushing through the midnight dreary,
Thou art like a spirit's sigh,
Mourning o'er some land of Faery
He had known in infancy—
So I muse till I am weary—
Would the wind would pause and die!

Cease, O memory, to taunt me
With the far off scent of flowers—
Cease, O midnight wind, to haunt me
With the ghosts of buried hours—
Hope, draw near and disenchant me,
Brightest of Angelic Powers!

Grisi in Norma.

The *rentrée* of Grisi is always a festival for the *habitués* of the Italian Opera. Her Norma—the Norma of Pasta—majestic, passionate and terrible, is one of those efforts which time and experience have matured into perfection. Even where the voice fails—that voice which for eighteen years, without intermission, has moved and enchanted us—the spirit within makes up for every physical deficiency, the soul shines through the face, and speaks with a force that is irresistible. It has become a platitude to write that "Grisi's voice is still fresh and strong and sonorous," or that "Grisi's energy is unimpaired." Season after season it has been written; nor is it easy to guess at the period when it shall cease to be true. Warmed by the enthusiastic reception accorded her on Thursday night, the great singer and greater actress, having safely passed the ordeal of the *cavatina* ("Casta Diva"), always, with Grisi, the bridge which conducts from uncertainty to triumph, threw herself into the part with all her power, and her "*Ah non tremare, o perfido*," was given with an impetuosity that made poor Pollio look aghast, and electrified the audience. . . . The curtain fell amidst the loudest applause, and a general recall for Grisi, who came forward with Signor Tamberlik.

The second act, even more than the first, brings out the powers of Grisi as a tragic actress. The scene with the children, in which the feelings of the mother prevail over the strong desire of vengeance; that in which Norma first summons the Druid warriors to arms, and afterwards confesses herself the priestess who has sacrificed her vows; the interview with Pollio, where she alternately supplicates and menaces the traitorous proconsul; and last, not least, the petition to Oroveso, "*Deh! non voleri viltine*," when Norma, regardless of her approaching fate, thinks only of her children, were not less impressive than on former occasions. In short, the Norma of Grisi retains in full force those salient qualities to which it owes its reputation as one of the most remarkable performances of the operatic stage.—*London Musical World*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 5, 1852.

OLE BULL.

The announcement of a concert in Boston again by the gifted and eccentric Norwegian, after an absence of eight years or more, could not fail to excite a good deal of interest. Eight years ago he came to America, the pioneer of the other world-renowned virtuosos, into this wild wilderness musical taste. Then he bewitched thousands in all our cities by much that was musically genuine, but also by much that pertained, properly to the personal peculiarities of the man, while our musical ignorance set it all down to the musician, the composer, the artist. Indeed there were amusing instances of simplicity in that first enthusiasm about OLE BULL, which can scarcely occur again: thus, when before playing he laid his ear close to his violin, in the very ordinary act of satisfying himself that the strings were properly tuned, the admirers would exclaim: "How he listened to his instrument, as if it had a soul in it and a secret to impart to him, before he commenced," &c. &c. These manifestations of infant marvellousness belong to the past; as a people, we have gained some musical experience within this eight years' interim; we have heard *artists*, of instrument and voice; we have above all had our attention drawn and held to the intrinsic and enduring charm of great musical *compositions*; we have wondered at the blazing rockets of mere performers and virtuosos, till all such pleasures palled upon us, and we can never make up such enthusiastic audiences for any solo-player under heaven as we once could.

And yet, looking back, those very instances of semi-musical enthusiasm, at which we smile, proved one thing. They proved that Ole Bull did somehow work upon the imaginations of his hearers, and predispose them to the marvellous; that there was a vein of wild poetry in his nature, which exhibited itself in his music as in all his ways, and which touched the poetic chords in the popular breast. There was no denying the rare magnetism of the man. He had the look and air of genius, its simplicity and thoughtfulness, its sensitive delicacy and rugged strength (as shown in his noble physical build), its childlike cordiality and manly pride. The personality of the man, as conveyed through his music, was what interested everybody; of the music itself, (at all events so far as it laid claim to the character of *composition*), only very few could judge, and those few were perhaps too exclusively "classical" in their prepossessions, too easily bewildered by any departure from regularity of form, from the established architectural models of musical composition. But now this familiarity with classic form and unity in music has ceased to be confined in our concert audiences to the *very few*; it has got to be somewhat common, and if it take the form of pedantry in some, in the most it is a sincere and unavoidable and, we may add, a delighted conviction that the real inspiration of genius is what makes forms and consecrates them for ages as models, only not in too strict and unyielding a sense; and that the fugue, the sonata, &c., are not arbitrary moulds, but do exist in nature; and that the most logical of all things, the most subject to an internal law of unity and proportion, is that principle, wayward

as it may sometimes *seem*, which we call Genius. The greatest instances of both, of perfectness and regularity of form (in other words, *learning*), and of spontaneous native *genius*, are the Handels, Mozarts, Beethovens, and so on, the very names which head the so-called "classics" of the art. Hence it was inevitable that with our more familiarity with such great masters, we should grow less excitable to the wonderful feats of virtuosity and to rhapsodical and disconnected improvisations, more expressive of intensely restless private moods than of great, steadily unfolding thought.

In re-appearing now, therefore, before a New York or a Boston audience, Ole Bull cannot expect the same enthusiasm as in his first visit. Our whole delight in music has become a calmer and more intellectual matter. Our interest is more in composers than in players; more in orchestras and great choral combinations than in solo-playing; more in enduring musical products than in the most eloquent and skilful utterance through any instrument of merely individual moods. If Ole Bull, in spite of this change (we call it *growth*) in the public taste, can still produce *half* the impression that he did eight years ago, it is proof of some rare quality of force in the man. If he can do it playing his own compositions and in spite of the disposition there now is to measure these by the standard of the great works with which we have grown familiar, it is still more proof that there is more of the soul of music in him, than has found outward shape; for it is an absolute fact that most cultivated music-lovers do not like his compositions *as such*, but find them disjointed, fragmentary, confusing, and oftentimes of a tendency again and again proved false in art, namely, the tendency to attempt descriptions, pictures, narratives of historical scenes and events through tones—a thing in itself so impracticable that the composer finds himself, in spite of himself, in order to get along at all, reduced to cheap expedients of effect that are below himself, to sudden starts and contrasts, orchestral crashes, the introduction and mingling of hacknied popular melodies, and generally the employment of the charm of association, instead of the direct power of music.

We have to confess ourselves, individually, not fond of this kind of thing. We are wearied and confused by any music, however strongly tinged with any national or individual spirit, however expressive in detail, however skilful in execution, and original or bold in its resort to means, or intense in feeling, if it do not at the same time impress us by its unity as a whole, by its development from first to last of one or more pregnant themes. As compositions, therefore, we do not get reconciled to what Ole Bull seems most fond of playing. Perhaps we do not fully seize his idea; and perhaps, too, this is the very fault with his music, that it is too purely subjective, and can never *as music* convey the author's feeling to another, without the aid of all his own natural language, magnetism, &c., along with the music. Of this Ole Bull does possess a great deal, for he does interest exceedingly the greater portion, and in not a few cases the most cultivated and appreciating individuals of the audience before whom he plays.

The true thing to be said of him is what has been said by many critics, that he is not to be judged by the usual standards; that his genius (and he *has* genius) is exceptional, intensely individual in all its forms and methods; that he

belongs to the very extreme of the Romantic, as distinguished from the Classical School in art; that he makes use of the violin and the orchestra, in short of music, simply and mainly to impress his own personal moods, his own personal experience, upon his audiences. You go to hear and feel *Ole Bull*, rather than to hear and feel his music. It is eminently a personal matter.

We do not wonder that some very strict classicists set their faces against him altogether. But a *humbug* he certainly is not. That is a word very cheaply used. However one may quarrel with Ole Bull's style of music, it is a very genuine, very real, very earnest thing with him; it is that very evidence of earnestness, that look of intelligent absorption in it, that searching of every tone for its utmost of expression, which constitutes much of his hold upon his hearers. He is not a mere mechanician with the bow, not a mere routine variation player. He stands there as if he believed in his music, as if he were making his religious confession of faith. He does it all as if he improvised it, and though oft repeated, still his passages preserve that style.

Considered simply as to executive power, he seems, after hearing so many good violinists for years past, to exceed them all:—always excepting however HENRI VIEUXTEMPS. The breadth and richness of his tone; his power of swelling and attenuating the volume of the single tone; his firm, free use of double stops, making the effect of quartet parts sometimes through a considerable passage; his inimitable *cantabile*, carried sometimes, we must confess, to a too Italian opera-like excess of lachrimosity; and above all the perfection of his *staccato*:—all these things are the wonder and delight of musicians, as well as of the crowd.

In his first piece on Wednesday evening, his Concerto in A major, he displayed great command of orchestral combinations; and though the piece was very long and full of sudden changes and surprises, starting many themes and as suddenly abandoning them, still there was a certain wild charm about it all, which one has only to be in the right mood, to enjoy it richly. His *Verbena de San Juan*, upon an even slenderer thread, strings together several pleasant Spanish melodies, and breathes as warm a Southern atmosphere, as the Concerto was wild and Northern. Here too you felt the poetic impressibility of the man. His "Mother's Prayer" was always a favorite, and we never enjoy him so much as in his slow pathetic movements, though we cannot exempt him from the very charge we make against the Italian singers, that of occasional exaggeration of pathos. His "Carnival of Venice" is to us the boldest, most brilliant, most richly humorous of all the many Carnivals that have been sung to us on strings; nothing better shows his marvels of execution.

Ole Bull was welcomed very warmly, and the applause was frequent and earnest throughout the evening. The enthusiasm was perhaps hardly up to the standard, which he knew of old; but that, as we have shown, could not be possibly again in any concert here, where the individual performer was the central and the sole attraction. He has shown his true appreciation in attaching to himself the "GERMANIANS" for his orchestra. We doubt if any other band in the country *could* do justice to his music, and so precisely humor all the peculiarities of his strangely *ad libitum* and

tempo rubato style of playing, These old friends, too, had a right hearty welcome back, and it seemed as if their overtures (to *Nabucco* and *Struensee*) were more admirably played than ever. And ALFRED JÄELL! who was not happy once more to hear him, and enjoy the liquid purity of his unrivalled touch, not only in some of his usual modern concert pieces, but in the deep, contemplative Andante of Mendelssohn, followed by the fairy-like Capriccio (that old midsummer's dream again dreamed over, and still new—how it haunted the happy Felix all his life!) After this he tossed a pretty bon-hon to the ladies in the shape of a Galop, styled the "Belles of Boston."

OLE BULL's second concert in Boston will take place to-night. He will have the same valuable assistance. We have not seen the programme, but why will he not give us at least one snatch of melody from MOZART, of whom we know him to be a profound and sincere worshipper? Our audiences, after a whole winter of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, &c., in symphony and quartet and sonata, are naturally slow to digest an entire programme of the concert-giver's own composing, though he be ever so great a genius.

MR. GOLDSCHMIDT. A romantic paragraph, credited to *The New York Musical World*, is going the rounds of the papers, to the effect that Mr. Goldschmidt is the son of a wealthy banker in Hamburg. It is entirely untrue. Although his family name is that of bankers well known upon the continent, Mr. Goldschmidt is the son of a merchant of moderate means, and has made his way entirely by his own merits and efforts. Before coming to this country, he enjoyed an enviable reputation as an artist in his native city, and, to some extent, in Germany, and his situation was so agreeable to his tastes, that it was not until after direct and personal solicitation from Mlle Jenny Lind that he concluded to visit the United States, where, as he had none of the *ad captandum* talent which is sure of popularity, he had no very glowing vision of success. In every best sense of the word, Mr. Goldschmidt is a gentleman,—a man of so unusual cultivation in art and literature, and of so genial character and manner, that the warmest friends of Jenny Lind could have wished her no fairer fortune than to become Madame Otto Goldschmidt.

The above, from the *N. York Tribune*, which we know to be strictly true, has saved us the trouble of exposing, as we had intended, the excessive knowingness, by which very enterprising musical, as well as other newspapers, sometimes try to excite the admiration of the curious.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

We call attention to the advertisement of the GERMANIA SERENADE BAND. Their plan of summer afternoon concerts is just the thing, so long as we have not yet the conveniences for music in the open air; and the pecuniary cost of the entertainment is really "next to nothing." We have always listened to their brass instrument performances with great pleasure, and now they make up quite a little orchestra besides, embracing some of our very best musicians.

New York.

A new wave of musical excitement is already beginning to rise here, in the daily expectation of ALRONI, who, it appears, was to sail on the 26th ult. in the Hermann, instead of on the 17th, as was falsely rumored.

The PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY gave their last public rehearsal last Saturday afternoon. SCHUMANN's Second Symphony was the main feature.

We were present the other day at a private *matinée musicale*, of a very classic character, where a parlor full of amateurs listened to the entire *Sephora* of Beethoven, played in the original form, with wind and string instruments. There was also a string Quartet by Haydn, a

Trio (for piano, violin and cello) by Beethoven, and another by Mendelssohn.—Why are not these things more common among music-loving families who possess the means?

A concert is announced for Monday evening in Metropolitan Hall, by one Signor C. BASSINI, who, it would seem, is a "distinguished violinist," though he appears unheralded. He is to be assisted by Madame DE VRIES, Signora VIETTI, Signor ARDITI, and Monsieur MIQUEL. The last named gentleman we lately heard in private; he is an excellent violoncellist in classical as well as brilliant concert music; a composer too in both forms, and a member of the Conservatoire in Paris.

We have received the following, which speaks for itself. We can only say, it is right that they who did a good thing should have the credit of it; and that the Serenade was really a good one, our own ears testified. It was an awkward thing to manage,—a whole orchestra in Broadway, at 1 o'clock in the morning; but rarely have we heard Mendelssohn's *Nocturne* more beautifully played.

NEW YORK, May 31, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—Having seen several erroneous statements regarding the farewell serenade, given to Madame Goldschmidt on Friday night, (28th inst.,) I beg leave to state, that said serenade was given by the *American Musical Fund Society*, the orchestra consisting, with few exceptions, of members of the Philharmonic and Musical Fund Societies. In addition to the pieces, performed by this orchestra, Mr. Dodworth and his excellent Band, who had kindly volunteered their service, played "a Duet from Semiramide," and "Home, sweet home." The Germania Musical Society took no share whatever in the Serenade. The whole party was accompanied by about two hundred firemen, who, on invitation, had consented to assist in this farewell demonstration to a lady to whom the members of the Musical Fund Society, as well as those of the fire department are so much indebted.

The pieces, played by the orchestra, were as follows: 1. Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle; 2. Nocturno, from Midsummer Night's Dream; 3. Jubilee Overture, by Weber; 4. Wedding March, from Midsummer Night's Dream.

If you will please to insert the above in your paper, you will confer a great favor upon your obedient servant,
JOHN C. SCHERFF,
Secretary A. M. F. S.

PARODI, with the aid of STRAKOSCH and his lady, (late Signorina PATTI) has been delighting the Philadelphians with concerts. Her last in America takes place this week.

Madame ANNA BISHOP is at Charleston. She has visited thirty or forty towns and cities on her "farewell musical tour" West and South, and given 120 concerts, and is expected to close the whole in a dramatic concert in New York by the end of this month.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Crivelli's *Norma* is thus spoken of by the *Musical World*:

"Crivelli adheres, and will we hope adhere, to her own original conception of the opening portion of the opera. She preserved the same haughty elevation, the same priestess-like isolation from her companions, to which we referred, with an expression of concurrence in her reading, when she first appeared in *Norma*. . . . As a mere vocalist, Crivelli has long attained a position, enviable indeed, but one which, had she remained only a vocalist, we should have spared ourselves the pain of doing much more than registering, and so leaving. It is as a lyric artist, in the best sense of the word, that we desire to judge her, and it is as a lyric artist that, if we appreciate her aright, she would desire to be judged. Hence, in recurring to her personations, having once or more often reported a feat of voice, done justice to a masterly progress on the ascending scale, or recorded a long-held note, we have cared less to preserve a series of 'acoustic observations,' than to remark how a fine and complete conception is retouched and heightened. Crivelli's position is independent of musical notation."

Her Rosina, we learn from the same source, was one of the most brilliant performances ever witnessed. Her singing throughout, delicious, and at times, perfectly startling from its novelty and electric force. The *Morning Chronicle* says:

"Crivelli's Rosina is one of the most charming of her personations, and displays to great advantage the rich fund of *vis comica* which she possesses. Her exquisite delivering of the celebrated *aria d'entrata* is one of the most perfect specimens of execution ever heard on the lyric stage."

Besides these roles, she had appeared in *Leonora* (Fidelio), which is called her grandest achievement, and

may be classed with any performance of the modern lyric stage. In a histrionic point of view, it is simple, chaste, grand and natural; and, in the singing exquisitely beautiful.

The *Cenerentola* has been produced at this establishment, in which Mdlle. ANGRI appears to have made a decided hit, which is the more surprising and creditable to her, as it has been a part so exclusively monopolized by Albini, that no other singer has of late ventured to undertake it. Her conception of the character exhibited a refreshing simplicity and *naïveté*, while her execution of the music was uniformly excellent. She was well supported by Lablache, as Don Magnifico, and by Belletti and Calzorari as Don Ramiro and Dandini. The opera was repeated with undiminished success.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. Meyerbeer's grand opera, the *Huguenots*, was brought out on May 1, with the usual splendor, to a crowded and brilliant audience, including the Queen and Prince Albert. On this occasion MARIO made his first appearance for the season. We find in the *Musical World* the following notice of him.

"Viewed as a whole, Mario's dramatic personification of Raoul has lost none of its vigor and romantic beauty. Full of tenderness and passion, where tenderness and passion are required, lofty and noble in the heroic incidents, it is as complete and striking a picture of the chivalrous Protestant gentleman of France in the sixteenth century, as painter could draw or poet imagine. The great musical 'points,' however, which Meyerbeer has placed at the disposal of the singer, did not come out on Saturday night as we have heard them formerly, when Mario could and would outshine all competition. Whether, being 'out of sorts,' as we have already hinted, the 'physique' refused to obey the impulse from within, or whether, as some suspect, and we should regret to believe, the strength and bloom of the most perfect tenor voice of the age are on the decline, we cannot undertake to decide."

But if Mario was "out of sorts," Grisi was not, and came to the rescue right gallantly. The same authority says: "Grisi never played Valentine so finely as on Saturday night, never acted so earnestly, and never sang the music with more fire and energy. She did not allow a single point to escape that was likely to sustain the interest of the audience and prevent the excitement from subsiding into apathy." Herr Formés sustained the part of Marcel, the brave, rough and bigoted old Huguenot soldier, one of the most striking and original conceptions in the whole range of operatic creation. He dressed and looked the character to perfection, and in several passages, including the famous "Piff paff" song, created a prodigious sensation. Castellan, Mdlle. Seguin, and Polonini also appeared. The opera was repeated the following Tuesday, when Mario sang with all his pristine grace and vigor. *Don Giovanni* was brought out May 6 not very satisfactorily. Ronconi as the Don is admitted on all hands to have made a complete failure. Says the *Gazette*: "He felt his incompetence from beginning to end, and went through the performance, like Atlas with a world on his shoulders." Marini was the Leporello of the occasion. Grisi, Castellan, and Tamberlik also appeared.

MDLLE. WAGNER. The controversy between Messrs. Lumley and Gye, with reference to this lady has at length been decided in favor of the former, who has obtained from the Vice Chancellor a permanent injunction, prohibiting Mdlle. Wagner from singing in any theatre except her Majesty's or under his direction. Had the decision of the court been otherwise, it is said that Lumley would have been, as regards financial matters, in a desperate condition. He has only CRIVELLI to rely upon as an offset to the overwhelming display of talent at the rival House, and too frequent appearances are said to be exhausting her powers. Meanwhile the Londoners are amusing themselves with a rumor that Madame GOLDSCHMIDT has offered her services to Lumley for eight nights, to enable him to make up for immense pecuniary losses during the season.

THE CONCERTS. These appear to be as numerous and well attended as ever, and as usual include performances by the first artists of the day. At the Philharmonic, Mendelssohn's *Sinfonia in A*, long neglected, has finally conquered public indifference and become an established favorite, equally popular with the *Pastorale*, the *C minor*, or the *Jupiter*. The performance of this great work by the orchestra, under Mr. Costa's direction, is pronounced to have been nearly faultless. Beethoven's Symphony in B flat, a Double Quartet by Spohr, Macfarren's Overture to Don Quixote and one by Romberg, with vocal music by Herr Formés and Miss Pynce completed the programme. The old Society seems to be as popular and well supported as ever and does not yield an inch to its vigorous young rival.

FERDINAND HILLER, the fellow student and successor of Mendelssohn in the direction of the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipzig, gave a musical *matinée* to his friends on May 6, at which selections from his works were performed. Mr. Hiller, who is known as one of the most accomplished musicians in Europe, was assisted by Joachim, who has

the violin, by Piatti on the violoncello, and by the celebrated Mlle. Clauss. The whole performance was an intellectual treat of the highest order.—EMILE PRUDENT. This distinguished pianist, not the least shining of that galaxy of great musicians now congregated in London, has given his first concert to a crowded and appreciative audience. He played two *morceaux* with orchestral accompaniments and two solos, his own compositions, and his success was as complete as it was well deserved. He is pronounced an almost unrivalled pianist in what is called the "romantic school." A fine orchestra, conducted by Hector Berlioz, assisted. Jetty Treffz and Reichart were the vocalists.—Mr. AGUILAR, a talented composer and pianist, gave his annual concert on May 5th, assisted by a picked orchestra, comprising the most eminent instrumentalists of the Italian Operas, and by such singers as Madame Novello, Jetty Treffz, Formés and Reichart.—Mr. BRINLEY RICHARDS, another accomplished pianist, has given the first of a series of concerts, chiefly of instrumental music, comprising selections from the classics.—BRAHAM. This veteran singer apparently gains in favor with his audiences as he approaches the verge of life, and his recent appearance at the London Wednesday Concerts was hailed with renewed applause. He was supported by Jetty Treffz, Herr Staudigl and other eminent talent.—M. Billet's last concert of the series of six, and Mr. Neate's last soirée are spoken of with high commendation. The programmes presented were excellent, and the performances of the highest order of merit. Herr Jansa's second soirée and the concert of the Beethoven Quartet also receive high praise.

Paris.

The French Musical Journals are much taken up in the criticism of *Le Juif Errant*. *La France Musicale* republishes an article written by the editor immediately after the first performance of this new opera, which, it says, "does not entirely satisfy those who regard as an enemy every critic whose enthusiasm will not go to the full extent of pronouncing at once every new opera, whatever it may be, which is represented at the *Académie Nationale de Musique*, to be a *chef d'œuvre*." Since the first representation it has undergone considerable changes; has been cut down in length, and the noise of the instruments has been much abated. The article referred to begins thus: "We have seen and heard so much and so many things in the new Babel that has just been presented to us at the opera, that we have a kind of vertigo in the head. Good God! What machinery, what admirable scenery, what rich and picturesque costumes, what a dazzling *mise en scène*! What a glorious thing for the musician to serve as an accessory in the spectacle of this scene which draws all the attention and absorbs every beholder! It is only necessary to display these magnificent decorations, these formidable paintings which call into play all the art of perspective; the public would come of its own accord, and the Opera could thus be spared the expense of orchestra and singers! In truth it is an odious system, and most deplorable for music. You go in to hear the composition of a master, and coming out, the bewildered crowd, fascinated by the magnificence of the stage, speaks only of what it has seen; it forgets the musician. Was ROSSINI obliged, in order to captivate the crowd, to have recourse to the seductions of painting, the pawing of horses? Did he need diabolical fireworks with troops of green nuns; the abysses of hell, the sun and moon throned majestically in the clouds, or instruments of copper, whose clang is even more stunning than the chains of hell? Perhaps we shall be told: Give us another ROSSINI. It is not our concern. We would have music without artifice, with true melody, with light inspiration, tender and passionate, with poetry of the heart, with real emotion in the sentiments which the characters are to express. Whence came the power of ancient art! From the ideal which inspired the musicians. Did Greece know anything of this balderdash of science that is now dragged upon the stage and into the orchestra as giving a title to applause! Music has become material; it is no longer in heaven, in the enchanted realms of space, that our modern *Promethei* seek to steal the sacred fire of poetry. Their leaden wings cannot lift them above the earth; their psalmic chants sound only of lamentations; the problem is resolved how to compose dramatic music without ideas. Mathematics

and algebra have replaced invention and hold the place of Genius."

M. FETIS *père* in the *Gazette Musicale* in a long article, takes the other side and gives high praise to the *Juif Errant*. He finds "melody in abundance which always bears the stamp of distinction"; and prophecies for the opera a success which shall be universal and of long duration. He says further: "The execution has contributed not a little to their success from the very first representation. Madame TEDESCO (who took the part of Theodora), one of the principal in the opera, has performed it as an artist of the finest talent. Her voice—whose rare compass unites the low tones of a vigorous contralto with the high notes of a soprano, is perfectly homogeneous and of a single register. Her vocalization indicates study of the best schools of singing; her style is elevated, her conception is active and full of passion; and her grand manner of terminating phrases shows that she is self-possessed and understands how to regulate the spontaneity of her inspirations. Sufficiently dramatic, she represents well her character, without falling into the exaggerations of stage effect. In this particular she has a great advantage over Mlle. ALBONI, who, in all operas, is only a very fine Concert-singer. Madame TEDESCO seems to me destined to be the great resource of the administration of the opera.

Concerts seem to be the rage in Paris not less than in London. In the list of concert givers we find the names of Alary, Offenbach, Gerdaldy, Gouffé, Louis Lee, Mulder, Stamaty and Lotto. In a notice of a concert by Lotto, who is a young prodigy of a violinist ten years old, the *France Musicale* discourses thus profoundly of BACH: "Madame Massart executed a concerto of Bach, with quintet accompaniment. This Concerto is nothing more than a fugue in disguise. Ever since the beginning of the winter, the fugues of Bach have persecuted us with an implacable animosity which we can only compare to the *ennui* which we experience from his superannuated harmonies, his anticipated tunes, his chopping and monotonous notes. This time, the fugue did wisely to come in company with the charming Madame Massart. We are sure that, if we had not been detained by the clear and brilliant execution of the *virtuose*, we should have executed ourselves a preliminary fugue which would have lasted up to the present time, so much does this old times music dismay and chagrin us."

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[Translated by the Editor.]

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

VIII.

In the year 1836 GEORGE SAND had published not only her *Indiana*, *Valentine* and *Jacques*, but also the *Lelia*, that poem, of which she afterwards said: "If I am sorry that I wrote it, it is only because I cannot write it again. Since I once more find myself in a similar mood of mind, it would be a great relief to my heart, could I commence this work again anew."* In fact the water-coloring of romance must have seemed very flat to her, after she had guided the chisel and hammer of the sculptor and made those half colossal statues, modelled those great lines, those broad half-surfaces, those contorted muscles, which in their monumental repose still exercise a seductive power that makes one dizzy, and which, if we look long at them, move us painfully, as if, reversing the Pygmalion miracle, the loving artist had imprisoned a live Galatea, in the full tide of bliss and love, in stone, and stifled her breath and stiffened her blood, in order to perpetuate her beauty. When nature is thus transformed into a work of art, love is not added to our admiration, but on the contrary we sadly realize how love can be transformed into admiration.

About that time George Sand heard a friend of Chopin, one of those musicians, who had most joyfully received him on his arrival in Paris, fre-

quently speak of this extraordinary artist. She heard how more than his talent, how his poetic spirit was renowned; she became acquainted with his compositions and admired their love-inspired grace. The richness of feeling in these poems, the outpourings of a heart full of nobleness in such exalted tones, made a deep impression on her. Some countrymen of Chopin spoke to her of the women of their nation with an enthusiasm, at that time considerably heightened by the fresh recollection of the exalting sacrifices, which so many noble Polish ladies had made in the last war. She discerned through these descriptions and through the poetic effusions of the Polish artist the ideal of a love, which took the forms of a worship of Woman. She dreamed, that here, guarantied against all dependence and safe from all oppression, her part would rise to the fairy power of a Peri, that higher nature friendly to mankind.

She was no stranger in the regions of the supernatural world; nature seemed before her, as before a favored daughter, to have unloosed her zone, revealing to her all the charms, the humor, the graceful freaks of beauty. The same glance which could embrace the largest proportions, did not scorn to trace the play of colors on the wings of a butterfly and to study the marvellous web, which the fern spreads like a canopy over the woodberries; she loved to hear the murmur of the brook, to listen to the chirp of the cricket on the stubble field and to follow the maliciously beckoning dance of the jack-o'-lantern over the marshes and damp grass of the meadows. In her slumber she was visited by those "unknown friends out of that land of fantasy, in which our actual life seems like a half-vanished dream"; she played with the images of the legend and knew every secret of the spirit-world.

She was eager to become acquainted with the mortal, who had winged his way up to those fields, "which words cannot describe, but which must exist somewhere on earth or on one of those planets, whose light we love to contemplate in the woods, when the moon is sinking,"—that artist, whose love, whose longing drew him away over the clouds, into the azure regions, after an Impossible. But ah! there too are suns extinguished, the noblest constellations of the Pleiads vanish, stars fall like gleaming dew-drops into a Nothing, whose abyss we do not know; and if the soul loses itself in the contemplation of these savannahs of the æther, this blue Sahara with its circling

oases, it gradually sinks into a melancholy mood, which is neither frightened away again by inspiration nor by wonder.

Had George Sand a presentiment of this incurable melancholy, which finally gets possession of every imagination, that wastes itself in the pursuit of dreams, the reality whereof exists not in this world? Had she anticipated the shape, which in such imaginative natures is at length assumed by the highest attachment and the most perfect self-surrender, sentiments to them synonymous with the word love? How shall one seize the secret of these self-concentrated characters, which close upon themselves as suddenly, as those flowers, which shut their cups before the least unfriendly breath, only to open them again in the rays of a propitious sun? Such natures have been called "rich through exclusiveness," in opposition to those "rich through overflowing fullness." "If they meet and attract one another, yet can they not pass into one another; one of the two must consume the other and leave nothing but its ashes." Yes truly! those are such natures as the frailly constituted artist, to whose memory these lines are dedicated; they go down, consuming themselves, since they will and can live only the one life, that answers to the demands of their Ideal.

Chopin seemed at first to have a certain shrinking from this lady, who was so prominent above all others and like a Delphic priestess uttered so much, which others might not utter. He avoided, he postponed meeting her. George Sand knew not, suspected not this sylph-like fear; she approached him, and her look soon dissipated the prejudice, which he till then had obstinately cherished against literary women.

In the autumn of the year 1837 he became subject to attacks of a malady, which from that time left him scarcely more than half his vital energy. Alarming symptoms showed themselves and compelled him to travel to the south, to escape the severe winter air. Madame Sand, who was always so watchful and sympathizing for the afflictions of her friends, would not allow him to travel alone, since his situation demanded so much care and nursing, and she resolved to accompany him. They selected the isle of Majorca for their place of abode, because there the sea air, together with the mild climate, is very beneficial to weak lungs. Although he had so serious an attack at his departure, that his friends hardly expected to see him again, yet he survived there a long and painful sickness and his health became so far

* *Lettres d'un Voyageur.*

restored, that it continued better for several years.

Was it the climate alone, that called him back to life? Did not life enchain him by its highest charm? Perhaps he only remained in life, because he willed to live; for who knows where the rights of the will over our bodies leave off, where the dominion of the soul over matter ceases? All the rays of fortune fell upon Chopin at this period together, and as, when the sun's rays are united in the focus of a crystal, this fragile hearth kindles a flame that has nothing earthly, so was his life rekindled by those rays and then shone the brightest. There in solitude, washed on all sides by the blue waves of the Mediterranean, overshadowed by citron trees, he inhaled the air, for which natures, that here below have no home, feel an eternal home-sickness, — the air of that dreamed of land, so easily discovered in spite of all reality and of all hindrance, if *two* seek it, — the air of that home of the Ideal, whither one would fain take with him all that is fair and dear to him, and say like Mignon: *Dahin, dahin lass uns ziehn!*

During the whole time of his sickness Madame Sand never for a moment left the bed-side of the man, who loved her until death and with a fervor, that did not lose its strength when its joy was departed, and even then continued faithful to itself, when it had become painful; "for it seems, as if the declining nature of the tone-poet had consumed itself in the focus of admiration for that woman. Others seek happiness in their affections; when they no longer find it there, the affections themselves gradually disappear. So it is with almost all: but he loved for love's sake. No suffering could turn him from it. His love could pass after the intoxication of delight into the phase of sorrow; but grow cold it could not. The moment of becoming cold would have been the ceasing of the heart to beat, for his love had become his life."

In fact Madame Sand had become a super-earthly being for Chopin, who had chased away the shadows of death from his bed. She cherished him with that all-anticipating, fond care, which is oftentimes more healing than the remedies prescribed by the physician's art. All the while she knew nothing of fatigue, of exhaustion, of ennui; neither her powers, nor her spirit surrendered before the task. At length the malady abated and "the presentiment of death, which gnawed at Chopin's heart and undermined all tranquil satisfaction, gradually moved further off: the cheerful, amiable spirit of his friend put to flight the gloomy thoughts, the dark foreboding, and rekindled his spiritual life." Joy stepped into the place of cloudy anxieties with the victorious uprising of a beautiful day, which dawns on the horizon after a gloomy night of terrors.

The recollection of the days, which he had spent upon the isle of Majorca, remained in Chopin's heart like the memory of an ecstatic bliss, such as fate vouchsafes but once to its most favored one. In later years he always spoke of this period with deep emotion and thankfulness, as of a benefaction equivalent to the happiness of a lifetime, and without any hope that it could ever be possible to find a like blessedness on earth: "The world had no joys more after this."

The glorious countries, which the poetess and the musician wandered through together, made however a sharper impression on the fancy of the

former. The beauties of nature had their effect, to be sure, on Chopin: his soul was moved by them and felt in harmony with their enchantment, but without intellectually analyzing it. As a genuine musician he contented himself with seizing and spiritualizing the impression of the feeling from the pictures that he saw, and he turned his attention not so much to the plastic part, to the picturesque exterior, which belonged not to his art.

After 1840 his health declined by steady intermissions. The weeks, which he spent every summer on the Nohant estate, he counted for several years as his best moments. There he worked with satisfaction and every year brought several compositions back with him: but the winter always increased his sufferings. It became difficult, and soon impossible, for him to move about. In the winter of 1846-7 he could scarcely walk any more, and he could not go up stairs without painful strictures in the chest: from this time forward he respite his life only by the greatest forethought and carefulness.

In the opening of the spring of 1847 he grew worse from day to day, and he became so sick, that they despaired of his recovery. He spoke during this sickness frequently and almost with exclusive partiality of the Sand, without bitterness and without reproach. Tears came into his eyes at the mention of her name, and the recollection of past days was to him a painful consolation.

In spite of the diversions, by which his friends sought to turn him from the subject, he always came back to it, as if he wanted to destroy life by the recollection of the feeling, which had made life beautiful, and to stifle himself in this deadly aroma. In vain they tried to remove his thoughts from this object; he kept continually speaking of it — and when he spoke of it no longer, did he not continue to think of it? It was as if he would have sucked in this poison, that he might not have to breathe it too long.

Would that in the limited number of days that were meted out to him, he could have been spared the bitter pang, that set a goal to them! As a tender and at the same time fiery soul, which needed much however for its inward contentment in its fine feeling and its sensibility to impressions ungenial to his nature, he could have satisfied himself only among the shining forms, which his creative art evoked, and with the noble pain of living for his fatherland, to which he had given a place of refuge in his breast. But he became a further victim, and a noble and exalted victim of that momentary attractive power of two natures striving in opposite directions, which in their sudden meeting feel a surprising charm, which they take for a lasting feeling, and raise to the level of this feeling hopes and promises, which they can never realize. At the vanishing of the dream, that one of the two natures, which is the tenderest and most full of feeling, the most absolute in its hopes and inclinations, and to which it is impossible to transfer these, will be the one to wilt and crumble away. Fearful power of the most beautiful and noble gifts of man! How often they drag after them the torch of desolation, like the horses of the sun, when the unheeding hand of Phaeton gives them loose reins!

(To be concluded in our next.)

☞ The Moral Laws are also those of Art. — Robert Schumann's *Musical Life-Maxims*.

MEMORIES.

FROM TENNYSON'S "PRINCESS."

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange, as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O death in life, the days that are no more.

How to Play a Grand Flute Solo.

Every concert-goer will see the point of C. Sharp's advice to his friend on the eve of playing a grand *Flute Concerto Solo*. We find it in an old London paper:

My advice to Mr. P.

My dear Phunniwistl, as soon as your turn arrives you will of course keep the audience waiting some little time in expectation — it does them good, whets the appetite, and makes them envious: stay until they get tolerably fidgetty, and then make your appearance. Now mind! a grand Concerto always begins with a row — or else it cannot be grand; so tell your friend who "just scored it" for you, not to spare the brass. Well then, you commence with a crash, key of C, all the instruments starting in unison. Now the strain moves onward, *Andante maestoso*, you stauding watching your music, with your flute cast negligently into the hollow of your arm, and your head as gracefully on one side, as you can manage to get it. Having told your friend on what popular air you have composed your concerto, or fantasia, he will, if he be a clever fellow, touch upon it a little during the introduction, while you occasionally, *only occasionally*, mind me — will put the flute to your lips, and play a bar or two of it, just to show the folks you *could* play the introduction, if it was not "infra dig," and you happened to be in the humor; however, let that pass. The orchestra are reaching a climax, climbing, climbing, and bearing your flute on the top of their accumulated harmony, until you all come together upon another crash, more stupendous, if possible, than the first. Dominant seventh upon C, you holding the tip-toppermost B flat. The crash over, the orchestra is silent, leaving you floating in the air with your aforesaid B flat, a long, liquid, melting, streamy note, which you hold out as long as you can without endangering the wind pipe, or getting too red in the face. Then come scattering and tumbling down as fast as possible, with all sorts of skips and hops, quirps and quirks, and trills, and the various other beauties of which the instrument is so susceptible, until you settle somewhere about the middle of the lower octave, upon a serious, right down, hearty shake; which pump out there, as long as your strength lasts; then suddenly pitch it up an octave higher, and then, if you can, an octave higher still, and then drop gradually, and gently, and sweetly, by a chromatic passage, down again into the tune.

Now as to this tune, I will suppose you have chosen one of the most popular airs of the day — "Polly put the kettle on," for instance — for in composing either a fantasia, or concerto, it is not essentially necessary that the air, any more than the scoring for the orchestra, should be *bonâ fide* your own work. "Polly put the kettle on," will make an excellent theme, and from the rarity with which it is heard in a concert room, will doubtless be the more strikingly effective. Therefore, "Polly put the kettle on." Having finished the favorite air with two cadenzas, the second

longer than the first, and the first too long for any thing, the orchestra will take it up, and play it once through. That being well over, you gather up your features into a look of fierce determination, and come at once to the scratch; you set off almost by yourself, with a something that can be "better felt than described;" something wonderfully and terrifically difficult; something prestissimo, of course, full of awful skips from the lowest note to the highest, and corresponding dives down again, mingled with chromatic runs, and relieved by occasional groups of triplets and sextets, and other *lets* and *tets*, and whatever those divisions of time are called by which the performer is directed to play innumerable *hemi-demi-semi-quavers* in the time of one whole one; and then you wind up the variation, if it may be so styled, with a sky-rocketty sort of a rush, from the lowest C of the instrument, inconceivably wonderful, and there will ensue a sort of struggle between the audience and the orchestra, the former making the windows rattle with their plaudits, the latter trying to be heard in "Polly put the kettle on"—which it repeats as if on purpose to show how extremely original, and unlike the air, the variation really was.

Here a pause of some little duration must intervene. Then do you commence; but under far different circumstances; your countenance must have lost its joyous gaiety, and have assumed a sombre, lacrymose expression (if you could put on *rouge*, and then contrive, in turning your head round towards the orchestra, to rub it off with your pocket handkerchief, it would have a capital effect;) the flute must be raised slowly and sadly to the lips, while a low, tremulous, sorrowful note will announce to the expectant audience the commencement of the *Adagio con molto espressione*. Now, to perform an *adagio*, or compose an *adagio*, is generally held to be a very difficult piece of business; but in this case, nothing will be easier. Your *adagio* will simply consist of "Polly put the kettle on,"—played in a style of eloquent despondency, slow and hopeless, save that you relieve your mind at every other bar by a strenuous shake, or now and then a prodigious flight of notes, as if too much grief had made you crazy; and then for the conclusion, you must touch the heart in a series of pathetic appeals perfectly irresistible, get up to the top B flat again, shake it gently, then whine down two or three-half tones, and give some other note a shake, and go on whining, and shaking, and sighing, and dying, till all the audience have closed their eyes to hide the nascent tear and it would evidently be dangerous to add to their distress.

Grief is dry. You must, therefore, have something particularly spruce and spirited in store, wherewith to dispel the gloom you have communicated. The *Rondo Finale*! This time the air may be given in six-eight measure, just by way of showing your musical invention and research. Extended arpeggios, runs, rushes, rattles and screams; with a second edition of the first variation, together with the air played in *three* parts—that is to say—heard first in the upper regions, with a "*phit*," "*phit*," "*phit*," then down at the bottom with a "*burr*," and lastly in the middle passage, bobbling away in the form of an accompaniment. So you will proceed with a "*phit*," "*hurr*," "*bobble*," "*bobble*," "*hurr*," "*phit*," setting at last into a brilliant close, which to render positively triumphant, give them one more tremendous chromatic scramble over the whole compass of the instrument, (in *two* parts if possible,) and then, my dear Phunniwistl, will you come off with flying colors indeed. Then will the electrified audience stamp, shout and rave, with delight. Then will you make your modest retiring bow, and descending into the room, shake hands with your pupils, who, by a previous arrangement, crowd to congratulate you.

Yours, sincerely, C. SHARP.

Do not judge a composition on a first hearing; what pleases you at once, is not always the best. Masters would be studied. Much will become clear to you for the first time in your old age.—*Robert Schumann's Musical Life-Maxims.*

Music in the past Half Century.

An Address delivered before the Harvard Musical Association, at Cochituate Hall, Boston, Dec. 22, 1851.

BY SAMUEL JENNISON, JR.

[Continued from page 68.]

On the other hand, the comparative rarity in the musical world of the more lofty species of composition, the Oratorio, is evidence, it appears to me, not only of the greater demand for the diversions of the Opera, but also of the comparative infrequency of the necessary inspiration and science to produce that style of work. A few great productions, however, exist, amid the multiplicity of pieces for the theatre, which show that the impressions of the earlier masters are not yet wholly effaced; and the "Mount of Olives," the "Last Judgment," "The Death of Jesus," "The Palestine," the "Elijah," and "St. Paul," of BEETHOVEN, SPOHR, SCHNEIDER, DR. CROTCH and MENDELSSOHN, with a few others, are specimens of mighty works that have been done in our day. It often seems to me that if one should doubt the superiority of the masters of Oratorio above the greater part of the producers of modern secular musical drama, he need but ask of himself the question: could ROSSINI, could DONIZETTI, have created the "Hallelujah Chorus," "Be not afraid," "The Heavens are telling?" That prayer in "Moses in Egypt," given with the full force of the powerful chorus and orchestra of an Italian troupe, is, it is true, grand and effective; but is it not also true, that in comparison with such chorusses it might have been, so far as the structure is concerned, the production of a tyro?

Indeed, the extent of learning of the German masters we of this generation may almost despair of attaining, when we read the severe criticism which BEETHOVEN, regardless of rules as he was, applied to ROSSINI, after examining the score of *The Barber of Seville*; "He might have made a good musician, if his master had oftener given him a flogging."

Upon the subject of Musical instruments, and their employment, called Instrumentation—the means by which we derive so large a portion of our enjoyment, and which would seem to demand some notice,—in addition to the very brief allusion time will permit me here to make, let me refer you to two chapters in a small volume translated from the French of M. Fétis for the Boston Academy of Music, and published in this city, about ten years since, entitled "Music Explained," or to its original in your Library, and to the entertaining pages of Mr. Gardner's "Music of Nature."

As for the instruments:—the Oboe no longer retains the eminence it once enjoyed as the *haut bois* or *high wood* in the band, having yielded to the flute and piccolo. The flute, which in its earliest days yielded not a little delight with its solitary brass key, to be pressed by the little finger of the right hand, has long dropped the appellation of *German flute*, which it once bore to indicate the country from which it reoriginated, and now with its load of showy, silver keys, increased from four even to the number of seventeen, has extended its compass downward from its former limit of D, to C, B flat, and in some instances even to A below the staff; and in the form of Böhm and Diatonic, seems destined to admit of a yet greater rapidity of fingering, and to ac-

quire an improved capacity of expression. It is a circumstance worth remarking, and indicating no doubt the inferior estimation in which this instrument has been held by the best writers, that of all the sonatas for the piano-forte, of MOZART and BEETHOVEN, none, I believe, are found, intended for the accompaniment of the flute, while arrangements for the violin are most frequently, and for other instruments occasionally, met with. The flute, in short, as has been acknowledged, still remains unworthy of the rank of a concerto instrument.

The clarinet, which fifty years ago, soon after its introduction, was thought so warlike in its tones, that Napoleon's regimental bands were provided with large numbers of them, to which a prominent place was assigned, has now quite disappeared from the street. The imperfections of this instrument, so valuable in the orchestra, have not yet been overcome; and such is still the falsity of its tones, the performer may be observed to substitute from time to time a second and a third, based upon a different key-note, in the place of that he has been holding.

The serpent has gone quite out of date.

The horn and the trumpet, both introduced into the orchestra within less than a hundred years, have since our boyhood altered their simple appearance by a variety of added valves, tubes, or crooks; and their species have become so numerous under the names of post horn, Sax horn, valve trumpet, corneopon, tuba, opibicleide, &c., that of the distinctions between them few have a distinct idea beyond the dealers and virtuosos themselves. The extensive addition of keys to all this class of wind instruments,—a peculiar feature of the last half century,—while it has enlarged greatly their capacity, has to a considerable extent modified, and at times impaired the original tone; although imparting occasionally a brilliancy which did not formerly belong to them.

The contrabasso, which used to be played with but three strings, is now found in the orchestra with a fourth; and, all unwieldy as it is, has been, in late years, in the hands of a BOTTESINI, made to perform with astonishing success the part of a solo instrument.

The pianoforte, with its more extended key board, has arrived at the boundaries, in both high and low notes, beyond which sounds cease to be capable of discrimination to any practical purpose by the ear.

The last of the performers in London, upon the old *viol-da-gamba*, the strict bass viol, Charles Frederic Abel, died a short time before the commencement of the present century. Its successor, the violoncello, was, according to the import of its name, the diminutive of the old *violone*, the largest of the viol family, which was mounted with seven strings, had frets upon its finger board, was supported upon a pedestal when played, and was the precursor of the modern contrabasso, or double-bass. A monster instrument of this species, to which the contrabasso bore the same relation which the violoncello does to that, was added during the last half century, but was soon found to be of no practical value.

The violin alone of all instruments still preserves the same size, shape and number of strings it bore many generations ago; and a Stradivarius, an Amati, a Steiner, a Guarnerius, with the age of two or two and a half centuries upon

it, is not only an enviable but a valuable possession.*

Those familiar with this instrument will appreciate the prodigious progress made in playing, since the time of Lulli, one hundred years ago, when the conductor of the orchestra, watching for C in alt (which is reached by extending the little finger,) like a breaker ahead, would cry out a caution to the performers — "Gar l' Ut!" "Look out for the C!" Or since the time of Cramer, the English virtuoso, who, advertising the performance of a Solo at a certain concert, gave notice that "on this occasion only he will reach harmonic E; a feat never performed before." "To reach D, on the third position," writes one, "producing anything in the shape of tone, was in those days considered a miracle; and to bring forth another hitherto unknown sound, harmonic E, was too much; the human mind could scarcely give credit to it."

The Organ; behold it as it was in its infancy, centuries ago, the rudest, most frightful of instruments; the object of its but ten or occasionally fifteen keys merely to accompany with the same note the voice of the singer of plain chant; when each key, three, four, and even five inches in width, required the whole force of the clenched hand to press it down; when to the discordant shriek of brass pipes incapable of soft expression, was added the noise of some twenty or twenty-five pair of bellows, set in motion by the hands of twice or thrice as many strong men.

The Organ; costliest, most majestic of instruments, "whose diapasons," says an old English divine, "could they but articulate, would repeat no text of the Bible, without dignity and reverence;" behold it now in all the grandeur of its dimensions, in the chaste simplicity of its undecorated, or the magnificence of its decorated exterior; listen to it in the soft sweetness of its Dulciana, Flute, Cremona, Clarabella, or the thundering might which bursts forth in thunder tones from its triple banks, on those sonorous words, "Wonderful, Counsellor," and behold there what the ingenuity of man hath wrought, and acknowledge it, in the words of M. Fétis, "one of the noblest inventions of the human mind."

If within this period no fundamentally new modes of producing sound have been discovered, there have appeared such multitudes of new combinations of the old, in a variety of instruments for which names must be obtained, that the inventors have been put to all imaginable shifts to find suitable appellatives.

What numberless compounds of classic words that could be pressed into the service of music! With Melodeon, Harmonica, and Seraphina, all are familiar. But how shall one venture to enumerate *Harmonium, Orchestrion, Celestina, Baruchordon, Euphon, Electro-euphon, and Polyplecton, Edophone, Concertina, Glycibarisono, Eumelia, Aëol-harmonica, Eoline, and Eolodion; Aerophone, Terpodion, Kaliffkongon*, and the like, which by no means complete the list of those produced within or nearly within the half century?

What may be the final result of the tendency to combine the properties of various instruments, a tendency more familiarly illustrated in the Attachments, so called, to the piano forte, Aëolian, Dolce Campana &c., we cannot pretend to foresee. Questionable as the success of these experiments may still be deemed, it is probable that after the prejudices which usually attend upon the introduction of novelties are laid aside, large additions to the resources of harmony may be eventually acknowledged.

For the Euharmonic Organ, which demands more particular mention, — a revival in name at least, and somewhat in character, of an instrument invented several years ago, the merits of which then created, as this, from its recent exhibition in our city has done, considerable discussion, — nothing less is claimed by its friends than that it will bring about a complete revolution

* Within a very short time, however, an improvement in the violin has been invented in New York, by which, it is said, a common instrument of even the cheapest kind can be made to produce a tone scarcely inferior to that of a favorite Cremona.

in the science of harmony. They would fain persuade us that the world has hitherto been in a darkness upon which this invention is destined to throw a new and marvellous light.

Upon so startling a proposition we will dwell no longer than to say, that it seems extremely doubtful whether an attempt to introduce a new system of harmony must not, with that of establishing a new method of phonetic spelling, or of musical notation, of which the recent instances are by no means the only ones, simply have its short day and be forgotten; or whether there are such genuine advantages in the radical changes proposed, that at some future day under the reign of a new order of harmony, the delights of music may have become so intensified that the misuse of the sharpened G for the flat A, and *vice versa*, will be torture to the ear, and the musical antiquarian, handling our instruments, which make no distinction between these and similar tones, will class us too among the barbarians of a bygone age.

For my own part, when I remember how many a novelty of apparent value and importance, comes to the surface of this ever seething caldron of Time, only to be again submerged and hidden in oblivion, I do not see how any can place confidence in the success of the most promising invention of this nature; and on the other hand, when we remember the acknowledged mysteries of the musical scale, the unsolved problems in musical mathematics, possibly herein in some way awaiting their final elucidation, and when we consider what ages the world and the Art have yet before them, we may well refrain from venturing an unfavorable prediction.

[To be continued.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 12, 1852.

ERRATA. In that portion of Mr. Jennison's excellent address on "Music in the past Half Century," which we gave last week, the word "rapid" was printed for "vapid," and "superficially" for "superficial." Several other inaccuracies, which crept in, will be accounted for by the absence of the writer, owing to which the paper did not receive his revision.

MR. E. F. BAUCKE is authorized to obtain new subscribers for this Journal in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and to receive the subscription money of the same in advance.

ALBONI.

The great contralto — greatest in the world, with whom no one is ever compared, unless it be ANGRI — arrived in New York on Monday in the Hermann, accompanied by Signori ROVIÈRE and SANGIOVANNI. We have no knowledge of her intended movements in this country, but presume that she will soon be heard in concerts, although much has been said of a certain, indolent, luxurious temperament, which, with independence of spirit and of fortune, may lead her to be in no very hot haste to commence her triumphs just before the dog days. We have seen it intimated that Mr. Niblo is perhaps somehow in the secret of her movements.

Of her past career we have time to glean only a few particulars, at third or fourth hand.

MARIETTA ALBONI was born at Cesena, in 1826, of very honorable parents, and received an excellent education. At the age of eleven she took lessons in music of the celebrated Maestro Baglioli. Eight years after she entered the Lyceum of Bologna, when Rossini was its director. Her first *debut* was at Milan, in the great theatre of La Scala, where she continued to sing during

four seasons. She then sang three engagements at Vienna, and made her mark, like all the first class Italian artists, in St. Petersburg. She left that city in 1845 for Germany, after which time she made no engagements with managers, but sang, as her mood prompted, in the principal cities, sharing in London the triumphs of Grisi, Mario and Tamburini, until she came to Paris, where the rapture of her admirers had no precedent, both at the Italian and Grand Opera houses.

Recently she has been exciting great enthusiasm in Belgium. And her last public appearance was in Paris, on the 13th of May, at a grand solemnity in the theatre of the Palace of Versailles, at which Louis Napoleon assisted. She was the great star of the occasion and astonished and delighted everybody by her singing. The theatre was superbly illuminated, and all the musical authorities of Paris were present. RACHEL, the great tragedian, however, had too much patriotic pride, which could not influence Alboni, being a foreigner. The director of the Grand Opera made propositions to her to sing in Halevy's new opera, *Le Juif Errant*, and offered to produce expressly for her a piece of Balfe's: *Manon l'Escaut*, the "cheval de bataille," as it has been called, of Malibran. But she had concluded all the preliminary arrangements for a trip to America.

We have not heard Alboni, but the "Howadji" has, who writes thus in the *Tribune*:

"Marietta Alboni is about twenty-six years of age, — has great *emboupoint*, — used to keep her hair clipped short and hanging in her neck, when we heard her two or three years since in Europe — has remarkable self-possession and almost indifference of manner upon the stage, of which Steffanone constantly reminded us, and achieves her glowing triumphs more by the splendor of her voice and her exquisite management of it than by any dramatic genius, in which she is deficient. Her voice is the purest, richest, fullest and sweetest contralto. The limited *repertoire* for such a voice has induced Alboni, who is singularly restless, with all her languor of temperament, to undertake many parts not strictly within her range; but so remarkable is her voice, so delicious to hear under any circumstances, that we believe she has achieved a success in every part she has undertaken. Two years since, while Paris and the foreign musical world were electrified by the new opera of Meyerbeer, *The Prophete*, and by the triumph of Viardot, in the rôle of *Fides*, Alboni, who had never sung in French, (an ordeal from which the most accomplished Italian and German artists shrink before a Paris audience,) quietly studied the part, and upon the departure of Viardot, — amid the doubts, fears, uncertainties, and nervous hopes on the part of her friends, who mistrusted that she was periling her fame — Alboni appeared at the Grand Opera, sang the part in French, and with such success that the feuilletons of all the journals were frantic next morning, in their efforts to discover a word expressive enough to describe a triumph so unexpected and entire. We had the pleasure of seeing her a few evenings afterward, in this Opera, and although we could not share the enthusiasm of the critics for the performance as a whole, because it requires remarkable dramatic power, yet we enjoyed to the utmost, as always before, the wonderful voice with which she illustrated the elaborate music of Meyerbeer. In Rossini's music, in his brilliant finales and *scenas*, like the *Non più mesta*, Alboni is wonderful. Her voice pours out of her mouth without the slightest effort, and with irresistible effect, and gushes through the glittering *floriture* of that style with a sparkling facility which is most fascinating.

'And her voice's music, call it the well's bubbling, the bird's warble.'

The *Brindisi*, from *Lucrezia Borgia*, known as

the *Drinking-song*, is another of her exquisite bits of vocalization. She used often to sing it between the acts at the Italian Opera in Paris, and it always excited unmingled enthusiasm.

"The quality of her voice is so sympathetic, that every one, whether he knows or cares anything for music or not, will be pleased as by a delicious sensation, and we shall not be at all surprised if she excites more enthusiasm at her concerts than did Madame Goldschmidt.

"We say this, not having heard her for two years."

OLE BULL'S SECOND CONCERT, last Saturday evening, though not quite so fully attended, was more enthusiastic than the first. Indeed in these times an audience of nine hundred or a thousand, at the dollar price, for a purely instrumental concert, and out of the season, may be considered great success in Boston. The day is past, as we have said before, when solo-playing, even of the most extraordinary and the best appointed in the way of orchestral surroundings, can charm crowds as it once charmed.

Each part was opened by the GERMANIANS with an exquisite fairy overture, exquisitely played: the first, that to "*Oberon*" — *Oberon's Wunder-horn* — by Weber, and the second, that to the "*Midsommer Night's Dream*," by Mendelssohn, — a music, which has now become a quite familiar and delightful part of our existence; we could no more afford not to know it, than we could not to know our Shakespeare.

Ole Bull's pieces, with one exception, were to our taste of the most interesting in his repertoire. Especially so the first piece: *Cantabile Doloroso* and *Rondo Giocoso*, in which there was more form and unity of spirit, and a less fatiguing length of restless, shifting, zig-zag wanderings and surprises, than in many of his singularly moody and fantastic compositions. The themes were beautiful and developed with all the beauty of execution and warmth of feeling, which he knows how to throw into whatsoever musical idea he would illustrate. His second piece: "*To the Memory of Washington*" was much less to our taste, setting out on a false tack, which always has proved fatal to the artist in every department of Art, — namely, with the design of giving an imitative representation, through tones, of a historical period, of a great national struggle, — and forced, in order to get along with it, to resort to mere association, by introducing hacknied patriotic tunes, as *Yankee Doodle*, piped and screamed alternately with strains of "*God save the King*," amid discordant tremolos and battle storms of the whole orchestra. Really these seemed very cheap and melodramatic effects. But there was one saving point in it, and that was the magnificent manner in which "*Hail Columbia*" was harmonized for the orchestra; it made us feel that we have one old national tune with music in it; and we are indebted to Ole Bull for so grandly bringing out its majesty and beauty. Almost equally did we admire his own self-accompanied eloquent version of the same on his violin, preluding to the fuller illustration of the orchestra.

His third piece was as strange in music as in title: "*Sounds from Old Norway: Tunes from the Old Mountains, infused through the mighty War Skaldes, in the Independent Spirits or the Young Mountains*." We confess to having enjoyed it not a little; it was full of wild, poetic, northern imagination; and though vague as the misty shapes of Ossian, it had the magnetic fascination of

genius. In this Ole Bull seemed altogether himself; we are sure, no other violinist could have made anything of his notes; but in his hands it became a natural language of a strong, deep, earnest soul — a kind of wild wind-harp of his intensely feeling, ardent, liberty-loving nature. His *Polacca Guerriera* is a piece of as decided character as any that he has been in the habit of performing, and still in a great measure justifies some slight notes we made of it eight years ago, to which we now refer from curiosity:

It has a unity and a theme which is easily traced through. The orchestral parts are rich and grand. As they open with the drum-beat and prompt answering chords, he seems a hero at the head of his army, on the eve of a glorious moral conflict, inspired and inspiring all with his great purpose. Then in a thoughtful *Andante* the violin discourses to itself, as if the hero were reviewing his purpose, communing with his soul to see if it were strong, and committing himself to the great Source of strength; suddenly he awakes from his meditation and with a sweep of the bow, launches the whole orchestra again into the wild battle march; after which follows the animated movement called "*Polacca*," whose long labyrinth of variations we will not be so idle as to follow with the pen.

In nothing however did he give us so much unalloyed pleasure, on Saturday evening, as in his self-accompanied playing of the "*Last Rose of Summer*," in answer to an encore. It was exquisitely, feelingly beautiful. And this is one of his greatest arts, which he possesses, so far as we know, beyond all other violinists, — this of "double-stopping" so as to give a full quartet effect; he makes each of the four parts firm and individual, and the middle parts move about like the "figural harmony" in good organ music. His prelude to the melody, too, was full of character.

ALFRED JAEHL played his "*Notturmo*" and "*Carnival*" with the usual infallible success, and what was more interesting and more new, Thalberg's beautiful fantasia on themes from *Don Juan*; a piece of extreme difficulty, but of most perfect grace and symmetry, or it would not be Thalberg. The principal theme is the "*Serenade*," with Mozart's airy, guitar-like accompaniment. In this the song part was given by the thumb and fore-finger of the right hand, the other three fingers keeping up the arpeggio accompaniment, leaving the left hand wholly free for the bass and full chords. Then the left hand took the melody, while the accompaniment in the right, very rapid, displayed Jaell's astonishing facility in octaves. The frequent allusions afterwards, with every possible surprise of modulation, to the "*Minuet*," are very skilful, and the whole is wrought up to great unity and completeness of effect. It was one of Jaell's most finished and facile performances, and we agree with his Providence critic, that it was high time that he should be treating his audiences to new pieces. His acquaintance with the best piano forte authors is very extensive, and why should he always give the "*Carnival*," the "*Rigolette*," &c.?

Why do we turn away in sadness from one of Ole Bull's concerts! We have had our imagination excited, at least by fits; gleams of real, deeply expressive beauty have ever and anon arrested us; the unmistakable evidences of genius were there: — yet we have missed more than we found; yet the permanent impression is of disappointment. Shall so much genius, so much feeling, so much masterly executive skill and energy, never be embodied in artistic forms of beauty, that shall

last! The more he repeats the charm of these fantastic, wild improvisations, the more do we call on him to realize the promise of his nature by becoming a creator, a composer. Or do we ask too much! Are we demanding a Bach's fugue of the wind-harp!

An Opera House in Boston.

We know not how we are to interpret the silence, that has succeeded to the first announcement of a determined plan, on a very ample scale, and on the part of energetic, able men, to supply at once the want our city feels for a first-class Theatre and Opera House. It may be that the cause is slumbering, or it may be that the silence only indicates the certainty and security of the active measures that are in train. We trust, the latter. At all events, if only on the principle that "*Necessity is the mother of invention*," we believe that the way and means to such a theatre must soon be found; for that the inward and the outward necessity abundantly exist, no lover of music and dramatic art in Boston can for a moment doubt. There is an inward necessity, that this love in a large part of the community should be gratified, unless the interest of late years shown in fine lyrical and other musical performances was all a dream, a passing whim or fashion. A real love of music must build to itself buildings and draw to itself performers. And as to the outward necessity, it seems as if fate had interposed to hasten the climax of the long felt inadequacy of our outward arrangements for such entertainments, by burning down the old theatres, and levelling the "*Old Drury*" before the encroaching sea of commerce, that now holds all the lower portions of the town submerged.

The initiatory meeting at the Revere House, the character of the movers and the arguments put forth, the Committee charged with shaping out and carrying out the design, and the subscription paper emanating from that Committee (bating the impracticable provision entitling shareholders to free seats), were all such as to impress the community that the thing was really taken up in earnest and would be accomplished. Of course there were many questions about which minds and interests would differ, touching the plan, the size, the locality, the costliness, &c., of the proposed building. Not the least important and least difficult of these questions is that of location; and it is on this point only that we wish at present to offer some suggestions, or to strengthen some that have been already made.

In the subscription paper referred to it is provided that the site shall be determined by a three-fourths vote of the stockholders. There can be no objection to this, if the committee appointed to recommend locations be wisely constituted. At the original meeting the view most urged was the commercial; that it was for the business interests of Boston that visitors from the West and South should find worthy entertainment of an artistic character in our city, &c. The argument was sound, and as the meeting was composed in great part of active merchants, the committee naturally was of that stamp; yet with the shrewd common sense of that class a resolution was adopted, authorizing them to add to their own number. This was doubtless with a view to enable them to call in the aid and advice of musical men, artists, men of taste, &c.; and we have

since learned with satisfaction that one gentleman, who is no less ardent as a lover of music than enterprising as a merchant, has been joined to the committee. This is as it should be; for in the long run the real love and taste for art in the community should have more to say as to the eligibility of this or that site for its theatres, than any merely commercial considerations. For instance, the commercial preference might be for the crowded business haunts, the neighborhood of the largest hotels, and so on; whereas the preference of art-lovers (true to the suggestion of the committee in the *Transcript*, "that all those evil elements, which have given theatres an ill name with so many estimable persons," should "be carefully excluded") would be for the more respectable, quiet, well-aired, elegant regions of the city.

We know not what localities are contemplated or available; but there are a few general desiderata, which we trust in any case will have their due weight with the Committee, so far as compatible with the means of the Corporation.

1. Let the location be one that shall best accommodate the largest number, both of the city and suburban populations. For, after all, it cannot be transient commercial or other visitors mainly, that will compose the audiences. And it has been justly urged, that the real centre of the city (as to habitations) is continually moving toward the south end.

2. Let it be, by all means, retired from rattling pavements, and so far as possible from the sound of church bells.

3. Let it have as many approaches as possible, and from opposite directions. Comfort and convenience in entering and leaving the house, relief from crowds and the disorderliness thereof, and from the necessity of long waiting for carriages, — also the advantage to the city of having unobstructed streets, are among the considerations which make this of prime importance.

4. Let the site be, as far as possible, an airy and healthful one; for if the building is to be upon the scale indicated by some of the rumors, it is destined to create and satisfy the taste for daylight entertainments in the summer. We know Castle Garden has contributed to keep artists more permanently in New York; and we have only to imagine open windows to perceive the importance both of good air and of retirement from noise. At all events, the pleasanter and more refined the quarter in which such a theatre stands, the less attraction will it hold out to disorderly rowdiness, and the less will it partake of the vicious atmosphere too sure to hang about such places, when in low or merely business quarters of the town. Let the outward environment correspond somewhat to the refined character of the entertainment within.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

The "MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION" held its Annual Meeting on Wednesday last. Reports were made by the President, Treasurer and Architect, all of a satisfactory character. The building will be ready for occupancy in November next, as will be seen by advertisement in another column.

The following gentlemen were elected Directors for the ensuing year; viz: Charles P. Curtis, Jonas Chickering, B. D. Greene, Charles H. Mills, R. E. Apthorp, J. B. Upham and George Derby.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. At the annual meet-

ing, May 31st, the following officers were chosen, viz: — Silas P. Merriam, *President*; John Dodd, *Vice President*; I. L. Fairbanks, *Secretary*; Matthew S. Parker, *Treasurer*; Thomas B. Frothingham, O. J. Faxon, C. P. Adams, John A. Nowall, H. L. Hazelton, John F. Payson, John H. Pray, George Hews, I. Haskell Long, *Trustees*.

At the annual meeting of the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY, held at Cochituate Hall on Monday evening, the following officers for the ensuing year were elected, viz: President, Gen. B. Franklin Edmands; Vice President, Geo. A. Lord; Secretary, Wm. Rogers, Esq.; Assistant do., Isaac D. Brewer; Treasurer, Alden Speare; Librarian, Gilbert Clark; Directors, Geo. Kurtz, Sidney A. Stetson, J. A. Plummer, Charles H. Allen and Lyman B. Neston.

OLE BULL, ALFRED JAEEL and the GERMANIANS left town yesterday for Montreal. Great is the pleasure in store for the Canadians, who have just been delighted with Mrs. BOSTWICK and extra-enthusiastic about CATHERINE HAYES.

New York.

MADAME THILLON is still the "Enchantress" at Niblo's, while at the Astor Place Opera House to Donizetti's heroines and heroes have succeeded Donetti's troupe of monkeys.

BASSINI'S CONCERT is favorably noticed on all hands. Says the *Tribune*:

"Bassini is much more than an ordinary violinist. His tone is remarkably sweet and pure — we have rarely heard a sweeter — and a delicate musical feeling characterizes all his performances. He played the slow movement of Vieuxtemp's *Fantasia*, in which the melody was announced with graceful and simple pathos, and the entire modesty of the artist inclined every listener to sympathetic attention. As a resident musician among us, Signor Bassini would be an invaluable acquisition.

NATIVE COMPOSERS. The N. Y. Harmonic Society will produce Mr. Abbott's Oratorio, "The Waldenses," on Wednesday evening at the Tabernacle. Mr. G. F. Bristow will conduct, and Mr. G. H. Curtis preside at the organ.

Mr. Bristow, we understand, has nearly completed an English Opera, the libretto of which is founded upon Irving's "Rip Van Winkle."

THE THIRD GRAND GERMAN FESTIVAL.—The great gathering of the German Glee Clubs is coming off this year in this city. The various circles of singers from other cities, numbering, it is estimated, more than six hundred persons, will be received here on the evening of the 19th inst., by a torch-light procession, and the next day a grand sacred concert will be given at Metropolitan Hall.

On Monday, the 21st, the day procession takes place, and in the evening the vocal and instrumental festival, which will be a great musical occasion. Over twelve hundred male voices will participate in the glees and choruses.

On the 22d, a pic-nic is to be celebrated in the spacious grounds already leased by the New York Society, on the Bloomingdale road, opposite Stryker's Bay. Such a festival as this, having never been witnessed in this metropolis, will be the means of drawing thousands of visitors to the city, and of diffusing much excitement among the lovers of music.—*Tribune*.

London.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The fourth concert, May 12th, drew an immense crowd to Exeter Hall, and seems to have fairly established the popularity of Beethoven's strange and hitherto half-doubted *Choral Symphony*, his ninth and last. He wrote it for the old London Philharmonic, which after one or two trials consigned it to the shelf. Years after the death of the composer, Moscheles had it taken down and studied again for one of the concerts. Still all but the very few pronounced it the weakest of the nine. Then Costa succeeded to the direction, under whom it was produced in 1847, and again once or twice since; but what could he do with a single rehearsal! Even in Germany and Paris it is seldom, if ever brought out. It was once attempted in New York, in Castle Garden, by an extempore monster orchestra, on a sort of Beethoven birthday festival; it was confused enough of course, but even as it was we shall not forget the vague but strong impression of its grandeur.

But now at last in London, if we may trust the *Musical World*, its day has come. With Berlioz for conductor, with seven rehearsals, in a great hall, "it was

executed in presence of a vast crowd, a medley of amateurs, musicians, and individuals with no claim to be called either, in such a manner as to create an excitement almost unparalleled within the walls of a concert room." The critic continues:

"That the ninth symphony is a musical illustration of Schiller's *Ode to Joy*—that the first three movements are orchestral, and the *finale* choral and orchestral—that it is the longest and profoundest work of Beethoven—that it is the most difficult piece of music composed by any of the great masters—these and other matters are familiar to all who interest themselves in music. Our business is with Wednesday night's performance, which, take it all in all, was the greatest triumph hitherto achieved by the New Philharmonic Society. M. Berlioz, who was warmly welcomed, was evidently resolved to do his utmost. The time of the *Allegro* was indicated to a nicety, and amidst all its extraordinary combinations, its exciting *crescendos*, and overwhelming climaxes, the majesty, which is the prevalent characteristic of the movement, was never once lost sight of. The *Scherzo* was equally well timed, and the *Trio*, for the first time in our remembrance, played as fast as it should be. Long as is this extraordinary movement (more than twice the length of any other of the same character,) it was felt to be brief by the audience, who, charmed by its originality, and the admirable decision with which it was executed, burst into an absolute uproar of cheers at the conclusion, and it was some time before M. Berlioz could proceed with the *Adagio*, the more tranquil beauty of which, however, soon created a different kind of feeling, and substituted a pleasing repose for an uncontrollable excitement. Thus far, the execution of the symphony was beyond criticism. No band and conductor ever did themselves more credit by a masterly and complete performance of an elaborate and highly-colored work. The choral *finale*—the almost insuperable solo parts in which were sustained with commendable zeal by Madame Clara Novello, Miss Williams, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Staudigl—left something to be desired, although, at the same time, it came much nearer to the mark than on any previous occasion. The instrumental opening brought out the force of the stringed instruments, the basses especially, with tremendous effect. M. Berlioz very properly took the recitatives in *tempo giusto*, without which it is impossible they can go well. The solo for the bass, "Welcome ye" and the quartet, "Sweet content," were not exactly what they might have been had the accompaniments been more subdued. In the tenor solo, "O, thou bright fire," with accompaniments *à la marcia*, with the side drum, cymbals, and triangle, the want of a real *piano* was still more strongly felt; Mr. Reeves, with all his voice, could scarcely make himself heard. The chorus, for the most part, were admirably correct and effective, and in the chorus in D, with the florid orchestral accompaniments (following the instrumental fugue that grows out of the tenor solo,) their power was remarkable. Even in the two final choruses, where the orchestral accompaniments reach the last degree of force and fulness, they sang with a vigor that nothing could abate. The enormous rapidity with which the concluding movements were taken, did not once endanger the steadiness and precision of the execution. The end of the symphony was followed by a volley of applause that made the walls of the building "echo again;" and homage having been paid to the mighty genius of Beethoven, a just tribute was accorded to M. Berlioz, who was recalled into the orchestra, and received in a manner which showed that the audience appreciated his services at their proper value."

But Chorley, in the *Athenæum*, was not so well satisfied with the instrumental movements. He had heard them "executed with as much spirit, expression, and more precision and proportion at the Old Philharmonic." But the choral part, he confesses, was never so well done in England.

The next great feature in this concert was the performance of Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto (endeared to us through Hatton, Jaell and Goldschmidt) by WILHELMINA CLAUS. The English critics fully echo in their own way all the praises of her, which we have quoted from time to time from the French. Says the *Musical World*:

"Mademoiselle Claus plays even better with the orchestra than in trios, or mere solos. The vigor and precision of her execution are astonishing—her self-possession is not less so, and these lesser qualities are elevated by a feeling which is the offspring of poetry and intellect. The manner in which Mademoiselle Claus performed the slow movement was in the highest degree expressive; her touch in the *piano* passages was delicacy itself. We never heard a more genuine and unaffected reading of this beautiful movement, or a neater, more sparkling, and wholly satisfactory execution of the *finale*, which Mademoiselle Claus dashed off with a rapidity that recalled to many present the unequalled performances of Mendelssohn. No success could be more complete—none better deserved. Mademoiselle Claus was applauded again and again, encored in the slow movement, and unanimously summoned, at the end of the concerto, to be newly fêted by the audience. We have said that Mademoiselle Claus was "a genius,"

and she has forced us to reiterate this opinion with a double confidence in its truth."

The second part was conducted by Dr. Wylde, and consisted, besides the concerto, of his own new Scena: "The Knight of Leon," sung with great spirit by Simms Reeves and much applauded; of the overture to *Der Freyschutz*; of Handel's "O, ruddier than a cherry!" in which Herr Staudigl was encored; and "the gorgeous 'Wedding March' sounded the retreat of the audience with great pomp and ceremony."

OLD PHILHARMONIC. The fifth concert took place on the 17th. Chorus and orchestra are said to have done wonders in Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, the chorus of guards and people exciting a *furor*. Mlle. CLAUS appeared here also in Beethoven's Concerto in E flat. The other pieces were Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, in A; Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*; and the finale to the first act of Cherubini's *Les Deux Journées*. The New Philharmonic announced the same Symphony for the 28th.

MADAME PLEYEL, after exciting the Dublinites to the highest pitch, gave her first grand morning concert at Hanover Square Rooms, May 20th, assisted by Jetty Treffz, Miss Dolby, Staudigl, &c. Of the audience one critic says:

"It might have been called a congress of pianists, such was the number assembled to hear their queen of executants, who played Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, beside Liszt's railroad express of digital difficulties and queer compound of passage eccentricities in his arrangements of the subjects of the skating scene from *Le Prophète*, and his charming piece from *Les Soirées Musicales* of Rossini. In spite of indifferent accompaniment, her genius, her vast and unapproachable powers of execution, her mental, refined and poetic gifts, her wondrous aggregate of all the requirements to constitute the grand pianiste of the age, never stood forth more triumphantly. The delicacy and elasticity of touch in the slow movement of the G minor, and the prodigious pace at which the finale was taken, will not easily be forgotten by her excited listeners. It was not merely steadiness and solidity, but it was the absolute singing of the instrument in her hands; the mind and heart seemed to be at her finger's ends. Such nerve and vigor combined with ease and elegance, have never been associated in any other player."

At ELLA'S MUSICAL UNION, on the 18th, Savori, Piatti and the pianist Charles Hallé, &c., performed duets, quartets, quintets, solos, classic and romantic, by Haydn, Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn and Chopin.

At the fourth and last of LUCAS' MUSICAL EVENINGS, Herr Schaffer, a rising pianist from Munich, appeared; and at the fifth BEETHOVEN QUARTET MEETING, Ferdinand Hiller, the friend of Chopin, played some of his own very numerous compositions.

—But each week's report from London is a perfect wilderness of all forms of chamber concerts. As well try to enumerate the qualities of each particular nest of song-birds in the June woods and orchards, as to keep the run of them. The *Illustrated News* says, with a heavy sigh: "This has been a trying week for the musical critics, who have been daily called upon to attend divers grand morning and evening concerts, classical meetings, *matinées* and *soirées musicales*, sometimes two or three in a day."

Our charming Bosio had arrived in London, for the first time, and was announced to sing at the Royal Italian Opera, in *I Puritani*, on the 27th, but was prevented by "severe indisposition."

MR. JULES BENEDICT had returned to London for the season, in deep affliction, having buried his wife in Italy. Soon after he left the United States, it will be remembered, his son was killed upon a railroad. Mr. B. is to conduct the Norwich festival, as usual, in the autumn. When shall we see his book of travels in America, from which we translated a fine passage lately out of a French paper?

HENRI VIEUXTEMPS, having left St. Petersburg, was expected in London about the first of June. He was to make London and Paris his head-quarters. — ERNST was finding "metal more attractive" in Switzerland.

OPERA. At the Royal Italian the most notable representations during the last month have been *Il Flauto Magico*, with Castellani as Pamina, and Mlle Zerr as the Queen of the Night, in which, says the *Athenæum*, "she excited more than the olden wonder and applause by her

little *rococo* squeaks in *altissimo*. These, however, are Mozart's fault, not hers." Mario and Ronconi also took part, the latter as the bird-boy. — *Lucia*, with Mlle. Zerr, Herr Ander, and Sig. Bartolini, a new baritone. — *La Juive*, by Halévy, which "in spite of much controversy still keeps its place in all the great theatres of France and Germany." It was produced with great splendor at Covent Garden for the introduction of the tenor M. Gucymard.

At Her Majesty's they have had *Ernani* with Crivelli, who is abused by the *Athenæum*, but greatly praised by all the others, and Belletti as Don Sylva (!) — Madame Lagrange, a new *prima donna*, has made great success in *Lucia*. — Act the Second of the Wagner drama has reached its *finale*, the injunction being again confirmed. A meeting of the patrons of the theatre had been held to raise a subscription for keeping it open to the end of the season, and in support of Mr. Lumley as manager. One paper says, they resolved to send a strong deputation of nobles and gentry to wait on Madame GOLDSCHMIDT, as soon as she should land, and implore her to sing.

ORATORIOS. Mr. George Lake's *Daniel* was produced at Exeter Hall on the 21st. Also Mendelssohn's 55th Psalm, and Weber's "Praise of Jehovah," — all for the first time. — The committee of the Birmingham Festival have resolved to invite Jenny Lind Goldschmidt to sing, and in case she declines, Mlle. Wagner.

GERMAN PLAYS. A German company are giving in London a series of the best German dramas of Goethe, Schiller and others. Among others "Egmont," with Beethoven's music.

A "Finale" to Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, *Loreley*, has been published in London. Chorley praises it in exalted terms. He describes the closing Allegro as "tremendous" and says, "we could not name the *prima donna* to whom it could be entrusted, with the exception of Madame Otto Goldschmidt, for whose remarkable voice it was obviously written."

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AT THE MELODEON,

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BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

NOTICE is hereby given that the BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION are ready to receive applications for the use of their HALL and LECTURE ROOM, (entrance on Bumstead Place and on Winter Street,) by Religious Societies, for the purpose of regular worship on Sundays, after the 15th of November next.

The Music Hall, furnished with Organ, &c., will seat three thousand persons, and the Lecture Room, eight hundred. Written applications may be addressed to the subscriber, at No. 39 Court Street, who will give such further information as shall be desired. FRANCIS L. BATCHELDER,

10 tf Clerk B. M. H. A.

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It is calculated to impart a ready and thorough knowledge of the art. — Baltimore Patriot.

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[Translated by the Editor.]

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

BY FRANZ LISZT.

(Concluded.)

IX.

During this sickness (in 1847) his recovery was for several days despaired of. Herr GUTMANN, his most important pupil and the friend whom he most loved to see about him in his latter years, gave him the greatest proofs of attachment by his self-sacrificing attentions. Chopin had become so used to him, that he often anxiously inquired of the princess Czartoryska, who visited him daily and who more than once scarce hoped to find him living: "whether Gutmann was not to be had? whether he could not perhaps take care of him still longer? for his presence was the most dear to him."

Nevertheless he was once more saved, but in this point of his life occurred the blow, which fell destroyingly upon his inmost being, and which he on the instant recognized as fatal for his heart. It was the formal rupture with the Sand; and in fact he did not long survive it. For the present he was convalescent indeed, but slowly and painfully, and he had become so changed, that one scarcely knew him.

The following summer brought him that transitory improvement, which persons, whose life is gradually passing away, are wont to derive from the beautiful season of the year. He was not willing to leave Paris and so robbed himself of

the beneficial influence of the pure country air upon his health.

The winter of 1847-8 was only a painful alternation of reliefs and relapses. In spite of that, he resolved in the spring to execute his old purpose of going to London. When the February revolution broke out, he was still confined to his bed; it seemed as if a dark destiny drove him to a livelier sympathy in the events of the day, and he spoke more about them than was otherwise his habit.

In April he felt himself better and now seriously thought of visiting that island, to which he had set out to go when youth and life still offered him the brightest prospects. He travelled to England, where his works had already found an intelligent public, that knew them and admired them.* He left France in that state of mind, which the English call *low spirits*. The momentary sympathy which he had bestowed with a certain degree of exertion upon political events, had quickly passed away. He had become more silent than ever. His affection towards the few persons whom he continued to see, took the color of that soul-pervading excitement, which precedes the last farewell greeting. His indifference for all outward things still grew upon him; Art alone retained its unlimited power over him. In the shorter and shorter moments in which he was permitted to occupy himself with it, Music claimed his whole being as earnestly as in the time when he was full of life and hope. Before he left Paris, he gave yet one concert in the hall of M. Pleyel, a friend to whom he always stood in the most intimate relation, and who now too pays a worthy tribute to his mem-

* Chopin's compositions had been for several years much circulated and made known in England. The best virtuosi played them. In a little writing called: *An Essay on the Works of Chopin*, published in London by Wessel and Stapleton, much is said that truly characterizes him, and the two lines of Shelley chosen for a motto:

"He was a mighty Poet — and
A subtle-souled Psychologist,"

apply most admirably to Chopin. Among other things the author says: "One thing is certain, viz: to play with proper feeling and correct execution the *Préludes* and *Studies* of Chopin, is to be neither more nor less than a finished pianist; and moreover, to comprehend them thoroughly, to give a life and a tongue to their infinite and most eloquent subtleties of expression, involves the necessity of being in no less a degree a poet than a pianist, a thinker than a musician. . . . In taking up one of the works of Chopin, you are entering, as it were, a fairy land, untrodden by human footsteps, a path, hitherto unfrequented, but by the great composer himself; and a faith, and a devotion, a desire to appreciate, and a determination to understand, are absolutely necessary, to do it anything like adequate justice. . . etc.

ory and his friendship by the erection of a monument over his grave. In this concert his select and long tried public in Paris heard him for the last time.

In London he was received with extraordinary cordiality, and this reception drove away his melancholy and scattered his gloomy and desponding humor. He fancied himself entirely master of it, when he flung all, even his former habits of life, into the stream of oblivion. He neglected the prescriptions of his physician and the carefulness which his sickly condition required. He played twice in public and innumerable times in private circles. He went much into company, stayed longer than usual, defied all exhaustion and let no consideration bind him to a regard for his health.

At the Duchess of Sutherland's he was presented to the Queen, and the selectest circles of society were emulous of his possession. He made a journey too to Edinburgh, but the air there was particularly injurious to him. After his return from Scotland he felt very feeble; the physicians urged him to leave England as soon as possible — but he delayed his departure a long time. Who can define the feeling, which suffered him to linger? — He played once more in a concert for the Poles; it was the last love-token that he sent to his fatherland, the last look, the last longing sigh! All his friends crowded round him and he received the most enthusiastic applause. He bade them all farewell, without their dreaming that it would be the last. What may the thought have been that moved his heart, when he crossed the channel to return to Paris? to that Paris, now so different to him from that which he had found, without seeking it, in the year 1831!

This time a bitter and unexpected blow awaited him on his arrival. Doctor MOLIN, whose advice and skilful attendance had saved his life, to whom alone, as he was convinced, he owed the prolongation of his days, lay on his death-bed. He felt this loss severely; it had a dispiriting influence on him, which in moments when the state of the soul has so much dominion over the sick body, must have been very injurious. He cherished the firm belief, that no one could supply that man's place to him and had confidence in no physician more. He kept continually changing his physicians, none would suit him, and he placed no further hope in their art. A sort of superstitious despondency got possession of him; no tie

that was stronger than life, no love that was as strong as death, came to his aid in the conflict with this apathy.

After the winter of 1848 he had ceased to be in a condition to work continuously. Here and there he took in hand some leaves containing hastily sketched thoughts, but the strength failed him to arrange them into an orderly whole. Regard for his name gave him the wish to see all such sketches burned; he was not willing to have them, maimed and distorted, transformed into posthumous works not worthy of him.

Of finished manuscripts he has left behind him nothing but a last Notturmo and a very short Waltz.* In his latter days he designed to write a Piano Forte School, in which he wished to embody his thoughts about the theory and practice of his art, the fruit of his long labor, of his happy innovations and his artistic experience. The purpose was a serious one and demanded a double exertion even from so assiduous a worker as Chopin was. Perhaps he wished, in seeking refuge upon this dry field, to escape the excitement of Art, which, according as the heart is bright or lonely, shows such different sides. In it he sought only a monotonous occupation that would claim his whole attention; in this regular daily labor, which "conjures down the spirit's storm," he hoped to forget what would not keep out of his mind.

But Chopin's powers sufficed no longer for such purposes. He traced in thought, to be sure, the outline of his plan, and spoke of it repeatedly; but the execution was to him impossible. He only wrote out a few pages of it; the fire has consumed them with the other papers.

At length his illness increased so visibly, that further hope was out of the question. Soon he could no more leave his bed and he could hardly speak. His sister at this sad news hastened from Warsaw and never left his sick bed. He saw the anxiety, the forebodings, the mourning around him, without betraying any signs of the impression it all-made upon him. He spoke of his end with entire Christian peace and composure, and yet he hoped for a coming morrow. The singular passion which he always had for changing his habitation, came once more to light; he had hired other quarters, ordered them to be fitted up and busied himself with arrangements, often relating to the smallest particulars. As these directions were not taken back, they were all strictly executed, and some articles of furniture were carried to the new dwelling on the very day of his death.

Was he afraid perhaps that Death would not keep his word with him? Was he sensible of that double influence, which some higher natures have felt on the eve of events decisive of their fate, that conflict between the heart, which has a presentiment of the future, and the understanding, which shrinks from foreseeing it?

From week to week, soon day by day the shadow of death stepped closer and closer to him. The sickness reached its goal, the suffering became more and more painful, the decisive moment drew near. In the intermissions of the more and more frequent crises Chopin preserved to the last his presence of mind and force of will. The wishes he expressed in these painless moments, showed with what solemn tranquility he

looked death in the face. He wished to be buried next to BELLINI, with whom he had lived in very friendly relations during his abode in Paris. Bellini's grave is in the church-yard of the *Père la Chaise*, next to that of CHERUBINI; the desire to become acquainted with this great master, in the admiration of whom he had been educated, was one of the motives which induced him to touch at Paris on his route from Vienna to London in 1831. His earthly resting-place is now between Bellini and Cherubini, those two so different spirits, whom Chopin however approached in equal degrees, since he had as high an esteem for the science of the one, as he had attraction toward the other. He shared the melodic feeling with the composer of *Norma*, and at the same time aspired after the inward substance and the harmonic depth of the old master.

To his very end he maintained the reserve that was peculiar to him in his relations with his friends; he desired to see no one for the last time; but his thanks to the friends, who visited him, he embroidered round with the pure gold of a touching acknowledgment. The first days of October left no further room for doubt or hope. The fatal moment was to be feared each day, each hour; his sister and Gutmann never left him for a minute. The countess Delphine Potocka hastened back to Paris, when she heard of his dangerous condition. All who came to the dying man, found it impossible to tear themselves away from the sight of this beautiful, great soul in its departure from this life.

On Sunday the 15th of October a crisis, still more painful than any that had preceded, lasted several hours. He bore it with patience and strength of spirit. The countess Delphine was there, her soul was penetrated, her tears flowed. He opened his eyes and saw her standing at the foot of his bed, the tall, slender figure, clad in white, the image of an angel beautiful as ever painter's fancy had created. Surely she seemed to him a heavenly apparition; he revived an instant and breathed out a prayer to her to sing. All believed that he was talking wild; but he repeated his request with a tone of earnestness, which no one could resist. They pushed the piano in the hall close to the door of his chamber, and the countess sang with sobbing voice; tears ran down her cheeks and never had her fine talent and her wonderful singing a more touching expression. Chopin listened and seemed to forget his sufferings; she sang the hymn to the Holy Virgin, which, it is said, saved Stradella his life. "How beautiful! O my God, how beautiful!" said he — "once more, once more!" — The countess pressed down the overflowing fountain of her feeling, seated herself again at the piano and sang a psalm of Marcello. But within the chamber a piercing pain suddenly seized the sick man; all the bystanders were terrified and involuntarily sank in silence on their knees; only the voice of the countess floated like a heavenly melody above the sighs of the others. The night came on, a twilight spread its shadow over the mournful scene, Chopin's sister knelt against his bed and wept and prayed.

In the night he grew worse; yet on Monday morning he became somewhat better and asked for the holy sacrament. In the absence of the Reverend —, with whom he had been on very friendly terms in their common exile, he sent for the Reverend Alexander Jelowicki, one of the

most distinguished men of the Polish emigration. He saw him twice and received from him the Holy Supper with devotion in the presence of his friends. Thereupon he let these approach singly to his bed-side, gave them a last farewell and invoked God's blessing on them and on what they loved and hoped. The remainder of the day passed off amid increasing pains — he spoke no word more. Only toward eleven o'clock in the evening did he feel himself slightly relieved. The clergyman had not left him and Chopin expressed a desire, so soon as he found his speech again, to pray with him. He pronounced the prayer of the dying in Latin with a clear, intelligible voice, leaning his head steadily on Gutmann's shoulder.

A cataleptic sleep lasted till the 17th of October, 1849. About two o'clock began the death-struggle; a cold sweat ran from his brow. After a brief slumber he asked with scarcely audible sound: "Who is with me?" He inclined his head to press his lips once more gratefully upon the hand of Gutmann, who held him in his arm, and in this moment he breathed forth his soul. He died as he had lived, in love.

Robert Schumann's Musical Life-Maxims.

[TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTORY NOTE. — ROBERT SCHUMANN, since the death of MENDELSSOHN, takes rank in the estimation of many as the greatest living German Composer. The following maxims, or aphorisms, (which we translated from the German a year or two since, and now design to scatter along through our pages, a few at a time,) embody the whole creed and practical philosophy of the great artist, and should engrave themselves upon the mind of every one who means to make himself an artist in the sphere of sound. The composer designed them as an appendix to the first edition of his piano forte instruction book, called the *Jugendalbum*, or "Album for Youth." The maxims were to have been introduced alternately with musical pieces illustrating them. But there were too many difficulties in the way of the execution of this design. The German publisher, however, proposed to insert them in the second edition of the "Album," and in the meantime furnished a copy of them to the *Zeitschrift für Musik*, a musical journal published in Leipzig, from which we translate.—J. S. D.]

I. The cultivation of Hearing is the most important matter. Take pains early to distinguish Tones and Keys by the ear. The bell, the window-pane, the cuckoo — ask yourself what tones they each give out.

II. You should sedulously practice Scales and other finger exercises. But there are many persons who imagine they have accomplished everything, when they have spent many hours each day for years in mere mechanical exercise. It is about as if one should busy himself daily with repeating the A-B-C as fast as possible and always faster and faster. Use your time better.

III. "Dumb piano fortes," so called, or key-boards without sound, have been invented. Try them long enough to see that they are good for nothing. You cannot learn to speak from the dumb.

IV. Play in time! The playing of many virtuosos is like the gait of a drunkard. Make not such your models.

V. Learn betimes the fundamental laws of Harmony.

VI. Be not frightened by the words, *Theory*, *Thorough-Bass*, *Counterpoint*, &c.; they will meet you friendly if you meet them so.

VII. Never dilly-dally about a piece of music, but attack it briskly; and never play it only half through!

VIII. Dragging and hurrying are equally great faults.

IX. When you are playing, never trouble yourself about who is listening.

* The *Posthumous Sonata* announced in Paris is probably one written in Vienna in his early years.

X. Always play as if a master heard you.

XI. Strive to play easy pieces well and beautifully; it is better than to render harder pieces only indifferently well.

XII. Always insist on having your instrument purely tuned.

XIII. You must not only be able to play your little pieces with the fingers; you must be able to hum them over without a piano. Sharpen your imagination so that you may fix in your mind not only the Melody of a composition, but also the Harmony belonging to it.

XIV. Accustom yourself, even though you have but little voice, to sing at sight without the aid of an instrument. The sharpness of your hearing will continually improve by that means. But if you are the possessor of a rich voice, lose not a moment's time, but cultivate it, and consider it the fairest gift which heaven has lent you.

XV. You must carry it so far that you can understand a piece of music upon paper.

XVI. If any one lays a composition before you for the first time, for you to play, first read it over.

XVII. Have you done your musical day's work, and do you feel exhausted? Then do not constrain yourself to further labor. Better rest than work without spirit and freshness.

XVIII. Play nothing, as you grow older, which is merely *fashionable*. Time is precious. One must have a hundred human lives, if he would acquaint himself with all that is good.

XIX. In every period there have been bad compositions, and fools who have praised them.

XX. A player may cram his memory with finger-passages; they all in time grow commonplace and must be changed. Only where such facility serves higher ends, is it of any worth.

XXI. You must not circulate poor compositions; nor even listen to them, if you are not obliged to.

XXII. Try not to acquire facility in the so-called Bravura. Try in a composition to bring out the impression which the composer had in his mind; more than this attempt not; more than this is caricature.

Music in the past Half Century.

An Address delivered before the Harvard Musical Association, at Cochrane Hall, Boston, Dec. 22, 1851.

BY SAMUEL JENNISON, JR.

[Continued from page 76.]

Instrumentation, or the method of employing the instruments of the orchestra, had already at the close of the last century become so fully developed, as in the opinion of M. Fétis, scarcely or not at all to admit of improvement. The place of the wind instruments was once supplied by the organ. The flageolet and flute which first made their appearance were followed by horn and trumpet, oboe and clarinet, whose province it will be remembered was to accompany, with meagre effect, the simple note of the singer. MAIO and JOMELLI, LEO and DURANTE began improvements which were carried still further by PIZZINI and GLUCK. They met the usual fortune of innovators, finding their endeavors to improve their art considered obtrusive and annoying, rather than agreeable. The uncultivated ears of a century ago could not comprehend the heightened gratification of accompaniments which seemed to distract their attention from the songs. It is stated to have been GALUPPI, who first ventured to throw the principal air into the instrumental parts, while the singers became, as it were, secondary, carrying on, on their part, a kind of conversational accompaniment to the instruments: a custom now so agreeable, and of which instances will readily occur to all familiar with the concerted pieces

of the Operas of ROSSINI, BELLINI and DONIZETTI. We can all bear witness to the truth of the observations of that author, that in almost the whole of "Don Giovanni," MOZART has carried the richness of his instrumentation so far as to have apparently attained the highest point of perfection. It is clear that the orchestral accompaniments of the latest composers have not surpassed in beauty those of their wonderful predecessor.

The same author suggests, as the only remaining means of imparting the requisite variety and novelty in this branch of the art, a return to the earlier custom, of accompanying different portions of the opera with different combinations of instruments, instead of giving to all alike, as is now generally done, the full force of the orchestra.

HAYDN, near the close of the last century, first in his Symphonies produced great dramatic effects from instruments alone, unaided by scenic representations; after him MOZART, and in our day BEETHOVEN, SPOHR, MENDELSSOHN, SCHUMANN and others have given, in their great compositions of this class, such evidence of the "Might of Sound" that it is a question that may well divide the musical world, whether the sentiments of the heart do not now find in pure harmony alone an expression to which human language can add nothing.

It has been a frequent complaint of late years, that too much of a merely noisy character has been added to the orchestra; that in the endeavor to produce powerful effects good taste has been sacrificed, and the ear been sought to be taken by force rather than by sweetness: and the suspicion cannot at times be well avoided that the design of the prolonged *fortissimos*, the unanticipated *sforzandos*, the so frequently unintermitted use of the whole might of the orchestra, is to conceal the poverty of the subject.

Not only have drum, cymbal, bells, triangle and gong at times added their various clangor, but one instance is related in which fourteen, in another twenty-five trumpeters have been brought upon the stage at once; and in a certain opera of one ROSER, at Vienna, the crashes were heightened by the report of pistols and carbines, not to mention that another well-known composer is said to have introduced on one occasion the roar of a piece of artillery.

We may imagine a tasteful *impresario* or critic of the Old School expostulating with and answered by the modern composer, after the manner of La Mancha's knight and the "certain bard" alluded to in Pope's Essay on Criticism, and in nearly those words, saying:

"So vast a sound the stage will ne'er contain"—
"Then build a new or act it on the plain."

The stunning effect of modern Opera has not escaped the attentive ears of Punch, who, among other imaginary curiosities professed to have been created by him, makes mention of an ear-protector, designed to enable a young lady to sit through an Opera of VERDI without becoming deaf.

[To be continued.]

PAGANINI'S HEIR. We translate the following from a German paper:

PAGANINI has left to his only son, Achilles, a fortune of two millions of francs and the title of nobility. An anecdote of Monsieur Achilles shows that the proverb: "What the fathers add, the sons subtract," will not be likely to apply to him. While yet a boy, Achilles was one evening present with a couple of gentlemen at the house

of the famous singer Lablache. Four candles were burning on the table. This luxury of lights troubled the boy's feeling; after a little while he silently got up, crept on tip-toe to the first light and, while the gentlemen were eagerly engaged in conversation, blew it out. Lablache winked at it and let him go on. Thinking himself unobserved, he presently blew out the second, and then the third light. But as he was about to pursue the same process with the fourth, Lablache said to him in a friendly way: "Child, if you blow out that light, we shall be unable to see."—"We don't need light to talk by!" was the answer of the boy, now the possessor of two millions.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

Well—I have seen this musical Fire,
This famous Leopold de Meyer;
I have heard this German wonder,
With his grand melodious thunder—
His sparkling rills of rippling trills,
His delicate runs, loud booming guns,
Sword-clashings and lunges,
Cataract plunges,
Fierce flashing of lances,
Intricate fancies,
Large leaps gigantic,
Like lightning grown frantic.
'Twas the very madness
Of vinous gladness.
The sense of senses
Danced into frenzies,
Loud-voiced, plebeian,
Shouts to Pœan!
Huzza for De Meyer!
Finer than fire
Leaps up the flaming
Of his bold aiming.
Over the soul
His mysteries roll
Heaving in surges,
Great Boanerges,
Portly Briareus,
Frowning so serious,
Grappling and struggling
As if thou wert smuggling
Strange fire Promethean,
Or dark water Lethean,
Crowding thy piano
With Jove's thunder—ah no!
Thou'rt but a mortal
Still at the portal:
For while thou seem'st divinely toiling,
I can see thee vainly smiling,
Living in the crowd's applause,
Catching eyes that watch thy paws
Chasing one another up
To the finger-board's tip-top.
In thy beaded champagne draught
Froth and wine alike are quaffed,
Till the stream of music flows
Like Ariel's voice with Trinculo's;
Pindar's silver lyric mingling
With the Broadway sleigh-bells' jingling.

O! purge the dim the people's breath
Has breathed against thy mirror fire;
Lose not the ancient heavenly faith
That music is a muse divine.
Let not thy fingers steal the wreath
Of fame that should be only *thine*.
Give us the dear, the noble strains
The great tone-masters left on earth,
Whose morning radiance still remains
O'er meteors of ephemeral birth:
The music true of heart and soul,
The language of the Seraphim—
Of the unmeasurable whole—
Creation's inmost prayer and hymn.

1846.

☞ Only when the form is entirely clear to you, will the spirit become clear.—Schumann.

FAIRYLAND.

When violet odors fill the air,
When May is pink in hedge and lea,
Wild yearnings seize me unaware,
And dim old longings wake in me—
And I believe in Fairyland.

When sunset fades along the west,
In blue, and green, and lilac bowers,
I hear the trumpets of the Blest
Blown from those old forgotten towers—
And I believe in Fairyland.

When summer comes with bloom and leaf,
And looks and laughs thro' wavering trees;
When crimson peach and golden sheaf
Hang ripening in the sun and breeze—
Then I believe in Fairyland.

When kindness half would look like love,
In eyes that give, yet veil their light;
When song and fragrance float above,
And casements open on the night—
Then I believe in Fairyland.

London Leader.

Correspondence.

Notes of a Short Tour Westward.

JUNE, 10th, 1852.

DEAR JOURNALIST:—You ask me, what musical items I have gathered on the short trip, which I have just made westward? Alas, one can travel from Dan to Beersheba as in old times and find all is (nearly) barren. But the singing master is abroad, and in some of the larger places, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukie, Cleveland, &c., I am told that the seed is sown and that some time or other the harvest will come. Heaven grant it!

I was amused at one little town in Western New York, which shall be nameless, at what was to me a novelty. A singing school happened to close with a public performance, on an evening when I was there. There was nothing particularly good, and nothing particularly bad in the singing of the school—a young lady played the piano quite respectably, and occasionally added the tones of a cultivated voice, to the rest—how instantly a little cultivation is felt!—but on the whole, it was just what we can hear in almost any of our country villages every winter. A few anthems were sung—some new psalm tunes, &c. The novelty consisted in the display of some brother singing masters, who lent their valuable assistance for that night only, and gave us some glees, sentimental songs, and the like. One of them struck me as extraordinary—he could—and actually did—more than once carry a tenor part straight through, without faltering or wavering, say a quarter of a note from the pitch; and at the next stanza, begin just where he left off! A Duo passage or two for tenor and bass proved very rich. The singing master is decidedly abroad.

On the evening of my arrival in Rochester, Catharine Hayes gave a concert in the really fine hall, which is an honor to the taste of the city. I did not attend, but heard that the audience was very small. This was not true of another concert the next evening at the same place, at which two hundred and fifty sweet little creatures from the girls' schools of the city, gave a selection of songs and duets. The pieces were such as usually form the staple on such occasions; popular airs adapted to children's (childish?) poetry. The "Spider and the Fly," "Marseilles Hymn," "Home, sweet Home," and such like common airs were sung, and were really sung exceedingly well, and greatly to the credit of their teacher. Yet why

should children be taught to depend upon his voice? A few hours of proper practice will enable any choir of children to begin at a signal, and all at once; yet here, as I have seen in our schools generally, the teacher was half through a line before his little flock was fairly under way. Strange that teachers will neglect this point as they do, for children thus contract habits which always stick by them.

The large hall was crowded and a very lively interest was plainly felt in the performance of the little Linds and Hayeses. I look upon these children's classes as of high importance—whenever the teacher really teaches them to read notes.

I could not learn that a concert of really classical music had ever been given in the place—and yet Rochester is said to have a population of 40,000. Suppose Rochester were in Germany—what an Opera we should have, what a concert orchestra, what garden concerts, what music from Haydn and Mozart in the cathedral—but it is *not* in Germany, and I do not expect to hear an opera there this year! Musical missionaries are wanted! In Buffalo an old friend gave me a sad picture of the state of music there; here and there is an individual, who can recognize the divine thought and emotion which pervade the "tone poetry" of a Mozart or Beethoven—but no such general taste as leads to any attempt at the formation of any society for the cultivation of a taste for classical works, either vocal or instrumental. In the smaller towns on the Ohio, and on the routes from Pittsburgh to Detroit, there seems to be no assortment of good piano forte music to be found; and I was several times asked for a list of pieces, which at the same time are easy and yet worthy of the name classical. A few popular songs, waltzes, quicksteps, &c., seem to be generally the stock in trade both of music sellers and music teachers there. Still one sees at times, that there is a craving for something beyond—the very indifference of many a young lady player to her piano forte arises not unfrequently from the want of something, which shall gratify a natural taste that spurns the namby pamby airs, with the old hacknied "tum, tum, tum" accompaniment, which she alone knows, rather than to any want of real music. Why cannot some of our music publishing periodicals sometimes give a page or two of *real* music? Why should not Graham or Godey sometimes give an Andante from Beethoven or Haydn, instead of a "Lament on our dead Pussey," by the sentimental Mr. Jones?

I was greatly delighted in Detroit with the singing in the First Presbyterian Church. It so happened, that on the Sunday when I was there, but three ladies were in the choir, two of whom sang soprano. One very beautiful voice caught my ear with its first note; in the chant it was clear, distinct, and exceedingly musical; and in psalmody it really surpassed anything which I have heard in our churches for a long time. Mr. Mills, the conductor, is really worthy of being named, for the taste with which this part of the service is conducted. It was truly dignified, solemn, and worthy of the sanctuary. But why does he allow his organist to play piano forte music on the organ?

Music seems to be getting established on a good basis in Detroit. The better class of singers there are familiar with some good music—Romberg's "Song of the Bell" for instance; and Mr. Mills has strong hopes that in course of the next

autumn and winter something may be attempted of a still higher class.

Beyond Lake Michigan music is under the protection of the Germans, and though perhaps as yet one can hear little of the truly classical, still the songs and ballads of Vaterland will in the end lead to something higher and nobler. It would be a little curious if in a few years a Bostonian should hear as much of the "genuine article" in Chicago as at home—and yet it will not be so very strange. T.

The New Organ.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music.

In the course of the admirable Address before the Harvard Musical Association now publishing in your journal, the author has, it seems to me, fallen into one of the two following false positions.

He has either not seen and made himself acquainted with the principles of the "Euharmonic Organ," or, if he has examined it, and had explained to him by its inventors, *what it is intended to accomplish*, he has laid himself open to the charge of deliberate misstatement of the facts in the case.

In the first place, neither Mr. Poole nor the friends of the organ claim "*that it will bring about a complete revolution in the science of harmony.*"

Secondly, The Euharmonic organ is not like any other instrument before invented for the same purpose.

Thirdly, The principles upon which its scale is founded are those immutable laws of harmony, which ever have been, and must be recognized, so long as the present order of nature exists.

I have no doubt that Mr. Jennison upon reflection will be as ready to make the correction in his published speech, as he was anxious to stay the progress of supposed innovation in his favorite art, and to give due credit to honest attempts successfully accomplished, as may be at once proved by a reference to the organ itself.

A LOVER OF PURE HARMONY.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

STANZAS.

Like a lustrous Star
Is thy dark eye's light,
Shining from afar,
Thro' the deepest night.

Like a magic spell
Is that smile of thine;
As a gleam it fell
Of the sweet sunshine.

Like a deep, full river
Is that voice of song;
Every heart doth quiver,
As it flows along.

Rills from memory stealing
Mingle with its flow,
All the springs of feeling
Gush into it now.

On the stream we float,
Souls from earth set free,
Higher swells that note—
Wave of harmony!

Hush! the song is o'er,
And we ask in vain,
Shall we on this shore
Hear that voice again?

Without enthusiasm, nothing comes out right in Art.—Schumann.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 19, 1852.

The concluding chapter of the *Reminiscences* of CHOPIN, in the present number, is touchingly beautiful and will repay reading. Nor need we make apology for the space that has been given to the whole series. Many, we doubt not, by these papers have been interested for the first time in an artist of the purest and selectest stamp, and will now seek to know him still more intimately in his music. Others, who have known something of his music, could not but have read with avidity so true, so delicately appreciating a memoir by a brother artist.

The tribute is in the highest degree honorable to LISZT himself, and we only regret that we have not more of the same good thing in reserve for our readers.

Last week we transferred to our columns a droll and clever burlesque on the modern showy concert-style of solo-playing, as exemplified in the Flute. This time we reproduce a poetic *jeu d'esprit* by Mr. CRANCH, written when De Meyer was the rage six years ago. To our fancy, it hits the subject (we may say the fashion) in just about the right medium between joke and serious, and ends with a just appeal from the brilliant finger-music of the day to the true ends and meanings of the divine Art.

We give place to a brief stricture by "A Lover of Pure Harmony," on the allusion to the "Euharmonic Organ" in a portion of Mr. Jennison's address, in the hope that it may lead to some fair and friendly discussion of the interesting problems raised by that remarkable instrument. But as we understand Mr. Jennison's words, his position with regard to the organ is a wholly non-committal one, and implies no partial pre-judgment of the case.

Jubilee of the German Glee Clubs.

The *Saenger-bund*, or league of United States German singers, numbering over *twelve hundred* voices, are now celebrating their third annual festival for the first time in New York. The enthusiasm of the Baltimore and Philadelphia festivals, in the two past summers, will of course be renewed and deepened here.

This is a beautiful popular custom of the Germans, and one which we hard-scrabbling, money-making, desperately political Americans might imitate to some advantage. These crowds are drawn together for no end of gain, or self, or party interest. It is purely for the love of Music and to honor that divine bond of unity which Music helps to weave between human hearts. The nationality, the large humanity of the Germans, politically so oppressed and partitioned off into petty kingdoms, is nourished and kept green by this common German sentiment for ART. The nearest thing we have to these *Saenger-bund* festivals, are our Musical "Conventions" and "Teachers' Institutes," so excellent in their way. But these have the utilitarian element in them, and do not represent that pure musical enthusiasm which now calls out the Germans. Our's are to train music-teachers and sell music-books and extend the dominion of this or that

music-school, and incidentally and indirectly operate (as they certainly have done most beneficially) upon the public musical taste. Their's (the Germans') are the spontaneous social outburst of the musical *feeling*. Their's are truly *festivals*; our's are business conventions.

The celebration in New York opens this evening with a torch-light procession. To-morrow, Sunday, they give a grand Sacred Concert in Metropolitan Hall, when doubtless the great choruses of Handel will be heard, as well as the sublimely simple Lutheran Chorales. And by that sea of manly voices, with manly hearts in them! On Monday a secular concert; excursions to green places, games, &c., will complete the Jubilee in true German style and spirit.

Madame De La Grange.

This distinguished prima donna, the *new* star just now at Her Majesty's Theatre, was born in France in 1823. She learned music at first merely to satisfy the world's requirement of an accomplished lady; but her talent developed in such a surprising manner, that it was soon clear to her teachers and herself that this art was her true vocation.

Thereupon she enjoyed the instruction of Bordogni in Paris, and then made Italy her home for five years. Here her intimacy with Pasta was of infinite advantage to her; Pasta became her teacher, her model and her friend, and introduced her also to Rossini, at whose instance and recommendation she sang in Bologna, Florence, Padua and Venice.

In Paris she appeared first as Desdemona, then as Alice and Lucia, with decided success.

Madame De La Grange first went to Germany in the year 1848, where she was engaged as first singer at the Italian Opera in Vienna; but in the very same year she sang the Rosina and the Lucia in the German opera and carried the public to a pitch of enthusiastic recognition. With her extraordinary talent for languages, she could soon sing as well in German, as in French or Italian.

Soon after she went back to Paris, to the Grand Opera. In the spring of 1850, when Meyerbeer's *Prophète* was to be put upon the stage in Vienna, the composer designated Madame De La Grange for the part of Fides. She undertook it and performed it fourteen times in succession.

From Vienna she went to Pesth, where she became the favorite of the Hungarian public, and redoubled their homage by the fact that she learned the Magyar language and appeared in their national Opera amid the most tumultuous applause.

From that time this honored artiste has selected Germany for her especial home, and she has found great recognition in the North, particularly in Hamburg. For some years she has been married to Herr von Stankowitsch, a Montenegrin, who holds the rank of colonel in the Russian service.

Madame De La Grange's voice, (so says a German criticism of last autumn,) still possesses all its natural freshness and strong color, which in the sustained tones *tells* in the midst of a full orchestra. But more wonderful than nature is the art, the finished method of the singer. The greatest correctness and certainty, even in the most difficult intonations; perfect confidence in leaps through two whole octaves; the most un-

common flexibility and pearly liquidity of throat; smooth runs; genuine trills, that ring out clear and gradually melt away — all these excellencies of a great *bravura* singer are ascribed by the Germans to Madame La Grange.

Besides the Fides, such rôles as the Rosina, the Lucia, the Isabella in *Robert le Diable*, the Martha of Von Flotow, &c., are set down as her best. It is said that her strong points in *Le Prophète*, are those in which mechanical execution has the freest scope, as the great aria in the fifth act. In power, firmness and fullness of tone, as well as in sustained melody, and in her conception of the entire rôle, and in dramatic intensity in certain situations, JOANNA WAGNER is placed far before her. She played Fides with the tenor, ROGER, "an artist who has such a magical attractive power of drawing another on with him in his sun-path, that it becomes difficult to tell whether that other shines mainly by her own, or by *his* light."

Previous to her arrival in London, Madame De La Grange was singing in Leipsic. Mr. Lowell Mason heard her, and writes thus to the N. Y. *Musical World*:

"She has a voice rich in tone, extensive in compass, and of great flexibility. Her lower register is very fine, having more power than that of Sontag: indeed this is true of her whole compass, and in this particular she may be compared to Jenny Lind. With respect to quality and purity of tone, we think the latter lady may have the preference in the higher register, but elsewhere the voice of De La Grange is superior. In her lesson in the 'Barber,' of Rossini, she ran up with apparent ease to the thrice marked small *g*; and in her songs in the *Zauberflöte* she touched the thrice marked small *r* with the ease and accuracy of a piano forte. She sings with a freedom, openness, frankness of voice (so to speak) that we have scarcely ever heard equalled, and never excelled. She is, perhaps, thirty years of age, and of most interesting appearance, good figure, large and bewitching eyes, easy, graceful, and elegant in every movement and gesticulation. We have been delighted with her singing; but yet not more so than with that of Sontag or of Jenny Lind."

Since compiling the above we hear voices chanting the other side of the story; from which it would seem doubtful if Lumley has yet found his ark of safety. The *Tribune* critic heard Madame La Grange three years ago in Paris "sing to very small and very cold audiences," and could not "perceive any reason why they should be warm. It was the fair singing of a worn voice," &c. And in the London *Leader* "our incomparable *Vivian*" records his opinion thus:

"A more unpromising *début* than that of Madame De La Grange at Her Majesty's on Saturday, I have not seen for some time. It was a 'blaze of triumph;' but I call upon the reader to watch the duration of this fervor. The opera was *Lucia*. The *débütante* created such a 'sensation' as genius alone could justify. I stand, therefore, in a minority; but I am not the least concerned as to the result. As far as I understand acting, Madame De La Grange is one of the worst actresses on the stage; as far as I understand singing, she is the least agreeable *prima donna* we have. The sentence is severe, let us await the verdict of a few weeks. Her voice is worn, unsympathetic, and, in its high screams, painfully resembles the sound of whistling through a key. As a set off against this, let me add that her execution is often marvelous, especially in *staccato* passages, which she accomplished with a precision and delicacy that deserved the applause that saluted them. But, although to deny her great skill would be to deny evidence, I return to my position, that her singing is decidedly not agreeable, because *unmusical*; for the deli-

cacy and intensity of expression demanded by music, I can accept no substitute in the way of *fioriture*."

THE GERMANIA SERENADE BAND made an agreeable and promising beginning of their Summer Afternoon Concerts in the Melodeon. The hall was quite well filled, and the audiences will naturally grow larger and larger, unless the heat becomes *too* tropical. Such cheap summer opportunities of hearing good instrumental music of a higher order than mere quicksteps and waltzes, and yet with a judicious mingling of the light and graceful with the classical and solid, were just what the people wanted, and will contribute both to the refreshment and the refinement of those doomed to spend the season within the hot walls of the city.

The programme on this first occasion (as we doubt not also on the second, yesterday) was well up to the above requirement. It consisted of about an equal number of pieces from the eight brass instruments or "Serenade Band" proper, and from the "String department" — strange as it is to call that a *department*, which includes the whole *plus* more than as many more, to wit: two first and two second violins, a viola, two violoncelli (or perhaps we should say *one and a half*, one being a boy—but the other was WULF FRIES), a double bass, two flutes, two clarinets, two horns, two trumpets, trombone, &c.

Here were most of the elements of quite a nice little orchestra, and under the excellent leadership of Mr. SUCK they played with beautiful precision and regard to light and shade. The brass however, from the acquired unity of so much practice, was naturally too telling for the rest; the violins too few, and though the two first violins (one of them at all events) were fluently played, yet they have by no means acquired the relative efficiency which somewhat compensated for the same want of numbers in the "Germania Musical Society." This perhaps will come with habit. The greatest want we felt was of bassoons, to mediate between strings and brass. An obœe also is much needed. Good performers on these instruments are extremely rare in Boston, for the reason that they unfit the *embouchure* of the artist for other wind instruments, and do not repay an exclusive devotion. Mr. WERNER was in his right place as first flute, as was Mr. SCHNAPP at the head of the brass.

The lack of body and proportion was most felt, of course, in the first piece, the Overture to *Egmont*; in spite of the understanding and precision with which it was given, it suffered much for want of violin power. The rendering and enjoyment were more complete in the more light and graceful overture by Kalliwoða, and in the very choice waltz and opera selections. The deficiency was not a little relieved, whenever Mr. Suck felt free to join his own vigorous bow to the first violins.

Taken as a whole, as a first performance, after very few rehearsals, and with the temporary necessity of vacant places for certain important instruments until they can be filled and *well* filled,—this little experiment was too promising to be allowed to come to any other issue, than to grow and ripen into a really artistic orchestra. This it may do, we trust, without any injury to other similar organizations; for the time has past when the monopoly policy can be a safe one,

even to those whom it is most designed to favor. Whatsoever can maintain itself by merit, is in the long run and in the best sense encouraging to all.

We need not say so much of the brass band performances, under Mr. SCHNAPP's effectual conduct and tuition, for their merit is no new thing. We can scarcely imagine eight such instruments much better played. There is some room for remark, however, on the selections of music for such homogeneous groups of a peculiar family. Those that the "Serenade Band" have been in the habit of giving, are from a great variety of good sources. They are all interesting, if only as a matter of curiosity when so played. But some kinds of music suit the nature of the instrument, the family; and some kinds, when the first surprise of novelty is over, sound like rather far-fetched imitations of the real thing. The Trio from *Lucrezia*, the song from Lortzing's German Opera: "The Czar and the Carpenter," we were glad to hear in this way; they were beautifully, smoothly, richly played, all the parts clear and finished, well subdued, &c.; and yet, after all, the effect is far from dramatic; the rich and mellow tones are passionless. Again we were still more grateful for that reminiscence of the most beautiful prayer in the *Freyschutz*: *Und ob die Wolke*, &c. But it gave us a new light about the peculiarity of these smooth brass tones, and wherein they can only feebly imitate the characteristic, vital music of the orchestra or human voice. The more pathetic, the more human the music to be interpreted, the more cold and inadequate do the tones of these instruments appear. With all their mellowness and smoothness, with all their luscious commingling, they sound to us like soulless, watery, Undine-like natures; and while we have the perfect shape of the melody we loved, it still affects us somehow like its ghost. But when that "Hungarian March" was played, so full of sad, determined, truly moral heroism, who did not feel the fitness of the music to the organs that conveyed it, and a more real, although simpler, satisfaction.

The same criticism, or an analogous one, applies to this whole modern improvement in the construction of brass instruments; to the whole Saxhorn family, the valve-trumpet, &c., so softened down and made so smooth and flexible instead of the harsh, spirited, crackling blast of the old straight trumpet. That had *character*, if it was somewhat intractable; but these are somewhat emasculated in their gentleness.—But this opens a whole field of discussion, which we may not enter now.

OUR MILITARY BANDS. Many times of late, while listening in the streets, it has seemed to us that our bands do not perform as good a kind of music as they have done in some previous years. Arrangements from the fashionable modern Italian Opera music, *scenas*, *cavatinas*, choruses, and so forth, from *Ernani* and *Lucia* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, however much they recall certain pleasant associations and pique certain acquired appetites, are far from being a very effective kind of music in martial parades and civic street processions. They sound too effeminate, far-fetched and characterless. They are not manly, soul-stirring, bold enough. Far better for the purpose were those German Marches, composed (if we remember rightly) by Walsch, upon which our old "Brigade

Band" built up its character some twenty years ago, and which were favorites for years since. Far better those three or four stern, simple, sad, determined Hungarian Marches, which now and then salute our ears. Those have the true ring to them; those expand the chest as well as lift the feet, and make one feel that life is indeed a march to some great purpose. Those seem to belong to all times, when men are men, and to convey the real thrill of strong, free hearts.

It is a pity that our bands should lose in the character of the music which they play, what they have gained in skill of playing. For in this last respect there is no denying the great improvement that is extending itself throughout the land; and we shall not be so ungrateful to the days of our own boyhood, as to despise the influence which this street music has in forming the public taste, or at least love, for music.

We do not suppose this opera fashion peculiar to our own Boston bands. We have noticed the same thing in New York, and presume it is a sort of all-pervading *fashion*—for there are fashions in street tunes, imitated from city to city, as there are fashions in hats and coats.

We noticed not long since, when a very long and splendid procession passed us, as band after band came within hearing distance, that the tunes played were about equally divided between operatic airs and "negro melodies." Surely from such armies of clever musicians and such armories of shining instruments, we might expect something better. Does not good taste indicate some room for reform here?

Musical Intelligence.

New York.

INFANTILE VIRTUOSOS. A concert of a novel character was announced for Thursday. The performers were to be three of the minute musical prodigies of the day: little Mlle. Petit, *pianiste*, nine years old, who plays the most difficult pieces; little Miss Patti, eight years old, who sings the cavatine from *Ernani*, *Sonnambula*, &c., with an operatic air; and, for a very little squire to the two little ladies, master Marsh, the infant drummer, four years old. Such a fairy force must be altogether irresistible in these midsummer evenings.

ALBONI. Her kind newspaper keepers seem not to have definitively disposed of the great contralto yet,—but *es geht an*, as Tenfeldsdroeckh says. One has consigned her to cool summer retirement in Fairfield, Connecticut. But the *Herald* knowingly hints of two or three concerts in "about a fortnight," and has been kind enough to investigate and settle the question for the moral portion of the community, of which it is the organ, that Alboni has *not* come out here for any humbug of a philanthropic purpose, like Kossuth, Jenny Lind and Ole Bull; nor even to make money; but simply to enjoy herself, being one of the richest, heartiest, laziest and best of women; her chief attraction hither being "the shad of the North River and the canvas-back ducks of the Potomac." Knowing *Herald*!

But the grave editor of the *Journal of Commerce* has been allowed to hear her sing. You would think he had been taking exhilarating gas. So has he of the *Mirror*, who declares that her low notes resemble the *tones of a drum*! and that her face is *round and fair as an apple*. These confirm the report of speedy concerts.

P. S. The concert is announced for the 23d.

SAFETY OF CONCERT ROOMS. The *Tribune*, in memory of the Goldschmidt and in anticipation of the Alboni concerts, justly sounds the alarm about Metropolitan Hall, and the difficulty of getting out of it. We copy it, because the subject should be agitated in all our cities. We too look back with a shudder to "that inclosure, from which the throng of five thousand or more persons was compelled, in coming out, to crush through the narrow throat at the head of the staircase: and we

must call aloud upon the proprietors, as we have before done, to make some arrangement which would render an awful destruction of human life, in case of sudden alarm, not so fatally certain as it is now. We cannot recall any hall of the size, whence the means of issue so totally preclude hope of safety in an emergency. The difficulty is in the narrowness of the staircase, and until some steps are taken to remove so serious an objection to a hall, otherwise quite unparalleled (?) for its purpose, it will be our duty to refresh the public remembrance of its great insecurity in this respect."

MAD. MARELLINI, the mysterious, who made the singular breakdowns in Boston, last Autumn, and has since sung in Charleston with the like result, is about to repeat the experiment in New York. The *Herald* announces her with a long flourish of trumpets, speaks of her beauty, her eminently Italian face, her "great success" (!) in Boston, and how Jenny Lind went in one night to hear her—but not how she went out again!

Paris.

GRAND OPERA. Father Fétis continues his long and eulogistic analysis of *Le Juif Errant*, pointing out its beauties scene by scene and strain by strain. Such authority may well suspend judgment, in spite of the adverse impression of most other lovers of good music. The play continues on the stage, the house continues thronged, Tedesco continues to win admiration and has renewed her engagement. It would seem that the votes were gradually going over to the side of M. Fétis. We hope soon to hear again from our own correspondent.

The **OPERA COMIQUE** always maintains itself, and must lend a very genial sort of moonlight just now to the shaded hemisphere of the lyrical great world, while all the operatic sun-light blazes in the London hemisphere. There the Parisians have been finding entertainment in light, graceful, funny operettes, such as *Richard-Cœur-de-Lion*, the *Deserteur*, the *Tableau Parant*, the *Calife* and the *Voitures versées* (carriages upset) by Boildieu, of which a critic says that: "A natural, easy, even melody, united to a simple and rational harmony, in which there intervenes an instrumentation sober, clear and not too noisy, has decidedly its imprescriptible rights." The *Voitures versées* is said to be as popular as was the *Dame Blanche*.

M. HABERBIER. This new pianist with his new finger method, to whom we alluded some weeks since, has given a second concert, and opinions seem remarkably divided. The *Gazette* runs him as "This new instrumental Messiah, this Mahomet of the piano, this Calvin in fingering, announced as a reformer," &c., and sums up the result of the second, as of the first concert, in these words:

"M. Haberhier is an artist of talent, a charming pianist, who has more dexterity than tone, more address than sensibility and who understands passage-playing better than song; and as for his new points of mechanism, there is not a pianist of a little experience who does not find them scattered through the studies of Kalkbrenner, of Czerny, above all in the music of Liszt, and even in the variations of Henri Herz."

Not so the *France Musicale*. This pronounces the concert a "complete and definitive triumph," hints at a balked conspiracy against him, likens it to a scene in the life of Stradella, since a room-full of "pianists who came with a hostile end, felt all criticism expire on their lips." No more "acrimonious conversations," no more "bitter ralleries." They found that he had actually "come to teach them the means of doubling their power of execution," and so on. He played the Overture to *Guillaume Tell*, the *Cypride de Salon* and *la Fontaine* of his own, and with signal triumph the *Nocturne* and *Grande Valse* of Chopin. The writer ascribes to him the "vague spiritualism" of the music of the North, and says:

"Since Liszt and Chopin, no pianist has so profoundly moved the feminine fibre. We know a lady of high rank who never speaks of Haberhier and of his playing, unless with admiration, with a serious and select enthusiasm, which is not free from a sort of mysticism."

The *Revue des deux Mondes* and other papers echo this last opinion and talk as enthusiastically about the spirit of the Northern music as if the Danish pianist were an Ole Bull in his way. One critic said: "We have not been hearing the piano, we have been hearing music": which certainly conveys the opposite impression to the opinion first quoted.

At the grand ceremony of *blessing the flags* in the Champ-de-Mars, parts of the "Mass of St. Cecilia," by Adolph Adam, were executed by the united bands of all the regiments of the garrison of Paris, numbering more than a thousand musicians. The infantry bands took the instrumental, and the cavalry (brass) bands the vocal parts of the Mass.

"**THEORIES COMPLETES DU CHANT**" is the title of a new treatise on the voice and the art of singing, by M. Stephen de la Madelaine, just published in Paris. We see it spoken of as "the most complete and learned exposition that has ever yet been made of this important branch of the musical art." It begins with defining that vague word, *Method*. (Pity to rob our critics of such a learned-looking screen, when they don't know what to say about a singer!) Then follows a treatise on the *vocal mechanism*, "a brilliant series of principles borrowed from the most illustrious masters, Crescentini, Porpora, Garcia, Bordogni, &c., precious traditions to which M. Madelaine adds the result of his own experience." Then follows *Style*, or the aesthetic part of the subject; and finally *Hygiene* as connected with singing. The work is said to possess great charm of style and illustration.

London.

OPERA. At Her Majesty's *Lucia* was repeated with Madame De La Grange, who achieved a still more decided success than at the first time. Gardoni's Edgardo was much admired. Ferlotti was the Enrico. — Cruvelli has thrice appeared in her great character of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, supported by Calzolari and Belletti. That might be coveted as the highest lyric opportunity of the times! Cruvelli has impressed most persons of true taste and musical feeling as the genius *par excellence* among the newly risen stars, the *London Athenaeum* to the contrary notwithstanding. The Wagner's forbidden power is said to be mainly dramatic. — *Fidelio* was followed on the same evening by a light comic opera: *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*.

"Light comedy characters are infinitely better adapted to the capabilities of Madame La Grange, than parts exacting dramatic power and passion. The capricious, touchy, and exacting *prima donna* was well acted and admirably sung: the introduced bravura was a triumph of florid vocalism, and deservedly brought down thunders of applause as she poured forth a series of novel as well as daring roulades. Lablache's duo with Madame La Grange, 'Ah, guardate che figura,' was received as usual with shouts of merriment, although it has been heard season after season for upwards of twenty years. Equally delighted was the auditory with the well-known directions of the sensitive composer to the orchestra. Lablache revels in practical jokes with the members of the band in the distribution of the parts of the score to each player. Her Majesty, the Duchess of Kent, and Prince Albert honored the performance with their presence."

On Thursday June 3d was an extra night. Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* was given by Lablache, Mme. La Grange, Calzolari and Ferranti. The giant was in excellent voice and perhaps never played the part with more humor.

At the **ROYAL ITALIAN** a representation of *La Juive* confirmed the success of the French tenor, M. Gueymard. Mme. Jullienne's Rachel and the Cardinal of Herr Formes were great successes. — *I Puritani* was twice performed, and MARIO was the hero, GRISI the Elvira. Says "Vivian" in the *Leader*:

"Mario was not dead, but sleeping. His voice—that sweet and tender voice, so delicate, so voluptuous—that voice which we all thought had lost its bouquet, made itself felt the other night in *Puritani* with all its pristine beauty, and a crammed audience rejoiced in the discovery. That was a 'blaze of triumph'—that was singing."

Think what a caste in *Lucrezia Borgia*! For the Duchess, GRISI; Gennaro, MARIO; Duke Alfonso, RONCONI; Maffeo Orsini, MDLLE. SEGUIN (said to have been a failure); and in the secondary male parts, MARINI, TAGLIAFICO, POLONINI, MEL, ROMMI, &c. Chorus and orchestra under COSTA, were magnificent. "Marini's voice in the masked chorus was a tower of strength and contributed greatly to its electrical effect." "The dying scene of Mario raised the enthusiasm of one of the greatest houses of the season to the highest pitch." — For the extra night, June 3d, Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* was played for the fifth time.

THE **PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY** at its sixth concert gave "Spohr's somniferous symphony in D minor" and a MS. overture by Cherubini. The *Illustrated News* con-

trasts the excitement of the auditory at the C minor of Beethoven, with the profound apathy attending this symphony of Spohr's. Beethoven's "Men of Prometheus" was the other overture. JOACHIM played Mendelssohn's only violin concerto. The singers were CLARA NOVELLO and STAUDIGL.

NEW PHILHARMONIC. Mendelssohn's Symphony in A (posthumous, with the Saltarello movement); the first of Beethoven's four "Leonora-Fidelio" overtures; Berlioz's own overture, *Les Francs Juges*; and his orchestral arrangement of Weber's *Invitation à la Valse*, were the main features of the fifth concert. M. Silas played his own piano forte concerto; and Savori the violin concerto of Mendelssohn, combining it, was said, "the purity of tone of the Italian, the sentiment of the German, and the brilliancy of the French schools of violin playing."

Summer Afternoon Concerts, AT THE MELODEON, BY THE Germania Serenade Band.

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10 tf GERMANIA SERENADE BAND

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Apr. 10. tf OTIS CLAPP, 23 School St.

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A Paper of Art and Literature.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Pilgrimage to Vienna and the Tomb of Beethoven.

I had been told repeatedly that Vienna was changed; that, since the events of 1848-9, much of that careless gaiety and living for the present moment, which formerly characterized the Viennese, had disappeared; and that, as they had acquired an appearance at least of greater earnestness and solidity of character, just in the same ratio had the great Austrian Vanity Fair lost its charm for the pleasure-seeking traveler. I presume that there was truth in this. Certainly I did not find the picture, which I had unconsciously formed from reading travels and guide-books, fully realized—much of that Oriental grandeur, and indeed quaintness of effect, arising from the mingling together of crowds from the East in all the picturesqueness of their peculiar national costumes, which I expected, was wanting; and save here and there in the Greek and Jewish coffee-houses, I saw few individuals to remind me by their flowing robes and turbans that I was not in a city of northern Germany.

However, it mattered little to me—I was not there merely to seek pleasure—I had an object before me, which occupied much of the twelve days I spent there, and in my walks and leisure moments I kept ever in view the search for memorials of BEETHOVEN. One place particularly interesting to me was the music-store, once kept by Toby Haslinger, whom Beethoven liked so

well to joke, under the title of "the little Adjutant General." It was Toby to whom the composer gave his famous counsel, when the musician complained of his lack of customers.—"Order," wrote he on the paper handed him by Toby, "Order, instead of quintals of music paper, genuine, unwatered Ratisboner; have this favorite article of trade sent to you down the Danube; distribute it cheaply in quarts, pints and *seidels*; pass round salted sausage, *kipfel*,* radishes, butter and cheese; extend your invitation to the hungry and thirsty in letters half an ell long on your sign—'MUSICAL BEERHOUSE!'—and you will have, every hour in the day, such crowds of guests, that one will pass the latch to the next, and your shop never be empty."

The taverns, which he used to frequent to dine, drink a glass of beer or wine, read the newspapers, &c., were easily found: the "Bugle Horn," and the "Sun" (I think) in the court near St. Stephen's, called the "Brand," and others; the two theatres, where his *Fidelio*, great Mass, and other pieces were first performed, and the Pasquillatischer House, where he lived so much at intervals.

By the true artists and friends of Music in Vienna the memory of Beethoven is cherished as a sacred thing, though a stranger has more opportunities of hearing his great works in Berlin, and many memorials of him are preserved with jealous care. Among the enthusiastic admirers of the great composer, Herr Aloys Fuchs stands in the front rank, and to him I was indebted for several hours of high enjoyment. Mr. Fuchs is known throughout Germany as a most industrious and indefatigable collector of the portraits and autographs of musicians; Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, all whose pictures and "handschrift" are worth having, are represented in his collection. As he turned over the collection of Beethoven portraits, arranged in chronological order, he came to the fine copperplate of Latrone, published in 1814; as he opened to this he exclaimed with strong emphasis, "*So habe ich ihn kennen gelernt!*" "Such was he when I first saw him!" This was in 1816. Fuchs, then quite a young man, had, in some manner obtained so much of the good will of Beethoven, that he ventured, soon after, (May 3d, 1817,) to call on him with a request for his autograph. It so happened that on the morning of that day, Krumpholz, the vio-

linist of whom years before the great master had taken lessons, while walking on the glacis was smitten with apoplexy, and died immediately. Beethoven took the album, wrote a short Trio for men's voices, to words from Schiller's "William Tell,"

"Rasch tritt der Tod den Menschen an" &c.,

and added at the end: "Zur Erinnerung an den schnellen und unverhofften Tod unseres Krumpholz." (In remembrance of the sudden and unexpected death of our Krumpholz.) This interesting autograph is of course still in Mr. Fuchs' possession.

This gentleman is also librarian to the great "Society of the Friends of Music, in the Austrian Capital,"—the same society to which Archduke Rudolph, the patron of Beethoven, bequeathed his immense and invaluable musical library. Through his kindness, I spent a couple of hours glancing at the treasures, preserved in the rooms of the Society. Besides the splendid collection of musical publications, there is quite a musical museum of instruments of all sorts. In one glass case are preserved the various stringed instruments, which once belonged to Esterhazy, the patron of Haydn, and some which belonged to Haydn himself. Among them several "barytons," the instrument for which Haydn wrote 163 compositions, it being the favorite instrument of the Prince. This was in form a small violoncello with two set of strings, one above, and one under the bridge. Here also was to be seen the Viol d'Amour, mentioned in Shakspeare. 'Twas truly a feast for the eyes to look at the immense collection of music and musical works here preserved—of all kinds and qualities, old and new, rare and common—splendid autographs—among them that noble MS. copy of the great Second Mass, which was presented by Beethoven to the Archduke Rudolph. Among the various medals and similar curiosities, which have come into possession of the Society, I saw with deep emotion that heavy golden medal, which Louis XVIII. sent the Composer upon the receipt of a copy of the Great Mass. This medal was sold at auction after Beethoven's death, for its value as old gold! The purchaser had the magnanimity to present it to the Society, which now preserves it. It will never again be sold for old gold!

With another gentleman, I walked out one day, some three miles east of the city to the palace of

* A sort of dry, wheaten cakes.

Schönbrunn—not to see the favorite residence of Maria Theresa, not to see the palace which Napoleon occupied when at Vienna, and in which his son died so early,—not to see the beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds, which extend to the top of the ridge, where the Gloriett, a temple of Fame, built by the Empress Maria Theresa, affords such a splendid view of Vienna and the mountains in the distance;—but to find the spot where, half a century ago, a young man afflicted with disease and incurable deafness, loved to come from the village of Hetzendorf at the foot of the ridge on the other side, and sitting in the thickest of the wood, which crowns the height, gave utterance in immortal tones, to the mighty emotions which oppressed his great heart. Here he, Beethoven, wrote that remarkable Will, that record of gloom and despair, which long afterwards was made known to the world, when its author was no longer struggling with fate. Here afterwards when he had become somewhat reconciled to his calamity, he used to sit in a natural seat, formed by the triple stem of an oak, and work upon his immortal *Fidelio*. It was a delightful day (May 18, last year) and Schönbrunn was in all the beauty of the opening spring. But trees and shrubs and flowers, and fountains, cool allies and shady walks, all these had little of interest compared with an oak, which we found “in that part of the park to the left of the Gloriett,” two stems of which “shot out from the main trunk at the height of about two feet from the ground.” We found many double trees, which formed good seats, but this one alone answered the description, which Schindler gives of that which he and Beethoven found in 1823, and on which the composer assured him he used to sit while engaged in the composition of his “Christ on the Mount of Olives,” and his Opera.

When one passes through the Schotten Thor (Scottish Gate) on the west side of the city proper, the glacis spreads out between him and the Währing suburb at least quarter of a mile in width. Directly opposite, the Währinger Gasse, or rather avenue, leads through the suburb to the village of Währing some two miles distant. As you cross the glacis, on the left of this avenue, overlooking the pleasant open space with its walks and trees, and the city beyond, stands a huge block of buildings. First is a gun manufactory, then comes a range of building, seventeen windows in length, occupied as a beer house and shops below, and let in suits of apartments above; and at the other extremity is an edifice, evidently once a church, but now some sort of a military office. The central part of this block is known as the *Schwartzpanier house*; and here in the third story, on the evening of March 26, 1827, in the midst of a tempest of hail and rain, and thunder and lightning, Beethoven breathed his last! Plenty of air and sunlight were necessities of existence to him, and here for some time previous to his death, when not in the country, he had lived. In front of this house collected that vast multitude on the day of his funeral, when the pressure became so great that companies of soldiers were at length ordered out, to stand sentinels and keep open a passage for the funeral procession. An anecdote which I got on good authority, shows how universally the great deceased was known.

A stranger who happened to pass, turned to an

old apple-woman and inquired, what the crowd and the military all meant? She looked at him a moment in wonder, and then answered with a scornful smile—that “he must surely be in Vienna that day for the first time, or he would have known that the *General of the musicians* was to be buried!”

There is nothing picturesque or peculiar in the Schwartzpanier house; and yet how much more interesting than the noblest of the palaces, which rise proudly from the city opposite!

One pleasant morning, with an autograph or two, and a rare print of Beethoven after his death in my hand, which I just succeeded in obtaining, I stepped into an omnibus for Währing. Just before starting, three gentlemen entered. We had not ridden far when I touched my hat to one of them, and said, “Excuse me, sir, perhaps you can tell me if I am right; I wish to visit Beethoven’s grave?” He seemed pleased, and with true German kindness said he would see that the driver left me at the right place.

This led us into conversation, and as my speech, like the apostle Peter’s, soon *bewrayed* me, I had to tell them that I was from America,—from America, that distant, barbarous land where there is neither science nor art—in the opinion of so large a portion of the German people. The idea of one from America being there bound on a pilgrimage to the grave of Beethoven, interested them exceedingly. They examined my autographs, and a little lock of gray hair, which an admirer of Beethoven had given me; congratulated me upon their acquisition, and expressed their regret that such things should be allowed to leave Vienna. One of the gentlemen, a middle-aged, fine looking man, himself a composer, and who had known Beethoven well, assured me that my memorials of the composer were genuine—an assurance however which I did not need. This gentleman was the brother of FRANZ SCHUBERT! Our acquaintance was soon cut short, to my sorrow, by our arrival at the cemetery—the “Währinger Friedhof.”

Ring at the door of the keeper’s house, said Mr. Schubert, and when it is opened pass directly through, and up the walk, and in the upper part of the enclosure you will find the monument against the wall, and just beyond that of Franz Schubert.

The Währinger Friedhof, which may contain some four or five acres, lies upon the gentle slope of a ridge which rises a mile perhaps from the outer barrier of Vienna. It is on the slope from the city, so that one sees nothing but the tall spire of St. Stephens to recall to mind the hurry and bustle of the capital. The grounds are laid out in uniform and monotonous lines, but beautified by many a lonely monument, by a profusion of young trees, and innumerable flowers.

The keeper’s lodge is at a corner of the cemetery, and the path which leads to the monuments I sought is the outer one on the left side of the enclosure, on entering. Advancing, perhaps two thirds up this path, a monument on the right caught my eye, inscribed with the name of Ritter von Seyfried, the friend and biographer of him whom I sought, and just beyond, on the left, almost hidden by the foliage of a small willow was the single word in gilded letters, sunk into the granite block, BEETHOVEN.

The monument, about eleven feet in height, is placed against the wall of the enclosure, and is

supported by a few courses of brick built up from the top of the wall. Nothing can be more simple. A pedestal inscribed with the name merely, from which rises a modest obelisk, adorned with a harp, surmounted by a blazing sun, and, near the top, with the serpent emblem of eternity, enclosing a butterfly. In front of this monument lies a large granite slab and beneath this repose the remains of Ludwig van Beethoven. Neither on this nor on a subsequent visit did I discover those Latin inscriptions given in Moscheles’ translation of Schindler; certainly that single word—the name—is all that is wanting upon the monument of Beethoven.

Just beyond lies Franz Schubert—he of whom Beethoven as he lay upon his death bed and examined some of his works, exclaimed with deep emotion: “Truly, Schubert is animated by a spark of heavenly fire!” But how soon was that fire quenched after the great luminary had departed! Beethoven died March 26, 1827, and he who possessed so much of his genius followed on the 19th of November, the next year.

Schubert’s monument is ornamented with his bust in bronze, and the following inscription:

Die Tonkunst begrab hier einen reichen Besitz
Aber noch viel schönere Hoffnungen.
FRANZ SCHUBERT liegt hier.
Geboren am XXX Jaenner MDCCXCXVII,
Gestorben am XIX Nov. MDCCCXXVIII
XXXI Jahre alt.

[The Art of Music buried here a rich possession, but yet far fairer hopes. FRANZ SCHUBERT lies here. Born on the 30th January 1797, Died on the 19th Nov. 1828, thirty-one years old.]

I have seldom been more affected by tender and sorrowful emotions than during my two visits to the grave of Beethoven. Some person had been there and laid upon it a wreath of “immortels,” how fitting a tribute! There it lay undisturbed, and I felt almost as if guilty of sacrilege, when, after plucking of the clover and other leaves, which grew around the slab, I ventured to add a loose sprig or two from the wreath of “immortels.” A. W. T.

The Quartet.

The following fable is given in “Lectures on Russian Literature,” by Dr. Boltz, published in Berlin, last year.

A waggish Ape, an Ass, a Ram and a bandy-legged Bear, once were smitten with the idea of performing a quartet. They procured therefore a violoncello, a viola, and a pair of violins, and took their stations beneath a linden on the meadow to enchant the world with a specimen of their artistic abilities. Now they raise their bows and scrape away—but their music will not harmonize.

Stop, brothers, stop, screamed the Ape, wait a bit! How can our music be in harmony? You don’t sit right. Bear, place yourself with your viola opposite the violoncello, and I will play the first here opposite the second violin; now you shall see how it will go; mountain and forest will then begin to dance.

They placed themselves thus, and the quartet began anew; still, not a bit the better.

Halt, halt! cried the Ass, I have the trick of it; we shall certainly harmonize if we only sit in a row.

The Ass’s counsel was followed; they seated themselves in a perfectly straight line—and lo, the quartet was as bad as ever. And now they began to argue and to quarrel more briskly than ever, as to how they ought to sit.

It so happened that in the midst of the noise and confusion a Nightingale came flying by.

They all appealed to him at once to satisfy them on this point.

Pray, be so kind, and stop awhile with us, said they, and bring our quartet into order; here are the notes, and the instruments; just tell us how we should sit.

To be a musician, answered the nightingale, one needs more knowledge and better ears than you have. You, my good friends, sit as you may, will never answer for musicians.

Something to cast Bertini in the Shade.

The great "Pianoforte School," of CARL CZERNY,—the teacher chosen by Beethoven for his nephew—which was in course of publication last summer, must we think now be near its completion. We wonder what house would publish such a work in this country, and how many pupils would undertake to go through it!

It was to consist of ten parts or volumes, as follows:

- I. Eighty Easy Progressive Pieces, with daily practice of the Scales in all the 24 keys. (Opus 817.)
- II. Ninety New Exercises for daily practice in fingering in all available forms. (Op. 820) to be constantly practiced until the fourth year of study.
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- VI. Do. Do. (Op. 753.)
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- X. Style. Twenty-five Chamber Studies. (Op. 756.)

Music in the past Half Century.

An Address delivered before the Harvard Musical Association, at Cohituate Hall, Boston, Dec. 22, 1851.

BY SAMUEL JENNISON, JR.

[Continued from page 83.]

It would be curious, in the next place, did time permit, to observe how in the course of a few centuries many of the characters denoting the duration of the note have become obsolete, others indicating greater rapidity of execution taking their place.

The *semibreve*, the *half short*, once with a single exception the shortest note, has long been practically the starting point in our measure of time: while the *minim*, *minimum*, originally the least in duration, has been completely outstripped by crotchet, quaver, semi and demisemiquaver, whose minor subdivisions, like numerals ascending beyond millions, have become difficult of appreciation or name. These designations have, under the simplifying and reformatory processes which mark the age, already become in some degree, and may eventually be wholly superseded by the names of half note, quarter note, eighth, sixteenth, and so on, as in a similar manner you now find the figures 2-2, 4-4, &c., often substituted for the character formerly in use to mark the common time.

Changes like these would seem to indicate a constantly increasing rapidity of execution from century to century. Of the tendency to take too quickly the tempo of the more rapid movements, (to which in the excitement of the moment performers are often prone to do even more than justice) as well as of the solemn Adagio, or stately Andante, you are aware what complaint has been

made within our day. HAYDN gave expression to his vexation; and fearful indeed must have been the indignation of the impatient BEETHOVEN to have heard his Andante converted into Allegretto, Allegretto into Allegro, and Allegro into Presto.

MAELZEL'S Metronome, an invention of this period, has in a great measure obviated this evil.

In this connection it is worthy of notice that the ancient sober Minnet of the Symphony and Sonata has been in many instances, and particularly by BEETHOVEN, converted into the sprightly *Scherzo*: while the comparatively moderate measure of the Landler or Rustic Waltz, which is exemplified in such airs as "Buy a Broom," has within the last fifty years been superseded by the exciting, champagne-like sparkle of the brilliant sets of STRAUSS, LANNER and LABITZKY. The modern Waltz, at first called the Vienna Waltz, from its origin in that gay and fashionable metropolis, partakes, as has been suggested, of the intoxication and glitter of the ball room, as clearly as the Landler does of the simplicity of rural, outdoor amusement.

In one of the volumes of the *Quarterly Musical Review* since 1825, mention is made of an apparent elevation of the standard of pitch, which, if not confined to England, might be supposed to have its influence in helping on the reign of brilliancy. Bartleman, the celebrated bass singer, would take 'Non piu andrai' in E instead of D, where it is written. Madame Mara is said to have been seriously offended with a Don Giovanni who would not sing 'La ci darem' with her upon B flat instead of A; and Mrs. Billington is related to have thrown a whole orchestra into convulsions when once, in the performance of the Messiah, she insisted upon taking 'Rejoice greatly' in C, a whole tone above its proper key of B flat. Were such transpositions of frequent occurrence, the gradual elevation of pitch would not be an improbable result. The correspondent of the *Review*, complaining of this evil, expresses the apprehension that his "bread and reputation" may be affected by it; and a clarinet player, then lately from the Continent, found he could not use his instrument at a concert in London, the standard of pitch being half a tone higher than in the country he had left.

You may have observed, that in the course of some remarks upon the progress of music among us within the last fifty years, made the last summer by a gentleman of this city distinguished for his labors in the cause of Church Music, it was stated that at the commencement of the century the Alto of the female voice was unknown here: the part, when made use of, being sustained by men. Old singing books will accordingly show you the alto written in *Counter Tenor* upon the high notes of the staff, an octave above where it now stands for the female voice. To that remark it may be added that the contralto part, of which the first effective employment was made by ROSSINI in Duetts for two female voices, within this period, is said to have been brought into favor by GRASINI, the celebrated friend of the more celebrated GRISI, and by whom the latter was encouraged to follow the path which led to her fame.

The tremulous style of singing so observable in some of the popular favorites of the day, I judge to be of modern origin. Effective as this is in producing the rich, *cantabile* expression of the violin, its too frequent abuse by vocalists would lead us to cherish the firm, un-Italianized,

sustained tone which comes from the throat of a LIND.

As an instance of the new "turns of melody," characterizing music since ROSSINI's day, may be mentioned the modulation, usually at the conclusion of the first half of an aria, into the minor of the third above the original key note; instead of into the simple dominant, as in former days; thus, suppose an air upon B flat, we now more frequently expect the modulation into the key of D minor, than into that of F; take for a familiar example the fourth line of "Involami," or of "Tu chi a Dio" in the Finale of "Lucia Di Lammermoor."

Among other events worthy of mention are the Musical Festivals, which, having their origin just beyond the dividing line between the last and present century, have within the past fifty years spread over the world. In 1784, England witnessed the successful achievement of the first great project of assembling a vast number of performers in Westminster Abbey, in commemoration of her revered HANDEL. The example of England was early followed, first by Switzerland, next by Germany in 1804, and again, after an interval of six years, on a larger scale, in 1810. The wars of Napoleon put an end to them on the Continent until the year 1816: at which time in Hamburg the custom was revived, rapidly becoming general throughout Germany, where the Festivals were held often under the auspices of the celebrated Academies, as the St. Thomas School, the Seminary of BACH. One of these great gatherings was held at the Hague in 1834, in 1836 at Amsterdam. The first in Italy took place at Bergamo in 1835; in France at Strasburg in 1836; in Russia in the same year at Riga. Those of England have been perhaps most conspicuous, where the cities of York, Birmingham, Manchester, Worcester, &c., have frequently witnessed immense concourses of the lovers of thousand-voiced harmony. The Germans of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore do not suffer to die in this country and in our day the recollection of the reunions of the "Liederkränze," "Liederbunde," and other "Musikalische Gesellschaften" of the Fatherland.

Nor ought we to overlook, among the novelties of our time, those small troupes which, under the appellation of "Ethiopian Serenaders," "Negro Melodists," "Sable Minstrels," "Æolian Vocalists," and the like, have become from their endless number, and the peculiarity of their song and designation, a national characteristic of the United States of America; a class whose widespread influence, it cannot but be feared, has been detrimental to the purity and dignity of the Art; nor those other and similar bands which under the designation of "brothers" and "families," by their simple and oftentimes (from the natural affinity of voice existing between father and son, sister and brother,) peculiarly blending strains, have left pleasing recollections in ten thousand of the less tutored ears at home and abroad. The Hermanns, and after them, at a considerable interval, the Rayners, whose arrival here is within the recollection of all, were, if I mistake not, the pioneers in this country of this species of singing.

It has been often remarked that no female composer of acknowledged eminence has ever yet appeared. The year 1851 still records the lack. Without intending any disparagement of a sex which has given so frequent evidence of the

highest attainments in various departments of science and art, we may be pardoned for asking with Cyril, in Tennyson's "*Princess*,"

But when did woman ever yet invent?

An Opera, an Oratorio, a Symphony, a Trio, a Quartet, an Overture, a Cantata—never! But may we not, when we observe all the signs about us in this our day, since to her sex can no longer be denied the possession of "*the vision and the faculty divine*," expect to see her too winning the fame, not only of a splendid pianist and magnificent vocalist, but of the great composer; and having her beauty and grace associated with this of all arts most enchanting, the sweet sister of that to which a Barrett, a Hemans, a Norton have imparted charms otherwise unknown?

[To be concluded in our next.]

NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT. Mr. Freberhuyser, a musician of Albany, has invented a new musical instrument, the materials used for its construction being sea shells. The exterior of the shell is not disturbed, and retains all its rough attractions. The month-piece is fitted to a screw tube adjusted at the head of the shell. Along the sides the key holes are arranged at proper intervals, and the edges carefully lined. A valve lined with velvet, hinged at one corner, covers the mouth of the shell, and is compressed or opened as the character of the music requires. At the opposite and extreme corner of the mouth, the vent is left for the egress of the surplus air. The instrument, therefore, with the valves and keys closed, is air-tight, and the variations in the size and natural organization of the shell, furnish the change in the tone of the instrument. The music is said to be powerful and agreeable.

The Part-Songs of Germany.

It is forty years since Zelter (best known in England as Goethe's correspondent) and his friend Fleming, founded at Berlin a congregation of staid elderly men, who met once a month to sit down to a good supper, and to diversify the pleasures of the table by singing four-part songs, principally composed by themselves. Their number was forty; and far the larger part of it composed of amateurs or men in office. It was an original statute that no one was eligible as a member who was not a composer, a poet, or a singer. During his lifetime Zelter was their president and principal composer; and in no branch of art did his peculiar talent evidence itself so brightly as in these convivial effusions, where humor, raciness, a masterly employment of the limited material at his disposal, and a fine sense of the poetry he took in hand, distinguish him among his contemporaries. Goethe used to give his songs to be composed by Zelter; and many of them were sung at the Berlin "*Liedertafel*" before they were printed or known elsewhere. Fleming also contributed some fair musical compositions,—that to Horace's ode, "*Integer vitae*," amongst others.

It was in the year 1815, or thereabouts, that Berger, Klein, and a younger generation of musicians, founded a young "*Liedertafel*" society, on the same principle, and for the same number of members. Friedrich Forster wrote some very pretty songs for it. Hoffman, the novel writer and *kapellmeister*, made it one scene of his strange and extravagant existence; and left behind him there an immortal comic song—"Turkische Musik," the words by Friedrich Forster. In general, a gayer and more spirited tone pervaded this younger society than belonged to their classical seniors. It was the practise of both bodies to invite guests on holiday occasions; and by the younger part-singers ladies were admitted twice a year. Nothing could be sprightlier or pleasanter, a little extra noise allowed for, than these latter meetings. They were not long in spreading far and wide. The good suppers became of less integral consequence; original compositions were

not always attainable; but in every town it was natural to collect the younger men of all classes, for the purpose of singing together. A regular system of organization, of division and sub-division, has arranged itself. The town societies in combination form provincial assemblies, where many hundreds come together. In the north of Germany the large class of young men who are either schoolmasters or organists in the towns and villages, or are educated as such at the normal schools, have societies of their own, and periodical celebrations.

The provincial festivals of these societies are held in the good time of the year, so that open air performances are practicable. A fine site, too, is a thing always chosen. Not very long before my Harz ramble, the *Liedertafeln* societies of that district had been holding a congress at Blakenburg. These *Liedertafeln* societies take part in other celebrations not their own. When Schiller's statue was inaugurated in Stuttgart, the singing bodies of all the towns in the districts round about poured in through the gates of the town, one after the other, each with its banners and its music, till the separate chords, to speak fancifully, united in a grand chorus in the market-place. And while there exists a well-trained army of volunteer choristers ready to be called into action on all occasions—it need not be pointed out how different it is in quality to the body of subordinates at once semi-professional and untaught, at whose mercy lies so much of the best music ever to be heard in England—I should say, *did lie*; for part-singing is now flourishing with us like the bean-tree in the fairy tale.

It is needless, again, to remark how the works which make a whole great people vocal, must have a value and an interest in more aspects than one. To offer an instance or two likely to be familiar to the English—Music has nothing nobler in her stores than the battle songs in which the harmonies of Weber and the burning words of Körner are united. We sit by our firesides, it is true, and know not the sound of an enemy's cavalry in the streets, nor the booming of an enemy's cannon without our gates; and hence are touched only faintly by the spell of the soul within them; but it is impossible coldly to listen to the masculine chords and bold modulations of "*Lützow's Wild Chase*," and the "*Sword Song*," and the "*Husarenlied*." Again, we have taken home to ourselves and half nationalized "*Am Rhein*," among our "*Black eyed Susans*" and "*Rule Britannias*," because of its spirit and beauty; though we cannot feel, save dramatically, and by going out of ourselves as well as from home, the joviality and mirth of those who dwell in a wine land, or the kindling of such a spirit as moved the army of Liberators on their return from victory, when within sight of Ehrenbreitstein, to burst out with one consent into that noble melody which was heard with little ceasing for two days and nights while the band was passing over the river!

Honor, then, to the part-songs of Germany, and better acquaintance with them! is not the worst toast one could propose at a glee club.—*Chorley's Music and Manners in France and Germany.*

Robert Schumann's Musical Life-Maxims.

(Continued.)

XXIII. Consider it a monstrosity to alter, or to leave out anything, or to introduce any new-fangled ornaments in pieces by a good composer. That is the greatest outrage you can do to Art.

XXIV. In the selection of your pieces for study, ask advice of older players; that will save you much time.

XXV. You must gradually make acquaintance with all the more important works of all the important masters.

XXVI. Be not led astray by the brilliant popularity of the so-called great *virtuosi*. Think more of the applause of artists, than of that of the multitude.

XXVII. Every fashion grows unfashionable again: if you persist in it for years, you find yourself a ridiculous coxcomb in the eyes of everybody.

XXVIII. It is more injury than profit to you to play a great deal before company. Have a regard to other people; but never play anything which, in your inmost soul, you are ashamed of.

XXIX. Omit no opportunity, however, to play with others, in Duos, Trios, &c. It makes you playing fluent, spirited, and easy. Accompany a singer, when you can.

XXX. If all would play first violin, we could get no orchestra together. Respect each musician, therefore, in his place.

XXXI. Love your instrument, but do not have the vanity to think it the highest and only one. Consider that there are others quite as fine. Remember, too, that there are singers, that the highest manifestations in Music are through chorus and orchestra combined.

XXXII. As you progress, have more to do with scores, than with *virtuosi*.

XXXIII. Practise industriously the Fugues of good masters, above all those of JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. Make the "*Well-tempered Clavichord*" your daily bread. Then you will surely be a thorough musician.

XXXIV. Seek among your associates, those who know more than you.

XXXV. For recreation from your musical studies, read the poets frequently. Walk also in the open air.

XXXVI. Much may be learned from singers, male and female; but do not believe in them for everything.

XXXVII. Behind the mountains there live people, too. Be modest; as yet you have discovered and thought nothing which others have not thought and discovered before you. And even if you have done so, regard it as a gift from above, which you have got to share with others.

XXXVIII. The study of the history of Music, supported by the actual hearing of the master compositions of the different epochs, is the shortest way to cure you of self-esteem and vanity.

Musical Review.

Gems of German Song. Seventh Series. Boston: Geo. P. Reed & Co.

No. 7. *Spring of Love.* MENDELSSOHN.

" 8. *Spring Time.* A. FESCA.

" 9. *Spring's Approach.* G. WOEHLE.

" 10. *Red, Red Rose.* A. FESCA.

It is some fifteen years, we think, since Mr. Reed began to experiment upon our American musical taste, by publishing, from time to time, one or two choice specimens from the modern song-composers of Germany. And we remember with what avidity the "*Last Greeting*" and the "*Passing Bell*" of FRANZ SCHUBERT were then welcomed, and how this new and deeper appetite began to spread among our young music-lovers. It was the revelation of a new world of song to those who had only known English songs and ballads, sentimental love-strains with the most meagre common chord accompaniments, and so on. Meanwhile, by a variety of opportunities, we have become better acquainted, vocally and instrumentally, with the German masters, and there are many among our amateurs who do not shrink from the most difficult and picturesque accompaniments, which envelop so inseparably most of their melodic inspirations. There seems to have been a market for song after song—frequently the most complex and artistic—of Schubert, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Kalliwoda, Spohr, &c.; and now the title page of these last issues presents verily a rich and tempting catalogue,—nearly sixty in all.

We cannot say that all of these sixty songs come fully up to the standard set by those which first gave the series its character. They are of quite various degrees of merit. After Beethoven's incomparable "*Adelaide*," after Schubert's "*Serenade*" and "*Ave Maria*" and "*Young Nun*" and "*Du bist die Ruh*," after Mendelssohn's "*Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*," it would be hard indeed to explore indefinitely and never descend. Such "*wings of song*" are given to but few, and in them they are not *always* "renewed like the eagle's." Whatever may have been wanting to the ideal we had formed for

such a serial publication—grateful as we are in any case for the whole of it—naturally occurs in an examination of these four fresh numbers, named above.

In the first of them (No. 7,) we recognize an arrangement of one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," that beautiful *Andante con Moto*, which forms the first of the fourth set (op. 53), a favorite with pianists, and which sings itself sweetly enough even *without* words, under skilful fingers, if the player only feels. And it is far easier to extract its melody and meaning in that way, than to find the voice that can adequately sing it to whatever words. Yet it is a melody which suggests words, and whoever put the German words, here given, to it, (for aught we know, it may have been Mendelssohn himself,) has done it cleverly. The English is a very far off imitation and not half so sing-able. The song is certainly beautiful in itself and curious for its derivation; but why go to tunes written for the strings to sing, when there are so many of equal merit and like spirit made in the first instance for the voice?

No. 8, by Fesca, treats the images of Spring, the "golden sunshine in the rippling waters," the "drooping flowers," the "gold-tinted dew-drops," "zephyrs," "willows," "water-nymphs," "Philomel," &c., in a flowing romantic Allegro, with a descriptive, fairy-like accompaniment, full of modulation and *ppp.*, and not to be mastered all at once. Fairly learned it must be quite effective, but after that song of Mendelssohn's it seems to show more skill than melodic inspiration. A race so musically learned and accomplished as the Germans will naturally produce a hundred songs from fair to clever for every one of its proper "gems of song." We know not how far a fine singer and pianist might overcome our hesitation to accept this song of Fesca's as such a gem.

No. 9, is a beautiful song; still we fancy it would be esteemed common-place among Germans; but this too may be because the Schubert and Mendelssohn specimens have spoiled us. To neither of the two last are German words given. This omission we always regret; the number of German readers is constantly increasing; the original words in the best German songs are generally true poems and inseparable from the melody, and the English words ought to be as close a reproduction of these as possible, with the original side by side for comparison. For the object in such a re-publication should be, not only to furnish good available songs, but to convey as accurate and worthy an idea as possible to us Americans of what are the famous songs of Germany and wherein they deserve their fame.

No. 10, again by Fesca, was composed to a German version of Burns' song: "O, my love is like the red, red rose." It is a pleasing, simple melody; yet it seems to lack the inspiration and is not half as naturally wedded to the words as the old tune with which they have been associated to English ears.

Nothing in the above remarks must be construed to mean that Mr. Reed's "Gems" include anything not highly worthy the attention of the singer and song-lover. Yet we should be glad to see a serial selection of the most truly *classic* German songs. We use the word in a generous sense. We have no idea of restricting it to Bach and Handel, to Mozart and Beethoven, or even to Mendelssohn and Schubert. We mean those songs, by whosoever written, sometimes by some of the *Dii minorum gentium*, it may be, which have become established favorites in Germany, and on which the fame of their authors as song-writers mainly rests;—those which not to know is not to know musical Germany. There are many yet left of the best of Schubert, which we can hardly afford to postpone to clever second-rate productions. Then again it is perhaps time to extend the list into some of the *newest* developments of German song genius. It might be safe to venture a few specimens of ROBERT SCHUMANN, who now claims the highest honors since the death of Mendelssohn. To be sure, his place as a composer is as yet a problem, the German world being divided between Schumann-ites and anti-Schumann-ites; but it is something in his favor, so far certainly as his very numerous *Lieder* are concerned, that the "Queen of Song" herself is among their most partial admirers, and has been heard more than once to express her preference for them even above those of Schubert. Then there is ROBERT FRANZ, a younger man, whose songs have the real inspiration—and there is TAUBERT, and LINDBLAD, who although a Swede and full

of nationality, may yet be classed by proper affinity with the Germans. These are the first-rate men, the true creators; why go to the imitators, before we know them!

1. *Hommage à Alex. Dreyschock. Impromptu pour le Piano.* Op. 3. WILLIAM MASON. Leipzig.
2. *Amitié pour Amitié, Morceau de Salon.* Op. 4. By the same.

These are graceful little compositions, with themes agreeable and characteristic, although not strikingly original, and wrought out to considerable elaborateness after the modern fantasia style. They evince true study of harmony and of the art of carrying along and interweaving individual parts. We do not suppose the young author laid himself out much in them, or that they are to be taken for much more than easy chance specimens of his every-day musical activity in that "land of real music" where he so wisely prolongs his studies; nor can they have much chance of distinction amid the works of prolific swarms of German pianists of every degree of talent. But for a young American student, a born Yankee, they are certainly highly creditable; and we shall be glad when the mastery of this art, which Mr. Mason, is seeking in Germany, shall be turned to the furthering of the cause of musical taste again in his own country. We look in great part to our young countrymen, now studying the art in its true home, for the realization of some future American Conservatory of Music.

Fading Flowers. A Song. By WILLIAM MASON. New York: Firth, Pond & Co.

A very simple, but by no means commonplace melody, in the minor mood, by the same young author. The accompaniment, too, while very simple, is unique in form and quite expressive.

Mr. Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St., besides his classical reprints, continues to encourage native efforts, in the small popular forms of Polkas, Waltzes, Marches, and easy Songs. We have to acknowledge the following, which have all something to recommend them in their proper line, and we do not know that the market for such things is at all affected by criticism, just or unjust, minute or general.

1. *Sprite Polka.* By JAMES G. BARNETT.
2. *Paradise Polka.* By JOHN S. WRIGHT.
3. *Memento Polka.* By EDWARD S. CUMMINGS.
4. *Independent Boston Fusileers' March.* By N. K. BACON.
5. "Do they Miss Me at Home?" as sung by the "Amphoons." Music by S. M. GRANNIS.

This last is rather of the sentimental order, too much affected by the singing "families;" and we presume it is the *sentiment*, rather than the music, that is relied on as the excuse for publicity.

6. *Oh! Touch those Thrilling Chords again. A Ballad.* By WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

A simple, pleasing melody, within an easy range of voice.

Beethoven's Sonatas. Op. 31, No. 2, in D minor. pp. 18. Price 75 cents. Boston: O. Ditson.

This makes the seventeenth Sonata of this elegant and cheap edition. And it is one of the most wild and exquisite tone-poems of the whole series. It is one of the two Sonatas of which it is related that Beethoven, when asked what suggested their idea to him, replied: "Read Shakspeare's *Tempest*." And truly the music conveys the *spirit* of that marvellous creation as perfectly as his overtures to *Egmont* and to *Coriolanus* give the spirit of those two tragedies. In that power of entering into the spirit of whatever subject, Beethoven possessed a Shakspearian genius. The Allegro of this Sonata gives the idea of ocean, storm, and supernatural agency. In two little monochord fragments of recitative, you may seem to hear the wondering, pleading voice of Miranda and the calm, wise reply of the magician father. The Largo has the most deep and grand expression, and the Allegretto Finale is a most exquisite and Ariel-like movement.—What is all the finger-facility of Herz and De Meyer, compared with the power to read and feel and reproduce at will so beautiful a poem?

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 26, 1852.

The German Glee Club Festival.

NEW YORK, June 24.

These days would become my native Persia. Yet although we all naturally "seek the shade, and find wisdom"—where we can, in such weather, I delight to see that the hard siege of the relentless Winter is raised at last, and to feel once more a budding belief in Summer and the Tropics. But we have been more in Germany than America since Saturday night. You had heard of the German Glee Congress, or festival of singers, which was held last year in Baltimore, and the year before in Philadelphia. Feeling themselves sufficiently prepared for metropolitan approval, they determined to hold their third annual Jubilee in New York, and it has been a great and deserved triumph.

They arrived all through the day on Saturday, making their head-quarters at the Apollo, and in the evening repaired to the Park where, with flaring torches and flashing banners, and a swaying motley crowd, they presented a beautiful and unique spectacle. They chanted and sang and made speeches, and had an exciting time, while the merely political crowd was assembled around the *Tribune* office, impatient for Baltimore news. The procession moved down Broadway to Fulton street, and returning came up Nassau into Chatham, and so up the Bowery, and back again to the Apollo. As they passed with festal music playing popular airs and songs, waving their banners, huzzaing and singing, there was a delightful want of rowdiness in the show, which contrasted well with the torch-light procession of the Democratic ratification meeting a few evenings since, of which boozy, brawling and abundant noise and fury, most evidently signifying nothing, were the characteristics.

At the Apollo there were more speeches and congratulations and pledgings of all kinds, and at length a general going home to bed. In the morning the *Musik-Local* of the Apollo was very handsomely decorated with a huge golden harp surrounded by evergreens, and supported on each side by the American and German flags. There was no breeze and the drapery hung gracefully and undisturbed over the balcony. Beneath, upon the sidewalks and lounging around the door, were the groups of singers in every kind of costume, cap, hat and badge, looking like a set of German students hurrying around the lecture room of the University. During Sunday the New Yorkers showed their guests the various elephants, after a grand rehearsal at the Apollo. And in the evening took place the "grand sacred concert" at Metropolitan Hall. The building was crowded with Germans and it was easy to feel the suppressed enthusiasm of the audience before the concert began. It had one little vent, when KOSSUTH entered. We all rose and shouted and waved our hats and were charmed with the graceful suavity with which the noble Hungarian received our homage.

An immense stage had been erected with a little box or pulpit, for Herr Agriol Pauer, who was to conduct the performance, and after repeated demonstrations of impatience, that gentleman ascended to his place, with a silver baton pre-

sented in honor of the occasion, and with a vigorous wave of his arm, swung the orchestra of more than a hundred performers into the masterly overture to *Oberon*. The long, waving, mingling, dreamy chords of the introduction are in the sweetest style of romantic music, and of Weber, its truest interpreter. Throughout, the picturesque power of the composer develops itself in fathomless and suggestive harmonies, and although it was easy to feel that it is not so rippling, dancing and weird as Mendelssohn's "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," yet it has a gravity and depth of pathos which are admirable and characteristic. Weber is always a richer composer, always fuller of musical material than his successor, but the latter has a breadth and beauty and propriety of treatment which is quite unmatched in musical history. In "*Oberon*" and the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," they are much alike in conception, as was unavoidable. Of the two, the first is the wildest, the last, most aerial and fairy-like.

Directly after this full-voiced overture, which was admirably done, with the utmost accuracy and true feeling, your Boston *Liederkrantz* sang. The effect was a little thin and insufficient after the instruments. But when the ear grew accustomed to the voice, the delight was universal and enthusiastic. The audience had pride and sympathy in all that was done, and the performers threw themselves with all their souls into the work. Each club sang separately, advancing and retiring with the precision of military discipline. Flowers fell profusely at the close of each glee, and when the *Junger Männer Chor* of Philadelphia sang Zimmerman's *Harfner's Lied* from Wilhelm Meister, *Wer nie sein brod*, &c., there was a rain of bouquets from every quarter of the hall, and a burst of acclamation that insisted, imperially, upon a repetition. The charm of the music, is its exquisite fitness to the song; and the majestic consent of so many voices—now shaded into the most delicate breath of wailing, now rising into the pealing triumph of assertion—produced an effect of whose absorbing interest I can give you no idea. Among the novelties of the concert was the overture to the *Zauberflöte* of Mozart, chanted by the *Liedertafel* of Philadelphia. But I was compelled to leave before this was sung—and the concert was not over until nearly midnight.

On Monday morning the clubs all marched in procession through the Park and up the Bowery to Broadway, down which they passed to the rehearsal at Metropolitan Hall. It was a fine sight, but entirely un-American. There was a slouching ease in the mass, most of whom wore straw hats, and carried fans, which was very suggestive of similar scenes in Germany. The banner, *schwarz, roth und gold*, the German tricolor, was borne in front, and made a rich and imposing show. They paused and saluted Gov. Kossuth at his residence in 16th street, and received from him his customary dignified and cordial acknowledgment.

The Monday evening's concert was very fine. It was exclusively choral singing—fancy it. An orchestra of more than a hundred, and twelve hundred singers! Metropolitan Hall was more than a third filled with the necessary platform, and the choral singing was colossal beyond anything I have ever heard in any country. It was not mere noise. It was musical sound adequately directed to musical ends. The director swayed

the mighty mass as easily as the tides are swayed, and not less deep and grand than the ocean were the ponderous and profound effects. They were subdued, too, when needed, to the softest strain. It was a great musical triumph.

A Pic-Nic in the beautiful grounds of Elm-Grove upon the island, on Tuesday afternoon, of which I must steal another moment to tell you, closed this magnificent Jubilee. HAFIZ.

A MUSICAL SEAL. The "Boston Music Hall Association" have reaped one of the first fruits of the "New England School of Design for Women," at this early stage of its existence, in the shape of a fine emblematic design for their Corporation Seal. The work was put in competition among the *designing* young ladies of the School and quite a number of cunningly artistic designs were elicited. It was a perplexing choice; but the one finally accepted by the Committee is a beautiful figure of St. Cecilia, designed by Miss Jane M. Clark, who has already become a teacher in the School, and is constantly giving proof of rare and various artistic talent.

The School of Design works to a charm. A few days since we were shown the first printed specimens of lithographic engraving emanating from its pupils; in accuracy, grace and freedom they shame some more practiced hands. The inventive faculty already called forth in this school in arabesques and all kinds of ornamental drawing, far exceeds the sanguine expectations of its friends and founders. Here is really a whole series of elegant remunerative occupations opened to our sisters, who by instinct and by talent should be ministers of the Beautiful.

To bring these remarks more to a practical point, we would direct the attention of our music-publishers, who are always seeking new inventions for the vignettes on the title-pages of their music, to the School of Design. We are sure that they will find it a rich source of fresh and beautiful plans suited to all their requirements. Let them cast their lines upon these waters, and try it once or twice; that is, send in their orders, and see if they cannot get something original, without having to borrow from French and German works of the same sort.

A QUESTION FOR MUSIC-PUBLISHERS. Can any one inform us why it is that printed music never bears a date? why we are always left in ignorance, so far as the printed sheet or volume tells us, whether the work be old or new? and why it is not as important and as expedient on all accounts that music should be dated, as that a letter or a book should be?

Is it for so transcendental a reason, as that music is supposed to be of no time, but to belong only to the "Everlasting Now," as it is also said to be limited to no point in space, being a universal language?—Or is it left dateless for the express end to conceal its age, as if from an instinct of publishers that only novelties, like young maids, are vendable?—Surely a false calculation this, seeing that good music, like good wine, improves and charms the more by age.

We know not but we call in question, with profane simplicity, one of the profoundest and most important mysteries of the trade. But really it would much help the student, buyer and collector of music, to know *when* a composition was born into the world, and whether such or

such an edition of it is the older. Posthumous publications and reprints, arrangements, &c., ought to bear the dates both of the composition and of the publication.—Will not our friends Reed or Ditson set this good example?

GERMAN "LIEDERTAFELN." The glowing account by our correspondent "Hafiz" of the German festival in New York, will naturally awaken a desire to know something of the origin of these tuneful organizations. We give therefore on another page an extract from Chorley's "*Music and Manners in Germany*," which will go far to satisfy this desire. It is pleasant to be able to associate the birth of so beautiful a custom with GOETHE's sterling old friend, ZELTER, the founder of the *Sing-Akademie* at Berlin.

MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT, says a letter by the Niagara at Halifax, had arrived out in good health and spirits, and been warmly welcomed by her old friends in England. She had received various propositions to sing in operas, oratorios, &c., but had as yet made no definite answers.

A NEW PRIMA DONNA. The music-lovers in Copenhagen have for a year or two past been growing enthusiastic about a young native singer, Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN, who has created quite a furore at the theatre as Agatha in *Der Freyschütz*, as Romeo &c., and at the concerts of the great symphony composer, Niels W. Gade. Mlle. L. is the sister of Mr. Lehmann of our Mendelssohn Quintet Club, and will accompany her brother hither on his return to Boston early in September. The *Transcript* says:

"We have just read the translation of a criticism by Gade. He expresses unqualified admiration of her school, and more especially her voice, which is a mezzo-soprano of great compass, (reaching from F in the bass to C in alt., a distance of two octaves and a fifth,) of a rich tone, and of the most sympathetic quality. Gade stamps her as a genuine artist of the first quality.

"She is yet very young, being but twenty-two, has rather a handsome, prepossessing face, and a fine figure; in fact, she has all the physical and mental qualities to constitute a great and favorite artist.

"Having never been farther from the city of her birth, Copenhagen, than Stockholm, she is comparatively unknown to the French and English journals; however, the articles that have appeared in the more northern ones, have been in terms of the greatest praise."

Several of these (translated by a friend) are in our hands. One, dated December 1850, notices a Concert of GADE, at which several of his own compositions were performed; among which it names

"'Agnes and the Mermaids,'—an enchanted piece of music, the impression of which was still more deepened by Mlle. Lehmann's charming representation. We can but express our regret at the little opportunity this gifted songstress has enjoyed for the development of her talent, which without doubt is a great acquisition to our Opera. Her rendering of the part of Agnes was tasteful and correct, and at the same time so perfectly in the spirit of the composition, that it transported even the sterner musical public present to enthusiastic applause, of which the composer (N. W. Gade) no doubt with joy ascribes a well earned share to Mlle. Lehmann."

Another (Jan. 1851) speaks of her in *Der Freyschutz*:

"Mlle. Lehmann is already well known from her successful *debut* as Romeo. There is a wide

difference between these two characters—between the passionate son of Italy, and the romantic, melancholy, superstitious maid of Germany; a difference as great as that between Italian and German music. Mdlle. L. proved that she completely conceived the peculiarities of this music also.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

SUMMER AFTERNOON CONCERTS. The second took place on Friday of last week and was as successful as the first. The want of an obœ had been happily supplied in Sig. De Ribas. The number of brass instrument performances was reduced to three out of the nine pieces in the programme, making the concert mainly orchestral. Two good overtures were played, one (new to our ears) a spirited and interesting composition by Kuhlau: the other, Mozart's to *Nozze di Figaro*. In this last it seemed to us that, in the conductor's care to drill his forces into due regard to light and shade and emphasis, and to teach them to avoid the level, careless, routine way of playing, the *forzando* effects were rather overdone; but this will soon remedy itself, as so important a point of expression had better be exaggerated at first than be habitually slighted. Here too, of course, the paucity of violins was partly answerable, and we are happy to learn that their number has since been increased. The clarinet solo, by Mr. Guenther, was a pleasing selection, played with a good feeling and with much richness of tone; but the orchestral accompaniment showed lack of rehearsal. The movement with variations ("God save the Emperor") from Haydn's String Quartet was finely played by Messrs. Suck, Werner, Eichler and W. Fries.

Yesterday's programme contained Weber's Overture to *Euryanthe* and the first and last movements from one of Haydn's Symphonies; also an arrangement by Mr. Suck, of Schubert's *Ave Maria*, for several obligato instruments with orchestral accompaniment. Better and better.

SCOTTISH MUSICAL AND LITERARY RE-UNIONS. A very curious entertainment by the FRASER family, (father, son and two daughters), is nightly frequented at the Masonic Temple. It is genuinely Scottish, and the party are but recently from Scotland; the programmes consist mainly of the old familiar Scotch songs and ballads, sung principally by the two young ladies, with the father at the piano and the brother accompanying on the violin, all sometimes joining their voices. They seem enthusiasts about this species of music, and render it with an uncommon energy of expression. Mr. Fraser prefaces each piece with a short account of its origin and connection with Scottish social life, sometimes reading the words ("Home, sweet home," &c.) with a good deal of unction. We cannot but admire the arduous "Objects" which this family have felt inspired to undertake, as set forth at the top of their programmes, viz: "We labor to elevate Music (!) and Song to that high Literary and Educational position on which they ought to stand," &c.

New York.

A FRENCH OPERA TROUPE is playing at Niblo's, — a little spot of dancing sunshine, we should fancy, tossed from the merry waters of the *Opera Comique*. The *prima donna* is Madame FLEURY JOLY, who is said to possess a fine silvery soprano, with nothing of the French nasal twang. The piece is *Une Songe d'une nuit d'été*, a sort of French Midsummer Night's Dream, in which are boldly introduced Queen Elizabeth, Shakspeare (!) and the Fat Knight. Mons. DIGUET figures as Shakspeare.

"THE WALDENSES." The following is the plan of Mr. Asahel Abbot's new Oratorio performed last week by the Harmonic Society:

"The people of a Waldensian village open the morning with a hymn. While a part celebrate their happy exemption from the corruptions and misfortunes that attend the state of opulent and lawless nations, another portion go out to hunt the chamois in the mountains.

"Others ascend the hill with their flocks, and are enclosed with a thunder storm. With the approach of night they return.

"They hold a musical entertainment, wherein are noticed some incidents in the history of their race, especially a celebrated persecution at the season of Christ-

mas, and that when their fathers were driven from their country, with the re-conquest of it from the French after their memorable march across the Alps from the lake of Geneva, under the leading of their pastor.

"With the Sabbath morning the people assemble for worship. At the close of their Liturgy an alarm of invasion is given and all rush to arms. A battle follows, and a victory. They celebrate their success with a hymn of praise; then turn to bewail the slain. The leader's wife, having been mortally wounded in the battle, dies, and a dirge is sung at her grave. The solos predict the ruin of the Anti-Christian powers, and, with the chorus, sing 'Great and marvellous are Thy works, O Lord God Almighty.'"

Mr. Abbot is a phenomenon. He is a sturdy, self-made New Englander who has for some years taught music in New York; but, what is more, can boast himself the composer of an incredible number of oratorios and other scores in great forms. Not only that: he has instructed several of his pupils to be likewise composers of great oratorios. To hear him talk, you would suppose that great oratorios grew on every bush, where he resided. — We know nothing of the merit of Mr. Abbot's music, and trust that it will have a fair chance. The "Waldenses," we understand, is one of a series which he designs to sketch in honor of the different races that have struggled for liberty through the last 1600 years.

ALBONI. All the New York papers are of course in raptures over the great Contralto's American debut on Wednesday evening. Not hearing from our own correspondent in season for the press, we give with full reliance what the *Tribune* says:

"Alboni has achieved a triumph even more brilliant than we had anticipated. The hall was crowded with a 'brilliant and fashionable' audience.

"The rattling, rumbling, characteristic overture to *La Gazza Ladra* opened the concert. Signor Sangiovanni sang the cavatina *Languir per una bella from L'Italiana in Algieri*. He is destined to sure success. His voice is a delicate tenor, of rare sweetness, purity and flexibility. Its quality is sympathetic to that degree that we are constantly reminded of the traditions of Rubini's wonderful organ. To this exquisite quality of voice Signor Sangiovanni adds an equal cultivation, singing with a fluent, limpid grace, and with a brilliancy of *fiorture* remarkable in so young and — not to say it slightly — so unknown a singer. His shake is clear, his slides and roulades accurate and true. His organ, however, is far from powerful.

"With Signor Rovere, the Basso, we were not so much pleased. He has a good, full voice, not striking in any particular, and he sings with knowledge and facility. In a concerted movement he is essential and effective. But he is much too exaggerated. His fun is too funny, his accent quite too staccato, his action altogether decidedly unsuited to the concert room.

"Madame Alboni, in a flounced white silk dress, low-necked and short-sleeved, (so a learned and lovely said) with a single diamond-bracelet upon her right arm, her short black hair unadorned, and holding a fan, handkerchief, and a sheet of music, was led forward by Signor Arditi and was received with prolonged and renewed applause. She acknowledged her flattering, but voiceless, reception by a frank and smiling obeisance, — bent again and again, as the plaudits continued, bowed finally to the conductor and the orchestra, and placidly awaited the cessation of clapping. Her delivery of the recitative *Eccomi affine in Babilonia* displayed immediately the breadth and entire finish of her manner, the unparalleled ease and exquisite flexibility of her delivery, — and the whole *scena* revealed the range, the quality and the power of her voice. It is a pure contralto, but its high notes, which are very high, are round and, what is very remarkable, pure and sweet. She stands like a statue, and the music flows, without the slightest effort, from her mouth. In all the most critical, and — for a singer — dangerous and difficult passages, it pours on as full and unencumbered as ever, gliding through the most elaborate and exquisite *fiorture* as easily as a sunbeam through space. Her singing is truly shaded. Its effects in the piano passages are pencilled with aerial delicacy; her *forte* is strong, broad and clear and her shake,

" — call it the well's bubbling, the bird's warble."

Over all these fine details presides the supremest sense of power. Her singing costs her no more effort than graceful movement costs a natural, graceful person; and we felt last evening what we felt the first evening we heard her four years since, that here is a genial Italian, gifted with a wonderful voice, which she has had the good sense to cultivate and develop to its extremest possibility. Consequently it is as satisfactory to hear her in the concert room as in the opera. The charm begins and ends in the voice. She has not the dramatic power which results from genius, and from a remarkable individuality, but her true taste in singing, and the magnificent organ controlled by that taste, seduce us into asking no questions, into making no demands.

"The *Brindisi* brought down the first tumultuous applause. It was taken in a quick time and delivered with perfect simplicity. She allowed herself but a single ornament, one pure and perfect shake, as if indeed *il segreto per esser felice* were bubbling through her lips;

and the final measure she varied by descending, with charming phrasing, quite into the depths of her voice. To the unanimous encore she graciously responded by repeating the last verse.

"In the duet with Sangiovanni, *Tornami a dir che m'ami*, from *Don Pasquale*, the same beautiful simplicity was evident not less in the general delivery than in the full, fine sweep at the close. In the first few bars, especially, Sangiovanni's voice was calm as moonlight. Its fresh sweetness mingled deliciously with the gushing freedom of the contralto. 'It had a dying fall,' it was a persuasive strain of the sweet South.

"The concert closed with *Non piu mesta*. This was always one of Alboni's great triumphs, but never greater than last evening. The profusion of skill, the prodigality of perfect vocalization, with which the brilliant *rondo* was delivered, was the final drop of ecstasy in the evening's delight. The intoxicated audience could not contain itself, but burst in upon the closing notes, thoughtlessly rendering them inaudible. But the imperturbable singer smiled — her eyes swam with pleasure at the pleasure she gave; she thrilled, she warbled, she slid, she rouladed, she soared, she sank — and ending, she bowed, in retiring, with a sparkling smile, advancing again to the unintermitted applause — the cries — the waving handkerchiefs; and, laden with bouquets, repeated the allegro of the song as freshly and nimbly as if she had not sung for a month. There were more shouts, flowers and ecstasies. It was, as we said, an ovation."

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Music in the past Half Century.

An Address delivered before the Harvard Musical Association, at Cohituate Hall, Boston, Dec. 22, 1851.

BY SAMUEL JENNISON, JR.

[Concluded from page 92.]

Let me not forget at this time to give expression to a single thought for our country. We are continually reminded that hitherto we have had no music. Nor have we been, nor are we yet ripe for it. But let us not despair for our country. I cannot but believe, that from beneath this thrift, this utilitarianism, this cunning, there will yet force its way to the light this flower,—Art, in all its varieties; that Germany and France, and Italy, all resplendent as *she* is, shall not be forever monopolists of all that is glorious and divine, and America be repellant forever: I cannot bring myself to believe that a land so fruitful of statesmen, orators, and men of science, and no longer deficient in historian, poet, painter, and sculptor, shall be forever destitute of the great Musician. Only he will not derive his inspiration and nurture from the unmeaning publications of which our day and our country are so prolific; with which the love of pecuniary profit, or the desire to gratify a fleeting fashion, have inundated us.

And now, as we draw near our conclusion, let us not separate without paying a passing tribute by bringing before our minds at least the names of some of those illustrious composers the world has within this period lost.

HAYDN, the father of instrumental music, whose name has been longer known among us than almost any other, although the beautiful finish of his Symphony, Mass and Quartett are still as sealed books save to a few.

PLEYEL, whose fame was once so great that no quartett or sonata was endurable but his own; and who, when Salomon was producing the twelve famous Symphonies of Haydn, at his Concerts in London, was sent for to come to England and compose for the rival Professional Concerts, as being the ablest competitor of the great Symphonist; yet of whom among us scarce any thing is known but one or two simple church melodies which bear his name.

ALBRECHTSBERGER died in the same year with Haydn, 1809; most learned trainer of so many geniuses;—he whom Haydn consulted, under whom Beethoven, Hummel, Seyfried, and Weigl pursued their study.

GRETRY, so distinguished in France, and in whose *Cœur de Lion* occurs that memorable song, *O Richard, o mon roi*, historically associated with the downfall of Louis XVI.

HUMMEL and FIELD: the latter once unrivalled as a pianist, who, on hearing the masterly improvisations of the former, then unknown to him, exclaimed, "You must be Hummel, for there is no other in Europe who can thus surpass me."

CLEMENTI, every where styled the "Father of the Piano Forte."

MICHAEL KELLY, the first English male singer who had ever been heard in Italy or even on the Continent; and to whom,—suspected of adulterating the liquors in which he dealt, as well as of plagiarism in his musical productions,—that witty designation was given by Sheridan, "*Composer of wines, and importer of music.*"

WEBER, author of *Der Freyschütz* and *Eury-anthe*;

HEROLD, of *Zampa*; ROMBERG, of the *Song of the Bell*; ROOKE, of *Amilie*; CALLCOTT and SAMUEL WEBBE, ATTWOOD, CLARKE, ARNOLD, of English celebrity, and known so widely for their glees; CHERUBINI, MEHUL, GOSSEC, among the founders of the *Conservatoire*; RIES, sole pupil of Beethoven; PICCINI, CIMAROSA, BOCCHERINI and NAUMANN, HOFMEISTER and DUSSEK; KOZELUCH and HIMMEL, WINTER, BOILDIEU, ONSLOW, PIXIS, KALKBRENNER, PAER, KUHLAU, STORACE, SHIELD, KING; and numerous others, the evil of whose works has

not, we trust, lived after them; the good has surely not been interred with their bones.

One illustrious group has not yet been named, of whom neither had attained to the years of middle life; horn, flourishing, and dying, within the period of which we speak; one famed for the originality of his piano forte compositions,—here most commonly known for the *Mazurka*; one for the before unheard-of richness of his songs; one for the *too* copious sweets of his operas; one for the beauty of his symphony, and the grandeur and originality of his oratorio.

CHOPIN, SCHUBERT, BELLINI, MENDELSSOHN: Mendelssohn, the greatest of the number, whose fitful, unearthly wailings, as they rise from the combined voice of flute and clarinet in the little snatches of minor melody occurring in the symphonies and overtures, constantly recal to my mind the similarly vague and wayward beauty of the concluding lines of *Kubla Khan*,

"Could I revive within me
That symphony and song:"

and terminating with the quatrain:

"Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread;
For he on honey dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

Above all these place BEETHOVEN; that master spirit, the utterance of whose name recalls in all musical souls such unnumbered impressions of sublimity and beauty; the heart-searching, unfathomable, mysterious BEETHOVEN; standing alone upon his unapproachable eminence, even as he seemed to live in his own world; founder of a school of which he is himself the only fit representative; which admits of no successful imitation, even as he admitted but one learner, and scarce a listener by his side; a law unto himself; the embodiment, the type, if we do not misjudge, of the restless struggle and upheaving of his own time, of which that ill-fated continent seems yet doomed to witness the repetition; type of that unfading hope and fervent aspiration and indomitable resolution which fill the heart of that patriot now visiting these shores: BEETHOVEN, whose holy influence yet to be felt upon the world it is impossible to estimate; who points as with ever outstretched finger to the Future, the Untried, the Eternal,—

"The far off, unattained and dim;"

whom to attempt to eulogize before this audience were a superfluous, a needless task; but whom to pass over with the mere mention of his name,

were, as it were, to violate the conscience and imprison the tongue; of whom none may utter a more fitting word than he did of himself when he said to Bettine: "I feel that the Divinity is nearer to me than to most men."

Of composers now living and of their individual merits, it has not entered into my design more particularly to speak; and of those who are yet to live and carry forward this enchanting art, who shall foretell the numbers and the glory. Whether even greater names than any yet uttered may not hereafter be known, or how enduring or transitory the fame of those now most illustrious shall be deemed by him who from the heights of centuries hence directs his view backward upon the days through which we are now passing,

"Nel mezzo del cammin,"

midway in the path of our century's life, who shall presume to predict?

The remark that great geniuses are ever in advance of their age is to none more applicable than to the great composer. From the time of TERPANDER, condemned for adding a new chord to the lyre, down to our day, how have they been uncomprehended! What HAYDN may again arise, with all his simplicity thought by elegant critics to manifest the ravings of a Bedlamite? What new MOZART, whose quartetts, sent into some Italy, shall be returned as full of supposed mistakes? What new BEETHOVEN, whose symphonies shall seem at first to the most cultivated of his day, so wild and impracticable that even an accomplished Salomon shall only consent, upon urgent solicitation, to give them a rehearsal! What new BUONONCINI, rival of some mighty HANDEL, shall in after ages be remembered only in the epigram of a Swift? What new *Casta Diva*, "Robert, toi que j'aime," "Qui la voce," "Ernani, involami," become in its turn the touchstone of a *cantatrice's* reputation?

It seems but a small fountain, indeed,—this gamut of twelve notes; yet how inexhaustible its resources! From that "harmonious spring" a thousand times ten thousand rills, streams, rivers, "their mazy progress take." The human mind cannot comprehend the almost infinite variety of combinations of which even these few fundamental tones are susceptible. And when we are tempted to believe that Music must have advanced to a point beyond which she cannot go, we shall do well to imitate the simple faith of STÖLZEL, who, surrounded by the then deemed unsurpassable music of his day, believed "that the world would yet hear something greater than the canon:" or of the old teacher FUX, who in his *Gradus ad Parnassum*, says to his pupil, "Though you were to live to the age of Nestor, you would still have an infinity before you."

Thus, gentlemen, I seem to have but glanced in the most imperfect and hasty manner at a few of those various subjects which, taken separately, will furnish material for an extended address.

Had we confined our attention even wholly to musical events on our own continent, or in our own city; entering the music store and examining the programmes of fifty years ago; had we noted merely the "movements of progress," in the phrase of M. Fétis, impressed upon the study of this Art by the foundation in 1815 of the earliest of our own Muscial Institutions, and more lately of the Academy of Music, with its Conventions swelling from twelve to twelve hundred,—or by the residence, permanent or tran-

sient, of artists and professors like Zeuner and Knight and Herwig, not to name gentlemen now living among us; had we but recalled the time not long since past, when an orchestra could scarcely be brought to obey the magic influence of the conductor's baton, or when one of the last who addressed you, that accomplished professional editor, poet, painter, sculptor and musician combined, found cause to congratulate you on having listened to artists now almost forgotten—Nägel, and Madame Spohr Zahn,—here alone would be found abundant food for reflection.

And now, gentlemen, in conclusion, as we feel ourselves borne along in the impatient current of the Present, and yielding our admiration to the allurements of that which so easily gains popular applause, let us not, nor can we, ever forget that, remote from all this glare and noise, there lie treasures of priceless worth: let us, when we feel the need as it were of a firm friend and sympathizing companion, a worthy study, a noble and inspiring presence; let us, whenever we desire to awaken within us again that wondrous longing of the soul which Music, while it seems to quell, leaves but the more unsatisfied,—let us turn to those great works recognized as the Classics of the Art; as the scholar seeks the wealth contained in the pages of Athenian and Roman orator, philosopher and poet; as the student of our letters loves to slake his thirst and drink in new health and vigor from the old

"Wells of pure English undefiled;"

and in all the new events which our generation has witnessed, let us read promise of a day when, among us also, he who with lofty purpose devotes a life time to this sacred Art shall no more be deemed to have wasted his days upon an unworthy and frivolous pursuit; when the old proverb shall no longer by its antithesis imply the incompatibility of "wisdom and understanding" with musical learning and skill; when to be familiar with the exquisite riches of HAYDN, MOZART and BEETHOVEN, shall be no longer the lot of a fortune-favored few, but shall come to be deemed almost as indispensable to the true accomplishment of the man of culture, as to have the beauties of poets ever green in the memory; when the converse of that other maxim shall prove true, and the *Great* shall be for all, and all shall be for the Great; when this "solace of life" shall become more and more appreciated and prized in every household and in every heart, till to the ears of all mankind the earth become like Prospero's Isle to the shipwrecked voyager,

— "full of
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

[From the Essex Co. Freeman.]

THE CRICKET IN JUNE.

Untimely prophet of the day of gloom!
Hast thou no softer note, no sprightlier tune,
No merrier song—more fit for joyous June
Than that unchanging croak of death and doom—
With all around thee rose and lily bloom
And freshest verdure mantling every tree,
Blue skies, glad birds, the honey-laden bee
And sweet airs creeping heavy with perfume?
Fit type art thou of all the morbid crew
Who constant fret lest we too happy be,
Who keep a death's head ever in our view,
In each bright cloud a coming tempest see.
Fain would we spare their lesson and thy lay,
Thine until autumn, theirs till our funeral day.

π.

The Sentiment of Various Musical Composers.

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

The surest way to characterize the ruling tone of sentiment in a composer is, to note the state of mind in which his music leaves you. There is some music which is all glitter and effect, which you hear with astonishment, and go home weary and without capacity of emotion. You have been excited, but not inspired; not inwardly and deeply warmed. Such is the case with much of the latest fashionable school of music,—music made to order, to display the ambitious *executantes* of the violin, or the piano forte,—music purposely subordinate to the singer or the play. Such is the too prevailing class of modern operas, after the brilliant, melo-dramatic, bravura-crammed patterns of Verdi, Donizetti, and other Italian followers of ROSSINI, the founder and the genius of the sensuous school. Such are most of the French operas. And such, almost without exception, are the showy variation pieces and fantasias of the Paganinis of the violin, and the Herzes, Dohlers, Leopold de Meyers, *et id genus omne*, of the piano forte. Enterprise is four-fifths of all their genius, and short-lived astonishment is nearly five-fifths of their effect upon their hearers.

An opera of BELLINI, as of many of that school, bathes you in a delicious flood of tenderness. It is rose-light everywhere, and tepid Spring. You are sad, and full of passive, sympathetic sensibility; softened, melted, but not roused, not strengthened. A surfeit comes, and you are glad to have a good cold north wind sweep away the mild, vague haziness that hangs about your senses, and breathe a bracing atmosphere, feel your spirit and your nerves invigorated, and see things by the clear, literal light of day, until the time for twilight reverie shall come again.

What could be more opposite to this, than the effect of HANDEL? Repose, such as your spirit gains in looking up into the illimitable sky! A fulness of awakened energy, serene as sleep; a balanced, integral activity, calm as the descent of Niagara, or as the movement of the planets; a healthful universal sympathy; a communion with the absolute; a sense of union with the whole, which can indulge all moods, and sing to every humor, but is the victim of no one. It is life flowing from the centre, and informing the whole being, and not some morbid irritation in any single faculty. Handel is greatest in his choruses, which are like the collective voice of all mankind, and sweep us into the glorious current of the great humanitarian sentiment.

From Mozart you turn reluctantly, as from a gorgeous inspired festival, in whose enthusiastic pitch of liberty, and love, and joy, you feel that your faculties and your emotions, and all your appetite for every sort of harmonies, have all got out for once in this cold, eramping, barren world, and swim in a willing and congenial element, where all you touch is vital and responsive. Sense and soul have met and mingled. Spirit and matter have forgot their quarrel. The intensest sense of *living*; the full, perfected flower of sentiment; the exaltation of the soul to a certain divine consciousness; the overflowing and softening of all the harsh outlines of all things not in concord with warm trustful feeling; a tremulous recognition of the near presence of the spiritual world to this our every-day life; a sort of disembodied pure existence (unless you call ecstasy itself a most voluptuous embodiment), floating free and permeating all things, as if matter had given up its impenetrability: this you feel, and as if the breath of one, whose love was your communion with the soul of all things, fell upon your cheek.

From HAYDN you go as from the sweet, quiet happiness of home, or from the mild restorative of woods and fields, with cheerful heart, clear head, and temperate desires, with the sunny domesticity of a good child, or a wise, kind parent, and the buoyant self-possession of a well-ordered life.

Childlike love of nature, and cheerful, genial domesticity, are his two dominant traits. The first is shown in that bird-like instinct wherewith

he organized the orchestral forces into so fit a nest for his creative, uneventful life (for he lived almost in his orchestra, as in his little world). It is shown, too, in his proneness to imitation of the sounds of nature, and in the prevailing character of his great works, the "Seasons," and the oratorio of the "Creation." The other trait displays itself in the cool temperament of all his happy inspirations; in the clearness, regularity, and order which were the style of his life as well as of his compositions; and in fact that he was *most* felicitous, *most* himself, *most* beyond all others, and a model to all others, in the form called technically "chamber music;" in the composition, that is, of quartets, &c., for string instruments, in which the various members of the violin family hold fine discourse together, both argumentative, pathetic, grave, and frolicsome. This is eminently *domestic* music. The quartet is the best form in which art expresses and idealizes that moral music of our lives, which wells up from the fountains of the sacred sphere of home.

All of these great composers were great in all the forms of composition. But Handel was *most* Handel in the fugued chorus of the people; Mozart's life oozed out purest in the opera; Beethoven is the despair of all ambitious — rather say, of all great spiritual — aspirations, in his orchestral symphonies; Haydn best enforced the lesson of his life in his quartets of chamber music.

And what shall be said of the music of BEETHOVEN? We carry away from it something that we should not have dreamed of in any effect which the others could produce upon us. This music always leaves us with roused spirit, restless, urged by mighty aspirations which can no more slumber; a lasting influence, as of a Promethean spark dropped into the breast from heaven. The music of this day all owns its influence, though all conventional tastes resisted it. The sentiment and tone of thought and feeling of our age is deeply affected by it. Whoever has heard and taken into his soul this music is a deeper man henceforth, and feels more of the infinite significance of life. It wakes no passing mood, but takes possession of the hearer's soul; becomes a surging ocean under him, which now lifts him till he seems to touch the sky, and now sinks with him to night and loneliness, yet only to climb higher with the next full wave, still bearing the tide-mark farther up the beach. It is music pregnant with a mighty future, and like a providential utterance of the great heaving, struggling breast of this prophetic era of humanity.

Of the many striking characteristics of his music, perhaps the most remarkable is its wild, pleading *earnestness*; his impetuosity and fire, — the glorious frenzy of a giant or a god, strong enough safely to disdain anything like tameness.

Yet equally remarkable are the unfathomable, still depths of love and tenderness which are felt to underlie his stormy surface. He has a fertile imagination, too, in as romantic and exquisite a vein as that of Mendelssohn, or of the bard who gave him the "Midsummer Night's Dream" for a text. And his love of nature, as it inspires his "Pastoral Symphony," is full as true and perceptive as that of Haydn, while it is vastly deeper.

With a many-sidedness like Shakespeare's, there is still one pervading sentiment in all the music of Beethoven. It has more of the prophetic character than any other. The progressive spirit of this age, the expansive social instinct of these new times, accepts it by a strange sympathy. Many a young music-loving American jumps the previous steps of training, through the taste for Haydn, Mozart, Hummel, &c., and with his whole soul loves at once Beethoven. It is because Beethoven is, to speak by correspondence, like the seventh note in the musical scale. His music is full of that deep, aspiring passion, which in its false exercise we call ambition, but which at bottom is most generous, most reverent, and yearns for perfect harmony and order. The demands of the human soul are insatiable — infinite. So long as *anything* is not ours, we are poor. So long as *any* sympathy is denied us, we are bereft and solitary. We are to have all and to realize all by a true state of harmony *with* all. Is not this the meaning of Beethoven's music? Its wild

impatience, its struggling chromatic harmonies, its surging, billowy movement, all imply a glorious unity and peace beyond the now immediately attainable. So the seventh note cries out on the verge of the completed octave, draws every thought to that, and pleads for its repose and its perfection. — *Sartain's Magazine*.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

All is still,

A balmy night! and tho' the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the nightingale begins its song.
He crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!

—— I know a grove

Of large extent, hard by a castle huge
Which the great lord inhabits not: and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups, grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales: and far and near
In wood and thicket over the wide grove
They answer and provoke each other's songs —
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all —
Stirring the air with such a harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclos'd,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs, [full,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and
Glist'ning, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch. —

—— Oft, a moment's space,

What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence: till the moon
Emerging, hath awaken'd earth and sky
With one sensation, and those wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if one quick and sudden gale had swept
An hundred airy harps! And I have watch'd
Many a nightingale perch'd giddily
On bloomy twig, still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy Joy that reels with tossing head.

Just now the nightingales are wailing so sweetly around me! There are four of them here, and last year there were just the same number. How they breathe out their souls into that art of rapture — music — and as if all was thrown into a single tone — so pure — so innocent — so true and deep — such as no human creature can ever hope to produce, either with voice or instrument. Why must men *learn* to sing, while the nightingale, untaught, knows how to warble into our very hearts, so faultlessly in tune, so free from all failure? I have never heard any singing from human voices that moves me like the nightingales'. A minute since I asked myself, since I listen to them so intently, what if they would like to listen to me, as well? for just then they were silent: but hardly did I raise my voice, when all four burst out into such a warble of trilling — just as if they would say — leave us our own empire! Airs, and opera songs, are like the mere false tendencies in the moral world — the rhetoric of a false enthusiasm. And yet man is carried away by sublime music; why should this be, when he himself is not sublime? — after all, it shows a secret wish in the soul to become great. It is refreshing like dew, to hear this better genius whisper in its natural language. Is it not so? O yes! and we then

long to be ourselves like these tones, that dart onwards to their aim without wavering to either side. There they reach the absolutely complete, and in every rhythmical movement give out a profound mystery of spiritual form — this the human being cannot do! Surely melodies are beings created by the Divinity, that have a progressive existence of their own; every such idea comes forth at once in full life, from the human soul: it is not the man that creates the thought, but the thought creates the man. — *Bettine Brentano's Correspondence*.

La Scala, Milan.

The theatre of La Scala, built after the designs of Piermarini, is deemed, with respect to architecture, the most beautiful opera-house in Europe; and, except the great theatre at Parma, and that of San Carlos at Naples, it is the most spacious. The stage decorations, also, are splendid and classical; and the orchestra is, generally speaking, the best in Italy; but the circumstance most creditable to this, and, indeed, to every other theatre on the Continent, is that perfect decorum which enables ladies, though unattended, to go, return, and even walk from box to box, without the slightest chance of receiving an insult.

Perhaps the first feeling on entering La Scala is that of disappointment — at least, we experienced it so; it is not until you have looked around you, and become aware of your own insignificance in the area, that its vast dimensions are apparent, and then you perceive that it is indeed magnificent. There is, however, one drawback; it is badly lighted, one chandelier alone throwing its lustre over the whole interior, and that, we thought, by no means so large as the lustre at our Astley's. All the light is thrown upon the stage — the audience being in comparative gloom. This, of course, greatly deteriorates the splendor of the theatre, but rather adds to its appearance of immensity. The decorations were clean and light, having been newly furnished for the coronation of the Emperor of Austria.

By a fortunate coincidence, for we had wished it might be so, the opera was the divine "Son-nambula" of Bellini. We have always thought the music of this opera the most pathetic and heart-touching in existence. Perhaps associations (and how strongly are we governed by them!) may have flung a further charm over it. Many scenes — many lights and shadows of our past life, important and varied as an existence of not many years can comprise, have been so closely connected with the music and representations of our favorite opera, that we never hear it without a thrill of intense emotion — a feeling that we can scarcely define as allied to pain or pleasure, so equally do they mingle. Every passage — every bar — calls up some recollection of bygone times; from the joyous "Viva Amina" of the commencing scene, to the beautiful "Ah! non giunge" of the finale, "memory will bring back the feeling" of past hours; which, although sometimes "fraught with sadness," we would not willingly forget.

But there were other associations connected with La Scala that awakened a lively interest in us. It was here poor Malibran carried all before her: this was the scene of her greatest triumphs, and here is her name still venerated. A handsome bust has been placed in the *foyer* of the theatre to her memory, since last autumn; but this souvenir was not needed. The names of Amina and Fidelio are so coupled with her own; that as long as these operas are played, she will not be forgotten. — *London Literary World*, 1844.

Robert Schumann's Musical Life-Maxims.

XXXIX. A fine book on Music is THIBAUT *Ueber Reinheit der Tonkunst*, ("On Purity in Musical Art.") Read it often as you grow older.

XL. If you pass a church and hear the organ playing, go in and listen. If it happens that you have to occupy the organist's seat yourself, try your little fingers, and be amazed before this omnipotence of Music.

XLI. Improve every opportunity of practising upon the organ; there is no instrument which takes such speedy revenge upon the impure and the slovenly in composition, or in playing, as the organ.

XLII. Sing frequently in choruses, especially on the middle parts. This makes you musical.

XLIII. What is it to be musical? You are not so, if, with eyes fastened anxiously upon the notes, you play a piece through painfully to the end. You are not so, if, when some one turns over two pages at once, you stick and cannot go on. But you are musical, if, in a new piece, you anticipate pretty nearly what is coming, and in an old piece, know it by heart; in a word, if you have Music, not in your fingers only, but in your head and heart.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 3, 1852.

The Term "Classical" in Music.

There is great vagueness in the ordinary talk about "Classical music." The term has a variety of meanings and is made to cover things unlike and heterogeneous. On the other hand, in its most limited application, it becomes pedantic. But what is now the pedantic is undoubtedly the literal, formal, soulless copy of what was originally the true and generous use of the term. For it implies a setting up of models, it appeals to examples held in reverence, which to imitate appears a safer and a wiser course than to start off ignorantly upon one's own vagaries and open paths which lead no one knows whither. Pedantry is only the outward, mechanical, Chinese copy of a once genuine and living recognition of the truly excellent.

Of course the term "classical" in Art bears some analogy to the same term in literature, and in the same manner appeals to certain well-established and enduring models as the ground-work of all true study. It is a matter of *classes* and of text-books. There is a *course* to be gone through.

In literature, it is the great Greek and Latin authors, whose authorship was so genuine in power and spirit, so complete in form, so clear and pure in style, as to become an authority and pattern for others after them. They represent a period when the literary faculty, the literary side (so to speak) of humanity enjoyed one of its most complete and vigorous developments. Not to know them and their works, not to be imbued with their spirit and moulded to their manner, is to ignore what in a certain representative sense is the most experienced and truly cultivated part of ourselves; it is to fling away the staging of the past and begin like savages anew. Possibly we may be inspired to do something unique and excellent ourselves in our own way; but why not enter the paths which men like ourselves have happily opened and proved practicable? If we have any original force in us, will it not abide with us even to the end of such paths?

In Music the "classics," the cherished models and text-books of the classes, are of comparatively modern date. Yet music, like literature, has its classics, its established models of form and method in the art of composition. It finds them in those brave, inspired old geniuses, in whose hands the rude music of nature gradually grew into the wonderful forms of the music of Art: the men,

whose musical creations were a practical unfolding of the germs of music, according to their innate divine laws of proportion, combination, harmony, into full and perfect forms of Art. In them natural music became scientific, learned; that is, in their works we find the *principles*, the eternal laws of music best illustrated. It is no longer a vague, wild, æolian harp-like phenomenon, floating about the world in mysterious snatches of melody; but its principle of order has been found and logically developed: and now a piece of music is a connected discourse, in which a melodic theme is unfolded, treated, brought into relation with kindred themes, and woven as a *motive* or primitive fibre into a complex organic texture. Those who first did this (working of course in an ascending series of greater and greater successes, from Orlando Lasso, through Palestrina, through Bach and Handel, up to Mozart and Beethoven) of course wrought earnestly. They had got hold of the genuine thing. Mere fashions, weak aspirations after novelties and specious effects, had no part, or at least a very small part in their labors. Hence they could always be appealed to as genuine: *Das ist das Wahre!* (that is the true thing!) said Beethoven of Handel. And all the more modern music, however various in form and spirit, however antic and fantastic in its attempts at novelty, even to the Paganinis and De Meyers, rests on this classic ground-work of culture. To make musicians, the works of the great contrapuntists must be studied. Counterpoint—*Punctum contra punctum*, point against point,—is the derivation of the word. It describes a composition in several parts or voices, note answering to note, each part having its distinct individual movement, yet all together intertwined into a beautiful, complex, harmonious whole. Canon and Fugue followed by the logical necessity of things; for this very logic of nature is itself a fugue; and the fugue principle, variously modified and more or less distinct, runs through all nature and all Art. Fugue is the form of free, harmonious motion, type of the infinite everywhere in the finite; set water in motion and you have wave chasing wave, which is a fugue. These old masters got hold of this principle of nature and wrought it out gloriously into their works, their fugues and choruses, their masses and oratorios, their sonatas and symphonies.

Those of them who adhered most strictly to the principle, and were least drawn off by tempting fashions and popularities of the day, naturally became the classic models for musical students. Palestrina, Bach and Handel especially so.

Now some are narrow and pedantic enough to limit the term classical to these, and to think nothing sound which wanders far from them. They forget that genuine Art must have *two* attributes: one is learning, but the other is inspiration, genius; one may be acquired, the other cannot. Bach, and Handel, and the later names whom we call classical, were all men of genius; if they have all met in certain common principles of Art, because all so profoundly true to nature, which is one in all its infinite variety, still they have each wrought from a decided individuality of genius. Mere imitation of their form and manner cannot make one classical; for what makes the models themselves classical, is that they imitated no one, but sought the real laws of art, whether in the labors of their predecessors and masters, or in

new experiments of their own. They made nature, art, the soul, God, their master.

This element of genius admitted, together with the perpetual change of circumstances, local and historical, and we see that the term "classical," to preserve any good and worthy meaning, must constantly extend its arms and take in wider and wider varieties. It is absurd to limit it to a certain number of old masters, and to later copyists of them. Thus we approximate by a negative process to a clear and sensible use of the term. But we must rest here, hoping that the first resumption of the journey will take us more rapidly to the goal.

[The following was received last week just too late for publication.]

To the Editor of the Journal of Music.

Permit me, dear Sir, a brief space to say in reply to the correspondent in your last number, what you have indeed already been kind enough to say for me, that in the paragraph relating to the Euharmonic Organ, it was by no means my design to speak disparagingly of that which may well be called a remarkable instrument: and I regret to find that my language should have conveyed the impression that I was over "anxious to stay the progress of supposed innovation," or unwilling "to give due credit to honest attempts successfully accomplished." Without taking up your room at present, for a more full explanation, let me state that my intention was simply to speak of the instrument as a memorable invention; and in asserting that its pretensions were of a high and extraordinary character, I was not aware that I went beyond the limits of truth. The impressions I had gathered with regard to its probable or possible results, which I have spoken of as the *claims* set forth by its friends, (I might, no doubt, have more prudently said "some of its friends,") were in fact derived from a gentleman who, besides being a mathematical and theoretical as well as a practical musician, of high attainments, is a personal friend of the inventor, and of his work: who believes that the true theory of music is yet to be written, and that this instrument is destined particularly to illustrate it: hence, as might aptly be said, to throw upon music a "new and marvellous light."

I repeat, I regret that any of my language was so unguarded as to be susceptible of an interpretation unfair to the ingenious and estimable inventor, but still more that any "Lover of Pure Harmony" should have felt compelled, in any event, to hold out to me the unpleasant alternative of having made a "deliberate mis-statement."

Yours, SAMUEL JENNISON, Jr.

June 25th, 1852.

Crawford's Virginia Monument.

A letter in the *Algemeine Zeitung* from Munich, dated June 7th, says: "Last week the sculptor CRAWFORD, of New York, was here to see the place where his great work for the State of Virginia is to be executed, and to make arrangements as to the time when it shall be finished. This work will undoubtedly be one of the greatest which the present day has produced, and it is a token of the high reputation of the royal bronze foundry of Munich, that even in North America it receives the preference before all other similar establishments in the old world. Mr. Crawford

openly said, that the manner in which King Louis had prepared the soil for Art here, had gained the whole world's confidence in the artistic industry of Munich.

"The monument, whose execution is entrusted to Crawford by the State of Virginia, and which is to stand in the capital of that State, Richmond, is a group of statues with WASHINGTON as the central figure. The ground-plan forms a circle of sixty-four feet diameter, on the periphery of which, upon six cubes, are to be placed the same number of colossal eagles.

"Steps lead to the second story, the ground-plan of which is a six-cornered star, the emblem of the United States, upon whose projections will be placed the statues, twelve feet high, of Virginia's great men, who distinguished themselves in the Revolution, viz.: "Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Marshall, Generals Henry Lee and Andrew Allen, and the jurist George Mason. In the middle of this star rises a lofty granite cube, with bas-reliefs and inscriptions, on which the equestrian statue of WASHINGTON, eighteen feet high, has its place; so that the entire monument will be sixty feet high. The statue of Henry is already in the hands of the 'former';—indeed Crawford found the head already cast. He was present also on Saturday at a great casting (the *Quadrige* for the *Siegesthor*) and had an opportunity of convincing himself of the certainty and accuracy with which work here goes on. The statue of Jefferson is finished in the model and will immediately be here. Mr. Crawford has returned to Rome, where he has made the entire model."

Novel Effects in French Opera.

As specimens of the height to which the straining for effect is carried by the modern, especially the French composers, we translate a couple of descriptions from M. Fétis's eulogistic analysis of Halevy's "Wandering Jew," now all the rage in Paris.

1. A SWARM OF BEES.

The first describes the introduction of a Ballet, quite out of the ordinary course of a *pas de deux* or *de trois*, and rivalling apparently the ravishing picture of the bees in Virgil's *Georgics*.

"It is these swarms of bees, hovering without object, sporting in the air, forgetting their honey-combs and abandoning their solitary hives, which the poet and composer have taken for the subject of their *divertissement*; the bees are represented by light young girls, whose elegant *corsage* suggests the colors and lines in the body of the winged insect. The shepherd Aristæus tries to fix them by throwing flowers across their path, but in vain. Then he does not have recourse to the clanging cymbals of Cybele:

"——Matris quate cymbala circum,

which would not have a very good effect in music; but he lets a ravishing melody be heard by the sounds of an oboe, to which M. Verroust gives charm enough to operate the miracle.

"Nothing could be happier than the theme and instrumental combination imagined by Halevy for the entrance of the bees upon the stage. This theme, written for alto and three violoncello parts, muted and *pianissimo*, imitates the buzzing of a swarm in the most poetical manner. Meanwhile the violins, also muted, give out little groups of notes of a perfect lightness. All this

is ingenious. Then the violoncello sings a beautiful melody accompanied by passages of the violins, holding notes in the bass wind instruments, and tremolos in the alto, of a very happy effect; after which the first movement returns." . . .

2. NEW BRASS INSTRUMENTS.

"After this original ballet, the finale commences with a march, to which the grandees of the empire move to present their respects and their loyal vows to the empress. This march is executed by fifteen brass instruments of a new system, but in an antique form, designed and manufactured by M. SAX. These instruments, to which the inventor has given the name of *Sax-Tubas*, are combined in the following manner:

- | | | |
|---|----------|-------------------------|
| 1 | Sax-tuba | in B flat (octave), |
| 1 | " | in E flat soprano, |
| 4 | " | in B flat contralto, |
| 3 | " | in E flat alto-tenor, |
| 2 | " | in B flat baritone, |
| 2 | " | in B flat bass, |
| 1 | " | in E flat contra-basso, |
| 1 | " | in B flat contra-basso. |

"The form of M. Sax's *tuba* is borrowed from the figures which we see upon Trajan's pillar at Rome. With the Romans, this instrument was sometimes called *tuba*, sometimes *buccina* and even *are recurvo*, because it was curved in such a manner that the large part, after passing under the arm of the musician, repassed over his shoulder and presented the bell in front. The advantage of this form, for power of sound in the open air, is that it avoids the elbows, which impair the free propagation of the sonorous waves. Nothing can give an idea of the volume of sound produced by these new acoustic contrivances of the intelligent maker, to whom we owe already so many beautiful inventions. The contra-bassos in E flat and B flat possess an unheard of power. This latter instrument, very easy to play, has *forty-eight feet* of development in its tube, with a conical diameter well proportioned. It is the giant, the mammoth of the species.

"As I have just said, the *Sax-tubas*, whose sound is at once shrill and prodigiously voluminous, are destined for music in the open air, in great solemnities; but their effect in a close hall had not been sufficiently calculated. At the first representation of *Le Juif errant*, their impression was formidable and out of proportion with the sonorous mass of the orchestra of the Opera. Such was the talk throughout the hall; but in subsequent representations the musicians put dampers on their lungs, and the effect, although still very powerful, perfectly harmonized with the rest of the instrumentation.

"While I am upon the inventions of M. Sax, let me say a few words of the piece in *Le Juif errant* in which Halevy has introduced a quatuor of *Saxophones*, whose sympathetic sonorousness produces an excellent effect. The combination consists of one *soprano* Saxophone in B flat, two *alto* Saxophones, and a *bass* Saxophone in C, played by M. Sax himself. This first experiment in concerted music of a new instrument, to which there is nothing analogous, has shown that effects hitherto unknown may be drawn from it for the Symphony."

Our thanks are due to Mr. A. WILLIAMS, of the firm of Redding & Co., our worthy agents, for his beautiful Map of New England, on which are clearly laid down all the railroad and telegraph lines, completed or begun. It has also a table showing the time and cost of construction and the number of miles of each. A very useful map, most carefully and artistically executed.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL. Favored by the long continued fine weather, the new Music Hall advances very rapidly towards completion. The roof is now on and covered in. The raising this gigantic frame-work to a height of seventy feet was an interesting spectacle. The corridors are entirely plastered, and the interior of the hall and lecture-room fired throughout. The masons have gained between twenty and thirty days on their contract, and there is now no reason to doubt that the building will be ready for its uses on the 15th of November. Many applications have been already received for its occupancy, here and from abroad, and every effort will be made to avoid disappointment in the promised time of opening. We understand it is in contemplation to open and dedicate it with a grand musical festival.

Next week we will give some particulars regarding the very convenient and luxurious arrangements of the orchestra, the *Auditorium*, &c.

THE OPERA HOUSE PROJECT. The newspaper report that a site had been selected at the corner of Washington street and Hayward place, seems to have been premature. The estate cannot be had. And we think most of our music-lovers will not regret the loss. So noisy, close and crowded a locality would ill suit the quiet artistic uses of the theatre required, especially in summer, when windows must be open, and when too, we trust there would be afternoon performances occasionally.

GERMANIA SERENADE BAND. The third summer afternoon concert was a decided improvement on its predecessors. The orchestra (no longer styled the "string department" in the programmes) had been enlarged, so that there were three first and three second violins. Mr. Ryan played the tenor. The gem of the entertainment was the first and last movements of Haydn's Symphony in E flat, a quite elaborate composition of surpassing beauty. It was finely rendered, and we hope to hear it repeated, with all the movements. Indeed this little orchestra need not shrink from an entire symphony, so long as they avoid those of the more massive and gigantic build. The overture to *Euryanthe* was highly interesting, though not in all parts so firm and clear as it would become with more practice. Mr. EICHLER's solo on the viola was a pleasing and artistic performance; the tone of the instrument (which we never heard before in solo) was peculiarly sweet and rich and honest, the execution neat and expressive, and the piece, a fantasia by Mr. Eckhardt on that fine tenor air from *Der Freyschütz*: "Through the forest, through the meadow," was of uncommon merit.

MUSICAL CONVENTIONS. We understand that the "Philharmonic Institute," under the direction of Messrs. B. F. BAKER and A. N. JOHNSON, will hold its annual session in this city early in August, either at the Melodeon or Hall of the Lowell Institute.

Mr. LOWELL MASON will attend the Birmingham Festival in September, which will delay his return to this country until October. We greatly regret to hear that it is a matter of considerable doubt whether the Convention, which has grown up under the auspices of himself and Mr. WEBB, can have its session this year. The loss of the Tremont Temple makes an additional obstacle.

New York.

The second concert of ALBONI was as successful as the first. Yet little that is new appears in the notices and criticisms thereof. All agree that she is a most finished artist, with a most luxurious voice, who has no affectation, trick or nonsense about her, and no great depth or spirituality. We should infer that her genius lay much in the Rossini vein, the refined sensuous, something as genuine as it is brilliant, though not the highest. It is intimated that she will give one more concert before the dog-star rages. — Madame *Fleury Joly* and the French *Opera Comique* still draw at Niblo's. — SONTAG, as it appears by a letter from Lowell Mason in the *Musical World*, is certainly coming in the autumn. — The wealthy citizens residing around Madison Park have engaged the noble new band of the Seventh Regiment to play there two evenings in the week throughout the Summer. This band consists of forty instruments, and

embraces some of the best German musicians in the city. Such an example should be followed in all the cities.

OLE BULL suddenly parted company with the GERMANIANS and JAELL in Canada, and has gone on private business to Virginia. The others have succeeded, without him, in delighting the people of Kingston, Toronto, &c., and were announced at Buffalo. A paper of that city, in heralding their coming, goes in for the "classical," as follows:

"Be it remembered that this is no band of strolling catch-pennies, but a gathering of born and sternly educated musical ability. We recollect listening to their performances a twelvemonth ago, and the strains still haunt our hearts. We speak for the 'Panorama of Broadway' (!) and the 'Railroad Overture' (!) to begin with."

England.

THE WAGNER CASE. According to the Hamburg *Freysschutz*, letters have been received from Franlein Johanna Wagner, by her mother, who is now staying in Hamburg with her married daughter, in which hopes are expressed, that through the mediation of certain influential persons, the fatal feud between Lumley and Gye will be so far made up, that she will be able to sing for both. For the interest of the Songstress this is certainly to be wished.

FIVE THOUSAND CHILDREN'S VOICES.—MEETING OF THE CHARITY SCHOOLS. The anniversary meeting of the charity children, consisting of deputations from the various schools in the metropolis and its vicinity, took place on the 5th, in the nave of St. Paul's Cathedral. The number of children assembled amounted to between 5000 and 6000, which, with the congregation, consisting of a still larger multitude, formed a very imposing spectacle. . . . The ceremony consisted, as usual, of full cathedral service. . . .

"What has always been the theme of admiration to foreign musicians and connoisseurs (from Haydn of old to Berlioz of the present day) in the anniversary meetings of the schools, is the children's song in unison. This was yesterday as solemn and impressive as ever—most especially in the Hundredth Psalm, a tune which, in its particular style, is incomparable. In the Psalms, the 'Gloria Patri' was also remarkably well sung, accompanied by the trumpet and drums, as well as by the organ. . . . In some passages we have never heard the children sing so well as on Thursday. In the anthem of Handel, they gave the frequently recurring unison phrase on the words, 'God save the King, may the King live forever,' with magnificent force, precision, and intonation—qualities preserved wholly unimpaired even up to F sharp, upon which the climax of the emphasis occurs. Anything more sublime than this, as a simple and unaffected effect of musical sounds, could hardly be imagined. The responses, in the *preces* of Tallis, were also given with great solemnity and faultless precision by the children, whose multitude of young and unworn voices it was refreshing to hear. . . . Among the choir were observed, in surplices, M.M. Berlioz, Joachim, Osborne, and other well-known musicians, the value of whose exertions, although not professed singers, was by no means to be underrated. Mr. Bates was, as usual, the conductor."—*London Mus. World*.

OPERA—HER MAJESTY'S. Cruvelli's Amina is praised by the *Morning Chronicle* for its great originality:

"There are various readings, by our leading vocalists, of the peasant girl's part. . . . According to her requirements, a *prima donna* renders Amina a heroic sufferer, and a sort of lyrical virgin martyr, or an affectionate little rustic, astonished that she should be ill-treated who never ill-treated anybody. And a third leading lady gives us a mere fancy-ball peasant, who is plebeian only in costume, and who glances, smiles, and trills as the original would do before a grand piano in the midst of a distinguished circle, with a duke holding her gloves, and an ambassador her fan. All are very delightful personations; and what is more to the purpose, Bellini's music in each case receives the amplest justice. We give Mdlle. Cruvelli all praise for having walked away from all three readings. . . .

"Her Amina, as we have intimated, is neither a heroine, a simpleton, nor a lady. A village maiden is seldom one of the three. Cruvelli has probably studied her Amina on the green turf of one of the villages of her own country, and among the best class of the peasant girls who meet to dance in the cool evening, after their own and their lovers' work is over.

"The Amina of Mdlle. Cruvelli is warm-hearted and impulsive—energetic, but not with mere stage energy, but with that of a loving and intelligent nature, surprised and grieved, and eager to have justice done to itself by those on whom its affections centre. It is not what is called an 'interesting' personation—there is too much truthfulness about it to enable it to claim that amiable commonplace of landation. But it is not melodramatic, in the unfavorable sense of a misused word, and is as decidedly a work of art as her noble *Fidelio* or her magnificent *Norma*."

Of her Leonora in *Fidelio* the *Musical World* says:

"Cruvelli literally sang and acted better than ever in Leonora. The delight of the *cognoscenti* was expressed in unmistakable terms, while that of the general public was unanimous and unbounded. For our own parts, we were never so thoroughly satisfied with Sofie Cruvelli, never so thoroughly convinced of her greatness. . . . Not only the public is with her, but the entire press—at least all the 'better brothers' thereof—and if there be an exception, it only proves the rule. Sofie Cruvelli's *Fidelio*, on Tuesday night, was a grand, complete, and powerful performance, and, as we have hinted, was more finished and decided than ever. The 'Hope' song was exquisitely given, and the points in the grand trio in the second act were rendered with irresistible force. The B and C in alt were taken and sustained with a certainty and tone equal to a cornet-à-piston."

In *Don Pasquale* Madame LA GRANGE twice created a *furor* by singing Schulhoff's *Mazurka*, a thing difficult enough to play on the piano. CRUVELLI did a similar feat by introducing into the *Barbiere* "Rode's Air and Variations." Cruvelli plainly is the star at Lumley's; she was soon to appear in *Otello*, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, in the *Huguenots*;—in the last supported by Madame LA GRANGE, Mdlle. ANGRI, LABLACHE, FERLOTTI, BELLETTI, GARDONI and CALZOLARI—truly a remarkable caste!

At the ROYAL ITALIAN, they have had *Il Flauto Magico* again, *Lucrezia Borgia*, "The Martyrs," and *Robert le Diable*, in which Mme. JULLIEN'S Alice made a great impression, TAMBERLIK "sang splendidly," and CASTELLAN'S Isabella was "lady-like and striking." Since which, the *Puritani*, the "Elixir of Love," &c.; and Spohr's *Faust* is in preparation, with CASTELLAN, TAMBERLIK, RONCONI and FORMES. Jullien's new opera, "Peter the Great" will speedily follow.

BOSIO and BETTINI. "Vivian" in the *Leader* says:

"Signor Bettini, a robust, or rather robustness, tenor, made his appearance at Her Majesty's, in *Ernani*, with mediocre success. Not much more can be said of Mdlle. Agiolina Bosio, who appeared at the Royal Italian Opera, in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, without exciting more than tepid enthusiasm. She is pretty, graceful and at ease on the stage. Her voice agreeable, though uncertain in its intonation, her execution facile without brilliancy."

We subjoin some more opinions:

"Mme. Bosio made a favorable impression throughout, always excepting the case of the flood of ambitious *floriture* with which she deluged her last air, and in which she over-taxed both her facility of execution and her powers of endurance. In other respects her performance was dramatically very lively and agreeable, and vocally pleasing and even, without being particularly startling. Mme. Bosio's voice is a softly-toned soprano, of moderate compass and power, destitute of *timbre*, but round and flutey in tone, and used with good method and very fair facility. As a comic artist she shows decided talent, and was indeed, so far as *Adina* went, a mistress of the craft. Her first song over, she seemed as much at home as though a veteran on the Covent-garden boards, and acted with a playful sprightliness and a perfect command of stage business which denoted long and steady practice. Her best points were the sprightly and *quasi*-sentimental airs with which the part is studded, and which she gave with great sweetness and vocal finish."—*Chronicle*.

"We doubt whether it would not have gone off rather more coldly with a keener audience. Her voice possesses considerable sweetness and delicacy, and has been carefully cultivated, but evinces tokens of 'wear and tear' in some of the upper notes where employed in *sostenuto* passages. Her best successes were achieved in those passages where taste and feeling are called for rather than brilliant display. Her acting as the Italian village coquette was exceedingly pleasing and seemed to take with the house."—*Advertiser*.

"Mme. Bosio, as *Adina*, ought never to have been presented in that part as the successor of Viardot and Mme. Castellan. Mme. Bosio has a pure Italian style of singing, but there is no *timbre* in the voice, her intonation is defective, and her comedy is too stiff and frigid for the adequate assumption of the village coquette. The *tremolo* of a fatigued organ became painfully palpable in the "Prendi per me," in which her ambition in vocal flights was great, but her means of accomplishment too limited to be successful.

"BETTINI has a tall commanding figure, and a very powerful chest voice; but as an actor lacks intelligence, and as a singer has little taste and less refinement. Bettini was taken prematurely from Italy to sing at the Grand Opera in Paris; and his transatlantic travels have certainly not improved his style. Tenors, however, of the class to which Bettini belongs, even if that class be not the first, are of use, if not of value, in a theatre, in lyric works, in which a very strong organ with lasting powers is exacted. In the concerted pieces of 'Ernani,' requiring immense physical exertion, he successfully vied with Mdlle. Cruvelli's *Elvira*."—*Illustrated News*.

"A new *Prima Donna*, Mme. Bosio, made her debut last night in the part of *Adina*. She made a very favorable impression, and promises to be an acquisition to the

theatre. She is a pretty little woman, and in her picturesque Italian costume looked the rustic coquette to admiration. She was what the French call *gentille*, mingling natural grace and refinement with the sauciness which belongs to the character. Her singing, too, was exceedingly agreeable. Her voice has not much power, but it is sweet and tunable, and her style has the elegance and polish of a good musician. She was warmly applauded and her success was decided."—*London Daily News*.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The sixth and last concert took place on the 9th. We quote from the notice of the *London Times*.

"The programme was as follows:—

PART I.
Choral Symphony (No. 9), . . . Beethoven.
PART II.
Selection from Cantata, . . . Dr. Wylde.
Fragments from 'Faust,' . . . Hector Berlioz.
Solo Piano Forte, Mad. Pleyel, . . . Liszt.
Chorus, 'Blessed be the Home,' . . . Benedict.
Overture, (Jubilee), . . . Weber.
Conductor—M. Hector Berlioz.

"The repetition of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with chorus, was justified by its success at a previous concert. The performance was even better than before—the best, in short, we have ever heard of this stupendous work. The chorus was perfect throughout, both in decision and intonation; and even the almost impossible solo voice parts, with rare exceptions, were sung with undeviating correctness by Madame Clara Novello, Miss Williams, Herr Reichart, and Herr Staudigl. The orchestra merits unqualified praise. The execution of the three instrumental movements was faultless. The Symphony created the same enthusiasm as at the last performance. Not the least merit of M. Berlioz is that of having been instrumental in making such a work—the grandest inspiration of the chief master of the orchestra—intelligible and acceptable to the general public. Upwards of 2,000 persons listened to the choral Symphony last night, at Exeter Hall, with the strictest and most unremitting attention, and at the end of each movement gave vent to their delight in loud and prolonged cheering; after which M. Berlioz was called for and vociferously applauded. . . .

"The next feature of interest in the concert was the selection from the lyrical drama of *Faust*. The last great work of Berlioz, *La Damnation de Faust* (composed during a tour in Germany), has been placed by philosophical critics at the head of all the productions of its author. . . . The pieces selected were a pastoral and air of Faust, alone in the meadows; a rondo and chorus of shepherds; a recitative of Faust; the *Marche Hongroise*, another recitative of Faust; and a chorus and dance of sylphs and gnomes. Some of these were presented four years ago, when M. Berlioz was musical director at Drurylane Theatre, under the management of M. Jullien. The impression they then produced was of no common nature; but last night they created a *furor* in the fullest sense of the term. Even in the fragments given there were so many beauties of the highest order, that the sternest sceptic could hardly be cold enough to deny the claims of M. Berlioz as a composer of imagination—a musical painter, in short. We should be sorry to be so constituted as to listen unmoved to the pastoral introduction in the air of Faust, in the meadows—to the prelude in the air of Mephistopheles—to the chorus of sylphs and gnomes—to the orchestral waltz, which follows it—and last, not least, to the overwhelming *Marche Hongroise*. The charm of these, it is true, depends in a great measure upon the marvellous instrumentation in which M. Berlioz has clothed them; but not altogether, since exquisite fancy, flowing, natural, and expressive melody, and strong dramatic coloring abound in every movement. If, as some pretend, the effects produced by M. Berlioz are not 'musical,' we are sorry for it. We feel bound to assert, without hesitation, that he is a true poet, and that it is impossible to hear his compositions without being deeply interested, and impressed by the memory of them for a long time afterwards. If what M. Berlioz writes be not music, so much the worse for music, since it proves that the ear may be delighted, the intelligence enchaind, and the feelings moved by something which, though conveyed through the medium of sound, is independent of the art which claims melody and harmony as its elements. Let us at once, however, disclaim any such opinion, and own, on the contrary, that, so far as we are capable of judging, M. Berlioz is one of the most original and gifted of musicians."

The *Times* makes some complaint that the Society did not fulfil all its promises, as to bringing out Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* and the finished parts of his opera, *Loreley*; but concludes with: "We may fairly say that, with the single exception of the Royal Italian Opera, no musical institution in this country has ever been inaugurated more auspiciously than the New Philharmonic Society."

VIEUXTEMPS and MME. PLEYEL. The first appearance of one of the greatest performers on the violin, conferred a special interest on the extra *matinée* given on Tuesday by Mr. Ella. M. Vieuxtemps having surpassed his immediate predecessor, De Bériot, by a long distance, must now be regarded as the veritable chief of

the Belgian school, which many consider the first of all. The progress made by the violin since the time of Paganini is, in a very large measure, due to him. Like his German cotemporary, Ernst, M. Vieuxtemps is not only an accomplished executant, but an admirable composer for his instrument. Although still young, his works are received as models, and already belong to the classic repertory. For volume and fine quality of tone, grandeur of bowing, invariable exactness of intonation, and thorough command of every requisite of perfect mechanism, M. Vieuxtemps has no superior. In that which more particularly appertains to the intellectual part of his art, he is scarcely less distinguished. His reading of the great composers is masterly. Not so much remarkable for mere grace as for elegance and breadth of phrasing, there is, in his style, a prevalent simplicity which, accompanied and elevated by the soundest judgment, carries with it a legitimate and irresistible charm. M. Vieuxtemps is never either common-place or exaggerated in his expression, and though he may not so frequently transport his audience to enthusiasm as one or two of his cotemporaries, few, if indeed any, leave the ear and the judgment so thoroughly satisfied as he at the end of a performance. M. Vieuxtemps played twice on Tuesday—a solo of his own composition, in which his wonderful powers of execution were exhibited with remarkable effect, and Beethoven's violin sonata in F, with piano forte (Op. 23.) The sonata was, perhaps, the most perfect musical treat which Mr. Ella has provided for his subscribers during the present season. Supported at the piano forte by Madame Pleyel, who in strictly classical music, as in the brilliant fantasias of the modern school, is equally unrivalled, M. Vieuxtemps was entirely at his ease, and the result was a performance as faultless as it was exciting. Had Beethoven taken the pains to indicate by signs in his sonata every shade of expression, every effect of *ritardando* and *accelerando*, every little grace of manner, in short, the whole catalogue of minute points that constitute what is termed 'style' in the performance of a musical work, he could scarcely have differed in any essential point from the reading adopted by Mme. Pleyel. (!) Disdaining, as she invariably does, the frigid indifference of performers who think the precise delivery of the written notes all that is absolutely required, the accomplished pianist, while adhering to the text, gave full play to her imagination, (!) and imparted to each movement a distinct character. The *allegro* was flowing and simple; the slow movement the perfection of sentiment; the *finale* playful, brilliant, and charmingly varied. The understanding between the two great performers was perfect; the expression of one was echoed by that of the other, and from beginning to end there was an intimate alliance of feeling, which gave to the exquisite music of Beethoven its fullest and most varied meaning. No two artists, indeed, could be better assorted to each other than Madame Pleyel and M. Vieuxtemps.—*London Times*, 10th.

MR. OTTO DRESEL. This gentleman, for some time resident in New York, and one of the most genial and fond interpreters of Chopin's delicate music, has recently given a *matinée* in London. He had just arrived from Germany with many new compositions. The attendance (at the Beethoven Rooms) was so crowded that "one-third of the audience were in the lobbies and on the staircases." He produced a trio and a quartet, assisted by the great violinist, Joachim, and others. These compositions, according to the *Times*, showed decided cleverness, but originality and fluency of ideas were wanting. Six of his own German songs too were sung, two by Mr. Swift and four by Mlle. Jetty Treffz. One, a "Serenade," was quite successful.—Besides his own works, Mr. Dresel played with Charles Hallé, two piano forte duets, by Schumann and Mendelssohn; and a masterly performance of Sebastian Bach's *Chaconne* for the violin (with piano accompaniment by Mendelssohn) by Herr Joachim, completed the programme.

OLD PHILHARMONIC. Seventh Concert. Another of those immensely solid programmes. Two Symphonies: Mozart's in G minor and Beethoven's in D, No. 2. Two Concertos: by Beethoven and Spohr. Two Overtures: *Oberon* and *Tell*. All admirably played, besides vocal pieces (by Castellan, Formes and Gardoni), of which, says the *Times*, "the less said the better." The next programme is to include a new Symphony by the celebrated Ferdinand Hiller.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVALS. There will be four this year. 1. At Oxford, Sir H. R. Bishop, Director, on the 22d, 23d and 24th of June. 2. At Birmingham, under Costa, on the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of September. 3. That of the three choirs at Hereford, under the cathedral organist, Mr. Townshend Smith, on the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th of September. 4. The Norwich and Norfolk Festival under Benedict, on the 21st, 22d, 23d and 24th of September; where will be produced two new oratorios (Dr. Bexfield's "Israel Restored," and Mr. Pierson's "Jerusalem.") At Birmingham, Mendelssohn's *Loreley*.

MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT was present on the 15th at the "Musical Union," when VIEUXTEMPS played Tartini's *Sonata del Diavolo*. (Tartini, who died in 1770, declared that he founded this Sonata on a dream, in which he heard *il Diavolo* play the violin with masterly skill.)

Madame GOLDSCHMIDT and Mlle. WAGNER, were both present the same evening at the St. James's Theatre, to witness the German theatricals.

Count Rossi, the husband of SONTAG, was in London, and the "Teutonic syren" herself soon expected.

Paris.

A NEW FEMALE VIOLINIST. The *Gazette* celebrates Mlle. DESIRÉE FRERY, a young girl of sixteen, who plays the violin remarkably, both as to execution and to musical sentiment, and calls her "the charming echo of the violinists Alard, Bazzini, De Beriot, Ernst, Haumann, Leonard, Vieuxtemps, and better still, of Milanollo." She holds her instrument gracefully and pleases at first sight. She is a pretty and *piquante* brunette; and in spite of her black hair buckled à la Ninon de Lenelos and her childish manner, there is an air of good breeding and no affectation in the precocious virtuoso. She is the pupil of Haumann and De Beriot and obtained the first prize at the Conservatoire of Brussels. "Her easy bowing, her brilliant trill, her *staccato*, her truth of intonation even in double stops, her elegant, pure and sympathetic style, make her, if not the rival, at least the sister of Teresa Milanollo; one might say he saw revived in her the young Maria Milanollo, snatched from Art so prematurely."

M. HABERBIER. The Central Bureau of Music has purchased and is soon to publish the New Method, just completed by this pianist, who seems gaining ground in Paris. The book will be entitled: *New Fingerings: an Appendix to the Piano Forte Methods*.

GRAND OPERA. No change of programme. Always the *Juif Errant*, always the same crowd and splendor. Roger, the tenor, was to leave for Germany, and Gueymard to return from London to supply his place. Massol and Tedesco would remain some time longer. By the end of May *Le Juif* had been given seventeen times.

Rossini's *Moïse* and Verdi's *Jerusalem* were in rehearsal for the summer.

MME. LABORDE had been singing with much success at Metz. After the rehearsal of *Une Soupe d'une Nuit d'Elé*, in which she was to make her last appearance, the artists of the theatre, orchestra and chorists, went with enthusiasm to offer her a serenade.

Italy.

ROME. The *Miserere* of Allegri was sung at the Sixtine Chapel in Holy Week. Although these old religious works have no *pianos*, *fortes*, *crescendos*, &c., indicated, yet the traditional style of delivery, founded by Baini, is so well preserved that they are still executed with the same perfection as ever.

VERONA. A new *Opera buffa*, called *Il Parrucchiere della Reggenza*, by maestro Pedrotti, on whom the Italians found hopes, was brought out with brilliant success. The young composer was called out more than thirty times! The principal singers were Rebusini, Neri, and Zucchini.

MILAN. The maestro Antoni Traversari had returned, to write an opera to a libretto of Peruzzini, entitled: *Maritana*.—There was also at Milan, the maestro Nini, author of *La Morescialla d'Ancre* and several other operas.

FLORENCE. Marcello's *Miserere* was performed at the Institute of St. Catherine. The public were ravished by the sweet beauties of this *chef-d'œuvre*. Choruses, song, accompaniment, all seemed sublime.

MANTUA. A new opera, *Talio*, by maestro Lucio Campiavi, was successful.

MONACO. Spontini's *Festale*, which had not been heard for many years, was brought out on the 10th of May. The public, cold to the *Prophète* and the *Enfant Prodigue*, was enthusiastic about the sublime beauties of Spontini's masterpiece.

Advertisements.

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BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

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[From "Lectures and Miscellanies," by HENRY JAMES.]

On Universality in Art.

The sphere of Art properly so called, is the sphere of man's spontaneous productivity. I say his spontaneous productivity, in order to distinguish it on the one hand from his *natural* productivity, or that which is prompted by his physical necessities; and on the other from his moral productivity, or that which is prompted by his obligations to other men. Thus the sphere of Art embraces all those products of human genius, which do not confess the parentage either of necessity or duty. It covers whatsoever is produced without any external constraint, any constraint imposed by the exigencies either of our physical or social subsistence. We do not call the shoemaker an artist, because we know very well that he is animated in his vocation not by any inward attraction to it, not by any overmastering love of making shoes, but simply by the desire of making a living for himself and his family. What prompts him to work is not any spontaneous and irrepressible delight in it, any such delight as makes the work its own reward, but simply a feeling of obligation to himself and his family. He makes no shoe for the pure pleasure of making it, but because he would so put bread into the mouths of his family. Thus his productivity, being enforced both by necessity and duty, being enforced by the necessity of providing for himself and the duty of providing for those whom society makes dependent on him, is not spontaneous or free, does not in other words obey an internal attraction, and consequently falls utterly without the sphere of Art. The shoemaker is not an Artist. He is only an Artisan or Workman.

It is evident from this analysis then that Art does not simply imply production, but production

of a certain order. It implies as I have already said, spontaneous production, or production which is energized from within the producer, and not by his physical or social necessities. And now that I may remove all manner of ambiguity or obscurity from the subject, let me explain to you exactly what is meant by spontaneity in man, exactly what is meant by his spontaneous action.

All action is the product of two forces or elements, one internal which we call its end or object; the other external which we call its means or subject. No action is possible unless it enjoy this double parentage, unless it proceed from a certain generative or paternal end, through a certain formative or maternal means. Here for example is an action. I place my hat on my head. This action acknowledges the congress or conjoint parentage of two elements, one originating or begetting, the other mediating or serving: namely, 1. A desire in me to protect my head from the weather; 2. An obedient physical organization. Were it not for the first element here, which was my desire to protect my head from the weather, the second element, which is my physical organization, would have remained inert, and the action accordingly would not have taken place.

Now the first or propagative element of this action, is denominated its object; the second or instrumental element is denominated its subject. Such is the invariable genesis of action, that its objective element or the object *for* which the action is done, bears the relation of father to it; and its subjective element, or the means *by* which it is done, bears the relation of mother.

You perfectly perceive then that all action properly so called embodies two elements, one internal and generative, which we denominate its end or object, the other external and formative which we denominate its means or subject.

Now such being the nature of all action, it is the precise peculiarity of spontaneous action that it always makes the object fall *within* the subject, that it never allows the object to lie out of or beyond the subject's self. I call this the peculiarity or distinction of spontaneous action, because both natural and moral action exhibit an exactly contrary order. They both place the object of the action without the subject, make the object external to the subject. When I act spontaneously the object or motive of my action lies within myself who am the subject of it: when I act simply naturally, much more when I act merely morally, the object or motive of my action lies without myself: that is to say in the one case, the object is my external physical organization; in the other case, it is my fellow-man.

Invention fulfils all the conditions of æsthetic activity. A work of Art is that which is complete in itself, which involves its own end, or presents the perfect unity of object and subject. Thus in the case in question — the invention of shoes — the human feet are unclad. They need a protection against the elements, but such a protection as shall not impair the natural vigor and freedom of

the foot. Now in performing this work, my object, or that which generates and governs my activity, is a certain idea or conception within my own mind. If the result perfectly express this idea or mental conception, the work will be complete in itself, will be a work of Art. The shoe may not fit any actual foot of man, yet this circumstance will not affect its æsthetic merit. My design was not to fit a shoe to a particular foot: that is the business of the shoemaker or artisan: but to give outward form or body to an inward idea. If I do this, then I have done a perfect work, a work of Art, whether the actual result be or be not available to a particular use.

Now what the artisan or shoemaker does, is merely to adapt my invention to a particular foot. He seizes the universal idea to which I have given embodiment, and applies it to a specific use. He does not invent a newform; he merely moulds an existing and universal form to a particular exigency. Thus his activity is imperfect, is not complete in itself. If his shoe does not fit the foot it is intended for, it is made in vain, since it was made not for its own sake like my shoe, but for the sake of that particular foot which after all it does not fit.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean to deny the existence of every degree of skill in the workman. I only mean to deny that the highest skill constitutes what men call Art. The Artist is oftentimes extremely deficient in skill, or mere executive talent; in other words he is often unhappily a very poor artisan. Talent or skill belongs to the artisan. It may abound in one man, and be extremely defective in another, so that one shall properly be called a good workman and the other a poor one. But we do not talk of a good Artist, or a poor Artist. For Art is positive, claiming a substantive majesty, and begging all adjectives to set forth its praise. The Artist is not the man who paints a landscape or a portrait better than any other man. It is not the man who writes a better poem, or builds a more symmetric edifice than another. It is not the man of any specific mode of industry or productive action. It is simply the man who in all these modes works from an ideal, works to produce or bring forth in tangible form some conception of use or beauty with which not his memory but his inmost soul is aglow.

Thus in estimating a work of Art, you would seek to ascertain how far its genetic idea or mental conception had been fulfilled, how far in other words the sentiment of the piece impressed you. It may be that Salvator paints trees more accurately than Poussin. This proves not that Poussin was not a true disciple of Art, but only that Salvator was a better workman, a more faithful reproducer of nature. For all this, Poussin may impress you with a much deeper feeling of Art than the other. His pictures may be much fuller of sentiment, may be a far ampler revelation of beauty to the soul. For Art does not lie in copying nature. Nature only furnishes the Artist with the material by means of which to ex-

press a beauty still unexpressed in nature. He beholds in nature more than nature herself holds or is conscious of. His informing eye it is which gives her that soul of beauty, that profoundly human meaning, which alone keeps her from being burdensome to the spirit. Nature *rules* only in the young and immature, only where the sensuous imagination still predominates. She is the menial of the Artist, or if that word seem too harsh, she is his nimble and airy servitor eager to do his royal bidding. She is simply the platform or theatre for the revelation of that infinite and divine beauty which dwells in the soul of man, and makes itself visible in all his spontaneous action. Hence nature should never predominate in the realm of Art, but only serve. And accordingly no one ever employs a painter to reproduce upon the walls of his chamber the actual landscape which smiles before its windows. For no one wishes to see nature merely imitated or reproduced. He wishes to see it imaging a nobler beauty, a subtler ideal charm, than his eyes have yet beheld. Therefore he imports a foreign sky to adorn his parlors, and finds in the sunny meads and terraced cliffs of other lands, a delight unexhausted by his past experience.

[Translated from the German of HOFFMANN.]

RITTER GLUCK.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE YEAR 1809.

The latter part of autumn in Berlin has usually a few fine days left. The sun steps friendly forth out of the clouds, and rapidly the moisture evaporates in the luke-warm air that breathes through the streets. Then you see a long and motley procession — exquisites, plain citizens with the good wife and the dear little ones in Sunday clothes, priests, Jewesses, young barristers, court-tezans, professors, dress-makers, dancers, officers, &c., moving through the lindens toward the park. Soon all the places are taken at Klaus and Weber's; the *Mohrrüben* (?) coffee smokes, the exquisites light their cigars, they talk, they dispute about war and peace, about Madame Bethmann's shoes, whether they were grey or green on a recent occasion, about the commercial treaty and had currency, &c., till all melts away into an aria from *Fanchon*, with which a harp out of tune, a pair of discordant violins, a consumptive flute and a spasmodic bassoon are torturing themselves and their hearers. Close against the railing which separates Weber's enclosure from the highway, stand several little round tables and garden stools; here one breathes the free air, observes the comers and goers, is removed from the cacophonous din of that accursed orchestra: here I take a seat and yield myself to the easy play of my fancy, which brings me friendly forms, with whom I hold converse about science, about Art, about all that man should hold most dear. More and more motley floats the sea of promenaders by me; but nothing disturbs me, nothing can scare my fantastic company away. Only the accursed Trio of an exceedingly mean waltz tears me away from the dream-world. I only hear the screaming upper part of the violin and flute and the ground-bass of the droning bassoon; they go up and down continually in octaves, that rend the ear, and involuntarily, like one seized by some burning pain, I cry out:

"What crazy, noisy music! those abominable octaves!" Near me some one murmurs:

"Cursed fate! another octave-hunter!"

I look up and am now aware for the first time that, unobserved by me, another man has taken a place at the same table; he fastens his look

straight upon me, nor can I keep my eyes away from him.

Never did I see a face, a form, which so quickly made so deep an impression on me. A gently arched nose terminated a broad, open forehead, with remarkable prominences over the bushy, half-grey eyebrows, beneath which the eyes flashed forth with an almost wild and youthful fire; (the man might have been over fifty). The softly formed chin stood in singular contrast with the closed mouth, and a sarcastic smile, produced by the singular play of the muscles in the sunken cheeks, seemed to resist the deep, melancholy earnestness, that rested on the forehead. Only a few grey thin locks lay behind the large ears, that stood out from the head. A very wide, modern overcoat enveloped the tall, meagre form. As my look fell upon the man, he dropped his eyes, and went on with the business, in which my exclamation probably had interrupted him. In fact he was with evident satisfaction shaking tobacco out of several little papers into a large heap before him and moistening it with red wine out of a half-pint flask. The music had ceased; I felt the necessity of addressing him.

"It is well, that the music is still," said I; "that was past endurance."

The old man cast a hasty glance at me and shook out the last paper.

"It were better, that they never played at all," I resumed. "Are you not of my opinion?"

"I am of no opinion," said he. "You are a musician and a connoisseur by profession . . ."

"You are mistaken; I am neither. I once learned the piano and thorough bass, as a thing belonging to a good education, and then they told me among other things, that nothing produces a more repulsive effect than where the bass progresses in octaves with the upper voice. I took it then upon authority and always since have found it verified."

"Really?" he interrupted, and then rose and walked off slowly and thoughtfully toward the musicians, while he frequently, with eyes upturned, tapped with the flat of his hand upon his forehead, like one who tries to recall some recollection. I saw him speak with the musicians, whom he treated with an imposing dignity. He returned, and scarcely was he seated, when they began to play the overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*.

With half-closed eyes, arms crossed upon the table, he listened to the Andante; gently moving his left foot, he marked the entrance of the voices; now he raised his head — cast a quick glance round — the left hand, with fingers spread apart, rested on the table, as if he were grasping a chord on the piano — the right hand he lifted on high: it was a kapellmeister, giving out to the orchestra the entrance of another Tempo — the right hand falls and the Allegro begins! — A burning flush flies over his pale cheeks; the eyebrows contract on the wrinkled forehead, an inward madness flames from the wild look with a fire that more and more consumes away the smile, that still hovered about the half-opened mouth. Now he leans back, his eyebrows draw up, the play of the muscles on the cheeks returns again, the eyes flash, a deep, internal pain resolves itself into a delight which seizes and convulses every fibre — he draws his breath deep from his breast, drops stand upon his brow; he indicates the entrance of the *tutti* and other leading passages; his right hand never quits the beat, with the left he pulls

out his handkerchief and passes it over his face. And so he quickened with flesh and blood the skeleton, which that pair of violins gave of the overture. I heard the soft, melting complaint, with which the flute ascends, when the storm of the violins and basses has spent its rage and the thunder of the drums is silent; I heard the softly pulsing tones of the violoneelli, of the fagotto, filling the heart with unutterable sadness; the *tutti* returns again; like a giant dread and tall the *unisono* stalks on, the muffled complaint dies out under his crushing footsteps. . . .

The Overture was ended; the stranger let both arms drop and sat there with closed eyes, like one exhausted by over-exertion. His flask was empty; I filled his glass with Burgundy, which I had ordered in the meantime. He fetched a heavy sigh, and seemed to wake out of a deep dream. I urged him to drink; he did it without ceremony, and while he tossed off the full glass at a draught, he cried out: "I am satisfied with the performance! the orchestra bore itself bravely!"

"And yet," I took up the word — "yet these were but feeble outlines of a master-piece executed in living colors."

"Do I judge rightly? — You are no Berliner!"

"Entirely right; I only stay here occasionally."

"The Burgundy is good: but it is growing cold."

"Then let us go into the room and there empty the bottles."

"A good suggestion — I don't know you: nor on the other hand do you know me. We will not ask each other's names: names are sometimes troublesome. I drink Burgundy, it costs me nothing, we like each other's company, and so let it be!"

He said all this in a pleasant humor. We had entered the chamber; as he sat down he threw open the overcoat and I remarked with astonishment that he wore underneath it an embroidered vest with long lappets, black satin breeches and a very small silver rapier. He buttoned the coat carefully up again.

"Why did you ask me if I was a Berliner?" I began.

"Because in that case I should have been obliged to leave you."

"That sounds mysterious."

"Not in the least, when I tell you that I — well, that I am a composer."

"Still I do not guess your meaning."

"Then pardon my exclamation beforehand: for I see, you do not at all understand Berlin and the Berliners."

He got up and walked heavily back and forth several times; then he stepped to the window and sang scarce audibly the Chorus of Priestesses from the *Iphigenia in Tauris*, while now and then he knocked upon the window pane where the *tutti* comes in. With wonder I remarked, that he gave certain new readings to the melodies, which struck me by their power and novelty. I let him act out his humor. He had finished and came back to his seat. Deeply impressed by the strange conduct of the man and the fantastical expressions of a rare musical talent, I was silent. After a while he began:

"Have you never composed?"

"Yes; I have tried my hand in Art: but I found all that I had written, as it seemed to me, in moments of inspiration, flat and tedious afterwards: so I let it alone."

"You have done wrong; for the very fact that you have rejected your own efforts is no bad proof of your talent. One learns music as a boy, because Papa and Mama will have it so; thereupon one goes to jingling and to fiddling without mercy; but imperceptibly the sense grows more susceptible to music. Perhaps the half-forgotten Thema of a little song, now differently sung, was the first original thought; and this embryo, laboriously nourished from extraneous sources, grew to a giant, that absorbed all about it and converted it into its own marrow and blood! Ha! how is it possible even to allude to the thousand ways in which one comes to composing!—It is a broad thoroughfare, where all jostle along and shout and scream: We are initiated! we are at the goal! Through the ivory door one enters the realm of dreams: few get even once to see the door, and still fewer pass through! It looks adventurous here. Mad shapes flit to and fro, but they have character—some more than others. They do not let themselves be seen upon the thoroughfare; only behind the ivory door are they to be found. It is hard to come out from this kingdom; as before Alcina's castle, monsters guard the way—it whirls—it spins round—many dream out the dream in the kingdom of dreams—they melt away into a dream—they cast no shadow more, else would they by the shadow become conscious of the ray that penetrates this kingdom: but a few only, awakened from the dream, rise up and walk through the realm of dreams—they come to the truth—the highest moment arrives: the contact with the eternal, the unspeakable!—Behold the sun; it is the Trichord, out of which the accords, like stars, shoot down and weave you about with fiery threads—enveloped chrysalis-like in fire you lie there, until the Psyche wings her way aloft into the sun."

With these last words he sprang up, and cast his eyes and his hand upwards. Then he sat down again and quickly drained the glass that had been filled for him. A pause ensued, which I might not interrupt, for fear of turning the extraordinary man off his track. At last he went on more calmly:

"When I was in the kingdom of dreams, a thousand pangs and terrors racked me! It was night and I was frightened by the grinning larvæ of the monsters, that stormed in upon me and now plunged me into the abyss of the sea, now bore me aloft in the air. Then bright rays flashed through the night, and the rays were tones, which encircled me with lovely clearness—I awoke from my pains and saw a great, clear Eye, that looked into an organ and as it looked, there came forth tones, that glimmered and intertwined in noble accords, such as I had never before conceived of. Melodies streamed up and down, and I swam in this stream and wanted to go under: then the Eye looked at me and held me up over the roaring waves.—It became night again; then two colossi in shining harness came upon me: Ground-tone and Quint (fifth)! they tore me aloft, but the Eye smiled: 'I know what fills thy breast with longing; the soft, tender youth, Tierce (third), will step between the colossi; thou wilt hear his sweet voice, behold me again, and my melodies will be thine.'"

He paused.

"And did you see the Eye again?"

"Yes, I saw it again!—For years I sighed in the kingdom of dreams—there—yes there!—

I sat in a glorious valley, and listened how the flowers sang to one another. Only a sunflower was silent and mournfully inclined her closed calix to the earth. Invisible bands drew me towards her—she raised her head—the calix opened and out of it the Eye flashed upon me. And now the tones, like rays of light, proceeded from my head to the flowers, which eagerly sucked them in. Greater and greater grew the leaves of the sunflower—flames streamed from them—they enveloped me—the Eye had vanished and I was in the flower cup."

At these last words he sprang up and hurried with swift, youthful steps out of the chamber. In vain I waited for his return; so I resolved to go to the city.

[To be concluded in our next.]

OLD MAN'S SONG.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT.

Stern life for me hath frosted
The house-roof o'er;
But warmth enough remaineth
Inside the door.
The Winter's breath has whitened
My crown so hoar;
Yet flows the blood, as redly,
At th' heart's good core.
The cheek's young bloom hath fled,
The roses have retreated,
All retreated,
One by one.
Where have they all retreated?
To th' heart's deep core;
The bloom is there repeated,
That erst they wore.

Are all the joyous streams of
The world dried up?
One soft rill through my bosom
Still laves the shore.
Are all the nightingales in
The woods grown dumb?
One wakes in me, that cheereth
The midnight hour.
"Lord of the house," it singeth,
"Make fast the door,
And let the world, the old one,
Press in no more.
Shut out the frosty breath of
Reality;
And only to sweet dreamings
Give roof and floor."

J. S. D.

*This Song has been set to music for a bass voice, by FRANZ SCHUBERT.

ROSSINI.

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

We have briefly contrasted the "Sentiment of various Musical Composers" (See Journal of last week), ending with BEETHOVEN.

Now for a very opposite type. At the head of the new Italian line stands unquestionably ROSSINI—the strongest, most original, most creative, elegant, accomplished, of all the masters of Italian opera; though never very deep, and seldom going to the heart, as do Bellini, Donizetti, and many others who have shown much feebler genius. But he is a miracle of exhaustless, sparkling invention. He never lacks ideas, and does not hug a few happy inspirations through opera after opera, until his melodies seem *bedriven*, as we must painfully confess to find it the case with more than one production of the author of "Lucrezia Borgia," and "Lucia di Lammermoor." His melodies all come out fresh, felicitous, and to the point; as natural and obvious as they are brilliant. No other composer could carry along such a weight

of ornament, and not seem cold and barren and sophisticated.

His instrumentation is always rich; his overtures are complete forms of art. Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, have produced none that deserved the name, in comparison with his. There is no end to his variety in opera; that is, within his plane of spiritual experience, which of course is not the highest. The "Barber of Seville," suggested by Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," is the most elegant, bewitching, graceful, and refined specimen of musical comedy that we possess. It is a whole library of the brightest, fancifullest, most original and *piquant* tunes, such as haunt the streets, and are a part of the treasured gaiety of all lovers of music and bright life. There is a fine, hearty epicureanism about it. Everything in it sounds familiar to one who never heard it as a whole before; and everything is as bright as a laughing child's face in the morning. The author of the barber's song, *Largo al Factotum*, has contributed his part to the good cheer of mankind. His "Otello," the most florid and elaborate of all operas in its melodies, and taxing the most arduous reach of the most flexible of voices, has all that passionate, consuming fire in it, both of ambition and of love, that is demanded by the subject. It adds the Moorish to the Italian sun. How exquisite the melody of Desdemona, in the last part, where she sings the ballad of Isaura at her harp! And there is even religious beauty in the prayer, *Deh calma o ciel!*

His "William Tell," opening upon you in the overture with one of the richest tone-landscapes ever composed, shows how readily he caught so much of the spirit of the German music as is due to the wild scenery of that country and of Switzerland. His "Semiramide" is all gold and purple, full of Oriental pomp and splendor,—regal, imperial in its every suggestion.

ROSSINI marks a new era in the course of modern music. First there was the simple *Plain-Song* of the Gregorian times. Next the artificial, monkish, scholastic refinements upon those few old themes, working them through all the fantastic, barren complication of fugues and canons, till that art culminated and was inspired in old SEBASTIAN BACH, the type of *scientific*, learned music. Then, with the revival of letters, the dawn of popular and religious freedom, and the rise of the Opera, came the great German music of *expression*, with the great line of masters, HANDEL, HAYDN, MOZART, and, deepest, most, prophetic of them all, BEETHOVEN. But the nineteenth century was growing more and more material. It was the age of machinery. Dazzling successes, of the Napoleonic sort, inflamed men. Superficial talent and mere tact grew rampant; genius was kept back in the shade. Art grew melodramatic. The music of *effect* became more popular than the music of expression. ROSSINI was the master-mind and founder of the school;—himself a man of genius, though the school be false and dangerous. His operas drove out Beethoven's music in his own Vienna, the musical capital of the globe.

From Beethoven to Rossini, what a step! Here is a music infinitely more popular at first. It strikes at once; charms everybody; is full of beauty and of brilliancy, inexhaustible in fancy, and taxing only the *senses* of the hearer. It is not guilty of any mysticism; you can hardly define any sentiment to which it appeals; and you are not left under the spell of any feeling except that of having been most agreeably entertained. No restless longing haunts you; no lofty aspiration fires you; you are in no mood to go alone, after it. The influence of the music passed off with its own short hour; and it is exceedingly convenient, sometimes, to have had a genial spirit to converse with, who does not ask to be remembered, or to hold any lien upon your future states of mind or action. It is music which delights you; which is sure of its effect; which goes boldly and pleasantly up to everybody, but influences, changes, nobody. It is the music of the Senses. It puts the nerves into fine tune; it makes pleasure beautiful, and amusement graceful and refined, and justifies leisure unto itself. Such a ready flow of quaint, delicious melodies as this

mercurial Italian has! Such a free dashing off of each extempore conceit! Such a happy working up of all to produce the best effect; and such a cunning way withal of getting round the ambitious singers, by ornamenting his airs so highly beforehand, that they can find no flourish or *appogiatura* more to add! And more than all, such a man-of-the-world's knowledge of the average capacity and taste of men! Such a genial *bon-homme*!—such an exquisite *tact*!

His music is polite and arch and witty, and in all ways very witching. But has it any sentiment beyond the enjoyment of to-day's existence? Shall it not be classed among the luxuries?—by which we mean not an unworthy element in its place. It is, indeed, a very proper luxury, that should belong to everybody; the wholesome consciousness of life in every nerve!—the joy of clear, fresh, harmonious sensations!—one of the best *conditions*, surely, of the sound heart and mind.

Reader! have you ever seen the portraits of BEETHOVEN and ROSSINI hanging side by side? There you beheld the two extremes of modern music, and the faces were as strongly marked. Wide and catholic is the world of music which could accommodate at once that rapt, inward-looking, earnest, perhaps sullen, and yet unspeakably tender face, with the mass of forehead, like a thunder-cloud, frowning over the half-closed eyes,—the inward listening, but the physically deaf!—and this jovial, full-blooded, *nonchalant*, mercurial epicure of the great day of trade and luxury and fashion! One a prophet, caught up with celestial visions, burning with great passion and great faith; the other emphatically a man of the world! One a still magnetic mover of human destinies; the other, a contented denizen of the actual, dallying pleasantly through paths which all frequent, and overflowing with good nature towards all the world!

ROSSINI is the master-spirit of this modern music, decidedly without a rival. He has done more, perhaps, than any composer who ever lived, to *popularize* music, to educate the *ear* of all mankind; and in the impulse he has given to the ambitious experimenting with all the outward means and mechanism and appliances of the art, though carried to excess by wonder-working virtuosos, he is but opening the transition from the limited to the more universal schools of Art which shall come after, when the new and greater sentiment of a race united in true brotherhood and joy shall need a greater music for its utterance.—*Sartain's Magazine*.

Robert Schumann's Musical Life-Maxims.

XLIV. But how does one become *musical*? Dear child, the main thing, a sharp ear and a quick power of comprehension, comes, as in all things, from above. But the talent may be improved and elevated. This you may do, not by shutting yourself up all day like a hermit, practising mechanical studies; but by living, many-sided musical intercourse; and especially by constant familiarity with orchestra and chorus.

XLV. Listen attentively to all Songs of the People; they are mines of most beautiful melodies, and open for you glimpses into the character of different nations.

XLVI. Exercise yourself early in reading music in the old cleffs. Otherwise, many treasures of the past will remain locked against you.

XLVII. Reflect early on the tone and character of different instruments; try to impress the peculiar *coloring* of each upon your ear.

XLVIII. Do not neglect to hear good Operas.

XLIX. Reverence the Old, but meet the New also with a warm heart. Cherish no prejudice against names unknown to you.

LI. In judging of a composition, distinguish whether it belongs to the artistic category, or only aims at dilettantish entertainment. Stand up for those of the first sort; but do not worry yourself about the others.

LII. "Melody" is the watchword of the Dilettanti, and certainly there is no music without

melody. But understand well what they mean by it; nothing passes for a melody with them, but one that is easily comprehended, or rhythmically pleasing. But there are other melodies of a different stamp; open a volume of Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven, and you see them in a thousand various styles. It is to be hoped that you will soon weary of the poverty and monotony of the modern Italian opera melodies.

SONG OF THE NIGHT.

—
FROM GOETHE.

Sing no more in mournful numbers
Of the loneliness of Night.
No, these hours, too good for slumbers,
Souls to sweeter bliss invite.

As to Man was Woman given,
Fairest half of him to be,
Night with Day divides the heaven,
And the fairest half is she.

Therefore in the long to-morrow
Think upon it, O my love;
Ev'ry day doth bring its sorrow,
Ev'ry night shine stars above.

J. S. D.

Correspondence.

MUSIC IN LONDON—THE OPERA—CHAMBER MUSIC—
SIVORI, JOACHIM, & C.—HANDEL'S ISRAEL IN EGYPT
—MADAME PLEYEL—CHORAL SYMPHONY—BERLIOZ.

PARIS, June 17.

A week in London during *the season*, is an event not to be afterwards forgotten by a musical devotee. Nearly all the great artists of the earth are there gathered together, and oratorio, opera, and concert, follow each other in rapid and bewildering succession.

Tempted by the announcement in the *Times*, of great works and distinguished artists to be listened to, the British Channel once crossed, my friend F—— and I left Paris one evening, and the next morning found ourselves amid the smoke and fog of London. Smoke and fog were forgotten when we were seated in the Covent Garden opera house, listening to Mozart's delicious "Flauto Magico."—The music which the great composer has put into the mouth of the High Priest Sarastro, is entitled to rank among his finest creations. Solemn and grand, broad in its developments and pure in its forms, one feels in every phrase as if allowed to assist at the mysteries of Isis, awed, and as it were seated under the very shadow of the great temple. Herr FORMES, with his noble voice and imposing manner, gave great effect to the rôle which he assumed, and impressed me most vividly. Mme. ANNA ZERR sang the part of the Queen of Night. Her voice, which is a soprano of remarkable range in the upper register, is extremely well suited to the music written for this rôle. Her first aria: *A soffrir son destinata*, suffered from the memories of Jenny Lind, which cluster about the ears of any one who has listened to her admirable rendering; but the *staccato* cadence in the aria of the second act was astonishing as a piece of vocalization, and if her intonation were always exact, and her manner a little more graceful, she would be really a fine singer. RONCONI's Papageno, although a little too exaggerated sometimes in its buffoonery, was extremely clever, and MARIO as the prince Tamino, moved me, as he always does, by his sympathetic voice. Mme. CASTELLAN as Pamina sang extremely

well, and her duet with Papageno was encored with great enthusiasm. What a delight to listen to the limpid and graceful melodies of Mozart, when a few days before one has quailed beneath the empty noise of M. Halevy's saxophones, drums and trombones, heaped one upon the other without pity, in his five act nullity, the "*Juif Errant*."

Our next entertainment was a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, given by Mr. LINDLEY SLOPER, of which the gems were a quartet of Mozart, (in G) performed by SIVORI, JOACHIM, HILL and PIATTI. Sivori pleased me much more than last year, when I heard him play a solo, in which his affectation and grimace destroyed any pleasure one could have had from his wonderful execution. Mozart seemed to sober him, and he played his part simply and earnestly. After this we had Mendelssohn's Ottetto. Here Joachim took the first violin; Sivori the second, Piatti first violoncello, and Bottesini played the second 'cello part on the double bass—a feat which I suppose no one else would attempt. MELLON and WATSON played the other two violins; HILL and BLAGROVE the altos. JOACHIM is incontestably a great artist. His manner is large and without affectation. He is said to play Mendelssohn's music better than any one else; indeed that great master preferred his rendering of the violin concerto to that of any other artist. In the Ottetto he showed his great qualities enough to give F—— and myself infinite pleasure, and we regretted much not to have had time to pay him a visit, as he invited us to do, when we might perhaps have had a better opportunity of judging.

Having truly enjoyed this excellent concert in the morning, we betook ourselves in the evening to Exeter Hall, where we heard Handel's oratorio of "Israel in Egypt" performed by an orchestra and chorus, 700 in number, under the able direction of COSTA. It is only in England that Handel can be heard in perfection. His mighty choruses need such masses of sound to give them their due effect, that unless there are great means at command it is difficult to feel their sublimity. Here we had the one thing needful, and the power displayed almost took away one's breath; it was not noise, it was mighty sound, too majestic to be painful, too sonorous to do aught save awe the listener.

The next morning we attended an extra concert given by ELLA—who pretends to be the leader of classical music in London—and if judged by this effort, does not fulfil his task; for with the exception of the sonata in F for piano and violin of Beethoven, played by Mme. PLEYEL and VIEUXTEMPS—the programme was filled with modern music of rather inferior quality. In Mme. Pleyel I was profoundly disappointed. I had heard a great deal of her, and was prepared to find not only the most brilliant execution, but also the qualities of a great artist, namely, respect for the music of the great masters, and simplicity in the manner of interpreting their immortal works. What was my astonishment to hear this sonata in Fa, of which I knew every note by heart, given to the public with affected *retardandos* and *accelerandos*, with interpolated ornaments; in short, just in the manner in which it should not be played;—violinist and pianist rivalling each other in Pleyel-ising and Vieuxtemps-ising Beethoven. Such sins as these

are even with difficulty pardoned, when an artist is interpreting the works of a cotemporary, who can if need be rise up and defend himself, but when committed against the mighty dead are unpardonable, and ought to be held up to public censure. Instead of this, a critic in the *Times* the next day, has the impudence to assure us that "if Beethoven had taken the trouble to mark all the shades of rendering, ornaments, &c., &c., which he intended in this sonata, he would doubtless have given us the new version of *Playel* and *Vieuxtemps*." This man does not know that men like Beethoven not only feel all they wish to say and write, but also say it and write it so that "he who runs may read"—and that artists who permit themselves such falsifications, are untrue to their mission and do great harm to art in every way. But enough of this; we ended our musical enjoyments in London by the crowning glory of the whole—the Choral Symphony of Beethoven, magnificently performed by the orchestra and chorus of the New Philharmonic Society, under the potent "baton" of BERLIOZ, at Exeter Hall on Wednesday June 9th. Berlioz pretends to be the child of the Ninth Symphony. This is his climax of art. This is what he himself would date from. Whether his pretensions are just or not, he has made it his peculiar study, and no one is better capable of drilling an orchestra and chorus in its intricacies and difficulties than the said Hector Berlioz. Being the first time I had ever heard this mighty work of art, I hardly dare to say what my impressions were. Such as they are, I would state them with the utmost modesty. Any one who is at all versed in the music of the greatest of composers, can at least enter with deep interest and delight into the first three movements, especially the Scherzo and Andante. The Scherzo, brilliant and rapid, peculiarly Beethovenish, carries you along in its flight, without effort, and leaves you almost breathless at the end. The Andante, one of Beethoven's most sublime inspirations, seems an epitome of all his great qualities. The deep tenderness, the feeling for nature expressed here as divinely as in the Pastoral Andante, the illimitable grandeur, in short all that he revealed to us in the realms of art, seemed to me, even on this first hearing, to be epitomised and concentrated in a magnificent whole. How I long to hear it again, and again! Then came the last movement, about which I stay my pen. I did not understand it, and reverently stand in hope and faith, that its secrets may at some future day be revealed to me. It is acknowledged even by those who know it best, to be the most obscure of Beethoven's productions, the most difficult to be understood; and it would be folly to try even to form one's thoughts upon it after a first hearing.

One other work of art, of quite a different nature must be mentioned, as having been produced on this same evening, namely: extracts from the "Faust" of Berlioz, his last and most complicated work, led by the composer himself. I had been long anxious to hear some of his Ode Symphonies, and never before have been able so to do. We had a Pastoral chorus, Recitative and Air of Faust, the Hungarian March, and the dance of Sylphs and Gnomes conjured up by Mephistopheles to lull his victim into a sleep full of enchanting visions. The march, which was encored, seemed to hoth F—and myself fitter as a theme for a Polka than for the place which it

holds. It was finely worked up and splendidly scored. A part of the air of Mephistopheles in which he conjures the Spirits of Air around him, impressed me; and the dance of the Sylphs, struck me as the most fairy-like thing I ever listened to. The orchestration was magical; violins with *sordines*, harps, and whiffs of rapidly passing sounds from clarinets, oboes and flutes; nothing could be more spiritual. But here again it was the genius of the orchestra—it was not the power of Mendelssohn, who in his overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or his Scherzo in the Quintet in A, sends you by the force of his idea far away into the realms of Fairy Land, and makes the air alive with tiny shapes more brilliant than the rainbow. The music of Berlioz is generally vague, the ideas when more familiarized of little value in themselves, but so scored, that as the coloring in the pictures of the great painters of the Venitian school shuts the eyes to defects of drawing or subject, so Berlioz by his marvellous comprehension of orchestral effects makes one forget to demand a strict account of the value of the simple idea. P.

Musical Review.

Album für die Jugend. XL. Clavierstücke, von ROBERT SCHUMANN. Op. 63. Schubert & Co. Hamburg and New York. pp. 62. Price, \$3.

We are almost afraid to say how much we have been charmed by the (to us) newly discovered little gems in this collection. It is truly an Album of fresh, original, most beautiful flowers of musical poesy for young students of the piano. We have seen nothing for a long time that has made such new and such decided claims on our attention. It is a fresh musical experience, a sort of beginning the musical life over again with the child's first delight and wonder, to make acquaintance with these little pieces. The beauty of it is, that there is nothing common-place about them; they are not dry exercises; they are real live musical thoughts, each simple and unique, and perfectly embodied in a little form, that wins you as surely as you fairly notice what it is. You may try one of them over listlessly, slurring over the at first strange harmonies, not careful to preserve the individual parts distinct, and reckless of the signs of expression, and perhaps find nothing in it; for the very reason that there is nothing in it that admits of being slighted; every note and sign stands there for something, and you must play it over till you win from it the composer's meaning, when you will surely feel that you have won what is a "thing of beauty" and "a joy forever."

Observe, they are very little pieces;—too brief and unpretending, it would seem, to warrant many words about them. But little as they are, they embody in their series so much variety of beauty, both of thought and form, they show so much real invention, they are so characteristic, and indicate such a fresh well-spring of musical genius where they came from, that they seem to bring you into acquaintance with the leading features and the peculiar spirit of Schumann. He is revealed here in miniature as perfectly as Mendelssohn is in his "Songs without Words." If only for this reason, our more enterprising musical students should seek them with avidity; for Schumann is very far from being known to us otherwise. In our concerts few attempts have been made to interpret to us his larger works, and these have scarcely been successful. Our Boston Musical Fund Orchestra have again and again rehearsed publicly his first symphony. But that was written when the wealth and vigor of his imagination were too much beyond proportion with his mastery of form; the impression was one of power, but still confused and strange. And we hear always such reports of his strangeness mingled with the poems of his German admirers, that one naturally suspects a straining after novelties of effect and fears the affectation of genius. But it is also ground of great confidence in him that as he goes on he grows clearer. His Second Symphony is a great ad-

vance, upon the first in this respect. His later Songs, though at first trial their accompaniments may seem to bristle with far-fetched, doubtful harmonies, suspensions, &c., yet are sure to win you to a sense of their pure and genuine beauty, if you trust them until they become familiar.

For the sake, therefore, of getting some distinct perception of ROBERT SCHUMANN, of the most remarkable musical man or musical problem in Germany to-day, we hope our best lovers of music will procure this little Album for Youth. Those most musically cultivated will find that here is something new to interest them. But for the young, for students it is primarily designed. It is a series of little pieces, which while they exercise the fingers, also nourish the sentiment and quicken the imagination of music. They are lessons in style, in form, in the fine organic structure of musical thought. And we cannot doubt that they must fully answer their end. While simple enough for a child, and sure to interest as they grow familiar, they at the same time gently and imperceptibly initiate him into an easy thoughtfulness and refinement of manner that belongs to the best classics of the Art. Such lessons tend to make the early tastes and habits pure and above temptation from mere superficial clap-trap.

This Album is the work for which the "Maxims," which we have been giving to our readers from time to time of late, were intended. They were to be interspersed among the little pieces, each of which is an example of a certain form, style or mode of treatment of a theme. They begin very simple and progress in difficulty; though each is simple of its kind. Each piece has a name that well indicates its character; there are "Spring Songs," "Winter Songs," "Chorals," plain and figural, "Peoples' Songs;" there is the "Poor Orphan Child," the "Song of the Reaper," "Echoes from the Theatre," "Mignon," "Sheherazade," "Northern Song," &c. And there is a specimen of a "Little Fugue," and a "Canonical Song." There are several marked only by three stars, as if identified with some choice spot in the author's memory, and their beauty well warrants the supposition.

The book, which is printed in Germany, though the publishers have also a branch of their establishment in New York, (Schubert and Co. 257 Broadway,) is attractive to the eye, and has a pictorial title page, on which some of the subjects of the music are artistically illustrated.

XXV. Etudes formant l'Expression. Op. 47. STEPHEN HELLER. New York: Schubert & Co.

These studies are by one of the most genial and graceful of the piano forte writers of the day. They form (in two *cahiers* or numbers) the "first degree" of the "first section" of what the publishers style at the head of the title page a "*Gradus ad Parnassum pour Piano*." The other "degrees" are "Thirty Studies preparatory to Classic and Modern Works;" "Twenty-five Etudes Romantiques;" and "Twenty-four Characteristic Studies in all the Major and Minor Keys;" all by HELLER. The second "section" consists of "Exercises and Studies, by JACQUES SCHMITT, for the acquirement of a brilliant execution."

These first numbers of the series we have read through with great pleasure. They are a progressive course of studies, not difficult, and not common-place, and carefully fingered. But there is a refined style and sentiment about them all, which redeems them from the dry category of mere finger gymnastics. One can even enjoy them after the little poems of Schumann's "Album," they have so much character. Indeed we recommend both of these works on the ground that they are products of real musical thought, and not of mere musical routine, like most of the exercises put into the hands of learners. We thank the publishers for a real addition to our stock.

American Church Organ Voluntaries. By H. S. CUTLER, Organist at Grace Church, and A. N. JOHNSON, Organist at the Park Street Church, Boston. Published by A. N. Johnson, 36 School St. pp. 95.

The design of the editors of this work is: "to furnish amateurs with a collection of Voluntaries, which may

be played at sight by those whose opportunities for studying the works of the great masters, such as Bach, Rink, Schneider, &c., have been limited." At the same time, we are glad to see that they have given in the latter part of the book some specimens of these masters; for if the opportunities to study them have been limited, there can be no better service done to amateurs than to facilitate their access to these models. As we understand the editors, they wish to furnish a set of easy voluntaries, carefully arranged beforehand, to take the place of the crude and bungling "improvisations" so called, to which half-educated organists are too much tempted to resort in their inability to master the difficult "classics" of their instrument. To this end they have furnished about *forty* opening and *twelve* concluding voluntaries, all of good medium length, and some, even of the original ones, possessing considerable beauty.

The preface contains a description of several of the best organs in the Boston churches and halls.

Little Eva; Uncle Tom's Guardian Angel. Poetry by JOHN G. WHITTIER. Music by MANUEL EMILIO. Price 25 cts. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

The words to this little song are sweet and worthy to embalm the pleasant recollections of many thousands of readers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The music is a flowing and pathetic melody, quite in the Italian vein, with an easy and pretty accompaniment. No doubt, the song will be very generally sought and sung.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 10, 1852.

GLUCK. The performance of the noble overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*, at the last Summer Afternoon Concert, led us to hunt up the *Fantasia-Stücken* of that eccentric genius, HOFFMANN, and to translate therefrom his imaginary interview with the Chevalier, or as they say in German, "Ritter Gluck." We are not without suspicion that some one of our friends had already translated and published the same thing somewhere, some years ago. But we could not find it, which is the excuse for our hasty version. Another time we shall give such account as we can glean of the life and works of GLUCK, — a composer, who should be much more known among us, and whose lofty dramatic works are by many regarded as only second to Mozart's.

Literary Musicians.

The present is evidently the age of criticism. The power of learning, knowledge and reflection, far exceeds in all the arts the power of spontaneous, original creation. The artists themselves are critics. Once the musician lived in his world of music, unburdening his soul in tones, which are a universal language, with small power to write or talk about it, and little versed in any logic but such as you find in old Bach's fugues and the development of musical themes. But to-day the musician is a creature of to-day: he has a theory of his art, he criticizes his work even in the performance, he finds his way into the newspapers, he journalizes, he analyzes his compeers, he speculates about the music of the Future, and by words as well as deeds would fain herald some new Era in Art.

It is a curious fact that the half dozen new men who just now occupy the foreground of musical notoriety in Europe, have distinguished themselves also in the field of literary criticism of their Art. LISZT, of whose subtle faculty in that line our read-

ers have lately been convinced by the translation in our columns of his *Reminiscences of Chopin*, has written several books. He is now established as chapel-master at the Court of Weimar, where he evidently aspires to build up a Medicean era for Music, as Goethe did for general art and poetry. As if he felt a power and mission to make a mark more permanent upon mankind than that of a mere wonderful pianist, whose charm is spent on those who hear him play, he appears to be animated by a large aspiration to found a great national progressive school of Art, the glory of Germany and the kindred nations, himself being a Hungarian. At Weimar he brings out (plainly with some partiality) the great compositions of one and another artist, which indicate any new and original direction in Art, as the operas of BERLIOZ and SCHUMANN, and more especially of RICHARD WAGNER. He has written a book about Wagner, in which he takes the ground that Wagner is the greatest musical genius of the age, and that his operas mark a greater reformation in the lyric drama than those of Gluck in his day. Liszt has also published a volume, unfolding a pet plan he has for what he calls a *Goethe-Stiftung*, or "Goethe Institute," for the distribution of prizes in all the Arts, including Music.

RICHARD WAGNER, chapel-master at Dresden, whence he was expelled for a time in 1848 as a political reformer, and uncle to the *prima donna*, Joanna Wagner, is also as busy with his æsthetic and critical speculations, as with his operative scores. He has recently published an essay in two or three volumes on the Opera and Drama, in which he endeavors to show that we have had no proper Opera as yet, and to lay down the true canons of dramatic music. He is also a frequent contributor to the musical papers in Germany.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, whom some even of those trained up in the wisdom of the fathers, of Bach and Handel and Mozart and Beethoven, declare to be a greater genius than Mendelssohn, was the founder of the "New Musical Journal at Leipsic." And HECTOR BERLIOZ, by some regarded as the last word in musical composition, is one of the first authorities as critic, in which function he has plied his pen continually.

We might mention others, but these are the great names, perhaps just now the greatest in the field of actual musical creation. Germany is also full of writers, critics, historians, theorists in this art, who many of them also are composers of some consequence, but whom we chiefly know as writers. These come not properly within the scope of our remark.

N. E. School of Design for Women.

We had the pleasure last week of a brief visit to this institution, which is in the "full tide of successful experiment" in Thorndike's Building, Summer St. Some hours had been set apart for visitors by invitation, when the principal products of the School were gathered together for inspection. It has been in existence only nine months, and now numbers about sixty scholars, all or most of whom are preparing to earn their livelihood by the graceful arts here taught. Several of the young ladies have already executed designs to order.

The first class, or beginners, have been pursuing under the guidance of Miss Clarke, the elementary course of exercises, first introduced by

Mr. Whitaker, the former teacher, in the combination of lines, curves and angles, in any given numbers, into such symmetrical figures as their own ingenuity may dictate. This is something like combining and working up the *motives* in strict musical composition, or Counterpoint. It sharpens invention, quick perception of relations, &c., from the very outset, while the hand is acquiring freedom, certainty and firmness in all the elementary details of the process. Thus manual routine and free play of the inventive faculty go hand in hand from the first lesson. This class had been practising two months and we were astonished, as we think most visitors must be, at the novel and beautiful, and sometimes exceedingly complex harmonies of form produced by nearly all the pupils; of course, some would look more stiff and timid and mechanical, while others would have the easy grace and decision of native talent; some would show more and some less natural sense of beauty. But few could look through their exercise books without surprise at so many rich varieties of arabesque and Gothic ornamental work.

Others were drawing scrolls, shading and coloring, under the direction of Mr. Bellows, the present principal teacher of the school. Others were drawing upon stone, under the same teacher, and some very clever specimens of lithography have been elicited. Three young ladies were devoting themselves to wood-engraving, under the tuition of Mr. Baker. They were furnished with tasteful drawings by Billings, and seemed quite expert in the use of the graver.

The first practical fruits of the elementary course in designing, first alluded to, were seen in a great variety of original patterns, plain and colored, for calicoes, *mouslin-de-laines*, &c., some of which have attracted the eye of manufacturers.

But what most astonished us was the activity developed in quite a number of the young ladies in the drawing and coloring of original patterns for house paper. Some of these were truly rich and elegant, and we were pleased to see that they had looked to nature, to the graceful forms of leaves and vines and flowers, in great part, for the elementary hints of their designs. Lessons in Botany, by a young lady, a graduate of the Normal School at Newton, form a part of the course.

We are no critical authority in these matters, and can more easily praise the achievements than point out the short-comings of this busy nursery of artists; but we can safely say that the "School of Design" is stimulating into activity a class of faculties, which, as the example spreads, will do much to surround our homes with beauty and promote a general æsthetic culture. Ornamental designing, though a humble, is a most important province of Art, and affords a very useful and respectable sphere to much fine talent, accompanied by fine sentiment, which is too good for mere utilitarian drudgery, while it has not quite the force to make its mark upon the world in the higher forms of Painting and Sculpture.

ORGANS IN BOSTON. Messrs. Cutler and Johnson, in the Preface to their new collection of Voluntaries say: "In order to give the legitimate effect of a *fugue*, an organ possessing considerable variety and power is essential. In this respect, Boston is more highly favored than any other city in this country, in proportion to its population. Of the ninety-eight places of public worship in

the city, sixty-four contain organs of various sizes. Of this number, twenty-one have three manuals, and from thirty to fifty registers."

MUSICAL EDUCATION DOWN SOUTH. In the *Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle* we find an enthusiastic letter, describing the "Georgia Female College Commencement," at Madison. Among other things the writer appears to have been ravished by the music of the occasion, which was interspersed at intervals between the spoken "parts" of the fair graduates.

"The examination was enlivened and relieved from the tedium usually felt upon such occasions, by being interspersed with rich treats of music from seven elegant Pianos, which were arranged upon the rostrum, accompanied by the Flute or Violin, both of which instruments are handled by Professor Branham with a skill of execution most ravishing to the soul."

Here are a few of the musical items in the Programme.

Montezuma Grand March—Duet, 3 Pianos. (!)

Lee Rigg—Variations, 3 Pianos.

Come to the Forest—Song, Duet.

Florida Grand March—Duet, 7 Pianos (!)

Hyacinth Gallop—5 Pianos.

Air Swiss—Trio, 7 Pianos (!!!)

Home, Sweet Home—Variations, Flute and Piano.

And so on. A rarer selection of music, on a grander scale of performance, is scarcely to be met with even in the world's great musical capitals. A *Trio* on seven pianos, we suppose, means that three young ladies played at each piano; that is, it was a piece for six hands, multiplied by seven. This was truly *magnifique*, and shows that music goes ahead in those regions with a full and triumphant consciousness that "this is a great country." Classical it was certainly, inasmuch as it was given in *classes*; but then there was no pedantic "old-fogey-ism" of Handel, Haydn, Mozart or Beethoven about it;—the music was all of a newer and more original type.—But hear the letter-writer again:

"If any were not put into raptures on this occasion, it was because they had no music in their souls. We were especially surprised at the perfect time. We suppose that during the evening almost every young lady in the school had a hand at the music; and, whether it were one at a time, or twenty-one at a time, it was the same thing; the time was perfect."

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

The feature in the Fourth Afternoon Concert was the Overture, by GLUCK, to *Iphigenia in Aulis*. That was an overture!—so clear, so full of marrow, each musical idea so interesting, and so distinctly developed, and the whole so deeply dramatic in its suggestion! Surely that was the opening to a noble tragedy! It is a masterpiece of delicious instrumentation. If it did not excite all that loud applause which follows solos and polkas, we are sure that it was inwardly applauded and enjoyed by many of the audience, and we hold the orchestra bound to give us another and another hearing of it, till it shall fairly be appreciated. This is a part of our musical birth-right, which has by some accident strangely been withheld from us Bostonians until now.

The Andante to Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony was finely rendered, especially the *pianissimo*; but this was an old story compared to that Symphony in E flat, partly given before, and which we are glad to hear will soon be presented entire.

The selections for the brass instruments were better than usual. That solemn old Chorale was just the thing for them; and the piece from Meyerbeer's "Camp of Silesia" was quite stirring. Give us more Chorales, if you wish to edify us.

London.

Mdlle. CLAUS. Of her morning concert, June 19th, the *Athenaeum* says:

"It exhibited that remarkable young artist as competent to perform music in every style and of every difficulty. Her programme included specimens by Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Thalberg;—wider range being hardly conceivable,—since the head and hand that can master compositions by the first and the last named writers must also be equal to the more level and melodious productions of Dussek, Hummel, &c., who occupy the intermediate space. All that Mdlle. Claus wants is what time, and time alone, can give. She is a little rash sometimes in trusting to her memory; every now and then she falters, too, but this merely because she is not sufficiently hardened in explaining her meaning. Her intentions are never doubtful—her readings are never dull—and her feeling is singularly deep for one so young, because it is so simple. The little more grandeur, fancy and pathos which might still be added will come all the sooner because she does not attempt to counterfeit them.—In short, last Saturday's performance, though not without its imperfections, has deepened the conviction that at no distant period Mdlle. Claus may stand alone among female pianists—and approached by very few of the number."

CHAMBER CONCERTS. Herr Molique, at his first concert, played a MS. Sonata of his own, for piano and violin. Chorley speaks of it as "containing too much of every thing," as "extreme in its demands on the ear by reason of the closely intricate science with which it is conducted onwards and its subjects are knit together," but as "excellent because of its first thoughts, which have vigor, character and contrast." The Andante, he says, "contains something like a new form" and but for its "over-solicitous complication" might have been numbered among Andantes of the first class.—So difficult was it as to tax to the uttermost Herr Hallé, the most accomplished classical pianist of the day.

At the sixth of Ella's MUSICAL UNIONS, Beethoven's Trio in C minor, for strings alone, was "led with great nobility of tone and style" by Viextemps. Hallé played Beethoven's third Sonata (op. 29), "to perfection." And there was a Quartet by Mozart, No. 6.

The novelty at the fifth meeting of the QUARTET ASSOCIATION was a Quartet, specified as the Op. 122 of an amateur, Mr. Lodge Ellerton. The same critic says: "The composition, though agreeable, is *fade* and indistinct;—it is creditable to its writer "according to his order," though "not stout enough to abide exposure" by the side of Mozart, &c.

MADAME PLEYEL's second concert was a remarkable exhibition of those qualities in which she excels,—brilliance and lightness of execution (not excluding power) and exquisite taste in the rendering of sentimental music by composers of the second order. Further, no one besides herself can produce any effect in playing with the tremendous difficulties which Thalberg, Liszt, and Prudent have accumulated in their arrangements and operatic *fantasies*. Then, she has never played more solid and expressive movements, by such deeper writers as Beethoven and Mendelssohn, so much after *Lady Grace's* fashion, otherwise so soberly:—for all which reasons she has never pleased us so much as on Thursday morning. As a vocalist of "credit and renown," Madame Taccam-Tasca, who appeared on the occasion, claims a word. Her manner is a somewhat uncomfortable mixture of the frivolity of the old and the exaggeration of the new schools. Her voice is no longer pleasing.—*Athenaeum*.

Dr. Spohr arrived in town on Tuesday last.—The directors of the *Royal Italian Opera* promise his 'Faust' for the week after next; and announce a concert, conducted by himself and principally composed of his music, on the 5th of July.

While the *Sacred Harmonic Society* is preparing Dr. Spohr's second Oratorio, 'Calvary,' for performance on Monday week, the *London Sacred Harmonic Society* announces Handel's 'Athaliah' as in rehearsal. This Oratorio, it may be noted, contains some of its composer's most delicious writing for a *contralto* voice,—some of his opera songs and choruses have been transformed by him from secular to sacred uses.

Madame Otto Goldschmidt has left London for the Continent.—The Stockholm papers report a new act of great munificence on her part. She has transmitted to the Government a sum of fifty thousand piastres—10,000 sterling—to be employed in the creation of free primary schools in those localities wherein the number of those establishments is below the wants of the population.

A second series of 'Music and Manners in Germany,' by Mr. Henry F. Chorley, is in preparation. In this a revised portion of the writer's former work having a similar title will be incorporated for the purpose of giving completeness to a series of pictures and notices of the art in Germany, illustrating the period closed by the death of Mendelssohn and the Revolutions of 1848.

From the French papers we learn that a complete Catalogue of Beethoven's works with critical remarks has been recently issued by M. Lenz, a Russian amateur.

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VOL. I.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1852.

NO. 15.

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[Translated from the German of HOFFMANN.]

RITTER GLUCK.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE YEAR 1809.

(Concluded.)

I was already near the Brandenburg gate, when I saw a tall figure striding off in the dark and at once recognized my eccentric companion. I accosted him:

"Why have you left me so suddenly?"

"It grew too hot and the Euphon began to sound."

"I do not understand you!"

"So much the better."

"So much the worse, for I should like to understand you perfectly."

"Do you hear nothing then?"

"No."

"—It is over!—Let us go. Besides, I don't like society; but—you do not compose—you are no Berliner—"

"I can't imagine what possesses you so against the Berliners. Here, where Art is prized and in a high degree practised, a man of your artist-like spirit, I should think, must feel at home!"

"You are mistaken!—For my torment I am doomed to wander about here, like a departed spirit, in the dreary space."

"The dreary space, here, in Berlin?"

"Yes, it is dreary around me, for no kindred spirit meets me. I stand alone."

"But the artists! the composers!"

"Away with them! They scrutinize and criti-

cise—they refine all away to the finest measure; rummage everything through, to find just one poor meagre thought; in their prating about Art, and the artistic sense, and heaven knows what—they never come to creating; and if for once they happen to feel the necessity of ushering a couple of thoughts into the world, their fearful coldness shows their wide remoteness from the sun—it is Laplandish labor."

"Your judgment seems to me much too severe. At all events, the splendid performances in the theatre must satisfy you."

"I had persuaded myself to go once more to the theatre, to hear my young friend's opera—what is it called?—Ha, the whole world is in this opera! Through the motley throng of dressed up men move the spirits of Orcus—here everything has voice and omnipotent sound—*Teufel*, I mean "*Don Juan*"—but I could not even stay through the Overture, which was rattled off *prestissimo*, without sense or understanding; and I had prepared myself for it by prayer and fasting, since I know that the Euphon is far too strongly moved by these masses and does not give out a pure sound!"

"If I must confess that Mozart's masterpieces are neglected here, in an almost inexplicable manner, yet Gluck's works certainly enjoy a worthy presentation."

"Think you so?—I wanted once to hear *Iphigenia in Tauris*. As I step into the theatre, I hear them playing the overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*. Hem—think I, a mistake; they are giving this *Iphigenia*! What is my astonishment now, when the Andante, commencing the *Iphigenia in Tauris* comes in, and the storm follows. Twenty years lie between them! The whole effect, the well-calculated exposition of the tragedy is lost. A calm sea—a storm—the Greeks are cast upon the shore, and there you have the opera! How? has the composer written in the overture at random, to be blown off, like a trumpeter's piece, however and wherever one pleases?"

"I admit the blunder. Still, they are doing everything to exalt the works of Gluck."

"Aye indeed!" said he shortly, and then smiled bitterly and still more bitterly. Suddenly he broke away and nothing could detain him. He had vanished as it were in a moment, and for several successive days I sought him in the park in vain. . . .

Some months had passed, when on a cold and

rainy evening I had got belated in a remote part of the city, and was now hastening to my lodgings in the Frederic's street. I had to go by the theatre; the noisy music, trumpets and drums, reminded me that Gluck's *Armida* was being performed, and I was on the point of entering, when my attention was arrested by a singular soliloquy, close to the windows, where one could hear almost every tone of the orchestra:

"Now comes the king—they are playing the march—O drum, drum away!—that goes right merrily! yes, yes, they must do it eleven times now, else the march will not have march enough.—Ha, ha—*maestoso*—drag your feet slowly, children—see, there halts a *figurante* with her shoe-string hanging—Right, now for the twelfth time! and always thumping on the Dominant—O ye eternal powers, that will never end! Now he pays his compliments—*Armida* thanks him most devotedly—What, again?—Right, there are still two soldiers wanting! Now they go to blustering in the recitative—What evil spirit has banished me out here?"

"The ban is loosed," cried I. "Come along."

I seized my eccentric genius by the arm—for the soliloquist was no other—and hurried him away with me out of the park. He seemed surprised and followed me in silence. Already we were in the Frederic's street, when he suddenly stood still.

"I know you,"—said he. "You were in the park (*Thiergarten*)—we talked a good deal—I drank wine—got heated—afterwards the Euphon sounded two days long—I have suffered much—it is over!"

"I rejoice that accident has restored you to me. Let us become more nearly acquainted. I live not far from here; what if" . . .

"I can and must go to no one."

"Nay, you shall not escape me; I will go with you."

"Then you will still have to run a couple of hundred steps with me. But you were about to go into the theatre?"

"I wished to hear *Armida*, but now—"

"You shall now hear *Armida*! come!"

Silently we went up the Frederic's street: suddenly he turned into a cross street, and I was scarcely able to follow him, so swiftly did he run down the street, till finally he stopped before a mean looking house. He knocked sometime before the door was opened. Groping our way in the dark we reached the staircase and a chamber

in the upper story, of which my guide carefully shut the door. I heard another door open; soon he came in with a lighted candle, and the aspect of the strangely garbished room surprised me not a little. Old-fashioned, richly ornamented chairs, a wall clock with gilded case, and a broad, heavily-moulded mirror gave the whole the sombre aspect of antiquated splendor. In the middle stood a little clavichord, on which was a large porcelain inkstand, and near it lay some sheets of music paper. A sharper look at these materials for composing satisfied me however, that nothing could have been written for a long time; for the paper was entirely yellow and a thick spider's web over-spread the inkstand. The man stepped before a screen in the corner of the chamber, which I had not yet observed, and as he drew aside the curtain I perceived a row of beautifully bound volumes with golden inscriptions: *Orfeo, Armida, Alceste, Iphigenia*, &c.,—in a short a collection of Gluck's masterpieces.

"You possess all Gluck's works?" I exclaimed.

He made no reply, but his mouth drew itself up to a convulsive smile, and the play of the muscles in the sunken cheeks distorted his face in an instant to a hideous mask. With his gloomy look steadily fixed on me, he seized one of the books—it was *Armida*—and strode solemnly to the piano. I quickly opened it and adjusted the desk; he seemed pleased to see it. He opened the book, and—who can describe my astonishment! I beheld ruled pages, but with no written notes.

He began: "Now I will play the overture! Turn the pages for me, and at the right time!" I promised that, and now he played in a superb and masterly manner, with large handfuls of chords, the majestic *Tempo di Marcia*, with which the overture sets out, almost exactly true to the original; but the Allegro was only interwoven with Gluck's leading thoughts. He introduced so many new and genial turns, that my astonishment continually increased. Especially striking were his modulations, without being harsh, and he knew how to string upon the leading thoughts so many melodic embellishments, that they seemed continually to re-appear in new and rejuvenescent forms.—His face glowed; now his eyebrows contracted and a long suppressed rage seemed on the point of violently breaking out, and now his eye swam in tears of deepest sadness. Occasionally, when both hands were busy with the ingenious embellishments, he sang the Thema with a pleasing tenor voice; then he had a most singular way of imitating with his voice the muffled tone of the kettle-drum. I industriously turned over the leaves, closely following his looks. The overture was finished, and he fell back exhausted with closed eyes upon the arm-chair. Presently he revived and turning hastily over several empty pages of the book, he said with a muffled voice:

"All this, my dear sir, I wrote when I came out from the kingdom of dreams. But I betrayed the holy to the unholy, and an ice-cold hand fell upon this glowing heart! It did not break; then was I condemned to wander among the profane, like a departed spirit—formless, so that no one might know me, until the sunflower shall lift me up again to the Eternal.—Ha—now let us sing *Armida's scena*!"

And now he sang the concluding scene of the *Armida* with an expression, that penetrated my

inmost soul. Here too he departed widely from the original; but his altered music was Gluck's *scena* raised as it were to a higher power. All that hatred, love, despair, madness, can express in the strongest outlines, he compressed together powerfully in tones. His voice seemed that of a youth, for from its deep and muffled quality it swelled up to a penetrating strength. All my fibres trembled—I was beside myself. When he had finished, I threw myself into his arms and exclaimed with stifled voice: "What is this? Who are you?"

He stood up and measured me with earnest, penetrating gaze; then, when I would have questioned him further, he had slipped through the door with the light and left me in the dark. This had lasted nearly a quarter of an hour; I despaired of seeing him again and tried, *orienting* myself by the position of the clavichord, to open the door, when he suddenly re-entered, in an embroidered gala coat, rich vest, and the sword at his side, holding the lamp in his hand.

I was struck dumb with amazement; solemnly he came towards me, took me gently by the hand and with a strange smile said:

"I AM THE RITTER GLUCK!"

[From "Lectures and Miscellanies," by HENRY JAMES.]

On Universality in Art.

[Second Extract.]

If the past train of observation be just, then we may not fear to accept the definition I have given of a work of Art. It is a work which involves its own end, or is complete in itself. Art is not a term designed to express any particular mode of external activity, but simply to characterize, *throughout the whole range of human production*, that performance which obeys a purely ideal end, or represents a conception of beauty in the performer's soul. Whatever work of man does not come under this definition, whether it be painting or poetry or sculpture, falls without the sphere of Art. It may be a work of surpassing cleverness, it may greatly excel the work of every other man in the same walk, but it is not a work of Art. It is at best an unsurpassed copy of Nature, and always inferior to the original. Zeuxis may paint natural effects better than Apelles. He may give you such miraculous distances, and so embathe his foliage with the tender freshness of the dawn, that you would swear he knew the very heart of nature, and could utter all her secrets at will. But all this only leaves Zeuxis a painter. It by no means makes him an Artist. For take away a certain effect from nature, and you leave him powerless. To be a first-rate painter one must be a faithful copyist of nature, as to be a first-rate poet one must be a faithful copyist of the human heart. But to be an Artist in either sphere is to do something more than copy. It is to make poetry and painting serve ideas, or express a beauty above nature and beyond the range of our private affections. Zeuxis accordingly has been a zealous student or copyist of nature. He has watched her more wistfully than the spider watches the fly. In the voluminous note-book of his memory, he has recorded all her shifting phantasmagoria, and is quite sure that he will one day seize her with a grasp which all men shall deem immortal.

But the Artist avoids all this fidget. He loves and enjoys nature, but with no sinister design. He enters the chambers of the morning for a present refreshment, and with no view to the scraps he may carry home in his wallet. He watches the lingering glance of the god of day, because it evokes a mystic rapture in his soul which no other natural symbol can, but he has not the remotest intention of reporting the transaction for the newspapers. He may of course

be, as to his specific intellectual activity, a painter or a poet, and in either capacity will use these fruits of his observation with admirable advantage. All I wish to say is that so far as he is also Artist, the inspiration of his activity will come from within and not from without, will date exclusively from a supersensuous idea, and not from the most gorgeous landscape the sun ever lighted.

It is irreverence therefore shown to Art, a wrong done its great significance, to call a man Artist merely because he is a first-rate painter, sculptor or poet. Art has no more necessary connection with one form of production than another. It has no respect of persons. It commits itself to no specialities. It is a universal spirit manifesting itself in all forms, but compromised by none. Hence the Artist knows no shibboleths, is destitute of all exclusiveness, is in fact modesty itself, feeling himself to be a mere minister and representative of that holy and divine spirit which forgives every sin but self-conceit. To give outward form to inward substance: to give natural body to spiritual conception: such is the office of Art within the entire realm of human production. Who that enters upon this lofty career, but feels his soul purified of all petty and personal ambitions, of all mercenary lusts? For his labor acknowledges no more any outward object, acknowledges no object but the fullest possible expression of beauty.

This is the exact distinction between work, or mercenary labor and Art, that the workman or artisan finds his inspiration without him, in the necessities of his physical and social life: while the Artist finds his within him, or in his ideal. The artisan works for physical and social subsistence, thus from compulsion, and therefore poorly. The Artist works only to satisfy an inspiration, thus from attraction, and therefore divinely. His inward spirit is the exclusive source or object of his activity: his outward organization its means or instrument. Thus in so far as his activity is concerned, he is complete or perfect in himself: while the artisan who finds his inspiration without him, either in the necessities of his nature or his social position, is perpetually incomplete, like a house without an occupant, or a body without a soul.

These considerations explain why men so much dislike mere toil or compulsory work. It is servile and imitative. It is always enforced by some bodily necessity or social duty, by some exigency of one's natural or social position. Aesthetic activity, the activity of the Artist, on the other hand is free and original. It springs not from necessity or duty, but purely from taste or delight. It has an exclusively inward genesis. It proceeds from within to without. It is in every case the embodiment of an idea, and therefore complete in itself. Thus the Artist, the man who is striving to actualize an idea, inevitably feels a sense of human dignity or worth to which the mere paid laborer is a stranger.

MME. PERSIANI, TAMBURINI, &C. The Editor of the *Savannah Republican* writes home to his paper thus from Dresden:

"I am not sure whether it was a piece of good or bad luck to find here the principal artists of the opera in St. Petersburg, who are returning from their winter's engagements in the Russian capital. These people always seem to be afflicted with some indisposition, and to demand much waiting for and caresses. One night Pozzolini, the tenor, was sick—no opera;—on another, Tamburini, the basso,—no opera again; and last Persiani, the soprano—again no opera. I suppose that the feeling which prompts these veteran artists to tread the stage again, may resemble that which keeps the merchant at his task, after his fortune is made.—Application to business becomes almost a necessity, to say nothing of the honest pride of continuing a successful business.

"Persiani is now near fifty years of age, with an ample income—looking on the stage young forty. Her hand and arm are exceedingly beautiful, her whole action admirable to the last degree.

I should doubt if she had lost more than a single note of her voice. Her high notes are pure and silvery, but rather thin. She manages her voice with the most consummate skill. Tamburini's voice is exceedingly impaired. He is now sixty years of age, with an income stated at eighty thousand francs a year. He shows in everything, the finished art of an "old stager." His acting as the Count in the *Sonnambula*, and as the Sergeant in the *Elisir d'Amore*, left nothing to be desired. His fat and red jowls and fair round figure, are jolly enough. Pozzolani is a very fair and pure tenor, with rather a repulsive face and ungainly manner. His voice is husky and disagreeable in the ordinary recitations, where conversation is introduced. Rossi is a barytone of medium quality, but also perfect in his acting—and as Doctor Dulcamara, absolutely without a peer."

GREGORIO ALLEGRI. This composer was born at Rome, in 1590, and died there in 1663. He was a singer in the papal chapel, and is considered even still, in Italy, one of the most excellent composers of his age. He was a scholar of Nanini. His *Miserere*, one of the most sublime and delightful works of human art, has particularly distinguished him. It is even now sung yearly, during Passion week, in the Sistine chapel at Rome. This composition was at one time esteemed so holy, that whoever ventured to transcribe it was liable to excommunication. Mozart disregarded this prohibition, and, after two hearings, made a correct copy of the original. It was engraved and published in London in 1771, and it appeared in 1810 at Paris, in the *Collection des Classiques*. In 1773, the king of England obtained a copy, as a present from the Pope himself. According to the opinion of Baini, now or lately the leader of the choir, *maestro della cappella* in the Pope's chapel, the *Miserere* of Allegri was not composed for all the voices, but only the bass of the eighteenth or twenty-first parts; all the rest is the addition of successive singers. But in the beginning of the eighteenth century, the existing manner of singing it was established as a standard at Rome by the orders of the then reigning Pope. A full score of it has never existed. — *Biographie Universelle*.

Robert Schumann's Musical Life-Maxims.

LIII. If you can find out little melodies on the piano, it is all very well. But if they come of themselves, without the piano, then you have greater reason to rejoice, for then you stir the inmost musical feeling. — The fingers must make what the head wills, and *vice versa*.

LIV. When you begin to compose, make it all in your head. When you have got a piece all ready, then try it on the instrument. If your music came from your inmost soul, if you have felt it, then it will take effect on others.

LV. Acquire an early knowledge of directing; watch good directors closely; and form a habit of directing with them, silently, and to yourself. This brings clearness into you.

LVI. Be circumspect in your own life, as in other arts and sciences.

LVIII. By industry and perseverance you will always carry it higher.

LIX. From a pound of iron, bought for a few pence, many thousand watch-springs may be made, whereby the value is increased a hundred thousand fold. The pound which God has given you, improve it faithfully.

LXI. Art is not for the end of getting riches. Only become a greater and greater Artist; the rest will come of itself.

LXIII. Perhaps only genius fully understands genius.

LXIV. Some one maintained, that a perfect musician must be able, on the first hearing of a complicated orchestral work, to see it as in bodily score before him. That is the highest that can be conceived of.

LXV. There is no end of learning.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

VINETA.

FROM THE GERMAN.

[VINETA is the name of a lake on the island of Rügen, in the Baltic. Tradition says, it sprang up on the site of a ruined city, and that the bells thereof may be heard ringing from below the water. A friend has furnished us the following two translations of the poem, made by different hands. The first preserves the measure of the original.—Ed.]

From the lake's unfathomed waters ringing,
Evening bells sound faintly through the air;
Thus to mortals wondrous tidings bringing
From the fair old wondrous city there.

Low it rests, with earth no more connected,
Waters now its lonely ruins lave;
Still, from pinnacle and spire reflected,
Golden sparks are mirrored in the wave.

And the boatman who, with eye enchanted,
Once hath seen the light, at sunset clear,
Ever seeks the magic spot, undaunted,
Heeding not the rocks that threaten near.

From the heart's unfathomed depths, a ringing
Comes to me like faintly sounding bells;
Ah! it cometh, wondrous tidings bringing,—
Of the love once cherished there it tells.

To those depths a beauteous world is given,—
Sunken there its ruins still remain;
Still they shine like golden sparks of Heaven,
In the mirror of my dreams again.

Then, beneath the waters disappearing,
Would I sink in yon reflection fair,
And, as if angelic voices hearing,
Fain would seek the wondrous city there.

THE SAME—ANOTHER VERSION.

From the Ocean's depths unsounded
Evening bells still faintly chime,
Telling how the beauteous city
Stood there in the olden time.

Sunk beneath the restless waters,
Still remain its ruins gray;
Still its towers, as from a mirror,
Give back sunset's golden ray.

And the seaman, on whose vision
Once that witching gleam hath shone,
Ever steers his vessel thither,
Though huge rocks around are strewn.

From the spirit's depths unsounded
Bells to me still faintly chime—
Ah! they whisper wondrous tidings—
Of its love in by-gone time.

There a beauteous world has perished,
Brightly still its ruins gleam,
Shedding oft rich hues of heaven
O'er the mirror of life's dream.

In those depths I fain would plunge me,
Drown me in the golden light—
And it seems an angel calls me
Into that old city bright.

Richmond, Va., Aug. 26, 1844.

E. H. W.

GRISI IN "LE PROPHETE."

The moment Grisi appeared on the stage as John of Leyden's mother, leading her son's betrothed into the presence of their haughty fendal lord, it was evident that she was the very personage imagined by the dramatist. In her plain, unadorned, 'sad-colored' attire, she looked to perfection the comely matron of humble life, simple and timid, but with something in her countenance and manner indicating the strength and energy which belong to the character. She was very quiet in this scene; standing behind *Bertha*, and echoing her petition, she did not accompany her words with Viardot's rustic curtsies, which had such a quaint and comic effect; but her air of meek humility was more true to nature than the more

demonstrative manner of her precursor. The scene in the third act, where *Fides* appears as a forlorn wanderer, begging alms in the marketplace of Munster, was most beautifully acted. Beneath her mean and squalid attire there was still that air of distinction which so remarkable a heroine can never lose; and the tone in which she repeated her simple supplication, "Pieta, pieta!" was pathos itself. The meeting with *Bertha*, a wandering pilgrim like herself—the subdued, maternal tenderness of *Fides*, contrasted with the young woman's burst of girlish rapture—was finely represented on both sides, Madame Castellan's *Bertha* being throughout a charming performance. But it was in the great scene in the cathedral that Grisi's triumph was complete. The mother's wild scream, when she sees in the splendid figure of the *Prophet*—the impostor, the object of her utter detestation—her own lost son—the struggling passions with which she hears him, looking in her face, coldly ask the bystanders what "this woman" wants; and her utter helplessness when she sinks on the ground, and suffers him to wring from her a confirmation of his denial that he is her son—were given with that intensity of power which Grisi, of all our musical tragedians, alone possesses. The audience seemed electrified; and, when the scene closed, their enthusiasm burst into shouts of applause, reiterated for many minutes.

In regard to the vocal part of the performance, it was some disadvantage that the music is written for a voice of a lower register than Grisi's; but this disadvantage was much slighter than we had expected. Her voice, though a soprano, never was a high one; its quality has always been full and voluninous, and its low notes particularly rich and mellow. It has lost something of its flexibility and brilliancy in the upper part of the scale; but its lower notes are better than ever, and it may now be regarded as the finest mezzo-soprano on the stage. Such being the case, the music of *Fides* suffered little in passing through her lips. She made some unimportant changes in passages here and there, but they were made with skill and judgment, and on the whole the text was substantially adhered to, with no other injury than an occasional weakness of tone in some of the lowest notes. But, with this slight drawback, her singing was as admirable as her acting; and we are convinced that, whoever may assume the character of *Fides*, no one will eclipse Grisi so long as her powers continue to be what they are now. — *London News*.

Music in Cincinnati—Importance of Musical Clubs.

In the Cincinnati *Daily Citizen* we find the following remarks. Their truth applies to very many places, which have not a musical reputation, and perhaps to some which have. Good elements exist in many and many a place, which are as good as lost without the mutual genial stimulus of association.

"MUSICAL CLUBS. — A correspondent of Dwight's Journal of Music, writes:—

"You ask me, what musical items I have gathered on the short trip, which I have just made westward? Alas, one can travel from Dan to Beersheba as in old times and find all is (nearly) barren. But the singing master is abroad, and in some of the larger places, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, &c., I am told that the seed is sown and that sometime or other the harvest will come. Heaven grant it."

"This is a musical city—that is, so far as a desire to cultivate the science of music, and the power to appreciate its charms can establish its claim to that title. Talent of a high order is to be found in its *professionals* and in some of its amateurs; yet, from want of that great essential, *association*, it is not apparent to the stranger. If the musical talent of Cincinnati was concentrated in one, or more "musical societies," the correspondent above quoted, could have judged for himself, and needed not to be told 'that the seed is sown.'

"As far as we know, there is no society of this nature in the city, outside the ranks of our Ger-

man friends; and we are cognizant of the fact, that a desire for the formation of one exists in some of our professional musicians. Why not organize one?

"The arts of painting and sculpture cannot flourish without the aid of Art Unions, or academies, or artist's societies. Musical talent runs to waste, unless it is brought into some available form, in an organized body."

To the above we take the liberty of adding an extract from a letter, which we some time since received from the proprietors of the principal Music Hall in Cincinnati:

"Having been for some years engaged in the piano business here, and having also, since last fall, been the owners of the principal Concert Hall of this city, we have had occasion to note particularly the taste in regard to amusements and entertainments generally, and although negro concerts and popular music, *popularly rendered*, still draw the largest houses and pay the most surely, we yet observe that each year classical and scientific performances become more esteemed and appreciated, and really fine musicians better repaid for visiting us. Were papers like yours more widely circulated and read than as yet they are, we doubt not that this improvement would become still more clearly and rapidly manifest, and not our musicians only, but our citizens generally be the gainers."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 17, 1852.

Music of Summer—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony.

Musical journalizing in these July days, with the thermometers racing on *great heats*, amid the hot bricks and altogether unmusical circumstances of the city, hardly seems the thing. At least, so sang the little bird to us, this morning, that swung upon the tree in our neighbor's garden near our window. Dear warbler, we will follow thee anon to the green fields and breezy hills;—but for some space yet must we "fast in fires." Meanwhile is not Art in close affinity with Nature? And Music above all, has she not embodied in immortal harmonies much of the purest essence of the country and the summer? Therefore in lieu of feeble, feverish beatings of the brain for novelty, we make no excuse this time for falling back upon old memories and impressions of that wonderful music that has many times transported us, even in winter, to the delights of summer in the woods and fields.

Remember, these our notes were taken down some twelve or fifteen years ago, and doubtless would appear quite imperfect on a present re-examination of the music. But we doubt if we could convey the *spirit* of it much more truly now, than we did then, when feeling was the better part of knowledge.

"The 'PASTORAL SYMPHONY' is called the highest achievement of descriptive music. Beethoven composed it in the long summer afternoons, which he spent in a rural spot just out of Vienna, seated upon a style, and surrendering himself to all the sounds and sights and sensations of the country, so grateful to the tired denizen of the city.

"*Sensations on arriving in the country*," is the title which he has prefixed to the first movement,

the Allegro. And in this he is true to the genius of Music, in not attempting to describe the country, but only the sensations with which its blithe free air, its cool green spaces, its far-spread smiling landscapes, and its myriad intermingled voices of birds, insects, cattle, men, with the thousand-fold accompaniment of wind and water and the universal hum, inspire one. The melody has a light, tilting motion, which calls up at once that almost-dizziness with which the too strong pulse of nature overpowers us. The successive phrases *steal in* upon the almost listless reverie of the hearer. He heeds no single object; but all the things of summer and the country chime in sweet confusion with the rhythm of his thoughts. There is a pulsing, a throbbing through the whole movement, which every one will understand, who has wooed nature alone. The mingling harmonies swell and subside like a crowd of waves: now it is an over-full and stunning rapture, and now it reels and ebbs away, the fainting of too much ecstasy. As to pictures, the mind is free to imagine what it will. It is idle to go to music for a description of nature; but sometimes a description of this music is helped out by an allusion to nature. Thus when a snatch of melody lights like a sunbeam on the topmost notes of the flutes and oboes, thence glides down through the violins, the seconds, the tenors, the deep, full violoncellos, till finally the double basses convey it down to depths inaudible, the musical hearer, who can scarce contain his pleasure, may be excused if he try to make his neighbor *see* it, by telling him to imagine himself stretched upon a grassy slope in a summer afternoon, dreaming of all, attentive to nothing round him, till he is seduced from his own vague feeling, and led on a chase over the sunny meadows by some travelling shadow, that comes up from behind him, and sweeps on before him till it has measured the whole visible horizon, and is lost in the distance, just as that wandering melody measured the whole compass of the orchestra; or by some sudden breeze that bends the grass before him, and leads him on in its wake, till he can see no further;—and if this sentence sins against rhetoric by its mixed metaphors, so much the truer is it to the music, so much the more like a summer afternoon in the country. Those acquainted with the technical structure of a Symphony, will best recognize the passage which we mean, if we call it the *counter-theme*, or *middle subject* of the first division of the Allegro. And perhaps it will be well, (regarding all thus far said as only a general characterizing of the whole movement,) to attempt a more orderly description of it.

"Let it be understood, then, that every Symphony is cast in a certain uniform mould; that its mechanical form is conventional. Haydn invented, at any rate perfected it; and Beethoven could accommodate his crowded thoughts to it without much sacrifice; just as Byron declared that the stream of his inspiration leaped and sparkled all the more vigorously within the rocky bounds of rhyme and the Spenserian stanza. In the Symphony it is the first movement only which is strictly Symphonic. This is commonly an Allegro, consisting of two divisions. The former contains all the simple themes or *motivi*, and is always repeated. The latter is the working up of these themes into all manner of transformations and combinations; and it is here that the skill and science of the

artist are put in requisition; his problem being to stick to his text, and never repeat himself, to develop the *motivi* of the first division into inexhaustible novelties. Attend well, then, to the first division of the Allegro, (which for this very reason is always repeated,) and you have the key to the whole labyrinth of harmonies into which it introduces you. It begins always with the main theme or tune of the piece, then modulates gradually into the fifth of the key, which gives an answering melody, the *counter-theme*, or *middle subject*, then through a somewhat lengthened cadence, often enriched with several new melodies, returns into the first *theme*, modulates as before into the *counter-theme*, and winds away through the same lengthened cadence, not to return again, but to pass into a new world of endless transformations, into the *second division*, where forms are varied and multiplied without end; but in each one you still recognize the old features of the first themes; always novelty, but no new subjects. Such is the skeleton of the Allegro, or first movement of a Symphony; which is always in the *Symphonic* form. Then follows the slow and thoughtful Andante or Adagio, which is commonly in the Rondo form; that is, an air repeated three or four times, only each time with a more florid accompaniment. Awhile it dallies in the graceful, playful form of the Minuet or Trio, or fantastic Scherzo; and then it gives full reins, and lets excited fancy spend itself in the rapid, wild Finale.

"Such is the form of the Pastoral Symphony. Gardiner says that the ground-tone of the all-pervading hum in the open air is what is marked in our scale, F natural. The Allegro of the Pastoral commences in F. If now it were possible to detect, not only this ground-tone, but also the ground *theme* or melody, not only the key-note, but also the tune of Nature's music, it would be no more than what the instinct of genius has done in the opening theme of this Allegro. Beethoven seems to have caught the very tune of the fields. That is, he has caught their spirit; and in him it passed into melody. The spirit, the breath of Summer, in the mild June afternoon, came over him, as over her own harp, (for such he was, a harp of nature, by his whole organization,) and drew from him her own melody. Herein lies the genius of the whole; the discovery of this one melody; it is getting into the country. It is a very simple song; but it touches the right feeling; if any one has any love of nature in him, it transports him through that feeling to the scenes of its sweetest converse, where it first had birth. Beautiful is the way in which this air is introduced. At first a mere snatch of it, just a phrase of a couple of bars, from a single instrument, as if some wandering zephyr sung it as it passed by; then a long hold upon the last note, as if surprised and wondering what will come of this. Anon it is answered in another quarter; kindred phrases blend with it; different instruments repeat it with fuller harmonies; it melts away in the distance, and, when we think it gone, it comes up again from the deep basses; it resounds in full octaves from the whole band; it fills all things; it is the tune of Nature! Out of this simple air all the rest follows of course; all the successive melodies and modulations flow out of it and return back into it by the same necessity by which all the parts of a landscape seem to date from and illustrate every single

part; 'we are all *one*, though many,' they seem to say; the one you look at is looking at another as if that were lovelier, and they all point you from one to the other, till you are lost in the whole and know not which is loveliest; each most lovely because it lives in the whole, and does not obtrude itself. This is the feeling we have with nature, in the open fields; this sense of one in all; this wandering through an infinite maze, bewildered and refreshed at once. Such is the effect of this simple melody and all which it conducts to. Buoyantly and lightly it creeps up over us and whirls our thoughts away with it in graceful dance over the sunny grassy plains and hills afar, till we forget ourselves in blissful reverie, mingling our essence with the wholesome universal air, blending with the scene, and feeling the whole landscape with as much thrilling sense as we feel our own body. There is a slight drowsiness in the melody; the going to sleep of disturbing individual thoughts, while the mind wakes to the sense of universal harmony; the closing of the eyes upon vulgar glare, and escaping into the milder halo of beauty.

"The tide has reached the full, thrilling through every pipe and string of the whole orchestra, and is now ebbing away, when a new subject is introduced. To the vague succeeds the definite. Some particular phenomenon awakes us from our reverie. It is thus we always enjoy beauty in nature and in art; we oscillate between the sense of unity and of variety. The parts seduce us from the whole, though only to lead us back to it again. We can no more remain in that first mood than a melody can go on, or even complete its own scale, without shifting from its key-note upon the chord of the dominant. And so the theme modulates into the counter-theme above described. First there is a disturbance in the rhythm; its smooth flow is crossed by a sort of shudder in the harmonies; like a ruffling breeze brushing across the glassy transparency of running water. Once, twice — it comes from the mysterious horns, and the last time with the expectant discord of the *dominant seventh*. The key is decided — the new melody traverses the orchestra from highest flutes to deep as the double bass can carry it; that first stir of the breeze has changed the whole scene;

"Lo! where the grassy meadow runs in waves!"

"And now,
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about."

"And 'see, on yonder woody ridge
The pine is bending his proud top."

"The cloud sails over, a shadow sends across the plain, which we dreamily watch till it is lost. In a third phrase, a jubilant rapturous strain, we exult in the fullness of wild life. The heart of nature throbs too close and overpoweringly. The tide of rapture turns and ebbs away in the long cadence of a fourth melody, which tilts between the key-note and the dominant, softer and softer, dying away, till all is calm again, so that you can hear once more that first simple air, the constant tune of nature. And so on, the whole four melodies are repeated from the beginning, making the ear quite familiar with them; and then in the second division they are transposed and multiplied and blended together in an endless maze of harmony. Turn where you will, you meet some floating fragment of these melodies; everything is a reminiscence of one or more of them; a thousand mirrors reflect, however colored or distorted, their expression; and, in the gay confusion, every

glance and tone of summer and the country are suggested. Transported by the tune, the mind is free to roam and feast itself at pleasure upon all the fancied resemblances which it can trace, as in the veins of marble, or in the coals upon the hearth, not bound to see them twice alike. One expression, however pervades the whole. It is all buoyant, peaceful, full of life; the whole air sparkles and twinkles with tiny sounds and voices, like fairy bells. It betrays a deep *love* of nature. It is not the mere cheerfulness of a child; not all sensation, like the sunny Haydn; but the restoring spell of the green fields exerted upon a deep and thought-sick mind. It is the poet's sense of nature; the poet quenching his restless longings in a world that does not contradict, but smile and sing to his ideas; the poet, who brings to the feast of beauty as much as he receives. The lord of this sweet pastoral creation is no light-hearted Adam in Paradise, no idle swain cheered by bright weather, but rather Endymion, the shepherd prince, who pined in secret for a Goddess and found sympathy only in the woods and fields. Haydn's descriptive pieces are *Idyls*, simple, cheerful pictures out of common life. They paint the actual merely. Beethoven's make the outward world a mirror of the soul. He does not copy the forms, but communes with the *spirit* of nature. Nothing could well be more cheerful and tranquil than this first movement; but it took a Beethoven to compose it. Others may have clear senses and observe minutely; but lovers and mystics and deep-souled men have always painted nature with most truth. They alone see the Naiad in the fountain, and hear the oaten reed of Pan in the woods.

"But, to resume the thread of the story. From the first '*sensations on arriving in the country*,' we may suppose our wanderer to sink back into himself. The Andante is called the '*Walk by the brook-side*;' a sombre, melancholy strain, in the same slow, wide-winding Siciliano measure, with the little Symphony in the '*Messiah*.' There is a mingling of low gurgling melodies flowing on continually in one rich, cool harmony; and clear above all this, one high part sings on musingly to itself, ever and anon pausing and taking up the tune again. It is a song without words; with the purling of the stream, and the rustling of the leafy arches overhead, and the chirping of the birds for an accompaniment; a man absorbed in his feelings, while dreamily the waters chime in with their involuntary tune. As a motto to the whole might stand the famous stanza from the *Fairie Queene*:

"The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attuned sweet;
Th' angelical, soft, trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine response meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall;
The waters' fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle, warbling wind low answer'd to all."

"By degrees, insensibly, the song drops into a more and more absorbed and melancholy key. Mechanically following the winding of the brook, he enters into deeper and cooler shades: the mingling accompaniment, the murmur of the water, the mysterious trembling of the wind-harp in the pines, become more and more like living intelligences, responding to his mood. What is the burthen of that melancholy song? What is it that he pores over in his mind, while the woods and rocks seem half to understand? What is

the sweet tormenting doubt, he longs yet fears to have resolved? Answer him, ye viewless spirits of the shade, ye Oreads and Naiads, ye Fauns and Echoes! All is still; and bark! the earnest, flute-like voice of the nightingale calls through the silence! the cuckoo and the quail chime in! He hails the omen, relapses into the old tune of his thoughts again; but only for a moment; for now he emerges into the summer sun, and nature's gay variety delivers him again from himself.

"Now follows the joyous *Scherzo*, describing the festivities and dances of the villagers, which we imagine our wanderer to be watching from some high station. The thunder storm bursts over them; and for a while all the elements are mingled, all is hurry and confusion. As the last thunders roll away and the last scattering rain drops patter down irregularly, how solemnly and thoughtfully a reminiscence of the old tune of the Andante emerges from the darkness, together with the welcome light of day. Wonderful is the music which follows. All things glitter with the crystal drops — the setting sun pours in his parting benediction beneath the clouds, filling the earth with showers of golden light. How crystal-clear and fresh and trembling with faint joy is every harmony! From all the hills echo the horns of the herdsmen calling home their flocks. These give the movement to the whole; light, pattering, measured steps, ever and anon crowding upon one another, keep time to it. These together form the descriptive accompaniment, while over all rises a religious strain of childlike gratitude and wonder, the hymn of the heart, in the great cathedral where the golden cloud-curtained West forms the oriel window, and the voices and echoes of every happy living thing, the choir.

"We feel that this Symphony answers the whole question about the *descriptive* or *imitative* powers of music. It shows us how far, and in what way, outward nature may be conveyed in music. Abounding as it does in such allusions, we do not feel that any part of it is artificial and forced, or a perversion of music to other than its legitimate uses. And that for this reason: that it does not literally copy nature, but only utters the poet's *feeling* of nature, which, like every feeling, can summon up a thousand shapes and scenes by its enchantment. If such music in Haydn is often only cold and outside *imitation*; in Beethoven it is *interpretation* of nature.

"In strict truth, music cannot imitate nature, since *nature imitates music*. Music as an art is first born with the higher sentiments of man — nature without man does not contain subject enough for it. But throughout all material nature we discern glimmerings of a higher idea, strivings upward towards that perfection only revealed in man. Those curious veins in marble and mahogany are not for nothing; the human groups we trace in them seem to be incomplete developments of the pervading laws of form, first sketches predicting that perfection of form which shall appear in man, and still more in man's ideal executing itself in statues of the gods. So with sounds. All the material laws of sound are tending towards the highest art or music. In nature they already produce an imperfect music; in man they attain to Art. Let man give utterance to his own high feeling of nature, or of the harmony, the unity in variety, of all things, in worthy strains of music, and unconsciously that music will suggest all those feeble imitations and predictions of the same,

with which the tuneful air of nature swarms. Thus we have nature in music, and yet music the language of *feeling*, which we have all along assumed it to be. Sing the *feeling* which you had with nature, and you are at once transported to her lap. This Beethoven does. Nature lives to him. He penetrates to the heart of every subject and brings out its latent music. Every thing in nature has a correspondence to something in the soul of man. This correspondence a deep and earnest soul not only sees, but *feels*; and every *feeling* has its melody; thus every object has its music.

"But, as was said before, nature gives out her deeper meaning and her music only to those who have a corresponding depth of life. Nature is more to the poet, than to other men; and it took all the mystic depths and soul-stirring knowledge of Beethoven, so to feel the spirit of nature, until it became a melody in his mind, as he has done in this Pastoral Symphony.

"In this music we have the sunny side of Beethoven; here his genius disports itself in its lightest and most comprehensible style. And yet even this is no unworthy overture to the vast and mysterious drama which his more characteristic works unfold. Even while we yield ourselves up with him to the mild exhilaration of this summer afternoon ramble in the country, we are not without forebodings of the mysterious and almost supernatural character of our genial guide; something about him shakes our soul to the very centre."

TOM MOORE. There could scarcely be a more welcome announcement to the general mass of music-lovers, than the following, which we copy from the *Boston Pilot*. "Moore's Melodies," with Stevenson's music, are in their way "classics;" at all events, they have intertwined themselves with the sweetest memories of home and pleasant evenings of all who speak the English language, and who have loved to hear it wedded to that higher universal language of the heart, which Music is.

"THE IRISH MELODIES OF THOMAS MOORE. Tom Moore, glorious Tom Moore! Ireland's sweetest bard and the world's most favorite songster! Our readers will receive with delight a paragraph of intelligence which we have to communicate, namely, that the enterprising music publisher of this city, Oliver Ditson, in connection with Mr. Donahoe, have in press 'Moore's Irish Melodies,' accompanied with the music as it originally appeared from the pen of Sir John Stevenson.

"The public are furnished with numerous editions of the 'Irish Melodies,' but in a form which always gave pain to their gifted author.

Music and poetry were wedded in the heart of Moore; to him they were one and inseparable, and nothing gave him greater distress than the sight of his 'Irish Melodies' crowded together in one volume, unaccompanied by the Notes with which they were always associated in his own mind.

The edition about to be issued will be a treasure of invaluable worth to every Irishman as a testimony of the genius of his country; and to every lover of music, as the truest offering with which to approach the shrine of his devotion. For ourselves, we look with no small degree of pleasure to the time of its publication. Irishmen and the friends of Erin may well be proud of Moore, and though

"The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
The Soul of music shed,
Now hangeth mute on Tara's walls
Because that Soul hath fled,"

yet the note it struck and the thrilling tones it gave forth will live for ages in this volume of 'Irish Melodies.' We are to have the words and those stirring national airs within the covers of one volume. The book will be ready in two or three days."

Musical Review.

SCHNEIDER'S *Practical Organ School*, &c., &c. pp. 99. Boston: O. Ditson. Price, \$2.50.

This is altogether the most important work that has yet appeared in this country for young organists. Both in precept and in illustration it is very rich. It offers a choice and full collection of the best kind of organ music, in short forms, for ordinary church service; including Preludes (in two and three parts) by Rinck, and Voluntaries (sixty-three in number) by Rinck, Schneider, Hesse, Handel, Beethoven, Pergolesi, Bach, and others. These are all pieces of impressive beauty and in genuine organ style.

Besides the music, there is a large body of general information given, about the instrument, the manner of its construction, the mode of playing and of tuning it, the use of the pedals and the stops, with exercises in fingering, and about the elements of music generally. An appendix embodies the more elementary portions of Schneider's excellent Theory of Harmony.

The Belles of Boston: Galop Fantastique, for the Piano. ALFRED JAELL. pp. 11. Price, 50 cents. G. P. Reed & Co.

One of the fluent, sparkling productions of this light-fingered favorite, which no doubt the belles will duly appreciate; and happy will that one be, who can approach the author's facile grace in playing it.

Gems of German Song. Seventh Series. G. P. Reed & Co.

No. 4. *Where is the German Fatherland?* REICH-ARDT.

No. 5. *Du Geist der Wolke*, (*Thou Spirit of the Cloud*.) A. KREISSMANN. With Translation by HENRY WARE.

We overlooked these two in our last notice of the "Gems." The first is one of the glorious patriotic songs of Deutschland, glorious in its music and its words.

Mr. Kreissmann's song—we think it can be no mere fancy of our own—is more in the vein of some of Schubert's wild and deep creations, than we had supposed it possible for another to write. This certainly is high praise. It is a simple, solemn, true song; best suited to a tenor voice.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL. The work progresses steadily and rapidly. Before Saturday night the slating will be completed, and then, the operations being *à l'abri*—from weather or other possible interruption, the time of opening can be safely and accurately fixed.

Such a work as this, open from the beginning to public inspection and miscellaneous criticism, can hardly be expected to escape the dilemma of the man with his ass and son, or the painter who invited criticism on his picture. Fortunately, the architect has the moral of these fables by heart, and will succeed in pleasing at least himself and his advisers.

One point in the arrangements which has provoked the most confident censures in one or two learned gentlemen, is the style and disposition of the Orchestra. We feel little doubt that it will soon vindicate its peculiar excellencies. In the mean time let us describe it.

The stage (which is not yet laid) is curved in front, its greatest projection into the hall from the lowest of the orchestra platforms being twelve feet; from the rear of this these platforms (eight in number, and of an aggregate depth of twenty-four feet,) commence rising rearward to the level of the organ floor; the upper one being on a level with the floor of the first balcony, so that on the few occasions when a choir exceeding two hundred in number shall be present, the surplus can be conveniently and appropriately seated in the nearest balcony seats; and on such occasions as shall attract a

great crowd, from one to two hundred of the audience can be accommodated with orchestra seats. The rise of each platform is one foot,—the first one (which is the stage) being four feet above the hall floor.

But the greatest charm of the contrivance, is that by which the stage may be approached on its own level at three points from the orchestra rooms, (at each side and in the centre,) thus securing artists against one of the greatest trials to which they are ordinarily exposed—that of mounting steps just before singing or playing. It is especially from artists that this arrangement has already met with the warmest commendation and approval. By no other arrangement is a choir heard to such advantage,—by no other can a large number of persons be so perfectly conducted. It was after very great deliberation and patient research that this plan was elected and decided on, and there is no point in the distribution of the interior, in which the architect and directors feel more confidence than in this. A minor incidental advantage not yet named, is the fine effect on the eye.

I meant to describe the eminent advantages of the auditorium over other halls known to us. But I have used too much of your space already, and will only name one particular. The corridors, which traverse the entire length of the two sides of the hall, on the three stories, giving forty-two doors of entrance to the hall, secure a complete exemption, to listeners to music or worship, from that greatest of all trials to persons possessed of nerves, of walking in the room in the midst of song or service. From the end corridor-doors, at the four corners of the hall, the entire floor can be seen at a glance, and the late-comer's modesty, as well as the audience's temper, is spared the trial of his wandering all over the house for a seat. He discovers the vacant seats from his reconnoitering hole, walks *outside* to the door nearest to it, and quietly takes his place without disturbing any one.

A MUSICAL LIBRARY. We find the following in a recent number of the *London Leader*:

"We learn from a correspondent, that LOWELL MASON, Esq., of Boston, United States, has purchased of the heirs of the late composer RINCK, of Darmstadt, the whole of his large and valuable library, and it is now *en route* via Rotterdam to Boston. Only lately, the Theological Library of the celebrated Neander was purchased at Rochester, New York, and we now congratulate our American friends on this new addition to their treasures, through the liberality and public spirit of the purchaser, who has done so much to create a knowledge and love of the science of music in his native city. The library consists of—

"1. Various Works in the History, Biography, and General Literature of Music, including sets of the various musical periodicals in Germany during the last fifty years.

"2. Theoretical Works—very extensive collection—indeed, all the books on the Science of Music which have been published in Germany.

"3. Books of Church Music, Masses, Motets, &c., with many old and valuable books of Chorals from the sixteenth century down to the present time.

"4. Organ Music—an extensive collection by German writers.

"5. Scores of Operas, and the Vocal Works, especially of the older German school.

"6. Very many educational Works, Singing Schools, School Song Books, &c.

"7. Much Manuscript Music, including a collection of Psalms for double choir by Rinck, and other valuable Organ and Vocal Music which has never been published.

"8. Autographs by many of the German composers.

"9. A large Gallery of Portraits, many of which are now exceedingly rare."

London.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The programme of the eighth and last concert (June 28th) was as follows:

PART I.
Sinfonia, "Im Freien," Ferd. Hiller.
Aria, "Non mi dir," Madame Clara Novello (Don Giovanni) Mozart.
Concerto, Violin, M. Vieuxtemps, Beethoven.
Romance, "A peine au sortir de l'enfance," Signor Gardoni (Joseph) Mehul.
Overture (Jessonda) Spohr.

PART II.
Sinfonia in A minor, No. 3, Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Hide me from day's garish eye," Madame Clara Novello, Handel.
Duetto, "Bella Ninfa," Mme. Clara Novello and Signor Gardoni, Spohr.
Overture (Leonora) Beethoven.
Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

Says the *Times*:

"The European reputation of Herr Ferdinand Hiller—who has distinguished himself as a composer in almost

all the higher branches of the art, and who, as the successor of Mendelssohn in the direction of the famous *Gewandhaus* concerts at Leipzig, and, more recently, as *Kapellmeister* and principal of the *Conservatoire* at Cologne, has acquired one of the most honored names among the teachers of the art in Germany—imparted a special interest to the first performance in England of his symphony in G major. The design of Herr Hiller in this elaborate work was to convey, through the universal language of music, his impressions of country life and scenery. So far he has imitated the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven; but with the mere design all resemblance to that immortal inspiration ceases. Herr Hiller thinks for himself, and disdains to be a copyist. As we never heard his symphony before, we cannot pretend to give a decided opinion of its pretensions as a work of art. It is enough to say that the impression we received from a first hearing was highly favorable. The opening movement, *allegro con moto*, ('In the fields,') delighted us by its freshness and spontaneity of thought; and the *intermezzo*, a lively *allegretto*, ('In the valley,') by its quaintness and simplicity. The *adagio*, ('In the wood,') contains some beautiful passages, amidst a prevailing vagueness of character, which a closer familiarity would, doubtless, dispel. The *finale*, ('Upon the mountains,') a vivacious movement of great vigor, appeared to us to be less immediately clear in plan than the others; nor did the principal themes impress us so strongly as those of the preceding movements. That the entire symphony, however, is the work of a master, thoroughly conversant with all the secrets of his art, cannot admit of a question."

JOSEPH JOACHIM. "Of his precocious talent as a boy, of the influence of Mendelssohn upon his studies, of his appointment to share with Liszt the duties of *Kapellmeister* at the court of Weimar, and of his gradual advance to the high position he now enjoys in his profession, we have previously spoken. Although only twenty-one years of age, Herr Joachim enjoys the *prestige* of a name, and possesses the acquirements of a master. As a performer on the violin he stands in the first rank; and, as a composer, he has already won a place among those who have done much for the progress of the instrument.

"The concert was of first-rate pretensions. The programme was strictly 'classical,' and one of the principal features was a grand orchestra—rivaling that of the Philharmonic Society in strength and efficiency—led by M. Sainton, and conducted by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, a musician of acknowledged eminence. The performances of Herr Joachim included: Beethoven's concerto in D, (the only one written for the violin by that great composer), a *fantasia* on Hungarian airs, and a *concertstück* in G minor, composed by himself, and the 24th caprice of Paganini, originally intended as a solo study, to which an introduction and orchestral accompaniments have been added. . . . In the *concertstück* in G minor, which consists of a single movement, Herr Joachim has put forth all his strength as a musician, and has succeeded in producing a composition of high character and great interest, in which breadth of outline, fine melody, skilful adaptation of the passages to the instrument, and rich and elaborate orchestral treatment, are all exhibited in the most favorable manner. For mechanical difficulties, at once original and striking, the *concertstück* of Herr Joachim surpasses anything that has been composed for the violin, except, perhaps, the *Allegro Pathétique* of Ernst, to which, in other respects, it bears no resemblance.—*Times*.

OXFORD COMMEMORATION FESTIVAL. On the first day (June 22d) was a Sacred concert in the theatre, consisting of selections from *St Paul*, &c. The principal singers were Clara Novello, Locky, Miss Williams, Standig, Sims Reeves and Mrs. Messent.—On the second day a miscellaneous Concert: Sofie Cruvelli failed to fulfil her engagement; but Mlle. Clauss more than consoled the audience. The gem of the concert was admitted to be Clara Novello's *Bel Raggio* from *Semiramide*. Joachim's fantasia on the violin, and Bottesini's Concerto on the contra-basso were "astounding."—Musical exercises on the conferring of degrees of Doctor and Bachelor of Music followed.

STERNDALÉ BENNETT'S CLASSICAL PIANO CONCERT. The pianoforte pieces consisted of Beethoven's Trio in D, op. 70, played by Mr. Bennett, with Messrs. Joachim and Piatti; Paradies' third Sonata in E major; Handel's Chaconne in G; Sebastian Bach's Sonata in E, for piano and violin; and Mr. Bennett's new Sonata Duo for the piano and violoncello, played by himself and Signor Piatti. Among these pieces, Paradies' Sonata was peculiarly interesting; this composer's name is almost forgotten now-a-days, yet he was a great man in his time. He was the master of Clementi, and one of the "fathers" of the pianoforte. Mr. Bennett's Sonata Duo is a very fine work; it is beautifully written for both instruments, and, being exquisitely played in both parts, its effect was charming. Some pretty vocal pieces were performed by Miss Louisa Pyne, Signor Murras, and Mrs. Endersohn, particularly Mr. Bennett's graceful and tender ballad, "To Cloe in Sickness," which Mrs. Endersohn sang with great feeling.—*Daily News*.

WILHELMINA CLAUSS. "Vivian" talks so pleasantly about her, that we must give her place again:

"Her *Matinée* on Saturday last drew a full and loving audience, who welcomed with effusion the young angel of the chords; for, to say the truth, this young incarnation of the Sensitive Plant is one of the idolatries of our present season: she is one of those happy stars which, once seen, become a sentiment and a passion. Our most eminent music critic has taken her severely, but, as I believe, with the best and rarest kindness, to task, for some rather ostentatious failures in her more ambitious attempts. She is young enough in years, and, I trust, in spirit, to profit by counsels as full of generous wisdom as they are eminently deserving of respect. As for me, who merely represent the popular breath, I blow her a kiss, (she was nearly devoured last Saturday by the old ladies near the platform,) and whisper into her ear, to cultivate by self-denying and severe study a claim to that higher kind of applause which subsides into a more tranquil admiration. One rare pleasure attaches to her playing: it seems not so much an exhibition as a ministration, and this love winged by a genius so airy and so delicate will surely carry her far."—*Leader*, June 26.

OPERA. At her Majesty's there had been little new. Mlle. Wagner had left England *sine die*. At the Royal Italian, the event has been GRISI's assumption of the rôle of *Fides*, in the *Prophète*, in which the Wagner was to have made her *début*. (For a description of this see third page of this number.)

Germany.

COLOGNE. The *Zeitung*, of June 18th, has the following:

"HENRIETTA SONTAG, who, at the end of Summer, will undertake an artistic journey to America, has invited the talented and popular composer, CARL ECKERT, whose opera "William of Orange" enjoys so high a reputation, to accompany her thither. It will not be forgotten that Eckert last season was joined with Ferdinand Hiller in the direction of the Italian Opera at Paris."

DRESDEN. A new Oratorio: "David," by REISSIGER, has been produced. It is called his hest work.—The *Missa Solennis* of EMIL NAUMANN, so successfully brought out last winter by the Singacademie at Berlin, was performed in the Court Chapel.

BALLENSTEDT. A grand two days festival, at the end of June, under LISZT's direction, was to unite the chapels of Weimar, Dessau and Ballenstedt. To this end the Duke of Bernburg had given the use of the hall of the castle, holding about 3,000 persons. The programme for the first day promised: the Overture to Wagner's *Tannhäuser*; Recitative and Aria from *Figaro*, by Frau Kästner; a violin Concerto of De Beriot, played by David; Duett from the "Huguenots;" Grand Choral Fantasia, of Beethoven; the finale to *Euryanthe*; and Beethoven's Ninth or Choral Symphony. For the second day: Overture to "King Alfred," by Raff; the "Love-feast of the Apostles," by Wagner; the "Harold Symphony," by Berlioz; Overture to *Struensee*, by Meyerbeer; and Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Nacht*.

WIESBADEN. The list of operas played here during the past season is quite rich, viz.: *Freyschütz*, *Oberon*, *Jessonda*, *Don Juan*, *Zauberflöte*, *Fidelio*, *Robert*, *Huguenots*, *Prophète*, *La Juive*, *Linda*, *Lucia*, *Fille du Regiment*, *Stradella*, *Martha*, *Il Barbiere*, *Czar und Zimmermann*, *Der Wilschütz*, and even the old *Tancredi*. The latest novelty was a grand opera by Selindemeisser, called "The Avenger"; and the "Vale of Andorra" was to follow.—At a Sacred Concert in the great Electoral Hall, Psalms of Marcello, Handel's *Dettinger Te Deum*, and Beethoven's C minor Symphony were given.

ST. PETERSBURG. A most successful Concert was given here by Mlle. EMMA STELB. "This young and lovely pianist, a pupil of Chopin and Henselt, plays, not Thalberg, Liszt, Wallace, or De Meyer, but compositions of Mendelssohn, Henselt and Chopin.

Advertisements.

I AM GOING THERE,

OR, THE DEATH OF LITTLE EVA. Written and subscribed to the Readers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by JOHN S. ADAMS.

"Uncle Tom," said Eva, 'I am going there.'

"Where, Miss Eva?"

"The child rose and pointed her little hand to the sky; the glow of evening lit her golden hair and flushed cheeks with a kind of unearthly radiance, and her eyes were bent earnestly on the skies."—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Vol. ii. p. 64.

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BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

NOTICE is hereby given that the BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION are ready to receive applications for the use of their HALL and LECTURE ROOM, (entrance on Bumstead Place and on Winter Street,) by Religious Societies, for the purpose of regular worship on Sundays, after the 15th of November next.

The MUSIC HALL, furnished with Organ, &c., will seat three thousand persons, and the LECTURE ROOM, eight hundred. Written applications may be addressed to the subscriber, at No. 39 Court Street, who will give such further information as shall be desired. FRANCIS L. BATCHELDER,

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Clerk B. M. H. A.

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The advantages, which a long residence in the principal cities of Europe has given him, of studying under the first masters of the day, will, he doubts not, be fully appreciated by those desirous of rapid advancement in the art. The above terms include instruction in the Italian language, a knowledge of which is essential to the proper development of the voice, and a distinct articulation.

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THE OPERA BEFORE MOZART.

[From the "LIFE AND WORKS OF MOZART," by OULIBICHEFF.]

I. ORIGIN OF OPERA, A. D. 1600.

The application of music to theatrical representations goes back as far as these representations themselves. Already with the Greeks music was inseparable from tragedy and comedy; in the Middle Ages it bore a part in the sacred farces, which were called Mysteries, spiritual pieces and sacramental actions; at a later time they used it in interludes and masques. In the ballets they had to have it; and after the pieces had assumed a more regular character, it served, as in our days, to fill up the interacts. Sometimes too, they introduced it into a work as a supplement or an episode. But none of these applications of music in theatrical pieces produced the musical drama, or was even the beginning of the same. Neither of them was a part of the fundamental principle, that song is the *natural language*, or the proper form of truth in Opera, as rhythmical verse is in Tragedy, and that for this reason it must never be interrupted, lest there arise a poetic contradiction and a lie. For the rest, there was more lack of knowledge how to set about it, than of correct æsthetic ideas. As yet there was no style suited to the theatre, and no one who would have understood the need of it. The dramatic style was of no advantage, so long as music did not identify itself with action, but appeared only as something superadded, which might be introduced or left out at arbitrary pleasure. Hymns and choruses of

devils in choral song, popular melodies, dancing tunes, an alternation of instruments and sometimes a sort of musical recitation, full of the most nonsensical extravagance, like the *Ballet comique de la Roynne*, for example:—more than this the public taste did not desire, and in this spectacle everything was in perfect keeping with everything else. Poet and musician could embrace like brothers; neither had aught to object to the other, nor any cause for envy.

On the whole this style was still better than the madrigal style, which prevailed on the stage toward the end of the sixteenth century, of which the *Antiparnasso d'Orazio Vecchi*, played in Modena in the year 1581, affords a proof. In this *commedia armonica* the choruses and monologue together are written in madrigals. Imagine the hero of the piece relating his sorrows or his love in a fugued air for five voices! The singers were stationed behind the scenes, and the actor, who for the sake of more complete illusion had to observe a singing attitude, performed, as I suppose, a corresponding pantomime.

Several noble Florentines, persons of mind and taste, with GIOVANNI BARDI, Count of VERNIO, at their head, keenly felt the ludicrousness of this application of the madrigal style to the theatre, and the injury that could not but accrue therefrom to the dramatic art. Count VERNIO and his numerous train of friends and *protégés* formed among themselves a literary circle, one of those thousand "Academics" with and without names, which at that time began to cover the peninsula. All these persons were Hellenists, Latinists, Bellettrists, Philologists and Archæologists, as well as dilettanti; but it seems that these associates were far better versed in Sophocles and Euripides, than they were in counterpoint. For this reason they must have had even less taste than others for the learned music of their time, which was so little favorable to dilettantism and which, to be enjoyed, required the studies and special knowledges of a professor. Especially offensive to them was the more than inhuman treatment, to which the contrapuntists subjected the poets. We have already seen what a disturbing effect the old fugue style had, not only upon the poetic harmony, but also upon the whole grammatical construction. They repeated the words *in infinitum*; they lengthened out syllables without rhyme or reason; they changed long into short and *vice versâ*; they dis-

* Performed at the Court of Henry III., king of France, in 1581.

membered phrases without any mercy; they flung into your ear at the same time the beginning, middle and end of a sentence; the text was nothing but a maimed and undistinguishable corpse, of which it might be said without metaphor: *disjectæ membra poetæ*. For a long time had this insolent contempt, or rather this juggling with the words excited the downright ill will of the literati. To reform the misuse of the music, as it was, would have been of little consequence; the fugue in its very nature was incorrigible. They had to annihilate it; they had to create a new music, which sounded differently from counterpoint and differently from the popular melodies, since these were not worthy to be united with the noble and classic poetry, which, no doubt, our *beaux esprits* of Florence wrote.

But whence should they derive the elements of this innovation? What music should they choose? With whom should they league themselves against the living musicians, if not with the dead, from whom all light and wisdom emanated? So they conjured up the spirit of the Greek music into the hall of the academic fraternity of the palace of Vernio, as the old lawgivers of Harmony had also done six or seven centuries before. This time the spectre answered unintelligibly to the questions put to it. They amused themselves no more with commenting upon Boethius; they let theory alone, and held on exclusively to some ideas, which appeared as certain as they were clear, and from which they could derive an immediate and practical advantage. It was then clearly proved, that the Greeks recited their theatrical pieces with musical accompaniment from beginning to end; that they possessed instruments, which supported and accompanied the voice; that their choruses sang in chorus and their principal characters alone; that their song-speech differed not much from the rising and falling of the voice in words; that they had, properly speaking, no rhythm, &c., &c. These points fixed, and under the personal guidance of Count VERNIO, VIN-CENZIO GALILEI, the father of the great GALILEI, and one of the most zealous champions against the music of the day, made an attempt at a *Monody* (song in one part, solo) or declamation by means of notes. He recited, as well as he could, a passage from Dante, the episode of Count Ugolino, accompanying himself with the lute; and the whole academy clapped its hands with rapture at the this time genuine re-birth of the ancients. All were of opinion that the modern

counterpoint would have to crumble into dust before this phantom, which had about as little form as substance, and which was baptized with the name *stilo nuovo*, *stilo rappresentativo* or *recitativo*, and *musica parlante*. There were, as history informs us, many persons, who made merry about Galilei and his rude style. These were ignoramuses, Contrapuntists and Melodists, who understood nothing of the speaking music, because it talked Greek to them, which to these people was the same as Hebrew.

Highly elated by this success in a small sphere, the society of Vernio resolved to undertake lofty invention on a grand scale, namely on the theatre, which they were to remould, reducing the music to silence and the poetry to singing; since the latter had for a long time ceased to sing, although it obstinately insisted that it sang. The plan was no sooner sketched than it was put into execution. RINUCCINI, one of the poets of the company, made the poem; two other members, who called themselves musicians, PERI and CACCINI, to whom MONTEVERDE afterwards added himself, set the declamation and the orchestral accompaniment to notes, and all Florence, full of admiration, applauded the successive representations of *Dafne*, *Eurydice*, *Arianna*, *Orfeo* and other pieces, which are justly considered as the beginning of opera, although no play in the world could be less like it.

At the same time we must not overlook the fact, that at the time of Giovanni Bardi, the works of PALESTRINA and ALLEGRI already existed; there were church Concertos by VIADANA, which, without ceasing to be church-like, were yet very melodious; there were the madrigals of LUCCA MARENZIO, in which some grace and elegance glimmered through the fugue; there were the madrigals of MONTEVERDE, which had more and better melody than those of MARENZIO; there were even the pretty Neapolitan songs and others, of which we have spoken; in a word, there was good music. To pique oneself then upon so poor a discovery as the *stilo nuovo*, and prefer it greatly to other productions, some of which were excellent, others genial and full of art, and others again pleasing and intelligible to every one, one must needs not only not trouble himself about music, but not even feel it. From this it is clear, that the notion of these moderns turned upon a literary reformation, whose results would surely kill the music and only keep the words alive. They meant to exercise the right of retaliation upon the musicians.

But, I shall be asked, since Count VERNIO and his friends were such poor music-lovers, why did they have their theatrical pieces sung in this way, when the worst ordinary declamation would have been a thousand times better? But do not forget that this protector of writers was himself a very zealous Hellenist, and that in this capacity he must have seen the perfection of the dramatic art in an indissoluble union of poesy with song; a song, to be sure, which was the slave of the words, without melody and without harmony, precisely as that of the Greeks was. He deceived himself as we see, as well in his view of the drama in general, as about the means of the lyric drama in particular; he was deceived altogether; and it was his very errors, his prejudices as a scholar, that led him to so true and so logical a conclusion, in an inverse sense, to-wit: that what was needed on the stage before all was a speaking music

(speaking in every sense; that is to say imitative, analogous, expressive in itself, and therefore just the opposite of his music); and secondly, that the music must never suffer any interruption, after it has once fairly engaged in the action. For VERNIO this meant as much as no harmony, no melody and no musical expression. But to us it means their uninterrupted continuance. To the inventors of Monody, then, belongs the singular glory, of having set forth indeed the true principles, but with a perverted explanation, and if possible a still worse application. It was with them precisely as it was with the alchemists. They found nothing of what they sought, neither the antique song-speech, nor the Greek tragedy, nor its wonderful effects; but the pursuit of this sort of philosopher's stone opened the way to very interesting and valuable discoveries of another kind. Apart from the archæological reveries and the absurdity of the means they employed, there lay something very rational in the fundamental thought of these Florentine scholars. To restore to the poet his right of being understood, and to knit music to the piece by lasting and indissoluble ties, the necessity whereof no one until then had comprehended, was virtually expressing the great principle of lyric-dramatic truth in its whole extent. An enlightened and fruitful principle, which would necessarily in a later epoch and in more skilful hands bring masterpieces to light. For the learned world it was enough, to have spoken of the path into which it would be best to strike; but there they were destined to stand still and not point out the line of march. All the rest was the affair of the musicians.

It is true, there was a very learned man, MONTEVERDE, who from the outset mingled in the *stilo nuovo* enterprise. Monteverde was the renovator of another kind, and as such exposed to the censure of his brethren. The chagrin occasioned by these criticisms, which frequently were too well deserved, the hope of distinguishing himself in a new career, and perhaps some prompting devil or other, induced him to make speaking music, and while he wished to surpass Peri and Caccini, he spoke even much worse than these men.* It was a just punishment for his apostacy. For a vain idol he had renounced the worship of counterpoint, to which his calling and his real feelings led him. The intolerable theatrical composer afterwards became an excellent first chapel-master to the Church of St. Mark in Venice.

While the Florentine society was applying the representative style to the profane drama, a Roman nobleman, EMILIO DEL CAVALIERE, made an attempt at Sacred Drama, or Oratorio.—Geniuses are sometimes met with, as well as elegant wits. The Oratorio was a continuation of the old "Mysteries" or "Sacred Transactions," which were no longer played, but which continued to be sung in some of the churches at Rome, to attract the multitude. By an exception, however, or a favor, the reason whereof history does not disclose, this sacred drama of Cavaliere's, which was called *L' Anima et il Corpo* (The soul and the Body), was produced in Rome with dances, decorations and all the conditions of an actual play, in a theatre, which lies in the immediate vicinity of the Church of Santa Maria della Vallicella. Cavaliere's Recitative appears to me somewhat less bad than that of the Florentines, inasmuch

* So I judge from the examples found in Burney.

as it approaches nearer to the church song. The choruses are not worth talking about.

A third form, which the representative music soon assumed, was the Chamber Cantata or reciting Drama, which, connected from the first with the fate of the opera, underwent all its gradual modifications, produced masterpieces under the pens of CARISSIMI and SCARLATTI, and as a form became extinct in the wonderful *Orfeo* of PERGOLESE.

The introduction of speaking music had an equally immense result in the sacred as in the profane drama. How are we to explain the applause bestowed on this monotonous and soporific recitation, this tedious psalmodizing, whose form and accent the Russian beggars alone seem to have preserved. This is not the most graceful manner, I admit, of begging alms; but, I maintain, it is the surest way to get it. The most confessed miser could not resist such an appeal two minutes. And yet the *beau monde* of the seventeenth century endured this singing, which lasted whole hours long, yes, and applauded it, was in raptures, inspired, enchanted with it! Was it the music of PERI and CACCINI, that produced this? No, certainly not; one must be more than credulous, to believe that. The men of that time had nerves as well as we; and if anything in the opera pleased them, surely it was not the music; but many other things, which claimed their interest and their feelings, prevented their receiving the entire impression of this music, and made them as it were insensible. The opera at that time was an amusement for princes, a rare and brilliant spectacle, reserved for festival occasions only, whereat the whole pomp of the Court and splendor of the most festal gala was unfolded. *Eurydice*, for example, was given during the festivities on occasion of the marriage of Henry IV. with Maria di Medicis. If one had the honor to be admitted to festivals of this sort, he felt too comfortable and too happy; at all events the eyes were much too busy, to allow of analyzing the elements of a play with a calmly attentive and critical spirit. The *ensemble* of the spectacle delighted the beholders, and this delight extended also to the music, to which they scarcely listened.

Moreover, one fact stands established, which proves to demonstration into what contempt the speaking music fell with the Italians from the moment that the novelty was over. After the opera had descended from its lofty sphere, and become transformed into a mere industrial enterprise, the *Impresa*, which happened about the middle of the seventeenth century, the *entrepreneurs* in their announcements mentioned neither the name of the poet nor of the composer. On the contrary the name of the machinist was printed in big letters. So words and music passed for nothing in the opera! Naturally an exhibition, so entirely empty in both those respects, could only interest and sustain itself by great scenic outlay. Recourse was necessarily had to all the childish tricks, which catch the eye; mythological divinities were suspended by cords from heaven, or ascended through trap-doors out of Tartarus; the stage swarmed with nymphs and satyrs, whose gambols, peals of laughter, jokes, and amorous toyings charmed the public; and, to crown all these wonders, they made whole squadrons of cavalry manoeuvre on the stage in pieces, in which the heroes of Greek and Roman history appeared;

the public was more interested in the horses than in the riders, as might be expected. Between these two classes of persons there was not an equal chance. The singers did not sing and scarcely played, whereas the horses of the seventeenth century may be supposed to have possessed some of the talents of our horses.

The play in Italy, then, was constructed precisely like that afterwards in France, which the contemporaries of Louis XIV regarded as the general focus of the fine arts, and as the wonder of wonders. QUINAULT, the king's twenty-four violins, and above all the money of the king, gave to BAPTISTE LULLI in fact some advantage over his Italian predecessors; BOILEAU was not the less the best judge in France, when he said, that no-where can one have such costly ennui, as at the Opera.

[To be continued.]

Berlioz's Opera: "Benvenuto Cellini," and Liszt at Weimar.

We translate from the correspondence of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* an outline of the plot of BERLIOZ's opera, brought out by LISZT, with his usual hospitality to new things, at Weimar. The writer's own impressions of the music, and of Liszt's management in the favored position he now occupies, will also be read with some interest.

"Giacomo Balducci, treasurer to the Pope, has a beautiful daughter, Theresa. Two lovers seek her hand: Fieramosca, sculptor to the Pope, and Benvenuto Cellini, a Florentine goldsmith. The first is favored by the father, the latter by the daughter. While Balducci has left his house, having been summoned late in the afternoon to the Pope, Cellini slips in to his sweet-heart; and while they sing a tender duet, Fieramosca too arrives. He watches them and overhears Cellini ask his love to betake herself with her father at nightfall to the square Colonna; it is Carnival time, and Cassandro, a Roman comedy-manager, is to bring out a new comedy there, and while all are unsuspectingly enjoying themselves, Theresa is to be abducted by two monks, one wearing a brown, the other a white cowl. These two monks are Cellini and his pupil Ascanio. Suddenly Balducci comes home; he is angry at his daughter's staying up so late, and in his astonishment leaves the door open, behind which Cellini quickly hides himself. Theresa, who had been aware that they were overheard by Fieramosca, sees the latter on her father's entrance conceal himself in her sleeping chamber, and so excuses her late sitting up, on the ground that a strange man has slipped into her chamber; while Balducci investigates the matter, Cellini escapes; but Fieramosca is dragged out, and the women and maids of the neighborhood called in, who hunt him about the room and drive him out.

"The Second Act is played on the Square Colonna, at the corner of the Corso. In the background, Antony's pillar, on the right a popular theatre, on the left a tavern.

"After an Aria of Cellini, in which he utters some harmless reflections on his art and his beloved, there rings out a chorus of goldsmiths, probably the friends and workmen in Cellini's atelier, for he is treating them all. But they have drunk so deeply, that the landlord will not trust any more. Then Ascanio appears as a saving angel; he has obtained gold for Cellini from Balducci at

the order of the Pope; but Cellini is not to come into possession of it, unless he takes an oath to finish on the morrow the statue, for which Rome has so long waited. (This statue is neither more nor less than his Perseus). Cellini and his comrades take the oath, to be sure, but at the same time also swear to help carry off the old Balducci's daughter. Fieramosca and his friend Pompeo, a bully, have overheard them and resolved also to don the monk's dress agreed on for the disguise of Cellini and his pupil. Cellini and Fieramosca meet in the crowd in the same dress; they commence operations. Pompeo meddles and is stabbed by Cellini; this causes a general confusion. Ascanio lands Theresa safely in Cellini's dwelling. Fieramosca, taken for Cellini, is put in prison, but soon set free again, while they start off anew in search of Cellini. (End of the second act.)

"Cellini seeks refuge, exhausted, in a house, but leaves it at break of day, to join a procession that is passing; the monks' hoods, harmonizing with his own dress, divert the suspicion of the people and he gets safely home, where he finds Theresa and Ascanio. But the joy of meeting is of short duration. Balducci and Fieramosca come, burning with rage, to take away Theresa; Cellini defends her with his sword; then comes the Cardinal with his train, who having investigated the matter, reproaches Cellini with having taken the gold without completing the statue; as a punishment for this and for the abduction of Balducci's daughter, he tells him that another person shall complete the statue; Cellini defends himself to the utmost and, mounting the pedestal with upraised hammer, threatens to dash it in pieces at a blow. This brings the Cardinal to terms, and the artist promises to cast the statue before morning for him.

"In the fourth and last Act, Fieramosca comes to Cellini again and wants to draw him off from his work by challenging him to a duel. Cellini offers to fight it out on the spot; but the other declines, since, should he kill Cellini in his own house, he would be indictable for murder. So, notwithstanding Cellini's work is so pressing, he betakes himself to a rendezvous in the garden of the cloister of St. Andrew. In his absence an *emeute* breaks out among his workmen, which Theresa tries in vain to quell, and only the re-appearance of Fieramosca, causing Theresa to suspect that her lover is killed, and the imparting of this suspicion to the rebellious workmen, diverts their wrath from Cellini and upon Fieramosca; they jostle him and shake him; then a lot of gold falls from his pocket; he promises it to them if they will at once enter his service; but the workmen, indignant, are on the point of throwing him into the melting furnace, when Cellini appears. He had waited in vain for his cowardly challenger, who only wanted to make him lose time and fail to keep his promise; to punish him, the leather apron is tied about him, and he is compelled to help Cellini's work. The work goes happily on; the Cardinal finds his statue finished and blesses the bond between Cellini and Theresa.

"This story, as a whole, is excellently suited for an opera. The love of Theresa and Cellini affords lyric moments, and the dramatic element pervades the whole: the second Act with its stirring adventures on the Colonna Square, the drinking choruses, the masquerade, the duel, the finale,—verily a less gifted composer than Hector

Berlioz might have better found his account in such a libretto. Until the second finale I enjoyed it pretty well. The Duett of Theresa with Cellini in the first Act, consisting in its first half of *motives* to the introduction of the overture to the Roman Carnival; the Terzetto following it, where Fieramosca, imagining himself unseen, overhears the plan of the abduction; the Drinking Chorus in the second Act, were numbers, of which the musical and in part the melodious design and execution were somewhat easily followed. But in the second finale all went topsy-turvy; and from that point I fared, except in a few single passages, like one waking for a moment out of a deep sleep, to turn over on the other side; I had a few lighter moments in the second finale, when the women during the comedy of Cassandro mutually admonished each other to rest; in the third Act, at the song of the monks: *Rosa purpurea*, &c.; also in the fourth Act, in Ascanio's Arietta, some melodious flights were perceptible; but alas, the clearness lasted only a short time and the earlier disconsolate condition took possession again of the hearer. Yet the composer excites sincere admiration by his iron industry, by his often astonishing instrumental effects, and by certainly very ingenious intentions, which however his poverty in melodious musical thoughts could not bring to pass. The overture to the opera itself, and the overture, immediately following the finale of the first Act, to the Carnival of Rome, stood out beneficently and invitingly like oases from this musical desert. The orchestra played them under Liszt's fiery and masterly leading, with distinguished effect and with artistic feeling. The singers also did what was possible to accomplish the impossible; a feat reserved to the gods alone; since to shape a well ordered melody out of notes and accords is the composer's business. I hazard the bold assertion, that frequently a musical thought, which would have been quite intelligible in itself, was murdered in the germ by the most strange and far-fetched harmonies, which allowed the ear no repose and made any pure and undisturbed emotion quite impossible.

"The Weimar public seemed disposed to condemn Liszt for bringing out this opera, and the dissatisfaction was again and again expressed rather loudly; i. e. not exactly in the theatre and during the representation, but in other public places where the *vox populi* feels more at home. But they were unjust. Apart from the fact that we live in a time, when so very few operas are written, of whose representation it can be predicted whether it will pay for the trouble, Liszt has within a short time brought out two of the most celebrated and ingenious works, the *Tannhäuser* and the *Lohengrin* of Richard Wagner. Only one who is himself a musician and who knows the difficulties which these operas present, can rightly estimate and admire Liszt's high artistic effort; and if any stage is pledged to study uncommon and less taking operas, and to produce them even in case that the public does not relish them, it is by all means a Court Theatre, supported, like this, solely by an art-appreciating prince, and opened for the honor and true interest of Art, and not for idle love of show and just to tickle the ears. In harmony with this view, Liszt has comprehended his position only too well and has most brilliantly justified the confidence which the Court has placed in his insight. In other places lighter and more pleasing operas are given, and even

they fall through; this has been the case of late years with all French operas except the *Prophète* of Meyerbeer; out of Italy there comes really *nothing* more, and the German composers have been seeking since the birth of Christ for good opera texts, in the want of which most of the theatres have necessarily gone to the ground. Little as "Benvenuto Cellini" has taken with the public, still that public remains properly indebted to Liszt's efforts to call into life the works of celebrated composers, even when the reigning taste does not approve them and when he has to risk the mingling of some discordant sounds in the concert of praise which he has been used to hear from his very childhood."

So much, for the present, of Liszt and his encouragement of new things at Weimar. Of Richard Wagner, and of his operas above named and his radically new theory of Opera (and in fact of Musical Art altogether), we shall soon take an opportunity of informing our readers so far as we have been able to inform ourselves.

THE ARTIST.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

He breathed the air of realms enchanted,
He bathed in seas of dreamy light,
And seeds within his soul were planted
That bore us flowers for use too bright,
Unless it were to stay some wandering spirit's flight.

With us he lived a common life,
And wore a plain familiar name,
And meekly dared the vulgar strife
That to inferior spirits came —
Yet bore a pulse within, the world could never tame.

And skies more soft than Italy's
Their wealth of light around him spread,
And tones were his, and only his —
So sweetly floating o'er his head —
None knew at what rich feast the favored guest was fed.

They could not guess or reason why
He chose the ways of poverty;
They read no wisdom in his eye,
But scorned the holy mystery
That brooded o'er his thoughts and gave him power to see.

But all unveiled the world of Sense
An inner meaning had for him,
And Beauty, loved in innocence,
Not sought in passion or in whim,
Within a soul so pure could ne'er grow dull and dim.

And in this vision did he toil,
And in this beauty lived and died. —
And think not that he left his soil
By no rich tillage sanctified;
In olden times he might have been his country's pride.

And yet may be — though he hath gone —
For spirits of so fine a mould
Lose not the glory they have won;
Their memory turns not pale and cold —
While Love lives on, the lovely never can grow old.

The large hall in the school-house of the Public Latin School in Boston has recently been quite tastefully and handsomely fitted up, under the auspices of the Latin School Association, which is a society composed of the alumni of this time-honored institution. The walls have been decorated with niches painted in fresco, before which stand casts of the statues of the Laocöon, Minerva, and the Apollo Belvidere, and busts of Seneca, Socrates, Homer, Virgil, Cicero, and Demosthenes. There is also a fine bronzed cast of Flaxman's Shield of Achilles. There is a portrait of old John Lovell; and a number of engravings, neatly framed, illustrating classical subjects. Many of these are the gifts of individual

members of the association. On a scroll at one end of the hall, opposite the clock, is the legend "1635," the date of the foundation of the school. — *To-Day*.

"NEGRO MINSTRELSY." We confess to a fondness for negro minstrelsy. There is something in the plaintive "Dearest May," in the affectionate "Lucy Neal," and in the melodious "Uncle Ned," that goes directly to the heart, and makes Italian trills seem tame. It is like Ossian's music of memory, "pleasant and mournful to the soul." "Dearest May" has become classic — a sort of Venus Africanus, with

"Her eyes so bright they shine at night,
When the moon am gone away."

And "poor Lucy Neal," the Heloise of darkies, her very name has become the synonym of pathos, poetry and love. The whole world is redolent of the sweet and plaintive air in which her charms are chanted; and the beauty of her shining form often comes over us like a pleasant shadow from an angel's wing.

"Oh if I had her by my side,
How happy I would feel."

And as for poor "Uncle Ned," so sadly denuded of his wool, God bless that fine old colored gentleman, who, we have been so often assured, has

"Gone where the good niggers go."

Albany State Register.

[From "Lectures and Miscellanies," by HENRY JAMES.]

On Universality in Art.

[Third Extract.]

Art is nothing more than the shadow of humanity. To make the ideal actual in the sphere of production, in the sphere of work, is the function of the Artist. To make the ideal actual *in the sphere of life*, is the function of Man. Talent, a healthy organization, knowledge of history or of the past achievements of the race, and an intercourse with nature and society wide enough to educate him out of all local prejudice, these no doubt are indispensable conditions of the Artist's worthy manifestation, but they no more create or give him being, than the elements of nature give being to man.

What the Artist does for us is, not to repeat some laborious dogma learned of nature or society, but to show nature and society everywhere pregnant with human meaning, everywhere pervaded by a human soul. His business in a word is to glorify MAN in nature and in men. All our sensible experience proceeds upon the fact of a unitary and therefore omnipresent soul or life within us. Were this soul or life finite like my body, were it finited by other souls as my body is finited by other bodies: were it in short an intrinsically heterogeneous soul in my body to what it is in other bodies: then all sympathy between me and universal nature would be impossible. Not only would my fellowship with man in that case obviously cease, but my eyes could no longer discern the glories of the earth and sky, nor my nose inhale the fragrance of innumerable flowers, nor my ears drink in the myriad melodies which are the daily offering of earth to heaven. For the splendor of the morning and evening landscape, the fragrance of flowers, and the melody of birds, are not substantial things having their root in themselves; they are merely masks of a certain relation between me and universal nature, of a certain unity between my soul and the soul that animates all things. The landscape is not glorious to itself, nor the flower fragrant, nor the bird melodious; they are severally glorious, fragrant and melodious only to me. The fragrance of the rose, the splendor of the landscape, the melody of the bird, are only an overt sacrament or communion between my soul and their soul, between God in me and God in them. Because an infinite or unitary life animates all things, we never come into outward contact without our inward unity flashing forth in these delicious surprises.

Now the Artist is saturated with this sentiment

of universal unity, this sentiment which binds all nature together in the unity of a man, and he ever strives to give it a perfect expression. Why does he not succeed in doing so? Why does no painter, no poet, no sculptor succeed in snatching the inmost secret of Art, and so making his name immortal?

It is because the inmost secret of Art does not lie within the sphere of Art, but belongs only to Life. Art or doing, as I have said before, is itself but a shadow of the eternal fact which is life, or action. To live or to act is more than to produce: hence the technical Artist has never succeeded and never will succeed in achieving the universal empire which belongs only to Man. The poet, painter or musician is not the perfect man, the man of destiny, the man of God, because the perfect man is so pronounced by his life or action rather than by his production. He is not constituted perfect by any work of his hands however meritorious, but simply by the relation of complete unity between his inward spirit and his outward body, or what is better, between his ideas and his actions.

[Fourth Extract.]

Let us embalm the Artist therefore in our regard for his prophetic worth. Let us freely honor the poet, painter, clergyman, ruler, lawyer, mechanist, for his humanitarian worth, in that his labors have given our earthly life a positive aspect, or changed it from the condition of a mere port of entry to heaven and hell, into an independent kingdom making heaven and hell jointly tributary to itself. But let us honor none of these men for his own sake. None of them is perfect *in se*. None of them exhibits the image of Deity. None of them presents that perfect union of the opposing elements of human nature which constitutes sovereign manhood, and which shall therefore characterize the man of the future. They all exhibit, as I have said, the equilibrium or indifference of these elements, rather than their active union; exhibit in fact a compromise of them, rather than their full and cordial concurrence. They all more or less limit the good element by the evil one, or measure their devotion to the public weal by their own private advantage. No clergyman in the land obeys the pure inspirations of God as manifested in his own soul, but only as sanctioned by certain traditional formulas approved by his sect. No lawyer enforces the principles of absolute justice, but only so far as embodied in certain existing standards. No poet declares the whole truth that trembles upon his soul, nor any painter the ineffable beauty that dazzles his inner vision. For poet and painter, lawyer and priest, are obliged before all things to secure a living upon the earth, and yield to their inspirations only so far therefore as consists with that prime necessity.

These men consequently do not fulfil our human aspiration. They have indeed carried the world onward: to them human history has been indebted for all its vivacity and sweetness: they have preserved our life from indolence, stagnation, and putridity: they may therefore be called true Providential men, men to whom the Lord has accommodated His stature in the past. They are not the Lord, or the complete divine man, but accommodations of him adapted to the conditions of our ignorance, or to the imperfect evolution of human destiny. They are harbingers of the perfect man, the nearest approximation permitted by our infirm science, but they are by no means his veritable self. They bear indeed precisely the same relation to him that the present path of the ecliptic does to the equator, which is a relation of decided obliquity. Philosophers tell us that when the earth shall have attained her true poise upon her axis, the path of the ecliptic will be coincident with the equator, and the rigors of winter and the fervors of summer consequently will alike give place to a new and perpetual spring, which shall bathe the whole earth in gladness. So when humanity shall have attained true moral poise, these men who have hitherto been her ecliptic, who have marked the place of the divine footsteps, who have belted the earth with a Providential lustre, will give place to the equatorial or perfect man, who shall completely reconcile the still disunited elements of good and evil in a new individuality,

which shall carry the dew and fragrance of God into every commonest nook of our daily life, and absorb alike the parched aridity of the saint and the rank fecundity of the sinner in the unity of integral man.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 24, 1852.

Gluck and his Operas.

We took occasion, from the performance at one of our Summer Afternoon Concerts of the Overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*, to call up the memory of this renowned and, as he is often styled, "sublime" composer. We introduced him to our readers first in a fantastic light,—that strange, eccentric apparition of him which stood in the chambers of the imagination of his still more eccentric, but appreciating admirer, Hoffman. We propose now a prosaic, literal account of the man and his doings;—a brief abstract, in fact, of what may be read more fully in Fétis, Dr. Burney, and other musical historians.

CHRISTOPHER GLUCK was born, in obscurity and poverty, in the Palatinate, it is generally supposed, on the 14th of February, 1712; though even the year of his birth is matter of much doubt. Neither is his father's profession known. They removed to Bohemia, where at an early age, the boy was left fatherless and without means. But with rare force of mind and will, and a natural instinct for music, he profited by the musical sphere which surrounded him in Bohemia, where in schools and families everybody played or sang. He learned several instruments, and went from place to place, a mere itinerant street musician, anticipating apparently no higher destiny.

But chance led him to Vienna, where he found means of studying harmony and counterpoint. From there he passed in 1736 to Italy, and placed himself under the instructions of San Martini. In four years he felt in a condition to write for the theatre. His first opera, entitled *Artaserse*, was brought out at Milan, in 1741; it was followed by *Ipermestre*, and *Demetrio*, at Venice, (1742); *Demofonte*, at Milan (1742); *Artamene*, *Siface*, *Alessandro nell' Indie*, and *Fédra* (1743-4.)

All these works were in the then fashionable Italian style, which in some respects seems to have been not very far unlike the Italian style in fashion now. That is, it was the style dictated by the singers, filled with the ambitious cadenzas and brilliant melodic common-places in which they loved to display their vocal powers; while less regard was had by the composers to dramatic truth and unity of subject. These first efforts placed Gluck high among composers in this line, and in 1745 he was called to London to write two works for the Opera there. In these he failed; Handel declared them detestable and was prepossessed ever after against the merits of Gluck. In London, too, he was engaged to arrange what was called a *pasticcio*:—a poem set to musical morceaux out of different operas. This first led him to his new ideas of dramatic truth; for he discovered that music, which was very effective in one connection, failed to be so in another; that there should always be a fitness between the music and the words and action.

Accordingly he renounced the Italian School, of which it was said, that "the Opera was a Concert, with the Drama for a pretext."

Returning to Vienna, Gluck composed not only operas, but symphonies, for which latter form he found himself unfitted; music without words was not particularly his vocation. So he set about repairing the defects of his general education, devoted himself to languages and literature, and sought the conversation of fine persons; in all of which he found himself confirmed in his idea of the necessity of a reform in dramatic music.

His growing reputation recalled him in 1754 to Italy. There he wrote several more operas, among others the *Clemenza di Tito* (a subject afterwards chosen by Mozart,) the *Antigono*, and the *Telemacco*. A chorus in this last furnished him afterwards with the *motive* to his overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*; and the overture to *Telemacco* became the overture to his *Armida*.

We now come to the period of his great masterpieces, in which he fully wrought in the spirit of his new idea, and in which alone he lives to us and to the music-lovers of ages yet to come. At Vienna, between 1761 and 1764, he opened this grand series with *Alceste*, *Paris et Hélène*, and *Orfeo*. All his operas before these were but preliminary to the true and full exercise of his genius; mere stages of his wandering apprenticeship in false schools. And now he was forty-six years old, when he attained to clearness of thought and purpose and to the full summer of his creative powers. Of course, in such a revolution as he was undertaking, the coöperation of a poet was indispensable. This he found in Calzabigi, who wrote the libretti of the pieces above named. We translate from M. Fétis:

"Less rich in poesy than Metastasio's dramas, but more happily disposed for music, the poems of these operas present dramatic situations of the finest effect. Nothing could be more favorable to the inspirations of the musician than the fine scenes, where *Alceste* consults the oracle about her husband's fate and devotes herself to save him; nothing is comparable to the magnificent *tableau* of the second act of *Orfeo*. In this second act Gluck has attained his highest pitch of sublimity. From the first *ritornel*, the spectator has a forefeeling of the whole effect of the scene about to pass before his eyes. The perfect gradation of sensations observed in the chorus of demons, the novelty of forms, and above all the admirable pathos, that reigns throughout the song of *Orpheus*, make this scene a *chef-d'œuvre*, which will resist all the caprices of fashion, and always be considered one of the finest productions of genius."

The scores of these three operas, with the Italian words, were engraved at Paris in 1769. To the *Alceste* and the *Paris et Hélène* Gluck prefixed dedicatory epistles in which he unfolded his ideas of dramatic music, in a much briefer manner than Herr Richard Wagner has been doing in our day. The first of these we translate and let Gluck be his own expositor:

"In setting to music the opera of *Alceste*, I have proposed to myself to avoid all the abuses which the short-sighted vanity of singers and the excessive complaisance of composers have introduced into the Italian Opera, and which, from the most grand and beautiful of spectacles, have made it the most tedious and ridiculous. I sought to reduce Music to its true function, that of sec-

onding Poetry in strengthening the expression of sentiments and the interest of situations, without interrupting the action or chilling it by superfluous ornaments; I believed that music ought to add to poesy, what is added to a correct and well-composed design by vivacity of colors and a happy harmony of lights and shadows, which serve to animate the figures without altering their contours. I have guarded myself carefully therefore against interrupting an actor in the heat of the dialogue, to make him listen to a tedious *ritornel* [piece of instrumental symphony], or arresting him in the middle of his discourse upon a favorable vowel, whether to display the agility of his fine voice in a long passage, or to wait for the orchestra to give him time to take breath for a *cadenza*.

"I have not thought it my duty to pass rapidly over the second part of an air, when this second part was the most important, in order regularly to repeat the words four times; nor to finish the air before the sense is finished, so that the singer may show his ability to vary a passage at his will and in several manners.

"In short, I have wished to proscribe all those abuses, against which good sense and good taste have long cried out in vain.

"I have imagined that the overture should forewarn the spectators of the character of the action about to be placed before their eyes, and indicate its subject; that the instruments should be brought into play only in proportion to the degree of interest and of passion; and that it was important above all things to avoid in the dialogue too marked a disproportion between Air and Recitative, so as not to cut short the period in the wrong place, or interrupt the warmth and movement of the scene *mal à propos*.

"I have believed, too, that the greatest part of my labor should be reduced to seeking a beautiful simplicity, and I have avoided making a parade of difficulties at the expense of clearness; I have attached no value to the discovery of a novelty, unless it were naturally given by the situation and really indispensable to the expression; finally there is no rule, which I have not felt it my duty to sacrifice, if need were, in favor of effect.

"These are my principles; fortunately the poem lent itself marvellously to my design. The celebrated author of *Alceste*, having conceived a new plan of the lyric drama, had substituted for flowery descriptions, for useless comparisons, for frigid and sententious moralities,—strong passions, interesting situations, the language of the heart and an ever-varied spectacle. The success has justified my ideas, and the universal approbation, in a city so enlightened [Vienna], has demonstrated to me that simplicity and truth are the grand principles of the beautiful in all the productions of the Arts," &c., &c.

True Canons of Criticism these, beyond dispute, which every would-be intelligent *habitué* of the Opera will do well thoroughly to consider and digest. We must suspend here our narrative of Gluck until next week. Fairly to understand his position and influence in the development of the Lyric Drama, one should know something of its history from the beginning. We have commenced therefore, in the present number, translating a very intelligent and succinct view of the origin and history of Opera up to the time of Mozart, contained in the admirable biography by a Russian, from which we have heretofore given some instructive extracts.

LECTURES ON MUSIC. We copied some time since a notice of Mr. WILLIAM HENRY FRY'S project of a course of lectures, on a gigantic scale, to be delivered in New York, so soon as tickets shall be subscribed for to the amount of \$10,000, to enable him to illustrate his topics by practical performances of specimens of the various styles and forms of musical composition. For this he would employ: 1. A corps of Principal Italian vocalists; 2. A chorus of one hundred singers; 3. An Orchestra of Eighty performers; 4. A Military Band of Fifty performers.

Mr. Fry is a gentleman, who has enjoyed, for an American, rare musical opportunities; is possessed of enthusiasm, taste and large general culture; has himself composed an opera or two in the Italian style, of considerable merit; and more recently, while residing in Paris, has corresponded in a very lively and instructive manner with the N. Y. *Tribune* and other papers, upon musical, æsthetic and social matters. We have not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance; but from all we hear of him, we think it for the interest of musical taste in this country that his lecture enterprise should go on, to his own heart's content; and we are glad to learn that his subscription paper, so far, shows good promise.

An idea of the ground which Mr. Fry proposes to go over in his lectures, may be gathered from the following

SYLLABUS.

LECTURE 1. Introduction to the general subject,—Music. Musical sounds; definition and characteristics. Music as a language. Its history; its universality. Formation of sounds. Exemplifications, vocal and instrumental.

2. Acoustics. Music as a science at different periods and among different nations. Melody and Harmony. Examples of curious music,—the ancient and the rude. The earliest written choruses. Performance of some remarkable ones by the grand chorus. Simple and scientific music;—the popular and the true meaning of these epithets discussed and illustrated.

3. The voice. Intonation in speaking and singing distinguished. The different qualities and capacities of the masculine and feminine voice. Exemplifications by the principal vocalists and the chorus. Method and style. Sources of expression.

4. The Ballad,—sentimental and descriptive music. Its variations among different nations. National songs, their distinctive features, poetical and musical. Vocal illustrations with and without accompaniments.

5. The Orchestra. All the instruments explained; their past and present treatment by composers practically demonstrated by the great orchestra. Sinfonia and overture. Military Music. Illustrations by the military band.

6. Church, Oratorio, and Chamber Music. Subjects, meanings and aims of the several species. The organ, piano, harp and guitar. Styles of different composers. Performance of selections from rare, curious and great works.

7. Nature and Progress of Musical Ideas. Similarities in the melodic phraseology of different composers,—how far referable to the nature of the art. Improvements in Orchestration, and the general scope of Music. Exposition of the different schools of Music, exemplified in the compositions of old and modern masters. Palestrina, Jomelli, Puccini, Gluck, Handel, Piccini, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, and others. The difference between formal and inspired music.

8. The Lyrical Drama. Origin of the Opera. Its progress and peculiarities on the Italian, German, French and English stage. Defects and merits of the Opera in general, as an exponent of dramatic character, passion and action. Selections from various operas illustrative of these topics.

9. The Lyrical Drama continued. Considerations of the fitness of the English language for dramatic music. Exemplifications in recitatives, arias, etc. The Ballet, its characteristics.—Orchestral illustrations of them. General considerations of the proprieties of the lyrical stage. Its traditions, requisite reforms, capabilities and influences.

10. The connection between literature and oratory and music. Music as part of a collegiate education. The national defects of intonation and pronunciation. The connection between music and its public diffusion with the national taste in other arts. Its connection with health and morals:—the family circle and society. The dignities and shames of art. The actual relation of the artist to private and public life. His rights under American Institutions contrasted with his disparagement under the ancient and feudal system. American Music. The Artistic Future.

The following hymn, by the Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS, of Newport, R. I., was sung at the Festival of the Alumni of Harvard College, on Thursday last.

Tune—Portuguese Hymn.

The God of our fathers, whose providence led
Their wilderness-wanderings, when exiles they fled,
Looks down on their children benignantly now,
And his benison breathes on each reverent brow.

The fair plant of Learning they brought o'er the waves,
Nursed by Faith and by Liberty, towers o'er their graves;
And with health in its branches, the heaven-honored tree
Shades to-day their glad myriads, the grateful and free.

A vision of majesty sweeps o'er the scene;
A voice of old time haunts these arches of green;
The souls of the dead—the immortal—here breathe,
And their peace to unborn generations bequeathe.

May the Lord of Sabaoth, who stretched forth his hand
His people to lead to this bountiful land,
Guide the tribes of their sons, as the ages roll by,
Through their pilgrimage here to the promise on high!

Germania Serenade Band.

The sixth Summer Afternoon Concert, which took place last week, was uncommonly rich. The entire Symphony in E flat, by HAYDN, was performed with much spirit, precision and careful regard to light and shade. In the *pianissimo* passages, especially, the little orchestra evinced conscientious thoroughness of drill, in spite of the tropical weather.

This Symphony is one of the twelve known among our older musicians as the "Salomon Set," which Haydn wrote in his riper days for the concerts of M. Salomon in London. It is one of the most ingenious, elaborate and beautiful of the tribe; so full of variety, so *piquant* in its themes and clear and logical in its development, that in spite of its great length, (occupying over half an hour in the performance,) it seemed short to the delighted listeners.

The Allegro is introduced by a solemn roll of the drum, opening a grave movement; and then the most quaint, lively, cunning little theme sets out in the violins and is worked up with masterly skill of counterpoint and instrumental coloring. The Andante, a very long movement, is singularly beautiful and unique in its style, and full of enchanting variety. The Minuet, at least on a first hearing, was less striking; but the Finale, with a short, sententious subject, closely woven into the different parts in fugued style, impressed us as deeply, as any thing we ever heard of Haydn, with a feeling of his power. Of course this Symphony *must* be played again; it is due to the audience that they should have an opportunity to understand it, which can only be by repeated hearings, in the case of works of this magnitude. Verily we Boston music-lovers have thus far been denied an essential part of our musical birth-right. We have had the Symphonies of BEETHOVEN (for which we cannot be too thankful;) our education, so to speak, began with Beethoven, at the top of the ladder; while of his noble predecessors, HAYDN and MOZART, there has been performed here *almost* nothing,—at least until very recently. We know not of a greater service which an orchestra can do us now—whether it be the Musical Fund, or the Germania, or any other—than to begin systematically to make us acquainted with the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart. To this little orchestra, now in the field, many of these

are much better suited than would be the massive C minor and No. 7 of Beethoven, or the Jupiter of Mozart. Where truth and delicacy of outline is the main desideratum, such a band may well undertake to interpret some of the best creations in this form.

At the concert before the last, several of the little pieces from SCHUMANN'S piano forte Album were performed by the brass instruments, as arranged by Mr. SUCK. We were not able to be present.

Yesterday, Gluck's immortal *Iphigenia* overture was to be repeated; also an arrangement for orchestra, by Mr. Suck, of Schubert's *Lob der Thränen* ("Elogy of Tears.")

Musical Journals in New York.

The "*Musical Times*" and "*Musical World*" are hereafter to be united, and published weekly, at three dollars per annum, by Messrs OLIVER DYER and RICHARD STORRS WILLIS. This arrangement is to commence with a new volume on Saturday, Sept. 4th. Here are editorial talent, means and machinery enough for a good musical paper, and we sincerely hope it will take a high position and find abundant support. Each number is to contain four pages of Music.

The last number of the *World* contains two political campaign songs, one for the Whigs and one for the Democrats!

"*Musical Review and Choral Advocate*." This is a monthly publication, published at 50 cts. per year, in New York, by F. J. Huntington and Mason & Law, 23 Park Row. It bears the names of LOWELL MASON and I. B. WOODBURY, as corresponding editors, and contains selections of music and articles about music, chiefly, though not exclusively, sacred.

The last number is enriched by a piece of Prize Music, called the "Song of Spring," the publishers having offered a premium of fifty dollars for "the best plain vocal composition in four parts." The award was made by a competent committee to GEORGE F. ROOT, Esq., who offered two pieces, both decided by the committee to be superior to all others. The "Spring Song" is certainly very creditable to a native composer, and the *Review* promises the other piece.

Another similar prize is yet to be awarded, for the best *Essay* on a given musical topic.

Prizes for musical compositions appear to us as among the best means of stimulating native musical talent. We command the example to our "Harvard Musical Association," to our Musical Institutes, and indeed to our time-honored Universities, which, to make good so broad a name, ought to include Music among the other "humanities."

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

ANOTHER MUSIC HALL. Our friend, Mr. CHICKERING, has just fitted up an elegant and spacious saloon in his establishment, which will serve occasionally for a Concert-room. It will hold three or four hundred persons conveniently, and do admirably for Chamber Concerts.

The Germania Serenade Band have in rehearsal Mozart's beautiful Symphony in G minor.

ESSEX COUNTY MUSICAL CONVENTION. The musical people of this County propose to hold a grand Convention in Salem, next week, under the direction of our former townsman, B. F. BAKER, of Boston. The meet-

quarterly in advance.

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A Paper of Art and Literature.

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The "Excellent Art of Musick."

[The following is the "Dedication" to a quaint old folio volume of Music, published in London. A. D. 1700. The title page, very imposingly printed in black and red, and confronted by the big-wigged, Chief-Justice-like portrait of the author, reads thus:

"AMPHION ANGLICUS. A Work of many Compositions, for one, two, three and four Voices: with several Accompanements of Instrumental Musick; and a Thorow-Bass to each Song: figur'd for an Organ, Harpsichord, or Theorboe-Lute. By Dr. JOHN BLOW."

One knows not which most to admire in the seraphic Doctor: his large sense of the dignity of his art, or the well-rounded, Ciceronian vernacular in which he has couched his meaning. Decidedly his paragraphs are worthy of a place among elegant extracts. The modesty, too, of the concluding sentences, stands in rich contrast with the aforesaid big-wigged portrait, and with the series of poetical rhapsodies addressed to the author, which he has printed after the Dedication; one of which is headed: "*To the Most Incomparable Master of Musick, Dr. JOHN BLOW; Occasioned by his obliging the World with his Inimitable Amphion Anglicus.*"

Altogether the book (lately donated to the library of the Harvard Musical Association) is a curiosity. Many a *prima donna* of the present day would shrink from the vocal roudades, and passages with which these old songs bristle; and that *tenore* would have to have more virtuosity than most of our "negro melodists," who should undertake to sing, for instance, the song of "The Fair Lover and his Black Mistress," commencing: *Oh! Ni-grocella! &c.*]

To Her Royal Highness, the Princess Ann of Denmark:

MADAME: The excellent Art of Musick, was thought by many of the Wisest Ancients, to have derived its Original immediately from Heaven; as one of the First, most beneficial Gifts of the Divine Goodness to Mankind: thereby to draw

and allure, the old, rude, and untaught World, into Civil Societies; and so to soften and prepare their Minds for the easier reception of all other Accomplishments of Wisdom and Vertue.

The most Learned of the Ancient Heathens, the Greeks, were so much of this Opinion, that they carried their Veneration for this Admirable Faculty too far. They believed they could not do it right, but by assigning to it, for its Protection and Improvement, some peculiar tutelary Gods of its own. Nay, when to all the other Ornaments and Perfections of human Life, they seldom appointed more than one single Deity to preside over each of them, to Musick alone they allotted a greater number of Guardian Divinities than to any of the rest; some of the Male, but most of the Female and Fairer Sex.

They were indeed mistaken, when they bestowed on it these Fabulous Honours; and they made but ill Gods and Goddesses of those Men and Women, who would have done excellently well if they had only passed for Patrons of it, or Inventors in it, as they really were.

But in all times of the truer Antiquity, even amongst God's own peculiar People, we find this most instructive and delightful Skill did always meet with its due and deserved Honours, short of Idolatry, and within the bounds of Sobriety and Decency.

Thus we read in the Holy Scriptures, not long after the History of the Creation, the Name of the Man is Solemnly recorded with Renown, among the Founders of Nations, who was the first Inventor of the Harp and the Organ.

And undoubtedly, there was never any Age of the true Church afterwards, whether Jewish, or Christian, wherein the Sacred delights of Musick were not admitted, to bear an eminent Part in the Worship of the True God.

In the Jewish Church, it is certain, that even before the Temple it self was built, while it was yet only in Design, God Inspir'd David, the Man after his own Heart, to Compose before-hand, the Hymns and Divine Anthems that were to be Sung in it.

And the choice of the Person for that Work, was infinitely for the dignity of the Art: Since no less a Man, than the chief of their Monarchs, and the greatest of their Conquerors, was ordained by God, to be their Poet and Musician on that occasion.

And it were easy to prove, that the same Celestial Spirit of Musical Concord and Harmony, was all along cherished and entertained in the Christian Church, during the very best Times of its purest Doctrines and Devotions.

It will be enough, only to mention one undeniable Instance, That, in the Primitive Age, during the cruellest Persecutions, in their most Private and Nightly Assemblies, the Christians of that early Time, as Pliny informed Trajan, remarkably distinguish'd themselves, by their alternate Singing of Psalms, and Spiritual Songs.

Such, Madame, have been always the Employments of the Sublime Art of Musick, to teach

and cultivate Humanity; to Civilize Nations; to Adorn Courts; to Inspirit Armies; to Inspire Temples and Churches; to sweeten and reform the fierce and barbarous Passions; to excite the Brave and Magnanimous; and, above all, to inflame the Pious and the Devout.

For these Reasons, it has all along receiv'd the Encouragement and Favour of the Greatest, the Wisest, the most Religious, the most Heroick Persons of all Ages. And it seems but reasonable, that it should be so, that they should principally take upon them the care of this High-born Science of Tuneful Sounds and Numbers, whose Souls are more elevated than others, and seem most to partake of that Natural, and Divine Harmony, it professes to Teach.

You see, Madame, what undoubted Title Your Royal Highness has to the Patronage of this Art. It is Your own by many rightful claims, not only for your High Birth and Royal Dignity, but for something, that is even yet more Your own; for that admirable temper of Spirit, that harmonious sweetness of Disposition, that silent Melody, and charming Musick of Your whole Life.

After I have said this, it cannot be denied, but that, by inscribing these Papers to Your Royal Highness, I have chosen the worthiest and most excellent Patroness for these 'my Studies, that this Nation, or Age has produc'd. Yet I must still confess, while I applaud my self for the happiness of my Choice, the ambition of it puts me into Confusion; I am ashamed to think, that to such a Patroness I can present so very little, either worthy of the Art I admire, or of the Glorious Princess to whom I dedicate all my Muses.

But for that part, which concerns Your self, Madame, Your own Goodness and Benignity, has set my Mind at ease, by Your generous Invitation and favourable Promise, of accepting the low Present I now offer, and your Gracious Assurance of a perpetual Protection to its Author.

And that also, if any thing can, may possibly enable me to supply the other Part better for the future, and lift up my Genius to something more becoming the Majesty of Art it self.

The two most Noble ends of Musick Vocal and Instrumental, being either to raise and nourish the tender, and the Generous Passions of Love, Friendship, and Honour, among Men; or to animate our Affections, and to kindle the ardour and zeal of our Devotions towards God: I must own, that what I now lay at your Royal Highness's Feet, consists only in some weak Performances of the first kind.

I will make no Apology for the Subjects of any of them, tho' they are generally conversant about Love-Affairs; since the diversitements and delights of those softer Affections, when conceiv'd in pure Thoughts, and cloathed with innocent Expressions, have been always allowed in all Wise and Good-natur'd Polite Nations; and never any where Condemn'd by the truly Good and Honourable part of Mankind.

I dare affirm, that nothing but the unsociable

sullenness of a Cynick, would ever exclude secular Musick, so qualified, out of Civil Societies; as nothing but the perverse sowness of a Fanatick, would ever drive Divine Musick out of the Church.

But yet, lest a Work of this Nature, tho' perhaps not blameable in it self, either for the Matter, or the manner of it, should however seem to fall below what is due to Your Royal Highness's Greatness of Mind, and consummate Vertue: Give me leave, Madame, to tell You, I am preparing, as fast as I can, to make some amends for this, by a Second Musical Present, upon Arguments incomparably better: I mean my Church-Services, and Divine Compositions.

To those, in truth, I have ever more especially consecrated the Thoughts of my whole Life. All the rest I consider but as the Blossoms, or rather the Leaves; those I only esteem as the Fruits of all my Labours in this kind. With them I began my first Youthful Raptures in this Art: With them, I hope calmly and comfortably to finish my days. Nor will my Mind be ever at rest, till I have offer'd them up to God, for the Publick use of the best Church in the Christian World, under the Propitious Authority of Your Royal Highness's Name.

May it please Your Royal Highness,
I am Your most Humble, most Dutiful,
and most Devoted Servant,

JOHN BLOW.

OPERA BEFORE MOZART.

[From the "LIFE AND WORKS OF MOZART," by OULBICHEFF.]
II. PROGRESS IN ITALY—INTRODUCTION OF MELODY
—ASCENDENCY OF THE SINGERS—THE OPERA
SERIA.

We cannot follow all the improvements, advances and transformations of the lyric drama. This is the task of history. Ours consists in briefly depicting the spirits of the epochs and in finally indicating wherein every one of these has contributed to prepare the epoch of MOZART. We leave in the background facts and names, with which we presuppose the reader already familiar, and speak only of the general tendencies, which the lyric drama obeyed among the Italians and the French, the only nations, which before MOZART could boast of possessing a national opera.

Italy, which already swarmed with celebrated musicians and intelligent dilettanti, hastened to shake off the intolerable burden of an everlasting Recitative without character and without instrumentation. Already had STRADELLA, CARISSIMI, CESTI, CAVALLI, appeared; SCARLATTI followed them. Names dear to every friend of music. These gave the world the genuine, the grand secret of the dramatic style:—a Recitative, which already began to adapt itself to grammatical, logical and rhetorical intonation; a Recitative, which spoke the natural speech; and what was more and better, Melody, Airs. The thenceforth purely natural in melody shaped itself to the Ideal, that is, to the natural in its highest perfection, which is superior to the primitive song in euphony, in beauty of forms and variety of expression, as in the number and choice of the accords, out of which it sprang. Through this alone the music of the theatre became for all feeling souls that wonderful, enchanting, omnipotent art, of which the men of earlier times had had some presentiment, but no knowledge. The Italians prostrated themselves before this new god, who was to subdue the world to them; they introduced song into the opera; gradually they sacrificed to it all their old idols, both Olympus and Tartarus, the machineries and the dance,

yes, even the horses. Yet a little while, and we shall see the drama itself made an offering to it.

The extraordinary enthusiasm, with which the above-named composers inspired their countrymen, must not surprise us. These men correspond, in the progress of melody, to PALESTRINA. On the other hand, one is astonished, when he looks through the vocal compositions of CARISSIMI, at finding them, in spite of their great simplicity, more fresh and full of happier invention, than a multitude of airs which date from the eighteenth century. A simple figured bass accompanies them, and there is sometimes in this bass more harmony than in the orchestras of a period which very aged people yet remember. Our task must limit itself to pointing out the causes of this relative and local inferiority in the most musical country in the world, at a time when art had received an immeasurable impulse in other countries, which till then had only played a very modest part in the history of Music.

In proportion as dramatic melody enriched itself by new turns and passages, the talent of vocal delivery developed with it, and began to react upon the work of the composers. The singers, who before had formed one soul with these, now made a class by themselves. They had their own interest, strictly separate from that of the *mäestro* and the poet, whereby they soon knew how to domineer over both. Of all the delights, which music has power to produce, the most prominent, or at least the most universally felt is the charm of a beautiful voice, united with that brilliant mechanical facility, which is called *virtuosity*. When once the dilettanti had tasted this enjoyment, (I mean the great mass of dilettanti, to whom artists owed their fame and income,) they became rather indifferent, as a general rule, to all the rest. If the music is only of such a sort, as to allow the favorite artist to produce all his means of seduction and enchantment; if the drama only affords an opportunity, no matter how, for arias and duetts for the principal tenor and the *prima donna*, then the music is declared good enough, the piece rational enough. The singers understood their advantage and made the most of it. Since they knew better than the *mäestro* both the extent of their own personal means, and the possibilities of *solfeggio* in general, with all the finesses of the trade, by which it succeeds in winning over the public, it soon resulted that a large space in the composition of an opera was allotted to them. What they received from the *mäestro* as *cantilena*, they returned to him in embellishments or *floriture* and *bravura* passages. Scarcely were they in possession of the most indispensable part of song, when the luxury of *passages* announced itself; which we may see from the *Orontea* of CESTI, where we find such in the first theatre airs ever composed.

This growing preponderance of the interests of execution over the united interests of the score and the libretto had with the Italians the inevitable consequences of their superiority in the art of singing, which they created, in which they so early distinguished themselves, and which they so passionately loved. It perfectly explains the fate of Opera in their land.

The melodists of the seventeenth and at the beginning of the eighteenth century had to deal with singers, who were yet children and scarcely knew the A B C of the *bravura*. So far from submitting to their influence, they on the con-

trary formed them by their instruction and examples. They were the masters in every thing; they freely followed their own inspirations as intelligent and creative artists, and indeed the more so since the Italian music had not yet those settled forms, which have since so distinguished it and set a national stamp upon it. Besides a beautiful song, the *mäestri* could show their cleverness in other respects, in the accompaniments, the choruses and duetts; for we must remark that STRADELLA, CARISSIMI, SCARLATTI, and after them the immortal LEONARDO LEO, were good melodists, as well as learned harmonists and contrapuntists. They were complete men for their times. Hence, in spite of their venerable age, they have retained a youthful aspect, and even to-day serve for the admiration of artists and the study of musicians.

But these great melodists neglected a very essential part of song; we mean the Rhythmo-poëia or measure. Their vocal phrases, contracted and as it were isolated from one another by too frequent cadences,* lacked symmetry, and did not fit themselves to periods. Just so it was with the arias as a whole. The scholars of SCARLATTI and of LEO remedied this defect; they gave to the vocal sentence the development, which it required; they divided the *aria* into two parts; they introduced the *da capo* or repetition of the first part; they lengthened out the *ritornel* at the beginning and end; and the melody grew beautiful with new charms in the works of VINCI, PERGOLESE, HASSE, and a crowd of other distinguished composers, of the brilliant Neapolitan school.

Upon these happy completions, which established the dramatic melody in all its rights, a revolution was necessarily consequent, both in the art of music, which they simplified in many respects, and in the art of singing, which they enriched and to which they lent an incalculable importance. The little piecemeal phrases of the old masters still required imitation and a mixture of the fugued style with the operatic pieces, which compelled the singers to a strict and literal execution of the music; in regular, numerous and richly developed periods, however, imitative forms and an intricate accompaniment were not applicable, or at least seemed not to be. Hence they thought it well to reduce the accompaniment to its simplest harmonic expression. An intelligent and in fact the only just idea. Anything better in this kind at that time would have exceeded the insight as well as the powers of the whole body of living composers. The simplification of the accompaniment,—that was the way to open a free path to the further progress of vocal melody; but on the other hand it left the singers perfectly free play, and founded the dominion of the incidental matter, since on the smooth and elastic basis of a succession of natural chords it enabled the artist to undertake and execute every thing. From that time forward the singers decidedly gained the advantage over the *mäestro*, and in possession of the privilege of the *da capo* they became accustomed to consider the score a collection of themes, whose merit depended solely on the variations, which the science, talent and inventive spirit of the performer understood how to attach to them.

* I must here remark, that I always use the word *cadence* according to its etymology, and understand by it the conclusion, the point of rest to the musical period.

The sort of co-operation, reserved to a singer in the composition of an opera, does not need perhaps to be defined. The singer can and must require to have his means consulted and made available, without injury to other claims, since upon that in a great degree depends the success of the work. In this respect the interests of the composer are closely interwoven with his own, and there can be no conflict between them; a peaceful understanding secures to both their mutual advantages and all goes forward admirably. This union, founded in the nature of things, was soon reversed in Italy. The singers, who as virtuosos became continually greater, the more ignorant they were as musicians, felt themselves all at once strong enough to prescribe to the composers the outline, the intentions, the embellishments, the expansion, the whole economy of a piece of music. They commanded, in a word, as a master commands his journeymen. If one would survey at a glance the consequences of this exchange of parts, he has only to consider what the gracious will of the singer in general represents, who frequently is nothing but a machine, usurping the most important rights of the artist and undertaking the intellectual part of the work. This gracious will represents invariably the taste of the time, the accepted forms, the turns and passages that are willingly listened to, the means which experience has shown to please; it represents the routine and nothing else. For it is a settled case, that inasmuch as the public can desire nothing but that which pleases it, and can be pleased with nothing but what it knows, the singers on their side will constantly prefer an everlasting rumination of that, which is accompanied by infallible applause, to new conceptions, which perhaps do not please, or if they do please, might confer more honor on the composer than on themselves.

I know that the ear is as much a thing of habit, as it is unsteady; the first, because it is easily offended by unwonted impressions; the second, because it is easily wearied by the eternal repetition of one and the same thing. But there were the singers who could satisfy the need of timely innovations much better than the *mäestri*, without injury to the forms, which routine had gradually consecrated and made in a certain manner national. Since the art of singing was progressive, every generation of virtuosos came along with a stock of ornamental melody, vocal embellishments and bravura pieces, in quantity and quality far surpassing the stock of their predecessors. The composers were compelled to conform to these new conditions. New singers, new music; such was in Italy the rule, to which the intelligent BURNESY subscribes without the least limitation. In this way the opera was manufactured in a great part out of melodic common-places, which never changed, and out of a certain number of unvarying *floriture*, since it depended on the amount of executive means and the caprices of the fashion. When a *prima donna*, or a *musico* of note left the stage or the world, they took with them the collective works of their fame into their places of retirement, or their graves. To wish to publish works of this sort, would therefore have been altogether unnecessary. They copied them, distributed them, either whole or in single numbers, among the dilettanti, so long as they found applause, and they were almost never printed. Before an edition could

have been got ready, no one would have cared for them any more. That with these elements and this system of composition music never was fresher, more engaging, more adapted to the passing moment, than that of the Italian opera in the eighteenth century, will readily be comprehended under these circumstances. Always the same, and always new; but therein also lay the reason why this music appears emptier and flatter than that of any other epoch. The fashion of yesterday always appears older than that of a hundred years ago.

But what became of musical Tragedy, of the ancient sorrow, under the dominion of the modern Orpheuses? When Tragedy saw that no one longer thought of her, neither the poet, nor still less the *mäestro*, least of all the singers, she forsook the lyric stage, scarcely after the prologue to *Euridice* had invoked her thither, and vowed in her anger never more to set her foot upon the Italian theatre; and faithfully she kept her word. They wished her a happy voyage and put the *Opera Seria* in her place, which was about as tractable as Tragedy was intractable, being half society and half concert, in which the singers, for the quieting of their consciences, brought forward I know not what erotic and heroic nonsense, while the spectators wandered about from box to box, partook of refreshments, conversed or paid their court to the ladies. But attention! The concert begins. The Soprano enters, announced by a pompous *ritornel*. The deepest silence ensues, every body listens, and as soon as the number is over, a stormy applause follows, whereupon every one returns to his previous entertainment, which the music has only interrupted for a moment. How naturally *mäestro* and singers expended their whole power upon the few principal numbers, which made up the whole opera, while the others merely served to fill out the remainder of the musical evening, which lasted very long, and to make the *tete-a-tetes*, that were carried on, inaudible to the neighbors! Accordingly the *mäestro* very carelessly prepared *arie di sorbetti* (airs during which they ate ice-creams), which were assigned to the subordinate subjects, and were always good enough, seeing that nobody listened to them. Hence it comes, that in spite of many beautiful and lovely single numbers, the old Italian *repertoire* does not contain a single work sustained in such a manner, that the different parts make up a whole of any worth; hence too the extraordinary fruitfulness of the *mäestri* of that time, some of whom composed as many as two hundred operas, not one of which has outlived its author.

We may with truth then say, that the Italian opera, as a theatrical action or branch of the dramatic art, found itself on the way of decline even before it properly had got to be an opera, since the first *castrati* who sang upon the stage, were contemporaries of PERI and CACCINI. Is any other proof required, that the Italians never have taken hold of the musical drama, in earnest? The very sight of those heroes and lovers, who were not even men, disturbed even the shadow of illusion and transformed a serious and noble play into a clumsy parody; or, if such creatures sometimes awakened sympathy, it certainly was not the tragic sympathy. I can find no expressions to add to the philanthropic pity of the historians for these unfortunate victims, as they maintain, of music; but I would vindicate music

from a reproach, which it is far from deserving. Music was not only innocent of this infamy, but she protested with her whole might against a custom, of which she herself was the first victim. Can we in reality comprehend the advantage or the satisfaction, which the Italians found and still find in giving men's parts to the highest vocal register? To women belong the Soprano and Contralto; to men the Tenor and Bass: that is the natural order, which under all the combinations of the vocal accord is the most advantageous in four-voiced composition, as it is incomparably the most agreeable to the ear. What is gained by setting in the place of an indispensable middle voice another first voice? The gain is for me, I repeat, a mystery; the loss is all too evident. One principal disadvantage lies in this, that the arias of the first subjects are all struck off to the pattern of one voice. A second disadvantage is, that the duets and trios lose in coloring and effect. The tenor is either wanting altogether or it is banished into a subordinate part, where in the *ensemble* pieces, with the bass, it has to express the rage of tyrants or the feelings of paternal love, and contrary to its nature is excluded from the part of the first lover, which all the dramatic and musical fitnesses point out as its own. This is the third disadvantage, which there is nothing to compensate, for the Tenor is the voice above all others indicated by nature for the expression of love; it is among all sounds, which nature and art can produce, the most exquisite and penetrating. Finally, to complete the measure of disadvantages, the bass voice, that true ground-pillar of harmony, that mighty expression of majestic and terrible parts, is wholly banished from the *Opera Seria*!! One seeks in vain for the cause of such great musical barbarism and simplicity, since one knows by experience that the finest artificial voices never equal, nor can equal a fine woman's voice, and that, if we must have the one folly or the other, the present practice, of giving the first male part to the alto-ist, is far preferable to that of placing the soprano in the hands of a half man. With some forty years, I am yet old enough to have seen the fair remains of this once so flourishing institution. I have known more than one *musico*, and among others in Dresden the celebrated SASSAROLI, who in his day perhaps possessed the finest falsetto voice in Europe. I confess, that in the church this voice had an extraordinary effect, because the vast resonance of the place tripled its power and concealed its quality; but in the theatre it sounded almost intolerable; it had, like the voices of almost all *castrati*, that very strong and sharp falsetto ring. Poor SASSAROLI! I fancy I yet see him before me with the helm of the Curiatii upon his head, and that enormous bulk, that cyclopean build, *rudis indigestaque moles*, measuring the floor with great strides, gesticulating like a gigantic puppet, all the while cooing like a flute hidden in the belly of a contra-basso, and all this against BENELLI (Horatius), the greatest singer and greatest actor next to TALMA, that I ever saw or heard. By a fortunate though strange anomaly, the Italians who could not dispense with the *castrati* in the *Opera Seria*, did not, so far I know, admit them into the *Opera Buffa*, where they would at least have been one buffoonery more.

In consequence of these abuses and these *bizarres* customs, the music of the Italian theatre had sunk into a kind of formalism, from which it

never since has risen. It had assumed a national type, which appeared and still appears to its adherents as the type of perfection.

[To be continued.]

BLOSSOMS.

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

For you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

Spohr's Oratorio, "Calvary."

[From the London Times, July 6.]

The last performance of the Sacred Harmonic Society, for the present season, took place yesterday evening. There was a large attendance, in spite of the elections and the unreasonably hot weather. The oratorio was Spohr's *Calvary*. The composer himself was among the audience, and his appearance was hailed by an unanimous outburst of applause.

Calvary is the second sacred oratorio composed by Spohr. Its first title was *Des Heilands Letzte Stunden*—in English, *The Last Hours of the Saviour*. It is a real oratorio—in other words, a sacred musical drama. The incidents are chosen from the life of the Redeemer; the story commences after his betrayal by Judas Iscariot, and terminates with the crucifixion and the events immediately subsequent. Since it would run counter to the religious notions of this country were Jesus made to declaim and sing, as in the original, the English adapter, Prof. Edward Taylor, has put the words of the Savior into the mouth of John, the Apostle, besides making several other alterations to conciliate similar prejudices. Under its new title of *Calvary*, Spohr's second oratorio was first performed here in 1837, at the Hanover-square Rooms, and afterwards at the Norwich Festival, for which, in 1842, the composer expressly composed his third and last—*The Fall of Babylon*. *Calvary* has been less frequently given than either *The Last Judgment* or *The Fall of Babylon*, and was never produced by the Sacred Harmonic Society until last night, when it was received with enthusiasm—a tribute to the merits and position of its author.

The oratorio of *Calvary* is in two parts; the first comprises the betrayal of the Saviour by Iscariot, his trial and condemnation to death; the second includes the crucifixion, the tempest, and the burial. The personages (according to Prof. Taylor's English version) are John and Peter, the Apostles—Judas Iscariot, Mary, Caiaphas, Philo, Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, and witnesses. The choruses are divided among the disciples of Jesus, the Jewish priests and people. The oratorio opens with a short overture, in the fugued style, very grave and learned; the key is C minor, and the principal theme is alternated with a brief *chorale*. The poetical idea seems to be the strife between the Christian Apostles and the unbelieving Jews. The first chorus "Gentle night" (in A flat), a prayer of the Apostles for Jesus, interspersed with solos, is melodious and beautiful. The horror and despair of Judas, after betraying his master, are powerfully depicted in the next piece, a bass recitative and air (in A

minor), "Woe, horror, grief," the peculiarity of the latter being a perpetually moving bass, contrived with the skill of a profound musician. A *soprano* solo (in the major key), which follows—"Though all thy friends prove faithless," where Mary declares her devotion for the Redeemer, has all the tuneful freshness of *Azor and Zemira*—one of the earliest and most captivating of the operas of Spohr; the chorus, for female voices, which accompanies it, adds materially to its charm. An air for John (in F sharp minor), "What do I see?" where the apostle describes the oppression of Jesus by the multitude, is gloomy and expressive: and the following song of Peter (in E flat), "Tears of sorrow," in which the cowardly disciple confesses the shame he feels at having denied his master, is equally effective in its way. A very grand chorus of the disciples (in C), "O, thou Eternal God," comes next, and contains a masterly fugue, written in four parts, with perspicuous clearness, and much more sparing of modulation than is the ordinary custom of Spohr in his elaborate pieces. The rest of the first part is comprised in a grand scene, the incidents of which are the arraignment of Jesus, the declarations of the accusing witnesses, the denunciations of the Jewish priests, the intercession of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, the impatient fury of the people, the adjuration of the High Priest Caiaphas, the reply and the ultimate condemnation of the Saviour. This is treated in a highly ingenious manner, by means of choruses, solos, and recitatives, in which the latter preponderate so much, however, that (as in the scene of Belshazzar's feast in the *Fall of Babylon*) the effect of the whole is somewhat prolix. The two choruses of the priests and people—"Shame, shame" (in D minor), and "Upon us be his blood" (in A minor)—are nevertheless, very striking and characteristic; while the anathemas of the priests, during the examination of the witnesses, stand out in bold relief.

The second part opens with a chorus of the disciples, in the same key, and with the same subject, developed at greater length, as the song in the first part, in which John describes Jesus led into captivity. Here Prof. Taylor has made a great mistake in altering the original words, which allude to the "supposed language and demeanor of the priests." Spohr had evidently a direct intention in repeating the music of the air alluded to; but this intention becomes altogether lost in the irrelevant passages from the prophets which the English adapter has substituted. The chorus of the priests and people, "King of Israel" (in G minor) mocking Jesus on the cross, is exceedingly dramatic; and the *soprano* air for Mary (in A flat), "When this scene of trouble closes," with its effective passages for the horn, and an elegant *obligato* accompaniment for a solo violin, is one of the melodious gems of the oratorio. Not less beautiful in its way is the trio for female voices (in E), "Jesus, heavenly master," where the vocal part writing, and the orchestral arrangement are equally perfect. The remainder of the second part is included in another grand scene. The prominent incidents are the crucifixion, in which the suffering, meekness, and resignation of Jesus (described by John, in Prof. Taylor's version), are mingled with the prayers of the disciples—the tempest, where the priests and people, awestricken by miraculous appearances, are terrified into contrition—the burial, under the auspices of Joseph of Arimathea—and the apotheosis of Jesus, by the disciples, which brings the oratorio to a conclusion. The plan of this is managed with the utmost skill; but, as in the first part, the recitatives are too lengthy, and the whole is too carefully spun out. The choral description of the tempest, however, (in spite of the palpable allusions to the overture to *Guillaume Tell*) is very fine; and the final hymn of the disciples (in C major), "Beloved Lord," a broad and magnificent piece of choral writing, is a worthy climax to a great, although unequal work.

The general impression left by the oratorio of *Calvary* is somewhat monotonous, in spite of its many beauties. Its chief fault is that it contains nothing absolutely new. The composer is prodigal of his mannerism, his orchestration is labored

and cloying, his modulation inordinate, his use of chromatic harmony inordinate, and a general want of contrast is felt throughout. A single piece unaccompanied, or merely accompanied by the stringed quartet, would be an exquisite relief; but this is not in Spohr's power; he cannot abandon his darling orchestra, but, by continually showing that he is one of the greatest masters of instrumentation, he ultimately succeeds in proving that he lacks one great secret in the art of applying it. Where almost every piece is full, or nearly full, at the end not one is full enough where fullness is indispensable. The ear becomes satiated, and the mind fatigued, with such an incessant and superfluous display of the riches of harmony and orchestral coloring. It is because we find these peculiarities more strongly developed than in the other two oratorios that we are disposed to pronounce *Calvary* inferior to *The Fall of Babylon*, and far inferior to *The Last Judgment*, the finest of all the sacred compositions of its author, and one of the grandest and most lasting of his musical works. On the other hand, it should not be forgotten that, whatever may be its weaknesses, there is possibly no other living composer capable of writing an oratorio of such magnitude and pretensions. Many of the pieces will most probably live when the oratorio itself is forgotten; and of how few works of the same order, putting aside those of Handel and Mendelssohn, can even as much as this be said!

Song of Caroline Von Gunderode.*

FROM THE GERMAN.

It is all drear and sad;
Nothing more makes me glad;
Odors no odor bring,
Breezes no quickening;
Poor heart, how sad!

All is so still and gone;
Heart and soul left forlorn;
Seeking I know not what,
Resting not, knowing not
Whither I'm borne!

One master mould of clay
Stole all my thoughts away;
Since I its beauty felt,
Near me it still hath dwelt,
Mine, though away.

One sound my heart still hears,
One that my spirit cheers;
Soft as a flute, one word
Soundeth on since 'twas heard,
Stoppeth all tears.

Spring's blossoms all are true,
They all come back anew;
Not so doth Love, alack!
That cometh never back,
Fair, but not true!

Can love so love-less be?
Can mine so stay from me?
Joy sit so heavily,
Hugging inconstancy?
Sad bliss for me!

Phoenix of loveliness!
Thou on bold wings dost press
Far to the sun's bright beam;
Little disturbs thy dream
My lone distress!

J. S. D.

* The celebrated friend of Bettina, who found so tragic a death in the waters of the Rhine.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present at the Performance, at the St. James Theatre, of Schiller's *Don Carlos*, and, to some purpose, as the following story shows, or pretends to show: One of the characters in *Don Carlos* has occasion to make the remark, "*Die Königinnen lieben schlecht*" ("Queens make poor sweethearts"); on which (according to the London correspondent) her Majesty leant forward, put her hand on the

Prince's arm to attract his attention, and sweetly smiled in his face a denial of Schiller's calumny on female royalty!

Correspondence.

[From a German friend in Virginia.]

MR. JENNISON'S ADDRESS — SCHUMANN'S ALBUM —
MARIE WIECK — CHURCH MODES.

—, July 21st.

Will you give Mr. S. Jennison a shake of the hand in my name for his "Music in the Past Half Century"? It delighted me highly. The true spirit. Your criticism pleases me also very much and you will, I hope, take it not ill, when I beg you to go on so and to either overlook trifles of little waltzes, &c., entirely, or at once tell their place in musical literature. Now I do not think it prudent, here, at once to come out with full force upon such poor cripples, as the critics in Germany do, but it would do well perhaps to define in a leader the rank on the scale of musical merit they are entitled to, and then gradually to turn out the rough side. Your criticism on Schumann's "Album" might have been a little longer and more special; but I feel I am too partial to the great, sublime, little thing. It has given me too much pleasure since it came out from heaven down among us *earthen* mankind, and I love it too dearly, therefore I cannot get tired playing and hearing about these little pieces. Those three marked with * speak to me more of heaven than anything in the book; and then between heaven and earth, connecting both, come those two, *Frühlings* and *Rundgesang*; and as representatives of an ideal life in this world there is nothing better than *Frolicher Landmann* (Happy Farmer) and *Erinnerung* (Recollection). How strange and expressive that *Fremder Mann* (Stranger Man) speaks of a village peasant boy's fears and hesitation to approach the stranger that beckons him! And that *Knecht Ruprecht*, how beautiful! But earth in all its glory has no better expression in the whole book than that *Weinlese-zeit*, *Froliche Zeit* (Vintage time, joyous time.) Is it not bacchantic, free and wine-inspired? But why speak about all these things to you, that feel all as fresh as any one!

I have a letter from FRIEDR. WIECK, father of Frau CLARA SCHUMANN and MARIE WIECK. You know that Clara Wieck has been since long considered in Germany as the best of female pianists, and the letter of their father will tell you, that he already thinks Marie superior to her sister.

What do you think of their prospects if they should come here? They are artists of the highest rank. Do you think people will appreciate Marie? I do not; may be in your few large Eastern cities, but what for the entire South, and West, and the interior? They never will employ a Barnum or somebody to sound the trumpet before them; they are too true Artists (and Jenny Lind was she not disgusted with Barnum's doings?) and will never submit to posting up, paying trumpet-sounding agents, &c., &c. And then the piano requires a certain power of fancy, to *hear into* its tones what you hear *out* of the singers or the string and even more the wind-instruments, with their full, swelling tones, which the mass of people do not possess. There moreover is scarcely any body south of New York, that takes in-

terest in classical music, and if Marie Wieck plays some Henselt or Liszt or Thalberg it is *testimoniū causa* — to show off. And then how does she play them!! But hear his letter, of which I give you some extracts:

"Your warm Art-letter from such a distance has rejoiced me, and that, with many others from all parts of Europe, has ripened the determination in me, to go this summer to M., and there complete my Method together with the little Exercises. . . . At home I cannot work upon it, since the young singers, whom I am forming after Jenny Lind's method not to scream and bawl, and my Marie and Cecilie, who already in many pieces, by their noble, broad, fine, free, and highly graceful and correct touch, are far preferred to Clara; besides visits of artists from all quarters, concerts, and the routine of an artistic life, claim all my time. I write these lines from Leipsic, where just now my Marie and my songstress, Fraulein Wölfel have created an enthusiasm, and will continue notwithstanding Sontag's presence. The *Neue Zeitung* will show you what interesting soirées Marie has been giving in Dresden. W. advises me to go with Marie and Louise Wölfel to America. But is America yet ripe for exhibitions of Art so fine and noble, and which evidently are not of the *taking order*?"

I am constantly conversing with you about something or other, sometimes even quarrelling. Yes, why do you not revere more the old church modes (*Kirchentonarten*), and those sublime chorals, that are really more than the stammerings of mankind's childhood? Why, I am exclusive. I say, a believer in the Protestant faith acts or feels inconsequently by singing or admitting of *any other church music* than the choral, and then, for choir use, the motetts of the masters. The puritanism of the Lutheran can have nothing to do even in music with the pomp, the higher flights of a well fed fancy or imaginations of the Roman Catholic. S.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 31, 1852.

Gluck and his Operas.

In our last we briefly sketched the early life, through what may be called the Italian period, of the great reformer of the lyric drama, up to the time that he became settled in his new principles of dramatic truth, and illustrated them in the maturity of his powers, at the age of forty-six, in his *Alceste* and *Orfeo*. A. D. 1761-64. We copied his own statement of these principles in his epistle dedicatory prefixed to the *Alceste*. It seems, however, that these works were far from universally appreciated, though he had the court and powerful amateurs enthusiastically on his side. Of this he complains in another preface, to the *Paris et Hélène*: "The half-learned, the doctors of taste, *i buongustai*, a race unfortunately too numerous, and at all times a thousand-fold more fatal to the progress of the arts than are the ignoramuses, have declared against my method, which, should it become established, would annihilate their pretensions.

"They have thought it possible to pronounce upon *Alceste* after informal rehearsals, badly directed and still more badly executed; they have calculated in a room the effect this opera might produce in a theatre: with about the same sagacity that some men once, in a city of Greece, wanted to judge at a few feet distance of the effect of statues made to be placed upon tall columns. One of

these delicate amateurs, who have put all their soul into their ears, finds an air forsooth too rough, or a passage too hard or unprepared, without thinking that in the situation, this air, this passage, are the sublime of expression and form the happiest contrast."

"The traits which distinguish Raphael from the crowd of painters, are in some sort insensible; slight alterations in the contours will not destroy the resemblance in a head in caricature, but they will disfigure entirely the face of a beautiful person; I want no other proof than my aria of Orpheus: *Che faro senza Euridice*? Make the least change there, whether in the movement or in the turn of expression, and this air will become a mere puppets' tune. In a work of this kind, a note more or less sustained, an alteration in force or movement, an *appoggiatura* out of place, a trill, a passage, a *roulade*, may ruin the effect of an entire scene. So when a work made according to my principles is to be performed, the presence of the composer is, so to say, as necessary as the sun is to the works of nature; he is the soul and life of it; without him all is chaos and confusion," &c., &c.

This last idea, as well as that of making music the handmaid of poetry (see first letter) have been pushed to the extreme by the modern more than Gluck (as Liszt would have it), Richard Wagner, who has kindled up such a war between the musical conservatives and radicals in Germany. Of him hereafter.

In 1765, Gluck wrote the music of an opera, now forgotten, for the marriage of the emperor Joseph II.; in which the archduchess Amalia sang the part of Apollo; the other archduchesses, Elizabeth, Josephine and Charlotte represented the three Graces; and the archduke Leopold sat at the clavichord. He attempted also one or two comic operas, without much success.

He knew that in France dramatic truth was more considered than on the Italian or German stage: and he chose the *Iphigenia* of Racine as "the fittest subject for the uniting all the interest of tragedy to the grand effects of an impassioned and dramatic music." He finished it the same year at Vienna and got a friend, attached to the French legation, to write to the administration of the Opera at Paris and procure him an engagement to produce it there. The letter, which entered into some details of Gluck's system, was published in the *Mercur*, and became the signal of the great war between the *Gluck-ists* and the *Piccinists*. There was opposition to his coming, but through the influence of Maria Antoinette, he was at length invited and the first representation of the *Iphigenia in Aulis* at the Opera took place on the 19th April, 1774. Gluck was then sixty years old. The effect was prodigious. This was followed by the *Orfeo* and the *Alceste*, rearranged to Italian words and to a fuller conformity with his new principles. The same success. Gluck was now *the* musician. He was forced to make his rehearsals public; and yet thousands of the curious had to be turned away. The composer himself however conducted as if in perfect privacy on these occasional. Anecdotes are told of his singular whims, his independence, &c., which added quite as much to the piquancy of the rehearsals, as did the novelty of the music. "Grand seigniors and even princes might be seen crowding round him to present him his surtout and his perruque, when it was finished; for he was

in the habit of throwing off all that and covering himself with a night-cap, as if he were about retiring to rest."

The lovers of the old French music, of Rameau and Lulli, which was all dramatic action and effect, found Gluck's *Iphigenia* too Italian; whereas the admirers of the Italian school, of Jomelli and Piccini, which was all melody, all for the singer, found the opposite fault with it. These latter, determined not to yield the field undisputed to this bold innovator, imported PICCINI into Paris and set him to writing rival operas. Then broke out a violent war of parties. The chiefs of the *Gluckists* were Suard and the Abbé Arnaud, and generally the literary men, who felt their own importance flattered in Gluck's theory. The leading *Piccinists* were La Harpe, Marmontel, d'Alembert, &c. The fashionable world entered warmly into the dispute. Hot from the theatre, the antagonists renewed the discussion night after night at supper parties. Fétis tells an anecdote of one of the performances of *Alceste*:

"Mlle. Levasseur played the part of Alceste. When this actress, at the end of the second act, sang that sublime verse: *Il me déchire et m'arrache le cœur* (He rends me and tears out my heart), some one in the audience cried out: 'Ah! Mademoiselle, you tear out my ears!' His neighbor, transported by the beauty of the passage and the manner in which it was sung, replied: 'Ah! monsieur, how fortunate, if it is to give you a new pair of ears!'"

The merits of this strange controversy will be made more intelligible to our readers in the sequel of the article, which we are translating in the first part of our paper, on the progress of the "Opera before Mozart." Its fury only abated when Gluck finally returned to Vienna in 1780. Meanwhile he had produced, in 1777, his *Armida*, which only slowly made itself appreciated, and his second *Iphigenia* (in *Tauris*), which electrified all Paris at once by its marvellous dramatic power. Gluck was *sixty-five years old* when he wrote it! His rival Piccini had written an opera on the same subject; but, in spite of many beauties, it is said to have borne no comparison with that of Gluck.

Gluck died, by apoplexy, at Vienna on the 25th of November, 1787, leaving his heirs a fortune of 600,000 francs. A true instinct led him to the French stage, as the true field for his genius, so essentially dramatic. In Italy and even in Germany, where the pleasure found in Opera was a purely musical pleasure, it was many years before he was appreciated. The poet WIELAND was one of the first of his countrymen to do him justice. He wrote of him as follows: "Smitten by one of the most beautiful of the maxims of Pythagoras, he has preferred the Muses to the Sirens; he has substituted for vain and false ornaments that noble and precious simplicity which, in the arts as in letters, has ever been the characteristic of the true, the beautiful and the sublime." At this day Germany, at least with the exception of Vienna, which seems to have been over and over again Italianized, holds the RITTER GLUCK in veneration only second to that paid to Bach and Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, and it is common to speak of him as the father of the true lyric drama.

Gluck's principles, sound as they are in the main, are open to criticism, especially in the matter of subordinating music too much to a mere illustration of the words. In his own operas,

this notion necessarily broke very often the musical flow and unity of the whole. It was a sacrifice of musical to dramatic form; whereas the operas of Mozart, who was the very incarnation of music, while they are abundantly dramatic, are at the same perfectly musical. The question of the true relation of music to poetry is raised anew by the extravagant positions of Richard Wagner; and as he has pushed Gluck's doctrines to the extremest limit, we shall find in him, when we come to notice him more fully, all the negative criticism which Gluck's principles require. Meanwhile we conclude this sketch with an extract from the musical reminiscences of the English actor and singer, Michael Kelly, who met Gluck in his old days in Vienna:

"A number of foreign Princes, among whom were the Duc de Deux Ponts, the Elector of Bavaria, &c., with great retinues, came to visit the Emperor, who, upon this occasion, signified his wish to have two grand serious operas, both the compositions of Chevalier Gluck, — *L'Iphigenia in Tauride*, and *L'Alceste*, produced under the direction of the composer; and gave orders that no expense should be spared to give them every effect.

"Gluck was then living at Vienna, where he had retired, crowned with professional honors, and a splendid fortune, courted and caressed by all ranks, and in his seventy-fourth year.

"*L'Iphigenia* was the first opera to be produced, and Gluck was to make his choice of the performers in it. Madame Bernasconi was one of the first serious singers of the day, — to her was appropriated the part of Iphigenia. The celebrated tenor, Ademberger, performed the part of Orestes, finely. To me was allotted the character of Pylades, which created no small envy among those performers who thought themselves better entitled to the part than myself, and perhaps they were right; — however, I had it, and also the high gratification of being instructed in the part by the composer himself.

"One morning, after I had been singing with him, he said, 'Follow me up stairs, Sir, and I will introduce you to one, whom, all my life, I have made my study, and endeavored to imitate.' I followed him into his bed-room, and, opposite to the head of the bed, saw a full-length picture of Handel, in a rich frame. 'There, Sir,' said he, 'is the portrait of the inspired master of our art; when I open my eyes in the morning, I look upon him with reverential awe, and acknowledge him as such; and the highest praise is due to your country for having distinguished and cherished his gigantic genius.'

"*L'Iphigenia* was soon put into rehearsal, and a corps de ballet engaged for the incidental dances belonging to the piece. The ballet-master was Monsieur De Camp, the uncle of that excellent actress, and accomplished and deserving woman, Mrs. Charles Kemble. Gluck superintended the rehearsals, with his powdered wig, and gold-headed cane; the orchestra and choruses were augmented, and all the parts were well filled.

"The second opera was *Alceste*, which was got up with magnificence and splendor, worthy an Imperial Court.

"For describing the strongest passions in music, and proving grand dramatic effect, in my opinion, no man ever equalled Gluck — he was a great painter of music; perhaps the expression is far fetched, and may not be allowable, but I speak from my own feelings, and the sensation his descriptive music always produced on me. For example, I never could hear without tears, the dream of Orestes, in *Iphigenia*, when in sleep, he prays the gods to give a ray of peace to the parried Orestes. What can be more expressive of deep and dark despair? — And the fine chorus of the demons who surround his couch, with the ghost of his mother, produced in me a feeling of horror, mixed with delight.

"Dr. Burney (no mean authority) said, Gluck was the Michael Angelo of living composers, and called him the simplifying musician."

Mlle. LEHMANN. We have already spoken of the anticipated visit to America of this young Danish *cantatrice*, the sister of Mr. Lehmann of the Quintet Club. By permission of Mr. Ryan, we copy now a portion of a letter to him, written by our townsman, C. C. PERKINS, Esq., who had the pleasure of hearing Mlle. L. last summer in Copenhagen.

"You ask me to tell you if F. and I heard much music during our delightful tour in the North of Europe last summer. To this I must answer no; for we were out of season to hear even the little music which other months bring, to thaw out those frozen regions. What we did hear gave us great pleasure, and I shall always retain a most grateful recollection of the agreeable evening spent at Lehmann's house in Copenhagen, where we heard his sister, Mlle. Lehmann sing. Mlle. Lehmann has an engagement at the opera house in her native city, and as that establishment was closed at the period of our visit, we could not otherwise have had the pleasure of hearing her. Her whole appearance is prepossessing, and her manners graceful and pleasing. She is besides this very obliging and sang to us the whole evening, in many kinds of music, showing the varied range of her "repertoire." We had the grand *Scena*, Prayer and Aria from the *Freyschütz*, given with fine power and sentiment, and in many songs of Lindblad and Mendelssohn, Mlle. Lehmann showed us that her feeling and rendering of the graceful and pathetic in music were equal to her appreciation of the sublime and terrible.

"Her voice is a mezzo soprano of great compass, very true in intonation, and charming in quality. Of course in a small room it is difficult to judge of the effect she might produce in the opera house or concert room, but one can be sure of the presence of fine artistical qualities, leaving a lasting impression on all those who like ourselves may have had the opportunity of hearing Mlle. Lehmann."

Musical Review.

Moore's Irish Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments by Sir JOHN STEVENSON. Boston: Oliver Ditson. Quarto. pp. 200.

Here we have them, the beautiful old songs, the favorites, complete; — elegantly printed, elegantly bound, with a well-engraved portrait of "Tom Moore," a brief memoir of his life and an account of the origin and composition of the songs. It is perhaps the best edition ever published, and certainly the cheapest, the price of the volume being but *three dollars*. The "Irish Melodies" originated in "a desire to secure in one collection, and in a form that might not pass away, the numerous National Airs known among the wild and beautiful scenery of Ireland." Of the arranger of the music, Stevenson, Moore himself says in a letter:

"Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music. In those airs which he has arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself; and though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet, often when a strain has been dismissed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns, in a harmonized shape, with new claims on our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independently of the rest, — so artfully has the harmonist, (if I may thus express it) *gavilled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part."

Here they are all! Great favorites they have been, sweet spiritual visitants in many a household, and per-

haps the first revelation of the power of melody to the childhood of many of us; though lately, in our middle age, they have been almost supplanted and made obsolete by the fashionable arias of Italian opera, by the romantic German songs, and by the popular "Negro Melodies." But they belong to the genuine, undying people's music, and it is well to gather up their notes in a convenient, nice form and make them common. They must not and they cannot be forgotten. We have but to glance over a few of their titles to find that we are reopening whole charmed volumes of memory. "Erin, the tear," and "The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls," and "The meeting of the Waters," and "Love's Young Dream," and "the Young May Moon:"—these, to name no more, are sure suggestions of some of the most sweetly sad and some of the merriest hours in the not wholly buried past of thousands of us, old and young.

Eva's Parting. Words by MARY A. COLLIER.
Music by F. JAMES. Geo. P. Reed & Co.

Every music publisher must have his "Little Eva" song just now; and all the minor composers are as busy on this theme, as if it were the one point of contact for the time being with the popular sympathies. Verily "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has much to answer for, in calling forth such a rank crop of musical weeds. For these things seek the sun, not by virtue of their music, but by virtue of their titles, and so make music play a slavish part.

The piece before us, however, is better than most of them. It is a pure, simple, unpretending melody, with some character, well adapted and well arranged.

The May Sun sheds an amber Light. Words by BRYANT. Composed by WM. R. DEMPSTER.
O. Ditson.

Another of the easy, pretty, Dempsterian melodies, or rather, ditties, which always have their lovers.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY have engaged the new Boston Music Hall for a series of ten evening concerts, commencing with the first Saturday after the hall is opened, (probably about the middle of November;) also for every Wednesday afternoon during the winter.

THE SUMMER AFTERNOON CONCERTS will be suspended for the present, until Wednesday, Sept. 8th, the day having been changed on account of the rehearsals of the Musical Fund Society. Tickets remaining out retain their value.

The musicians do well to allow themselves some weeks in these dog-days, for the recreation of their powers. They have worked long and hard in the public service, and no class of persons more need or deserve a portion of man's natural birthright, which is one of God's best blessings, the privilege of free and genial intercourse with nature. The music will be all the better in the autumn.

Last week, the overture to *Iphigenia* was again played, with increased delicacy of light and shade, and increased appreciation of it on the part of the audience. Schubert's *Eloge des Larmes*, too, as arranged by Mr. Suck, was very beautiful. Truly Franz Schubert had the divine gift of *melody*, thoroughly German as he is in his harmonies. The other overture, new to us, though old in fact, by the Ritter Seyfried, was by no means uninteresting; and the set of Labitzky waltzes were nothing less than luscious in their luxury of instrumentation.

Yesterday afternoon's programme, (the last for the present,) was equally rich and choice, embracing Rossini's overture to *Otello*, a couple of the little "Album" pieces of Robert Schumann, and the first and second movements of Mozart's last Symphony, commonly called the "Swan" (so said the programme); besides waltzes, brass music, &c.

The little orchestra has made a decided success, improving steadily through eight weeks in the quality of its performance, and introducing a Boston audience in that time to quite a catalogue of the best kind of music, hitherto unknown to most of us. In taking leave of them for the present, we have only two hopes to express: (1.) That they will on no account fail to renew these

pleasures in September, and if possible with an increased force, at least of one or two instruments; and (2.) That the ambiguous and perplexing name of "Germania Serenade Band" may be exchanged for a better.

MME. SONTAG'S Secretary, Mr. E. B. Ullmann, called on us a few days since, confirming the report of her intention to sail for this country in the latter part of August, after singing a few nights at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mme. Sontag will commence her concerts in New York in the latter part of September. She is to be accompanied by Mr. CHARLES ECKERT, late sub-director of the Italian Opera in Paris, as her director, and *probably* by Sig. LUCHESE, a distinguished *tenore*, Sig. FERRANTI, the baritone, from Her Majesty's, and Mlle. ROSA KASTNER, who is one of the first female pianists of the day.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. Rossini's *Otello* was given on the 6th, with nearly the same cast as last year, Sig. GALVANI as Rodrigo being the novelty. The *Times* finds in him the common fault of young singers, that of singing at times so loud as to damage the quality of his voice, but otherwise accords him high praise.

The Desdemona of Grisi, the Otello of Tamberlik, and the Iago of Ronconi, are among the most finished performances of the operatic stage. The three popular artists were never more completely themselves. Grisi's voice was as fresh and strong, her energy as overpowering, and her acting as full of tenderness and passion, as ever; Ronconi endowed the character of Iago with a force and individuality of which the author of the *libretto* was perfectly guiltless; and Tamberlik, in Otello, exhibited the vigor, manliness, and romantic bearing which so well become the part. The great effects of the performance were the *finales* to the first and second acts, where Grisi was the prominent feature—the duet between Otello and Iago, in which Tamberlik and Ronconi rivalled each other in repeated displays of vocal excellence, and the former, at the end of the *cabaletta*, "*L'ira d'avverso fato*," gave his famous C sharp in alt (a note possessed by no other tenor) with a power and resonance that electrified the audience, and elicited a unanimous encore—and the duet of the last act, in which the acting and singing of Grisi and Tamberlik were equally beyond reproach. The scene in which Otello kills Desdemona, and then stabs himself, was admirably managed by both artists, and brought down the curtain with the loudest applause, followed by a double recall for Grisi and Tamberlik.

The first act of the *Barbiere* (with Mario, Ronconi, Tagliafico and Castellan) succeeded *Otello* and protracted the performance till nearly one hour after midnight.

Spohr's *Faust* was to be given on the 13th.

HER MAJESTY'S. Lumley has succeeded in engaging SONTAG for a few nights previous to her sailing for America. This may prove an offset for many discomforts.

The *Athenæum* says of BASSINI in *Maria di Rohan*:

"His voice seemed more strained and uneven in the lachrymose cantabiles of Donizetti than it was in the more animated melodies of 'Il Barbiere,'—while the want of neatness in his phrasing and his mistaken method of taking breath became doubly evident in movements permitting the performer to slacken tempo, to pause, and to exaggerate tone and accent for the sake of intense tragical expression. But we have long felt that, let the music essayed be ever so antipathetic, a real singer will therein show himself a singer; and thus we are not surprised at change of occupation failing to metamorphose Signor de' Bassini into a complete or an accomplished vocal artist. As an actor his effects were confined to the last scene alone. This he gave with that extreme Italian passion which stops at nothing,—careless if the play of features become grimace, or the impassioned gesture verge upon grotesque caricature. Much as we relish this for its earnestness—for that very courage which does not pause to consider when 'the rapids are near,'—we feel that in 'Maria di Rohan' Signor de' Bassini merely presented one burst of rage and jealousy, such as might belong to 'Parasina,' and half a dozen other historical or brigand Italian stories,—and that he never touched the French noble of the *ancien régime*, so wondrously conceived and executed by Signor Ronconi. In his *Chevreuse* the tragedy is made tremendous by the courtly framework in which it is set;—the catastrophe becomes all the more fearful for its breaking out in the midst of a society polished, ironical,—but half sincere. Thus, while we do not question the new comer's force of dramatic execution, we have yet to learn whether he possesses the actor's highest gift—variety and fineness of conception. In a London Opera-house we cannot imagine Signor de' Bassini to be generally as serviceable as Signor Colletti—taking acting and singing in combination."

Mr. Lumley, it is said, will retire at the close of the present season, and henceforth devote himself singly to the Parisian branch of his enterprise. The French

Government have lately increased the *subvention* of the Opera, and it is even said, means to indemnify him for the heavy loss which he sustained from the ruinous influence of the political events of the last two years in Paris.

ROYAL ACADEMY CONCERTS. The object of these has been to exhibit the students of the Academy as singers, players and composers. The last for the season took place July 3d, when were performed a MS. overture ("Merry Wives of Windsor") by T. B. Gilbert; another ("The Water Nymph") by O'Leary, and Macfarren's Cantata ("Leonora"), besides a variety of pieces vocal and instrumental, to show the executive proficiency of of the pupils, which, according to the *Athenæum* was not what it ought to have been, and utterly incompetent to the rendering of the "desperate and difficult crudities of such a work as *Leonora*."

BRITISH SCHOOL OF VOCALIZATION. London papers speak highly of this attempt of Mr. French Flowers, to establish a true school of singing. Mr. F. maintains that the voices of the English are as beautiful as those of foreigners, when properly cultivated. He lately gave an exhibition, with twenty-four of his pupils, who performed selections from the most admired classic operas. *Casta Diva*, *Non mi dir* from *Don Giovanni*, &c., were sung with élat.

HANDEL'S ORATORIOS. J. A. Novello has just completed in numbers the vocal score, with organ or piano forte accompaniment, of "Solomon," uniformly with the beautiful and cheap editions of the "Messiah," "Creation," &c., for which there is already a considerable sale in the United States.

MADAME AND HERR GOFFRIE'S Annual Concert took place at Willis's Rooms. The pieces played by Madame Goffrie were Beethoven's surpassingly beautiful sonata No. 3, dedicated to Haydn; the *Andante con Variazioni*, from the same author's magnificent *Kreutzer Sonata*; and Schullhoff's well-known piano forte version of the *Carnival of Venice*. The fair pianiste executed the whole of the Haydn Sonata by heart; and this was no easy task, for the work consists of four movements, and is not only very long, but, at the same time, replete with melodic variety, harmonic complexities, and contrapuntal intricacies. . . . Madame G.'s abilities were again most effectively displayed in the air with variations, the violin part of which was exquisitely played by the deservedly renowned Herr Joachim; and she also showed great digital dexterity in Schullhoff's *Carnival of Venice* for the omission of which, however, we should have felt grateful. Herr Joachim, besides the air with variations, favored us with a very clever romance of his own with piano forte accompaniment, and Bach's vigorous and highly ingenious fugue for violin solo, in G minor. His exhibition of both were most masterly. . . . The vocalists on this occasion were Mme. Falconi, Mlle. Magnier, Miss Ellen Rowland, Mr. Swift, and Herr von Osten. An air by Desanges and a ballad by Frank Mori, were the pieces in which Mme. Falconi and Mrs. Swift exhibited their powers to advantage; and Herr von Osten, a German tenor of continental celebrity, possessing an excellent voice and much musical feeling, made a most favorable impression. — *London Post*.

PARIS. The Hungarian band, under M. Kalozdy, have been playing at the Théâtre des Variétés.

EMILE PRUDENT, the pianist, has returned from London, intending to devote some months to study and composition previous to another season there.

MEYERBEER has been some days in Paris. The illustrious composer, who is not quite recovered from his last year's illness, will spend the summer at the waters of Spa.

The *Théâtre Lyrique* is being actively reorganized. A new opera by Adolphe Adam is in rehearsal.

Advertisements.

Musical Convention in Boston.

THE ANNUAL MUSIC TEACHERS' INSTITUTE and Musical Convention, under the direction of the subscribers, will be held the present year, in the MELBORN, commencing on TUESDAY, Aug. 10, at 9 o'clock, A. M., continuing in session ten days. Tickets, \$3 each, may be obtained at A. N. Johnson's Piano Forte and Music Store, No. 38 School Street. Clergymen, ladies who can sing, and members of former classes are invited to attend free of charge.

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The above books can be obtained in large or small quantities of the publisher, 115 Washington St., and of music dealers and booksellers generally throughout the United States and Canada. 7 tf

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NOTICE is hereby given that the BOSTON MUSIC HALL Association are ready to receive applications for the use of their HALL and LECTURE ROOM, (entrance on Bumstead Place and on Winter Street,) by Religious Societies, for the purpose of regular worship on Sundays, after the 15th of November next.

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HENRIETTA SONTAG.

[Translated for this Journal, from the French of P. SCUDO.]

HENRIETTA SONTAG was born at Coblenz on the 13th of May, 1805, of one of those families of nomadic actors, of which Goethe has given us the poetical history in his *Wilhelm Meister*. Born, like the halcyon, on the stormy waves, she early knew the vicissitudes and trials of an artist life. When only six years old, she made her *début* at Darmstadt, in an opera very popular in Germany, the "Daughter of the Danube," where, in the part of Salome she was admired for the infantile graces of her person, and the correctness of her voice. Three years later, having lost her father, Henrietta, with her mother, went to Prague, where she played children's parts under the direction of Weber, then at the head of the theatre orchestra. Her precocious success obtained for her, by most especial favor, permission to follow the courses of the Conservatoire in that city, although she had not yet reached the age required by the rules. There, for four years, she studied vocal music, the piano and the elements of vocalization. The indisposition of the prima donna of the theatre gave her an opportunity, for the first time, to undertake a rather important rôle, that of the princess of Navarre in Boieldieu's "John of Paris." She was then fifteen. The facility of her voice, her budding beauty, the trouble which made her heart full of mysterious presentiments, achieved her a success, which augured well for the future of her talent.

From Prague, Henrietta Sontag went to Vi-

enna, where she met Mme. Mainvielle-Fodor, whose example and good counsels developed the happy tendencies she had received from nature. Singing alternately in German and Italian opera, she could try her powers in both of these so different languages, and give herself time to choose between the glittering caprices of the Italian music and the sober and profound accents of the new German school. Being offered an engagement at the German Opera in Leipsic, in 1824, she went to that focus of philosophical and literary discussions, and there acquired a great fame by the manner in which she interpreted the *Frey-schütz* and *Euryanthe* of Weber.

The admirers of this great musician's genius were composed of the youth of the universities and of all the ardent and generous souls who wished to redeem Germany from foreign dominion, as well in the realm of the imagination as in that of politics; they shouted with enthusiasm the name of Fraulein SONTAG, which spread through all Germany as that of a *virtuoso* of the first order, called to renew the marvellous things of Mara. It was at Leipsic that Mara, that famous German singer of the end of the 18th century, had been educated under the care of old professor Hiller. They felt obliged to Mlle. Sontag for consecrating a magnificent organ and a vocalization, far from common that side of the Rhine, to the rendering of the strong and deep music of Weber, of Beethoven, of Spohr and of all the new German composers who had broken *all truce with foreign impiety*, and given full scope to the genius of their country. Surrounded with homage, celebrated by all the *beauux esprits*, sung by the students and escorted by the *huzzas* of the German press, Mlle. Sontag was called to Berlin, where she made her *début* with immense success at the theatre of Königsstadt. It was at Berlin, it will be remembered, that *Der Freyschütz* was represented for the first time, in 1821. It was at Berlin, that Protestant, rationalist city, the centre of an intellectual and political movement which sought to absorb the activity of Germany at the expense of Vienna, the Catholic city, where reigned the spirit of tradition, the sensuality, the breeze and the facile melodies of Italy; it was at Berlin, we say, that the new school of dramatic music, founded by Weber, had found its fulcrum. Mlle. Sontag was enthusiastically received there, as an inspired interpreter of the national music. The Hegelian philosophers made her the subject of their learned commentaries, and in her limpid

and sonorous voice they hailed the *blending of the subjective with the objective in an absolute unity!* The old king of Prussia received her at the court with a paternal kindness. There it was, that diplomacy found occasion to approach Mlle. Sontag and to lay siege to the heart of the Muse.

Availing herself of leave of absence, Mlle. Sontag came at length to Paris and made her *début* at the Italian theatre, on the 15th of June, 1826, in the rôle of Rosina, in the "Barber of Seville." Her success was brilliant, especially in Rode's variations, which she introduced in the second act during the singing lesson. [An example followed by Mme. de la Grange of late in London. —Tr.] This success was confirmed and even increased in the *Donna del Lago* and the *Italiana in Algieri*, in which she had to transpose several passages written for a contralto. On her return to Berlin she was received with redoubled interest. In that city she remained till the end of the year 1826; then, abandoning Germany and the school which had brought her up in the depths of its sanctuary, she came to fix her abode in Paris. She began with the rôle of Desdemona in *Otello*, on the 2d January, 1828. She made one of that constellation of admirable artists, who at that time charmed Paris and London, and among whom Pasta, Pisanoni, Malibran and Sontag shone as stars of the first magnitude.

Between these two last *cantatrici*, differing so greatly in their kinds of merit, one of those fruitful rivalries declared itself, of which Hoffman has given us such a dramatic picture. This rivalry was pushed so far between the imperious Juno and the blonde Venus, that they could not meet in the same saloon. On the stage, when they sang in the same opera, whether it were *Don Juan* or *Semiramide*, their heroic jealousy revealed itself in killing *cadenzas* and vocal Cougreve rockets which set the audience on fire. Now the Trojans, and now the Greeks carried it. The parterre rose and subsided like the waves of the sea under the Olympic deities. Finally, one day, Mme. Malibran and Mlle. Sontag having to sing a duet in a princely house, the blending of these two voices, so different in *timbre* and in character of expression, produced such an effect, that the success of the two great singers brought about their reconciliation. From that time a calm reigned *sul mare infido*.

But in the midst of these successes and these festivals of Art, a black speck rose on the horizon;

diplomacy was secretly at work; its protocols grew threatening and it was suddenly learned that Mlle. Sontag was about to quit the theatre for duties more austere. A year since she had formed a private union with count Rossi, who was not disposed to share his happiness. She had adieu to the Parisian public in a performance for the benefit of the poor, which took place at the Opera in January, 1830. Returning to Berlin, at the instance of her friends and numerous admirers, she consented to give a few more representations, and then quitted the stage definitively two months before the revolution of July. But, before accepting the new rôle which she had chosen for life, before despoiling herself of the brilliant fame which she had so justly acquired, Mlle. Sontag made a tour to Russia, giving concerts, as brilliant as they were remunerative, at Warsaw, Moscow, St. Petersburg, and then at Hamburg and other important cities of Germany.

It was after this tour that, under the name of Madame the Countess of Rossi, following the fortunes of her husband, she passed several years in succession at Brussels, at the Haye, at Frankfort and at Berlin, letting her voice be heard only in the reunions of that high European society, which the revolution of February shook to its foundations.

Mlle. Sontag possessed a soprano voice of very great extent, of great equality of *timbre*, and of marvellous flexibility. In the upper octave, from the medium C to C above the staff, that voice rang deliciously like a silver bell, and you had never to fear a doubtful intonation, or a want of equilibrium in its prodigious exercises. This rare flexibility of organ was the result of the munificence of nature, fructified by incessant and well-directed labors. Until her arrival at Vienna, where she had occasion to hear the great virtuosos of Italy, she had been guided only by her happy instinct and by the more or less enlightened taste of her public. It was to the counsels of Mme. Mainvielle-Fodor, and still more to the example which the exquisite talent of that admirable singer daily offered her, that Mlle. Sontag owed the expansion of those native qualities, which, until then, had remained as it were shut up in the bud. The competition with rivals like Mmes. Pisaroni and Malibran, those heroic combats which she had to sustain on the theatres of Vienna, Paris and London, perfected her talent to that degree of savory maturity, which has made Mlle. Sontag one of the most brilliant singers of Europe.

In the magnificent casket of vocal gems which Mlle. Sontag displayed every night before her admirers, we especially remarked the limpidity of her chromatic gamuts and the brilliancy of her trills, which sparkled like rubies on a velvet ground. Each note of those long descending spirals stood out as if it had been struck isolatedly and attached itself to the following note by an imperceptible and delicate solder; and all these marvels were accomplished with a perfect grace, never disfiguring her countenance by the slightest sign of effort. Her charming figure, her fine limpid and soft eyes, her elegant form and her stature, springing and supple as the stem of a young poplar, finished the picture and completed the enchantment.

Mlle. Sontag tried her power in every kind. Born in Germany at the commencement of this

stormy century, she was nourished on the vigorous and powerful music of the new German school, and obtained her first successes in the master-pieces of Weber. At Paris, she undertook successively the parts of Desdemona, of Semiramis, and of Donna Anna in Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre*. In spite of the enthusiasm, which she seems to have excited in her countrymen by her manner of rendering the dramatic inspiration of Weber, (an enthusiasm, of which we find the echo in the works of Louis Boerne); in spite of the brilliant qualities she has displayed in the part of Desdemona, and above all in that of Donna Anna, which was almost imposed upon her by the jealousy of Malibran, it is in the light music and in the temperate style that Mlle. Sontag found her true superiority. Her Rosina in the "Barber," her Ninette in *La Gazza Ladra*, her Amenaide in *Tancredi*, and her Elena in the *Donna del Lago*, have been her finest triumphs.

The cry of pathos could not escape from those fine lips, where shone the voluptuous *morbidezza* and the half smile of grace; the explosion of sentiment never came to alter the pure lines of her face, nor to tinge with purple that skin, white and smooth as satin. No, in that elegant body, which fled before the eager gaze like a light vapor, nature had not deposited creative germs. The electric spark, in traversing that placid heart, never lit up there the divine fire and never engendered the magnificent tempests of passion. Behold why Mlle. Sontag consented to bow her charming head under the hymeneal yoke and to descend from a throne, to which she had been raised by the omnipotence of talent, to become the countess of Rossi. Who knows but that bitter regrets have since come to trouble the repose which she promised herself? Who knows but that Madame, the Ambassador's wife, in the midst of the glooms of greatness, has cast a melancholy look upon the beautiful years of her youth, when a whole nation of admirers crowned her with roses and immortals? Have not M. Auher and M. Scribe, in their pretty opera, *l'Ambassadrice*, told us the story of Mlle. Sontag becoming the countess of Rossi?

The voice of Mme. Sontag is well preserved. If the lower chords have lost their fulness and grown dull a little under the hand of time, as it always happens with soprano voices, the upper notes are still full of roundness and of charm. Her talent is almost as exquisite as it was twenty years ago; her vocalization has lost nothing of the marvellous flexibility that characterized it then; and without much effort of imagination one finds again to-day, in Mme. Sontag, the finish, the charm, the tempered and serene expression, which distinguished her among the eminent *cantatrici*, who have been the marvel of Europe for the last half century. Welcomed with distinction by a select public, which assembled at the report of her glory and of her misfortune, Mme. Sontag has sung several pieces of her old *repertoire* with great success.

Among these pieces, we may especially remark the variations of Rode, a sort of melodic canvass brought into fashion by Mme. Catalani, and upon which Sontag has embroidered the most ingenious and most adorable arabesques. An ascending scale, shot on the wing and passing before the bewildered ear like a ribbon of fire, has excited the liveliest transports.

In her second, third and fourth concerts, the

success of Mme. Sontag was still more decisive. Let us add, moreover, that time, which seems to have passed lightly over this charming singer, has not brought her what God alone can give to his elect: *the accent of the heart*. Sometimes, however, there escapes from the limpid voice of Mme. Sontag a reflection as it were of the German sentimentality, which colors her sweet melopœia and gives it a more penetrating flavor.

Germany, which has produced so many glorious geniuses in instrumental music and such excellent artists for all instruments, has been much less happy in the lyric drama and the art of singing. Excepting Mozart, who is a miracle of Providence; excepting some composers of the second order, such as Winter, who were inspired by Mozart and the Italian school, the German operas have been conceived after a system which does not allow the human voice to display all its magnificences. Thus the singers born beyond the Rhine, whose reputation has crossed the boundaries of their own nationality, are extremely rare. Mme. Mara (*Schmaeling*), who was born at Cassel in 1747, and who died in Livonia on the 20th of January, 1833, at the age of eighty-four years, was the only German *cantatrice*, before Mme. Sontag, who enjoyed a European fame.

* * * * *

The celebrated singers of the nineteenth century may be ranged in three very different groups. In one would be found those who have shone chiefly by the expression of energetic sentiments and by elevation of style, like Mme. Pisaroni, Mme. Pasta and Mme. Malibran. In another we should remark those marvellous sirens who have evaporated in a burst of laughter, full and radiant; such as the Marcolini, Mme. Persiani and many others. It is between these two extreme groups that we would place Mme. Mainvielle-Fodor, Mme. Damoureau and Mme. Sontag, who have had all the seductions of grace and of a rich vocalization, without possessing either the *entraînement* of passion, or the facile spontaneity of gaiety. Accordingly these have lived long, because they have never experienced those transports which wear out and consume a poor woman, as a diamond becomes volatile in the crucible of a chemist. We like to imagine Mme. Sontag, clad in a white robe, lending her ear to harmless conversation, as she peacefully traverses a shaded aisle, her bosom decorated with a bouquet of *Vergiss-mein-nicht*.

OPERA BEFORE MOZART.

[From the "LIFE AND WORKS OF MOZART," by OULIBICHEFF.]

III.

NATIONAL STYLES—ITALIAN, GERMAN AND FRENCH
OPERA CONTRASTED—GLUCK.

Every nation, every epoch has its own taste, which it necessarily imparts to the musicians, whom it produces. This taste is in its nature special, and what is special never can be wholly harmonized with the expression of things absolute, as for example the human passions considered in their principle. Hence it follows, that the imitations of dramatic music have commonly only a relative worth, only a passing and local resemblance to objects represented, that is to say, to the feelings of the persons; a resemblance, which on the one hand constantly diminishes with the change in musical taste, and which on the other does not exist at all to a strange audience. The

speciality of the taste of the times is a cause why music becomes antiquated, and the speciality of the local taste a cause, which makes it less intelligible and less attractive in localities where a different taste prevails. When one sets out to give the universal language of feeling, he gets no farther than to produce the language of his time or of his hearers. But since the musicians cannot do otherwise, we will see how they contrive, as natives, to please the public and themselves. If one wishes to convince himself, he will find four ways of nationalizing or localizing the score of an opera.

The first and obviously the simplest way, is to bring the music to the mill of the national melody; then the opera becomes entirely national. Certainly, but then two little difficulties are in the way. There are countries, which possess no proper national melody; and then I scarcely know of any national melody, which is adapted to the various expressions of dramatic music, whether serious or comic. The cases, in which popular melodies are applicable to the lyric stage, belong always among the exceptions. Such is the case when the song is given for what it really is in the opera, or when the nationality of a people or an individual forms the subject of the piece. Thus WEIGL has with singular success employed Swiss airs in his opera, *Die Schweizerfamilie* ("The Swiss Family"), the subject of which is home-sickness. But such exceptions never can become the rule.

A second means of lending a smack of nationality to theatrical music, consists in employing everywhere certain melodic turns, passages, rhythms and forms in the accompaniment, which, without being drawn exactly from a national source, have kept their hold through a silent, but not the less binding understanding between composers, singers and public. Such is the conventional form, which we remark in the old as well as in the new Italian opera.

The third means consists in systematically destroying the balance between the elements of an opera, in favor of one of them. When, for example, the declamation is sacrificed to the melody, the orchestra to the vocal parts, truth to material effect, expression to the *bravura* and the contrary, any one who knows these exclusive tendencies, who knows in what parts of the same the composers of a nation have distinguished themselves and what parts they are wont to slight, can judge of the music and say: That is French, German, Italian music.

Finally there is yet a fourth means, whose employment tends to make the national coloring most obvious. It consists in lending to the music a character corresponding to any peculiarity, or even to any particularly remarkable weakness, which distinguishes one people from another. We see for example, that what to-day makes the Germans the first musicians, the poetico-metaphysical genius of the nation, so favorable to the sublime inspirations of pure music, does not always lead them so well in the most positive application of this art, I mean the musical drama. We recognize this predominant tendency to the ultra-romantic and the hyper-original in some of their most celebrated operas; in their frequently too much enveloped songs; in intentions, which from their very fineness lose themselves in indefiniteness; in a certain mixture of repose and sentimental dreaminess, which unstrings the very

hottest passions of their nature; in a knowledge which is not always very clear, or very dramatic; but every where we meet the stamp of reflection, of true originality and individuality, which marks all the artistic productions of the land.

In France it is quite otherwise, and even the Germans write there in an altogether different style. In the French opera, as it is now constituted, there is an evident striving to appear characteristic, to heighten effect by all means known or possible. Much display, which frequently resembles the mere glitter of gold tinsel; a lavish expenditure of passages and *bravura* pieces, surpassing even the Italian; an activity of instruments, which goes beyond even the Germans; male parts written in a vocal register, to make a physician shudder; song-parts of an expression in the highest degree French, half chivalric, half *gascoigne*; a rhythm, which moves or runs in even pace with the country itself; a charlatanism in modulations from one key to another, a multitude of dramatic and very beautiful effects, little depth, almost no originality: — that is what I have fancied I discovered in reading through the works of the most celebrated opera writers of our time.

In Italy the national physiognomy, which from of old has mirrored itself most manifestly in the Opera, lies in dilettantism, in the passion itself for music. As born musicians, connoisseurs in all that concerns execution, neither better nor worse judges of composition than the great mass of the public elsewhere, indifferent to the dramatic development, but on the other hand as distinguished *orecchianti* (possessors of a musical ear), the Italians desire nothing of an opera but euphony, with a strong dose of noise (which they loved less at one time), fluent *roulades*, a pleasant tickling of the senses, an intoxicating thrill, a voluptuous warmth. With them the music conforms to the climate. The people of the North, as we know, loved to warm themselves by their glowing sun, and if to-day they cannot leave their homes to seek it, they try to supply this want by the glow of their music.

From our remarks it follows, that of the four modes of indicating the local origin of an opera, all of which can be and are pledges of success with native audiences, there is not one, which in the judgment of a foreign and impartial connoisseur really denotes a fault, an imperfection, or indeed a negation in music. And yet most of the operas, indeed we maintain, all of them, range themselves under some one of these four categories. Moreover there is no branch of art, in which tastes and opinions are so different as in dramatic music, and there is none, which has had so much to suffer from the times. There is only one opera, which rises above all influences of time and local relations, and at an immeasurable height rules the remotest and most splendid regions of unmixed psychology. This no nation can claim as its exclusive property. The text is Italian, the subject Spanish, the composer a German; for one must choose some language wherein to write a theatrical piece, the action must occur in some place and the musician be born somewhere. But as regards the score, the approbation of the world, which agrees in recognizing it as the first masterpiece of the lyric stage, and a half century, which seems only to have enhanced every one of its beauties, have settled it that the score is neither exclusively German, nor Italian, Spanish, Russian nor French. It is universal!

All my readers have named this opera, and while they named it, they will have understood why I touched upon a subject, which does not for a moment interrupt the thread of our historical considerations, because it is essentially connected with the goal to which I am tending. We shall now see what fate awaited the opera in France.

The difference in its fate among the Italians and the French is fully explained by the difference of the two peoples. The first were the most musical people in Europe; the second the best versed in literature of any in the seventeenth century. This fundamental distinction must have reversed the mutual relations between the three classes of producers, from whose coöperation an opera results, and have led each of the two nations to results diametrically opposite.

When the musical drama was introduced into France under Cardinal Mazarin, there was as yet no French music. What LULLI had till then composed, was in about the same *genre* in which PERI and CACCINI had written, to whom LULLI was superior only in his overtures and his dance airs, which for a long time passed for models in all Europe and which even Italy borrowed of him. But soon the Italians got the start of him; they began to sing, while the French went on psalmodizing, for which we cannot reasonably reproach them. In music they were yet a people in its childhood; they wanted historical antecedents; they possessed neither composers nor singers; and for the little knowledge that was diffused among them, they were indebted to the foreigners, whose debtors they have remained to our day for the sum total of the advances, which have made their lyric-dramatic school illustrious in noble or serious operas. It was the fortune of this school to be born in the lap of barbarism and to remain there for a long time through the want of native talents. When the Italians took that splendid upward flight, which placed them so high in melodic composition and in the art of singing, while it removed them more and more from the conditions of the drama, the French were not able to follow them. As an ingenious people however, they made a virtue of necessity and found a glory in wounding the ear from principle; out of vanity and thirst for distinctions of all kinds, they honored with the name of a national music the newly revived Florentine song-speech, which the Italians had long since given up, and which moreover was no music. But while the French naturalized among them this intolerable reciting manner, they closed a no less loyal compact with the rational principle, which had called the same into life. The idea of the founders of the lyric drama could not become lost in the land of a CORNEILLE and a RACINE, as it did in Italy. Cast upon the then so classic French ground, it lay long buried as a precious seed; at last it sprang up and the harvest turned out all the fairer for the long time they had had to wait for it.

I am firmly convinced that the hearers of the old French opera looked for nothing in it but dramatic excitements and the dance; for, we cannot too often repeat it, the Florentine psalmodizing, or what is scarcely better, the recitative of LULLI and RAMEAU could never have inspired much interest in any one as music. It pleased in France as a sort of strengthening of the effect. Here they were accustomed to the shockingly false screech of the singers; the ear was as yet

so uncultivated, that no one was offended by it; and hence this very scream, this *urlo Francese* (French howl) was received only as the exalted expression of the passions. That musical enjoyment, which the audiences sought not in the dramatic music, but which one cannot quite dispense with in the opera, they found in airs, which were danced to, in which there is always some rhythm and some melody, that is to say, something true and answering to the hearer's power of comprehension. Hence *Ballets* and *Divertissements* were always inseparable from musical tragedy. Even to-day they hold fast to these, while the friends of music would gladly dispense with such auxiliary.

The principle of lyric-dramatic truth prevailed thus from the outset in the grand Opera; but foreigners never suspected it, since it was applied in almost as bad a manner as in the time of GIOVANNI BARDI. Foreigners, who understood something of music, did not comprehend this exhibition; they heard nothing but a long, monotonous Jeremiad without melody or rhythm, in which it was impossible to distinguish the recitatives from the *arioso*, and which was rendered still more intolerable by an ear-splitting execution, a Gothic droning, laughable embellishments, and bleating cadences. The natives, upon whom the thing made quite a different and a purely dramatic impression, declared with a contemptuous smile, that strangers were not up to the level of their opera.

This state of things brought about, as we have already remarked, relations and consequences wholly the reverse of those, which marked the development of the musical drama with the Italians. The poet, from whom the public expected its chief enjoyment, and who reaped glory from a well elaborated opera text as well as from a good tragedy, kept even pace with the composer, if he did not even get before him. The composer, for whom the choice of the poem or the kind of verse was the most indifferent matter in the world, since his music adapted itself equally well, that is to say equally badly, to every kind, could not seriously fall out with the author of the words. Still less so with the singers. These possessed in the highest degree what was necessary, to execute all that was not song; and since no one thought of offering them such, they took up a score with the same docility or the same indifference, with which the composer took up the poem. What cared they whether the notes were put together so or so? Their art limited itself to the *taking* points of the French song: to the *portamento*, the *amoroso*, the *trillo*, &c.; and these tricks were employed throughout, as well as the scream. Thus in France poets, musicians and singers lived in sweetest harmony, one in their interests, their means, their end. The order, in which we have named them, marked the degree of their respective consequence. With the Italians the relation was precisely the reverse and transformed the poet into a hod-carrier, the *mäestro* into a slave and the singers into despots. Hence a contrasted and striking result in the history of the lyric theatre with these two nations. In Italy an opera never outlived the accidental assemblage of the singers, for whom it was written; it lasted just one *stagione* or theatrical "season." In France whole generations of singers succeeded one another in the poems of QUINAULT and the music of LULLI. It required no less a man than

GLUCK, to consign to the final repose of the grave this musical mummy, which had held possession of the throne of the Grand Opera since its foundation.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, however, a troop of comic opera singers brought into France the taste for the true music, which needs only to present itself to make proselytes at once. The men of sense, as MOZART used to express it, the real friends of music felt at once, that this was the enjoyment, which they had vainly sought in the National Opera; but such men were at that time rare in the land, and their enthusiasm, which with the French is always inseparable from the spirit of propagandism, had to encounter fearful opposition. The good patriots, who had no ears, made it a duty to drive back the invasion of the foreign music; the Grand Opera caballed; the comic opera singers were sent away. Their stay in France nevertheless bore its fruits. Young musicians of talent, PHILIDOR, MONSIGNY and GRETRY sought in their comic operas to imitate the style of the *Serva padrona*, which had so enchanted the amateurs in the Italian theatre. These happy attempts, which gradually accustomed the French ears to true music, feeble as they were, prepared the arrival of GLUCK, whom musical Tragedy awaited ere she stepped into the place of the false idol, which had represented her for more than a century and a half.

[To be continued.]

The curious lines below are from the pen of the late lamented THOMAS HOOD. Most bards find it sufficiently difficult to obtain one rhyming word at the end of a line, but Hood secures three, with an ease which is as graceful as it is surprising.

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

Even has come: and from the dark park, hark
The signal of the setting sun — one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime — prime time
To go and see the Drury Lane Dane slain,
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out;
Or Macbeth raving at that shade made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much such;
Or else to see Ducrow, with wide tide, stride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or in the small Olympic pit, sit split,
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas up blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets, and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who trusting to her nightly jobs, robs fols.

Now thieves do enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Fast drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But frightened by policeman B 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, "no go!"

Now Puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers grumble, Drat that cat!
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill will.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgey, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly;
But nurse-maid, in a night-mare rest, chest-pressed,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Grimes,
And that she hears — what faith is man's — Ann's bans,
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes.

FINE FRUIT is the flower of commodities. It is the most perfect union of the useful and the beautiful that the earth knows. Trees full of

soft foliage; blossoms fresh with spring beauty; and finally, fruit, rich, bloom-dusted, melting, luscious — such are the treasures of the orchard and the garden, temptingly offered to every landholder in this bright and sunny, though temperate climate. — A. J. Downing.

Fine Arts.

Lectures on Allston. By William Ware.

We have had the privilege of perusing the proof-sheets of this delightful volume, to be issued in a couple of weeks from the press of Messrs. Phillips and Sampson. Probably no man was worthier or more competent to describe the characteristics of Allston's genius, than the lamented author. Himself an artist by temperament and native tendency, and practically too, in the way of elegant pastime amid the severer duties of his high profession — (indeed, it is said that the vivid pictures in his romance of "Zenobia" were at first pencil sketches on the walls of his chamber), he had all that religious sense of beauty, that fervent idealism, that love of truth and scorn of cheap effect, that rich, subdued tone of life, in a word, (a word, too, of which he beautifully expounds the meaning in these lectures), that *repose*, which could appreciate the same qualities in the great painter. Mr. Ware, like the master whom he celebrates, was possessed of the most keen, passionate, delicately discriminating sense of Color, and in this he places, more than in anything else, the mastery of Allston.

This book will be found highly instructive, and every lover of Allston and of Art should have a copy. In marking passages for extract, we are perplexed by the tempting variety of things which we hate to renounce. But in our poverty of room, we take as specimens almost at random:

WHY HE PAINTED SO FEW PICTURES.

"In regard to the particular subject of any picture, he chose it, not, for any reason of momentary popularity, or, because it would sell, or exhibit well, nor at the urgency of others, nor for any idle whim or fancy; but because he himself had fallen in love with it, and he could not rest till it was done; his imagination was inflamed, and the fire spread and communicated power to his whole being. He then was in a condition to work, and he worked, as a man, then only, does. When a man paints a picture, or does any kind of work, on such principles, he works well. A book, poem, novel, history, written in such a way, stands a chance of being read longer than while the ink is drying. To draw an illustration from my own profession, sermons written in this way only, are good ones. An eminent sermonizer of our own time, I have heard say, that he would not begin to write a sermon, let what would happen, till he knew what to write about (what a censure on most of us!) nor only that, not till he had found something that he wanted to say, and believed he knew how to say. And he waited often, weeks and weeks, before he could move. But, when the work was done, it *was* done; the man was in the sermon; and whatever there was in him of intellectual or moral power, these passed over to the hearer and possessed him; it was so, so only, that Allston undertook his pictures. They are, in no instance, painted without the deepest meditation and the profoundest study. This is obvious to any one who knows anything about them. He has, in each case, found a thought which he wished to utter, which he was burning to utter, into which, then, by degrees and by prolonged study, he concentrated every faculty, affection, knowledge of his mind. Then he painted; and to say that he succeeded, is only to proclaim a natural, irresistible effect, of the means and methods employed.

"This, undoubtedly, was the principal reason, why, comparatively, and, for a person of his power, he painted so few pictures. He could not paint many done in that way. A man so thoroughly conscientious, who made a conscience of his art, could not make many; too many conditions were to be satisfied for that. Had he been willing to paint pictures on the principles on which so many make them, men, too, who have been eminent in their profession, he might easily have rolled in wealth, instead of dying, as he did, in a more honorable poverty. But whether, in that way, his reputation would have gained, is another thing.

"Mr. Allston's mind was a religious mind—another reason of his success. He looked at subjects, as he looked at nature, through a religious medium. Everything was colored by it to his eye. This was a great happiness to him, as a man, as it was a great additional source of power, as an artist. Beato Angelico was not more a religious man than he—nor Overbeck; religious in no one-sided, technical sense, but in the universal sense. He was, indeed, of a particular church; but he was, in religion, what he so emphatically declared himself in art, a wide liker; by charity in religion, and benevolence in art, he was alike distinguished."

HIS "VALENTINE" AS TO COLOR.

"For the Valentine, I may say, though to some it may seem an extravagance, I have never been able to invent the terms that would sufficiently express my admiration of that picture—I mean, of its color; though, as a whole, it is admirable for its composition, for the fewness of the objects admitted, for the simplicity and naturalness of their arrangement. But the charm is in the color of the flesh, of the head, and of the two hands. The subject is, a young woman reading a letter, holding the open letter with both the hands. The art can go no further, nor, as I believe, has it ever gone any further. Some pigments or artifices were unfortunately used, which have caused the surface to crack, and which require the picture now to be looked at, at a farther remove than the work, on its own account, needs or requires; it even demands a nearer approach, in order to be well seen, than these cracks will permit. But these accidental blemishes do not materially interfere with the appreciation and enjoyment of the picture. It has, what I conceive to be, that most rare merit—it has the same universal hue of nature and truth, in both the shadows and the lights which Nature has, but *Art* almost never, and which is the great cross to the artist. The great defect, and the great difficulty, in imitating the hues of the flesh, lies in the shadows and the half-shadows. You will often observe, in otherwise excellent works of the most admirable masters, that, the moment their pencil passes to the shadows of the flesh, especially the half-shadows, truth, though not always a certain beauty, forsakes them. The shadows are true in their degree of dark, but false in tone and hue. They are true shadows, but not true flesh. You see the form of a face, neck, arm, hand, in shadow, but not flesh in shade; and, were that portion of the form sundered from its connection with the body, it could never be told, by its color alone, what it was designed to be. Allston's wonderful merit is, (and it was Titian's) that the hue of life and flesh is the same in the shadows, as in the light. It is not only shadow or dark, but it is flesh in shadow. The shadows of most artists, even very distinguished ones, are green, or brown, or black, or lead color, and have some strong and decided tint other than that of flesh. The difficulty, with most, seems to have been so insuperable, that they cut the knot at a single blow, and surrendered the shadows of the flesh, as an impossibility, to green, or brown, or black. And, in the general imitation of the flesh tints, the greatest artists have apparently abandoned the task in despair, and contented themselves with a correct utterance of form and expression, with well harmonized darks and lights, with little attention to the hues of nature. Such was Carravaggio always, and Guercino often, and all their respective followers. Such was Michael Angelo, and often Raffaele,

though, at other times, the color of Raffaele is not inferior, in truth and glory, to Titian, greatest of the Venetian colorists; as in his portraits of Leo X., Julius, and some parts of some of his frescoes. But, for the most part, though he had the genius for everything, for color as well as form, yet one may conjecture he found color, in its greatest excellence, too laborious for the careful elaboration, which can alone produce great results, too costly of time and toil, the sacrifice too great, of the greater to the less. Allston was apparently, never weary of the labor which would add one more tint of truth to the color of a head or hand, or even, of any object of still life, that entered into any of his compositions. Any eye that looks, can see that it was a most laborious and difficult process by which he secured his results; by no superficial wash of glaring pigments, as in the color of Rubens—whose carnations look as if he had finished the forms at once, the lights and the darks, in solid, opaque colors, and then, with a free and broad brush or sponge, washed in the carmine, lake, and vermilion, to confer the requisite amount of red; but, on the contrary, wrought out, in solid color, from beginning to end, by a painful and sagacious formation on the palette, of the very tint by which the effect, the lights, shadows and half-shadows, and the thousand, almost imperceptible, gradations of hue, which bind together the principal masses of light and shade, was to be produced."

AMERICAN SCULPTURE. A writer in the *Transcript* (July 29th) gives an interesting account of the late works of our countryman, CRAWFORD, from which we copy the latter half, the first relating wholly to his great work for the State of Virginia, to which we have before alluded.

"Mr. Crawford's Hebe and Ganymede, a beautiful work, executed for Mr. Charles C. Perkins, of this city, is now finished—and a flying figure of Ceres, with a bounteously filled lap, will soon be ready to receive the final touches of the master hand. It is sufficient to say, that in conception and execution they are worthy of the genius which produced the Orpheus—and a glorious fulfilment of the youthful promise of one whom the great Thorwaldsen esteemed his successor in the highest classical style of sculpture.

"But Crawford's love for the antique and his success in mythological subjects, have not cramped his genius, so that he can produce nothing but goddesses and satyrs. He has just finished a figure of a Boy playing marbles, which is so entirely natural and boyish, that you can almost hear the marbles rattle in his pocket, and the chuckle that follows the well-directed snap. The stooping posture, the right hand holding the marble, the intentness of the countenance, and the anatomical effect of the whole are most wonderful.

"But the work which is destined to add most to his reputation—the work which will entitle him to the love of every man, woman and child who speaks the English tongue, is his *Children in the Wood*. He has recently modelled this, and is now executing it in marble for Mr. James Lenox, of New York. The artist has chosen the moment in the sad history when 'death did end their grief': they are clasped in each other's arms, and the robin-redbreasts are just commencing their pious labor. They are clad in the graceful English costume of the middle ages. The whole story of their sufferings is expressed in their sorrowful but lovely features—and the little boy clasps his sister's hand as if he wished to keep her in the world which he himself is just leaving. The familiarity of the subject and the natural manner of treating it will make it one of the most popular pieces of sculpture of the present age. They who have known Crawford only in mythological subjects, can have no idea of the artistic grace with which he clothes subjects of the later ages; they are only acquainted with one phase of his genius."

F.

A. J. DOWNING. Among the victims by the destruction of the Henry Clay there is none whom the country could so ill afford to lose or whose services to the community can so little be replaced as Mr. DOWNING of Newburg. A man of genius and of high culture, thoroughly disciplined in his profession by long study and observation in Europe; with taste refined and judgment true enough to feel the deficiencies and to know the needs of our domestic, and especially of our rural, architecture; still in the prime of life and exercising a wide influence by his practical labors as well as by his writings; he is snatched from a sphere of high and beautiful utility, and a successor we cannot hope to find. What Mr. Downing had done and was doing to improve the fashion of our dwellings hardly surpassed in value his contributions, theoretical and practical, to the kindred art of landscape gardening. Under his directing hand the grounds of the Capitol and the Smithsonian Institute at Washington were being transformed into models of beauty in their kind; and the grounds about many private mansions also bear testimony to the same taste, the same wise sense of beauty and fitness. As a writer Mr. Downing was remarkable for a mixture of strong sense, thorough understanding of his subject and genial originality. The cessation of his monthly essays in *The Horticulturist* will leave a permanent blank in the literature of the Domestic Arts. While he drew his materials from the most varied culture he was always, and in the most frank and manly way, an American. His chief aim was to refine the taste, and elevate the social life and habits of his countrymen to something like the ideal proper to freemen. An artist, a scholar and a gentleman, we deplore his untimely loss; and a wide circle of acquaintances, who with us recall his eminent social as well as public qualities, will join with us in this tribute to his memory.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 8, 1852.

To whom it may concern.

One of the conditions of subscription to this Journal is *payment in advance*. Yet, knowing well the character of most of our subscribers, and that a hint at any time would be sufficient, we have not been strenuous in enforcing the rule. By far the greater number have of their own accord sought us out and paid. But there still remains upon our books quite a number of names of out-of-town or distant subscribers, who have neglected to send the wherewithal. All such are respectfully requested to remit at once by mail, and receipts shall be enclosed to them in their next paper.

A WORD TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS. We have now passed the middle of the first volume of our new Journal of Music. So far we have gone quietly rejoicing on our way, saying not a word about ourselves, our prospects, our success; making no boasts and no appeals for patronage, beyond the unobtrusive appeal contained in the tone and character of the paper itself. We have resorted to no clap-trap to win over the multitude; we have run the risk of addressing sometimes only the intelligent few, rather than cater to ignorant and superficial tastes for the sake of the wider harvest; because we knew that the approbation of the qualified judges, however few, is in the end success. We have not copied the good things which the press has said of us, nor have we in a single case solicited a notice. We have done nothing to conciliate the leaders of powerful parties in the musical world, whose recommendation tells upon armies of followers, pupils, business dependents, &c. We have even employed no outside machinery to "push our circulation," as

the phrase is. We have been our own editor, our own man of business, our own office clerk; which multifariousness of cares has of course made the contents of our columns fall short somewhat of our ideal. But in no other way could we afford to start at all, and in no other way could we trust the bantling to grow up at all true to our aspiration: once full-grown he will be able to dictate terms in entering into any business partnership, that may extend his sphere.

With all these drawbacks, our success (thanks in great part to the friends who have with so much heart and talent and efficiency continued to enrich our columns) has been all, and more than all, that we anticipated. In four months, during which the paper has been simply working its own way quietly along, we have gained very nearly a thousand subscribers. We have now reached the point at which, if each of our subscribers, who we know to be interested in our success, would simply exert himself or herself to send us one new name, our enterprise would be fully and permanently established.

The simple hint is all. Our readers may safely trust our own taste and temperament and most ingrained, inveterate habit, that we shall not often bore them (as we indeed have *never* done before), with talk *about* our paper, to the abridgement of the real matter of the paper itself.

We will only here add, that our present model is intended to serve only until it shall have paid for itself. After that, we mean to improve it and enlarge it from time to time, in every practicable way.

Mozart's Symphony in E b.

The two first movements of this beautiful work were given at the last Afternoon Concert. It had been once before played in Boston (the entire symphony) at the Concerts of the Germania Musical Society last winter. It is one of the four *great* symphonies composed by Mozart, about the time of his *Don Giovanni*, in 1786-8. The others are the one in D, the one in G minor (played a year ago by our Musical Fund orchestra), and the glorious "Jupiter" in C. Why this one bears among the musicians the name of the "Swan" Symphony, as it was set down in the bill, we are at a loss to imagine; since it was by no means the last work or "Swan-song" of the composer. It was composed in 1788, in the same year with, but before the "G minor" and the "Jupiter," before his three operas, *Così fan tutti*, *Die Zauberflöte* and *La Clemenza di Tito*, and of course before the *Requiem*, which naturally should be Mozart's swan-song.

Howbeit, the name is of no consequence; it is a most beautiful symphony, although not standing in the same exalted category with the two later ones above-named; and we thank the little orchestra for its exertions to make us acquainted with half of it, since "half a loaf is better than no bread." We are sure it was enjoyed enough to warrant the performance of the whole hereafter. Especially the Andante, which, starting with a very simple and apparently unpromising theme, and borrowing but few incidental thoughts upon its way, develops gradually into a depth and fullness of expression, now touching the saddest depths of human experience, and finally returning to the first theme and key with a sweet serenity of spirit, which makes one feel that Music, in its

highest forms of art, as in its merest melodies, is but an infinitely varied, ever fresh discourse upon the one text of the human heart and human destiny.

"Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought."

The orchestra, (in their vacation we may say it,) have appeared to enter upon the ground of Symphony a little timidly. We beg them to take courage and proceed. They certainly will find that in the long run audiences can be held in Boston, only by the assurance of hearing music of the higher order. Waltzes and Marches, Variations and "Arrangements" from operas are very well by way of alternation; but we New-Englanders are a people, who go also to learn, where we go to be amused, and we can hardly pardon ourselves the indulgence of the musical sense, unless we can make the concert in some sense an equivalent for the Lyceum or the good book. We know there is some pedantry about this with not a few: but Heaven send us more of it, we say, if it will only lead our people to open their ears and their souls to those nobler works of music, which are sure in the end to make the deepest lovers.

German "Saengerbund" in Boston.

Until the great congress of the German singing societies in New York, we were not aware, and probably most of our readers were not, of the existence of one of these musical unions in this city. A few evenings since, by the polite invitation of their leader and teacher, Mr. KREISSMANN, we had the pleasure of attending one of their meetings. Twice a week they assemble, to the number of about twenty-five, all plain, hard-working mechanics, not a professional musician among them, to seek a social, genial and inspiring alternation from the day's toils, by singing together some of the noble four-part *Lieder* written expressly for male voices by some of the greatest German composers. For the "Liedertafeln," "Liederkreise," &c., have become so important a feature in German social life, as to demand supplies of this sort from the fountains of the very best. Mendelssohn, Schubert, Reichardt, Schumann—all the inspired ones, have written music for this use.

The Boston society is in its infancy, and has much to learn by practice; but it has good materials, good spirit (the real German spirit for music), a good teacher, and thus armed with good *Kern-Deutslichkeit*, it is bound to realize good music. They take it very socially; seated at tables in a half-circle round a large room, (nor do they sing a whit the worse, we fancy, for the national feature of the foaming cans of *Bayerische Bier*), the teacher at the piano in the centre, and the note books in hand, they study patiently into a piece till they have learned the "hang of it," the lights and shades, &c., and then standing up rehearse it in a freer style. Their drill is thorough and their progress corresponding. We listened to some pieces of a most impressive character, rendered more so by the careful regard to *pianissimo* and accent. Among others was the exquisite night piece to Goethe's words: *Unter allen Gipfeln ist Ruh*, which produced such an impression in New York, as given by the combined chorus. Two or three noble pieces of Mendelssohn, too, were finely rendered.

We know not but we are betraying confidence by so free a notice. But we do it to call attention to and to commend a social practice in itself so excellent. These leagues of harmony are also leagues of friendship, patriotism and the great humanitarian sentiment. Why are they not practicable among Americans? and why should we not ere long have our great annual festivals and congresses of Glee Clubs (to take the English name that comes the nearest to it)?

We are pleased to learn that it is proposed to introduce occasionally a strain from the *Saengerbund* into the next series of Afternoon Concerts of the "Germania Serenade Band"; it would make an interesting feature. There is a freshness and genuineness about this German part-singing which seldom becomes hacknied like our Yankee Psalm and Glee singing.

MADAME SONTAG. The approaching visit of this great artist, long since acknowledged the greatest singer whom Northern Europe has produced, until the LIND's appearance, naturally excites a desire to know something of her career and her artistic quality in the estimation of the best judges in the old world. We have read many elaborate notices of her in German, French and English papers, but have found nothing so clear, so pleasantly written, and apparently so well-weighed as the article which we translate on the first page from a French volume, published a year since, entitled *Critique et Littérature Musicales*, par P. SCUDO.

This book contains a series of essays on musical topics, shedding light over nearly the whole history of music. They originally appeared as occasional contributions to some of the Parisian journals, for which M. Scudo wrote as musical critic. They evince a large and catholic taste in music, partial to the real classic masters and faithfully cautioning his readers against the brilliant materialism of the modern schools. Well might he be above all narrow nationality of taste; for according to his own account in his Preface, he was born in Venice, where he breathed the spirit of the old Italian masters; was educated in Germany by masters formed after the ways of Bach and Handel, Mozart and Beethoven; and has since lived in Paris, in the daily hearing of the Conservatoire and the Grand Opera, and familiar with the latest wonders of Listz and Berlioz. Thus the music of passion, the music of deep thought and spirituality, and the music of *effect*, have all had their share in his culture as a widely appreciative critic. We are sure his piece on Mme. Sontag will be read with interest.

MME. ALBONI. The famous contralto is yet properly to commence her public career in America; since the two concerts given in New York, previous to her summer rambles to Niagara and Newport, were evidently unseasonable, and merely served to give a taste of her quality by taking off the edge of the eager Gotham curiosity. She is to commence in earnest, according to all accounts, a little before Sontag, and then we shall have two of the greatest vocal celebrities of Europe in the field, to comfort us for the loss of the one greater, who has left us.

Alboni is a contralto; (that is, chiefly famed in contralto parts, though in compass her voice is fairly a mezzo soprano;) and there is an idle prejudice abroad in the community, that a con-

tralto is in the nature of the case only something *second rate*. Who is going to be much excited about a lady who only "sings *second*"? is the question that readily rises to some minds. But this is a great mistake; there is no more interesting quality of voice than the contralto; it is as capable as any other of the most passionate expression in music, and was employed by Rossini for the principal character in several of his operas.

We propose giving to our readers, from the same author who has sketched us Sontag, a brief history of the principal *contralti*, ending with Albani.

DR. MOSCHISKEER, whose card appears on the next page, has been for sometime favorably known to us as a gentleman of literary accomplishments, and a writer in the English as well as in his native German language. He was for a year or two a frequent contributor to reviews in London, and since then has been similarly engaged in New York and Philadelphia. He now concludes to make literature secondary, and returns to the profession for which he formerly studied, of an Oculist. Dr. M. is the son of a distinguished Oculist in Prussia, and brings high testimonials of his own title to advise and treat in diseases to which literary men are so often subject. He also attends to diseases of the ear.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

THE MUSICAL CONVENTION, under the direction of Messrs. BAKER, JOHNSON, SOUTHARD, &c., commences (as will be seen by the advertisement) on Tuesday next, at 10 A. M. at the Melodeon. It will continue ten days, and it is expected that there will be a large gathering of teachers, choristers, members of former classes, and friends of music generally.

Two hours each day will be devoted to lessons in musical notation, chiefly for the benefit of teachers; one hour to lessons in Harmony; one to the Cultivation of the Voice; and the remainder of the time will be spent in the practice of Hymn-tunes, Choruses, Glees, &c., by the best masters.

New York.

THE FRENCH OPERA TROUPE are performing at Castle Garden. Auber's *Diamants de la Couronne* has drawn more by the charm of the music, than of the orchestra and singers, if we may trust the *Tribune*, which "cannot shut its eyes to the fact, that the large majority of M. Fiot's troupe are mere *doublures*." M. Graet is "husky"; M. Montalar's voice has none of the "richness or volume implied in the word *bass*"; Mme. Pillot is "neat and lively, with a good deal of *jeu*, smirking, smiling and ogling, according to the most approved laws of Vaudeville," but has "very, very little voice;" the tenor, Dubrinay, is favorably noticed; as also M. Digue, a light baritone, of flexibility and sweetness, and accustomed to take leading comic parts. But it is said to be worth a visit to Castle Garden to hear Mme FLEURY-JOLLY alone;

"To her rightly belongs the glory of having satisfied the audience with the *Diamants*. She is a tried performer, having taken the leading parts at the Salle Favart some eight or nine years ago. Since then we understand that New Orleans has been the scene of her triumphs. A light soprano, of large compass, though unsafe in the higher notes, sometimes deliciously soft and tender, and occasionally almost shrill, Mme. Fleury's organ is well suited to the rôles of *amoureuse* in the lively creations of Auber, Adam and Boieldieu. She has not the tone of Mme. Thillon, and is inferior to that lady as an actress; but in such a part as *Catarina*, that spectator would be fastidious who would indulge in frequent criticism."

The *Tribune* justly adds:

"The substitution of the French repertoire of comic opera, in its original shape, for the miserable travesties which are imported from London, will be a matter of congratulation to every lover of the science, and to all who can enjoy lively, exhilarating music."

MME. DURAND. Western papers, taking their pitch from Prentice of Louisville, are hymning the praises of this lady, who is giving concerts together with Sig. Novelli. Says Prentice:

"Her appearance as she came upon the stage prepared the beholders to expect the voice of an angel, and they were not disappointed. Nothing could surpass the exquisite sweetness of her tones. Her every song was encored most rapturously. No other vocalist since Jenny Lind has been greeted with so much enthusiasm."

Says the *Detroit Tribune* of her concerts in that place (by the way we are glad to see nothing said this time of "gift concerts"):

"She has a voice that is sweetness and melody itself, and a face and expression as sweet as her voice. . . . Her soul seems to be breathed out in every note. There is no distortion of countenance. . . . But the melody flows from her mouth as though her head and heart were an inexhaustible fountain of sweet sounds and deep feeling. Every thing is natural, easy, graceful."

MRS. BOSTWICK, also, was announced for a concert in Detroit.

CONCERT SWINDLE. A so-called "donation concert" came off recently at Louisville.

"By flaming handbills and other means about eight hundred persons assembled at the Mozart Hall, each expecting to draw a splendid prize. The prizes were distributed at the close of the performance in small boxes, by a special committee, but when the boxes were opened, instead of watches, jewels, pencils, etc., etc., nothing was found but candy, sugar plums, and soap."

Shade of Mozart! The statue of thy Commendatore should have stalked into that hall, with ponderous *ta ta ta*, and made a grand finale of the business, *a la Don Giovanni*.

MADAME THILLON has given a concert in Milwaukee. The *Daily Wisconsin* has a clever description thereof:

. . . . "As a singer, Mme. THILLON is above mediocrity, but far below the stars at present adorning the musical firmament. She is utterly devoid of style, and all expression is absorbed in the evident consciousness that her person, not her song, is the attraction. The ballad of 'Jeannette and Jeannetou,' which she sang on the encore of 'Lilly Bell,' was given with a good deal of archness and still more mannerism. Her movements of body are not ungraceful, (those of plump women seldom are,) but her arms were used in an awkward manner, the elbows being moved in the effort of singing, very like the wings of a cock when preparing to crow. The dress of Mme. Thillon in the first part of the concert was in good taste—that is to the credit of her mantua-maker; her ornaments, flowers, head-dress, &c., were garish and profuse—the credit of those is her own. As to personal appearance she is what the English would call a charming woman. She fills the idea of a Hebe rather than of a Venus or one of the Graces—plump, fair, vivacious, and—to a man—irresistible. In stature she is below the medium height, in figure a trifle more than plump—her head is attractive, her hair dark, glossy and luxuriant, her forehead high and broad, her eyebrows beautifully marked, her eyes large, lustrous and languishing, her nose a trifle too thick and too long, her mouth large with fine teeth, her chin almost double, and a neck which places the head faultlessly upon the shoulders. Mme. Thillon is very charming, but in form and feature is by no means the incarnation of one's ideal of womanly beauty."

"The second part of the entertainment, 'The World's Fair,' had for its ultimate object the display of Mme. Thillon's charms in different costumes. The piece is well designed and abounds in 'Irish wit.' It is as full of puns as a pudding-stone is of plums. Mr. Hudson appeared to advantage. As a musical entertainment the whole affair savored strongly of *humbug*; as a sort of musical pantomime got up as a pretext for the display of a pretty woman, it was a very creditable affair."

"We should not forget to state that Mons. Thillon played one of De Berriot's 'variations' on the violin with unusual taste and skill. The audience seemed delighted with the performance, although by shrugs of the shoulders and shakes of the head, Monsieur seemed to deprecate their applause and to intimate that the thing was done by no means to his own satisfaction."

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. The production of Spohr's *Faust* has been the great event of the season. Dr. Spohr himself presided in the orchestra, and the piece, having enjoyed an extra number of rehearsals, was most admirably performed in the presence of all the musicians and amateurs of distinction, foreign and native, then in the metropolis. *Faust* was composed and produced at Vienna, forty years ago, when Spohr was a young man. The *libretto*, a wretched affair, has nothing to do with Goethe's poem, except a few allusions; it does not even avail itself of the pathetic and eminently musical character of Margaret. The story is treated more after the manner of the old dramatic versions, like Kit Marlow's. We take the following abstract from the *Times*:

"In the *Faust* of the opera, we are presented simply

with a man who, while not destitute of good impulses, is so completely the slave of his passions that he becomes an easy prey to Mephistophiles. He has sworn to rescue a lady named Cunigunda from the hands of one Gulf, an unprincipled baron, who has confined her in a fortress to force her to his own ends. In the meantime, however, Faust has imbibed an attachment for Rosa, a maiden in humble life, who for the time absorbs his whole attention. Rosa and Cunigunda are the stars that rule the fortunes of Faust, and are used by Mephistophiles as the means of bringing him to his ruin. Having won the affections of Rosa, he obtains an interview with her, in the midst of which he is interrupted by Mephistophiles, who apprises him that he is accused by Franz, a lover of Rosa, of having caused the death of her mother by magic, and must make his escape forthwith. Soon after, Franz and his followers come to substantiate the words of Mephistophiles, and Faust, who, under a compact with his fiendish confidant, has been endowed with miraculous powers, effects his liberation by flying through the air. We next find Faust beneath the walls of the castle of Gulf, from whose power, by the same superhuman means, he rescues Cunigunda. The baron setting him at defiance, Faust causes his castle to be destroyed by flames, and its owner to be carried away by demons. Cunigunda being restored to the arms of her lover, Count Hugo, Faust immediately conceives a passion for her. He attends the rendezvous of the witches at the summit of the Blocksberg, in company with Mephistophiles, and obtains from Siorax a potion which renders the drinker irresistible in the eyes of women. Furnished with this, he appears at the nuptial feast of Hugo and Cunigunda, where he makes love to the bride. Meanwhile, Mephistophiles warns Hugo of his danger, and the latter attacks Faust, who kills him and escapes. Rosa, who has seen Faust at the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, at the marriage of Hugo and Cunigunda, has followed him in male attire, and witnesses this catastrophe. In the last scene, for reasons only known to the librettist, Cunigunda and Rosa meet together in Faust's house at Strasburg. Faust's treachery is then discovered through the instrumentality of Mephistophiles. Rosa escapes and drowns herself, while Cunigunda, learning that Faust was the murderer of her husband, after vainly attempting to stab him with a dagger, quits him in despair. Faust is then left alone with Mephistophiles, who informs him that the compact is at an end, and summons demons to appear and seize their prey. The piece is altogether a jumble. The incidents are forced and artificial. Faust has no distinctive character; the two women are pure abstractions; and Mephistophiles, in spite of his soliloquies, is utterly incomprehensible. Out of such a legend, nevertheless, something better might easily have been made. Spohr's music would, however, have immortalized a worse *libretto*."

Here was a thoroughly German work, sung upon the Italian stage, in the Italian language, by Italian singers, and, to suit it to the circumstances, with accompanied recitative purposely added by the composer, in place of the dialogue in the original.

"Yet," says the *Daily News*, "with all these disadvantages and difficulties, Spohr has produced a work—not so attractive, we think, as his charming 'Jessonda,' but possessed of much grandeur and beauty. Written in his youth, it belongs to the school of Mozart, of whom it shows traces (but by no means plagiarisms) in every scene—in construction, melodic phraseology, and instrumentation; the principal differences consisting in the greater use of the chromatic scale, more studied variety of modulation, and greater fullness and elaboration in the orchestral accompaniments. Fine as the music is, this elaborate style gives it an effect of heaviness arising from want of relief; and this effect is aggravated by the excessive length of the opera—excessive, we mean, relatively to the amount of its substantial matter; for, though it is not so long as the 'Huguenots' or the 'Prophète,' it has not the power possessed by those pieces, of keeping alive the attention and interest of the audience."

"The performance was admirable in every respect. The character of *Faust* has few dramatic capabilities; he is an insipid personage, and little removed from a walking gentleman. But there is fine music in the part, and Ronconi sang it beautifully. The air in the first act, 'E l'amore un grato fiore,' was a masterpiece of vocal expression. The delicious little duet between *Faust* and *Rosina*, 'Ah, se il ciel,' was sweetly sung by Ronconi and Mlle. Zerr, who sustained the part of *Rosina* very agreeably. Madame Castellani acquitted herself splendidly in the character of *Cunigunda*. Her great scena in the first act, containing the air, 'Ah, un amore fido e vero,' which in beauty and expression has scarcely been surpassed by Mozart himself, was most exquisitely given, and applauded with enthusiasm. *Hugo*, like *Faust*, is little better than a walking gentleman; but the music of the part displayed all the richness and brilliancy of Tamberlik's voice, and his success consequently was immense. The only decidedly dramatic character in the opera is *Mephistophiles*; and it certainly is Ferres's masterpiece. Attired after Retsch's drawing, he was fiendlike in every tone, look, and motion; and the monologue which opens the third act was given by him with terrible grandeur."

"The choral and concerted music was admirably performed; especially the magnificent finale to the first act, a most powerful piece of musical painting. The music

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[From the "LIFE AND WORKS OF MOZART," by OULBICHEFF.]

OPERA BEFORE MOZART.

(Concluded.)

IV.

GLUCK AND PICCINI.

GLUCK was even greater as a thinker than as a musician. From grounds of reflection, the *Opera Seria*, to which he had paid the tribute of his youth, accompanied by the most brilliant success, in Italy, disgusted him; and he began to reflect radically upon the conditions of lyric tragedy, tried to bring them into application in his *Orfeo*, and developed them in writing in the preface to his *Alceste*, which he dedicated to the grand duke of Tuscany. In this remarkable piece, in which the rule goes before the example, GLUCK points out all the faults of the musical and poetical composition of the Italian opera and unfolds his system, which he founds upon the principle of lyric-dramatic truth, whose application he extends to all parts of the opera, which he binds strictly together, exterminating all accessory ornaments as superfluous, substituting accurate expression of the words for forms introduced in the interests of routine and of the singers, ordering the movement of the music by the action, and making the poet in everything the indispensable counsellor and inseparable guide of the musician. These maxims, to which GLUCK's scores furnish the best commentary and at this day the best criticism upon whatever there may be extravagant in them, contained nothing but the principles of the French composers. The

distinction between them and GLUCK however, consists in this, that they entirely lost sight of their end in the means of execution and that GLUCK was not the man to be deceived in that way. The followers of LULLI very honestly imagined, that they only needed to imitate *materially* the inflexion and the shades of the voice, which characterize such and such passions in every day life. When they had let rage, remorse and revenge howl, when they had indicated such moods as despondency, sorrow and lamentation by smothered tones, they fancied they had done all, and no one thought of the melodic sense or nonsense, which might result from the putting together of their hollow-ringing and shrieking notes; the selections of chords troubled them about as little, provided they were always full and noisy. Moreover they had remarked, that the passions in reality announce themselves not only by the *motion*, but also by the *higher or lower tones of the voice*; that some express themselves rapidly, others slowly, and that as a general rule in speaking we do not follow a definite rhythm. Hence they thought it clearly followed, that, if they changed the movement and the measure with every word, and made the rhythm so irregular, as to disturb every impression and cause all sense of unity to vanish from the music, they attained the highest possible degree of truth. In this way the French composers drew their conclusions, owing to the false theory of their time, which placed music in the category of the so-called imitative arts; and it was this that made it, leaving execution out of the question, so intolerable to foreigners.

To declare, that a musician like GLUCK could not have made such wretched mistakes, would still be no great compliment for him. GLUCK, not only understood the true, more various and more powerful declamation better than all the musicians before him; he also knew, that the chief effects and the most essential significance of music lay in its own proper elements, and that therefore, to found musical tragedy, it was not enough to perfect the Recitative and measured declamation, the only kind of song, which admits of a free and almost ideal intonation of the speaking voice; but that there was need, especially, of arias, choruses and concerted pieces, whose dramatic expression is brought out by means of melody, accords and rhythm; — things, which have absolutely no *material* resemblance with speech.

If we consult a comparative view of the musical statistics of Europe, from the time when GLUCK projected his plan, we shall easily convince ourselves that France was the only land which could and would receive it. Italy would have put its originator under ban as a heresiarch, the public would have made merry at his expense, and the singers would have treated him very much as the Bacchantes did the hero of his Vienna opera, the *Orfeo*. Germany, which in the opera was still tributary to Italy, HASSE's Germany, would have been quite as backward about recognizing GLUCK, as it was twenty years afterwards about understanding MOZART. France on the contrary, was entirely ready to receive the new lyric-dramatic code, which was nothing but the completion and perfection of its own. The reigning masters of its royal academy, the numerous battalions of its orchestra, its singers, its chorists and its dancers, the pens of its poets, seemed only to be waiting for a musician. GLUCK came and accomplished that, of which the Florentines had dreamed; he solved the great problem of lyric tragedy, so far as it was possible. Imagine with what enthusiasm and with what intoxication a people, for whom dramatic excitements formed the highest mental satisfaction, welcomed the reality of a musical drama, after already worshipping its shadow in the shapeless productions of their native composers. The national party, far from disquieting themselves about the triumphs of a foreigner, spontaneously recognized him as their interpreter and their head; — a proof that GLUCK had thoroughly understood how to seize the thought and taste of the nation; the thought, which they had well comprehended, without being able to realize it; the taste, which accepted alternation, because it promised them a new enjoyment. This was an immense success, unheard of in the annals of the theatre, which rose even to illusion and to madness. When the learned world saw that RACINE's tragedies were mercilessly cut to pieces to make operas of them, that *Iphigenia* had already fallen under the shears of an *arranger*, which went to work a thousand times more savagely than Calchas's steel, it raised a shriek of dissatisfaction and of terror. LAHARPE already was alarmed lest all the gods of the French Parnassus, flung together in a hecatomb, were to be slaughtered on the altars of the German idol. LAHARPE turned Piccinist, as men once turned monks, to testify to their abhorrence for the abominations of the

time. And who were they who lavished their almost frantic applause on a composer, whose innovations the musical nations had rejected as assaults upon the sovereign orthodoxy of the Italian opera? They were the mass of the French public, the most ignorant and barbarous of men, genuine Baotians, musically speaking! And GLUCK's opponents, the Piccinists, who were they? The music-lovers of the great world, young musicians, the hope of the country, literati, who give the tone. J. J. ROUSSEAU, theorist and composer, GRIMM, the pearl of dilettantists, LAMARQUE, MARMONTEL; it was the *élite* of Parisian society, who strengthened that crowd of foreigners belonging to the higher classes, which incessantly, in an ever constant mass attaches itself to the Parisian population. This whole world of connoisseurs were without exception Piccinists. The Baotians on the contrary declared themselves unanimously for GLUCK.

To-day, now that seventy years of musical and other revolutions have passed over this celebrated dispute, which drew all France and Europe into the war between two musicians, what shall posterity think, and what report of it? Were we to keep in view the music only, we could not comprehend that any difference of opinion could here prevail. If any one should now, with spectacles on nose, place the belligerent scores upon the table before him, and with his head full of the present music, he would ask if it were true, if it were credible, if it were possible that the scales could have wavered between two men like GLUCK and PICCINI as tragic composers! Can he comprehend how, between two men, of whom one was something only because he was esteemed the rival of the other, the ignorant could have judged like connoisseurs, and the connoisseurs like ignorant ones! The only possible comparison between these two men he will say, is this: that GLUCK was the father of the lyric tragedy, and PICCINI the father of the buffo opera, of which I am heartily fond, and of which the *Cecchina* or the "Good Daughter" presents itself to me as the first complete pattern.

But the whole wonder of this paradoxical fact vanishes upon examination. Although the ignorant crowd gave GLUCK the preference, still it continued what it was, ignorant, incapable of judging music outside of the theatre, and deaf to beauty as to the most repulsive faults in execution; but we have already said, that in this crowd eager for dramatic excitements, the piece and the artists found about as many enlightened judges, as the hall held men. GLUCK's declamation carried lyric-dramatic effect as far as it was possible; the singers, whose musical sense only needed a composer, to become quickened, must have entered more into the spirit of their parts; they sang, or if you will, *screamed*, with more soul and energy; they became better tragedians, in surrendering themselves to the wholly new impressions (for them) of a fiery, swift, impassioned, infinitely true and inspiring music, in which looks, gestures and attitudes seemed to grow together with the notes. That was what charmed the public. On the other hand, these works also considerably favored the musical education of the French, for which the comic opera had already laid the basis. The grand and yet so simple thoughts of GLUCK, his melodies so solemn, his harmony so enchaining and yet so natural, found entrance to French ears, although they were of horn, according to the

Italian saying; they found the speedier entrance, that GLUCK's style is not difficult to understand. For the first time that people, so obstinately wedded to his opera, learned that music is an enjoyment of itself, one of the liveliest, in truth. What distinctions, what signs of approbation were sufficient for the man, who had endowed them with a new sense! The multitude judged instinctively and did not err, which would infallibly have been the case, even if they had had to follow the flight of a HANDEL or a MOZART. But GLUCK knew the measure of their powers and contented himself with restoring the drama with energy, nobility and truth, without pretending to raise it to a poetic power above the poetry of words.

The lovers of music, who judged not as knowers, but as half-knowers, preferred PICCINI upon grounds, which commonly decide a man's contemporaries; upon the same grounds, which long since allowed the music of this master to fall into oblivion, and which have kept GLUCK's music living to this day. The Italian composer gave melodies for execution, which were more involved, more brilliant in their novelty, and which for fifty years moulded the fashionable taste of Europe. GLUCK on the other hand avoided just these forms, because they were not suited to his psychological inductions, or to that striving for the True, which led him constantly in all his labors. To the dilettanti he appeared less pleasing, less adapted to the times. Thus do the men of an epoch, or the representatives of the momentary taste, always reason about the men who are of all times.

Gluckists and Piccinists still always live and fight under other names, like the systems which they represent. Each has the right to live; a continuation of the strife, however, would be profitless, because there are means of coming to a mutual understanding. Both systems correspond to wants too different, for them to exclude one another or only live in mutual competition. If one is equally fond of theatre and music, and takes pleasure in forgetting the singer in the person, he will hear GLUCK and his legitimate successors, MEHUL, CHERUBINI, SPONTINI, WEBER and even MEYERBEER in his fine moments. In their school, Rome and Greece, the East of the patriarchs and the West of the enchanters, Achilles and Licinius, Joseph and Simeon, Max and Agatha, will speak to one's soul, like the spirit of the poetic age of the world and the spirit of the marvellous Saga; there is enough therein to engage all that one has of feeling and imagination, of dramatic intelligence and musical passion; and that is an enjoyment. But look for nothing in an *opera seria*, which bears the reproach of a ten-dollar libretto, and is not worthy even of that. On the other hand it has to bring out singers, who are paid eighty thousand francs, but who would not get a quarter of this sum, if they limited their vocal achievements to what the truth of a situation or a character requires; singers too, whose talent (we confess) is such, that one forgets the person and the piece entirely in the singer, and would be very indignant at the theatrical illusion, if it dared to interpose itself between the artist and the public. But to be able to hear singers, who have reached the summit of the mechanical and aesthetic perfection of their art, is also an enjoyment and indeed so great an enjoyment, that there is none for which we pay more

fondly and more dearly. Of these two enjoyments one can prefer the one or the other from taste or from principle; but it is my opinion, we may love them both and enjoy them by turns, without one injuring the other.

I have dwelt upon GLUCK, and truly for good reasons. There were musicians of greater genius, but no one, I believe, whose works could have been more useful for the future. He is the founder of the sublime theatre music and the first, who has left us monuments of dramatic opera in his scores. All the forms of declamation and accompaniment, which he has created, still glimmer through the most sterling operas of our period, and time has held his operas in such esteem, that we may look upon him merely as the older brother among his scholars of the nineteenth century.

THE SHAPE AND MODEL OF THE VIOLIN. To the violinist there is almost as much of beauty in the form of a perfectly modelled instrument as there is of sweetness in its tones; and, as in all cases of natural organization, this exterior beauty is intimately connected with the perfect efficiency of the object for the purposes for which it is intended—the tone of the violin depending upon the exact proportion and perfect adjustment of its parts. It may well be questioned whether any conceivable alteration in the form and construction of the violin could by possibility be an improvement. Its contour is a sequence of lines of beauty; its model, in exact obedience to the rigid laws of proportion, falls into graceful profiles; in a word, it may be instanced as a faultless illustration of the beauty of fitness, even to the consummate grace of the scroll which terminates the neck of the instrument.

The oldest makers may be supposed to have determined their contours (as we have little doubt the Greek Sculptors and architects did in those remains which exist only to foil the researches of formalists) by hand and by eye. We know not whether we are safe in saying that Anthony Straduarus was the first to reduce the principles of construction to communicable rule. What M. Vuillaume can so readily and so accurately determine in his "Copies," was, it is obvious, previously perfectly systematized in the inventor's mind. Straduarus, besides the most rigid adherence to uniform principle in the outlines, maintained a system of gradients in the thicknesses of the parts throughout.

It is not every one who is aware that no less than fifty-eight pieces go to make up a violin; or employing twice the reckoned number of pieces in the purfling (as Choron and Lafage do in the *Manuel de Musique*), the number of parts amounts to seventy. These pieces are as follows:—two for the back; two for the belly; six for the blocks at the top, bottom, and four corners; six for the sides; twelve for the lining for the sides; one bass bar; twelve for the purfling; one rest for tail-piece; one neck; one finger-board; one tail-piece; four pegs; one nut; one button for the tail-piece; four strings; one catgut or wire to connect the tail-piece with the button; one sound post; one bridge.—*Cocks's Musical Miscellany.*

In Vienna, on the same spot where the author of Don Juan—that *chef d'œuvre*, for which, by the way, he only received eight ducats—died, there is now a very handsome building, called the *Hôtel de Mozart*. In the Fanbourg of the *Josephstadt*, there still exists a small beer-shop, called the Blue Bottle, where Mozart was constantly in the habit of going. It was in the garden belonging to this house that he wrote the greater portion of the *Magic Flute*. It is well known, that no one has yet discovered the last resting place of this great master. His contemporaries treated his manuscripts with the same indifference they did him. All his papers remained thrust away under his piano for more

than eight years. In 1799, M. André bought them for 1000 crowns; in 1837, he offered them to the Imperial Library for 20,000 florins, but his offer was not accepted.

[Correspondence of the London Musical World.]

The Musical Festival at Ballenstedt.

On the morning of the 21st of June, this little town was early in commotion from the numerous visitors which the Festival and the charming scenery of the Hartz Mountains had attracted thither. Crowds wended their way to the Schloss (Castle,) the beautiful rock scenery of the Rosstrappe, der Regenstein, and the far-famed Brock-en, so well remembered through Kind's story of *Der Freyschütz*. The Singing Societies of several neighboring towns had contributed to form an orchestra of about 500 performers, 350 vocalists, and 150 instrumentalists, the whole under the direction of Dr. Franz Liszt. The programme was made by the latter eminent composer, and deserves our fullest praise. The first day's performance was as follows:

1. Overture, "Der Tannhäuser," by R. Wagner.
2. Duet from "Der Fliegende Holländer," by R. Wagner.
3. Harp fantasia on "Oberon," executed by Mlle. Rosalie Spohr.
4. "Die Macht der Musik" (the power of music) soprano solo, with orchestra, by F. Liszt.
5. Grand Fantasia for Piano and Orchestra, with Chorus, by Beethoven, performed by Herr Von Bülow.
6. Grand Scena from "Orpheus," by Gluck.
7. Symphonie (9th,) with Vocal Chorus, on Schiller's Ode "To Joy," by Beethoven.

The second day's performance included the following pieces:

1. Overture to the opera, "King Alfred," by J. Raff.
2. "Das Liebesmahl der Apostel," for male voices, by R. Wagner.
3. "Harold," Grand Symphony, by Berlioz.
4. "Die Walpurgisnacht," Mendelssohn.

The Riding School belonging to the Ducal Palace was tastefully decorated for the occasion. It held 3000 persons. The seat occupied by Liszt was ornamented with flowers and evergreens, fantastically wreathed. The public and the orchestra received the great pianist with the loudest acclamations, knowing well what they had to expect from such a conductor. The overture and duet, by Wagner, were received with great favor. But who is that charming young girl, dressed in black, with that beautifully formed arm, and flowing hair? It is Rosalie Spohr, the genius of the harp, niece of the great Spohr, who draws forth such bell-like tones from the instrument, that I never heard surpassed by Parish-Alvars or Schaller, and which I certainly never expect to hear surpassed. Rosalie Spohr may be entitled the Liszt of the Harp. Herr Von Bülow (from Weimar) played the fantasia by Beethoven in first-rate style, and fully came up to the favorable opinion expressed of him by his master, Liszt. Mlle. Franziska Schreck's (from Erfurt) beautiful contralto voice was heard to great advantage in the grand scena from "Orpheus," and in the vocal portions allotted to her in the choral symphony. The chorus and orchestra deserve the highest praise for their exertions, and for the manner in which they executed their arduous tasks.

A. Z.

Anecdotes of Beethoven.

HIS DISREGARD OF RULE. In the year 1810, a certain composer (Herr H——) published a Sonata of his own composition, and dedicated it to Beethoven. Upon his presenting a copy to Beethoven, the latter examined its pages, and pointed out several grammatical errors. Herr H—— made bold to observe, that Herr V. Beethoven had also allowed himself many harmonic liberties. Beethoven replied, with a smiling countenance, "I dare do so, but *you* may not." (*Ich darf es thun, aber Sie nicht.*)

THE MEASURE OF LENGTH. When Beethoven heard of his Sinfonia Eroica having been pronounced too long, he said, "It will be found short enough if I write one to occupy two hours in performance."

[From the Carpet Bag.]

THE HEART'S HYMN.

Thank God! I've lived to see
The boughs of the withered tree
Put forth its leaves
To the warm sunshine of better days!
The golden sheaves
Of Hope are bound,
And garnered up in sound
Of the heart's soft lays;
The dried-up fountain
Is singing gay,
And the mist from the mountain
Is cleared away:
The wing of the dove
No longer bleeds,
But soars above
Through the azure meads;
Winter has bound up his icy hair,
And Spring hath decked it with blossoms rare;
I hear no longer the wild wind's blow,
Nor the digging away of the drifted snow;
All is happy, without a frown,
Like Ocean's forehead when storms are down.
And the sun is dressing the waters blue
In mantles of many a brilliant hue;
The tear-wet eyes
Of the heart are bright,
And stars arise
In its cheerless night;
A heart is plighted,
And sang its hymn,
A fire is lighted,
Which will not dim.
* * * * *
I thank thee, God, that I have seen
The darkness fade away,
That I am not what I have been,
A night without a day;
A flower from light shut out,
A lamb without a fold,
A ship in the whirlwind's rout,
A bird in the winter's cold;
A wretch that bends the knee
At the well in the desert dry,
A corse drifted out to sea
In the gloom of a starless sky.

OSCAR G. HUGHAN.

[From Cocks's Musical Miscellany.]

Provision for the Musicians.

Men of genius are proverbially improvident. Everybody knows this. All the world — people of genius, and people without genius — repeat this established truism as often as the merits of the gifted race come to be canvassed. In short, in this formula is believed to be comprehended the whole history of the species.

But the calculating and sensible part of the world, who really can put two ideas together, that is, connect premises and consequences so as to frame a syllogism, might, with a little thought, arrive at the inference that the whole history of the man of genius cannot be comprehended within this superficial view. Careless self-indulgence never produced "Paradise Lost," or the "Hallelujah Chorus." There must be a portion of the history of the man of genius hidden from public view, and strangely at variance with the preconceived notions of his utter want of foresight.

In truth, the very essence of his being is an incessant looking towards a future. To this future he makes a full and uncompromising sacrifice of the present. He knows, with the unerring intuition of genius, that this future may arrive when his heart is withered in the life-struggle — in those remote and evil days when he shall say, "I have no pleasure in them." He knows that it may not unlikely be deferred, even beyond the term of his natural life, and only shed its radiance upon his lowly grave. Still he looks forward, and postpones every consideration of present convenience to the glorious future of his visioned hope. Such is the improvidence of genius!

It is almost inevitable, then, that he be found negligent of most of those precautions which matter-of-fact people estimate as making up the sum total of the virtue called prudence. The question involves to a very great extent the history of musical men; because amongst them genius, perhaps from the inspiring nature of their art, more abounds than amongst any other class of people. It may be well, then, to call their attention to the mode in which their peculiar constitution of mind operates upon their daily habits, and influences their worldly fortunes.

In the first place, they are of necessity prevented from giving that whole and exclusive attention to their secular interests which men of business well know is the *sine qua non* of success in the world. Their thoughts are otherwise engaged — pre-occupied with their art. In the second place, the same pre-occupation prevents their acquiring that *savoir faire* in which practical knowledge of the world is understood to consist. In the third place, the pursuit of their high calling communicates an elevation to their way of thinking, which leads them to rate, perhaps below its real value, that pecuniary success which has so marked an influence on the position of men among a commercial people. And fourthly, they are precluded from due adherence to Poor Richard's maxims of economy — prevented amassing those small savings which grow to wealth — because the procuring the means of carrying on their studies absorbs all their proverbially small means. The purchase of expensive instruments, and expensive books, frequently has left, and we know literal instances, the incipient professor actually without a meal. We know instances of improvident musicians, since so you persist in calling them, whose bookshelves are the only portion of their apartments decently furnished. Poor young Haydn bought his first books of instruction with money that had been sent him from home to get his clothes mended; and studied them with his jacket out at elbows. They value the means of progress more than the means of life, and sacrifice everything to the one pursuit. Paganini had once lost all he had at the play-table, except his violin, and actually consented to part with his vice sooner than with his violin.

It is a very poor philosophy which attempts to explain these notable phenomena in the history of the human species under the general idea of vulgar improvidence, and to assemble in the same category the musician so absorbed in the future as to forget his present necessities, and the mindless sot who spends his weekly wages in Saturday-night's excesses, or the rake who exhausts his quarterly receipt upon Epsom downs. This classification is but one of the modes in which mediocrity avenges itself of superior talent. Improvidence is not the exact word for the thing intended, although we sorrowfully admit that it exposes its victim to all the penalties of genuine common-place improvidence.

We almost fear that, under any probable improvement in the arrangement of society, the musician's pecuniary gains must continue to be but small, comparatively speaking. Large fortunes are not readily made out of counterpoint. The notes of the scale are not easily negotiable. We will say nothing of the great singers who are *pretty well* paid; and we only wish them happiness in the enjoyment of their fair gains. Madame Goldschmidt — (it is very tantalizing to be obliged to travestie thus a sweet familiar name) — by her fine talent has done what, no doubt, sundry individuals of less merit have done contemporaneously by a single lucky speculation in hops or indigo, namely, amassed a fortune. But musicians, in general, must make up their accounts for something very far inferior to this as the result of their labors and studies. They must continue, as they do, to look for their principal reward in their art itself. They must, according to Beethoven's good-humored joke, be content to be *Hirnsitzern* (proprietors of brains), for they have little chance of becoming *Gutsbesitzern* (proprietors of estates): they must, in fine, modify Mr. Skimpole's petition, and ask of the world the little boon, to let them live and pursue their art.

The remuneration of teaching, which forms a large proportion of the professor's returns, must, we fear, continue to be a very limited source of revenue, distributed as it is amongst a very numerous professing body. Under any circumstances, and in all ranks of life, people find the education of a family a very onerous charge. And, according to prevailing habits of thought, the material takes precedence of the abstract and intellectual in the estimation of parents. The tailor, the shoemaker, and even the merchant of bon-bons, are paid without grudging, because they give a tangible *quid pro quo*. In the other case there is no obvious "value received." State and equipage are willingly paid for, because they attract public notice and win homage. The labors of the teacher, like the calls of the doctor's boy, tend only to promote well-being and increase expense. Forty pounds a-year is well bestowed upon a burly footman or an agile comier; but the eight pounds annually assigned to the governess is looked at with the evil eye: "it is a great deal of money for so little; and the children really do not get on so well as when aunt Jane taught them; and then, you know, it cost nothing!"

Professors, then, can hardly hope, as a rule, to be able to lay by, like the ant of the Proverbs, a plentiful provision — that is all the ant has to do in its little life, and it lives in the midst of plenty. Unfortunately, moreover, they have not, and from the nature of their pursuits, as we have seen, they can scarcely have, that peculiar knack, the result of long habit, of making a little go a great way. Still there are methods which are found available by all sorts of persons, of making provision for a season of need, more particularly that season of continuous need, old age, without any great present sacrifice, or any intolerable strain upon the deliberative faculties.

We have included musicians in the general category of men of genius; but it is not to be assumed that we have been describing to the letter all the individuals who make up that class. We have depicted in the excess those qualities to which all men of a certain order of mind have a tendency. Careful early education, habits of self-control, and the power of dominant will may go far to correct or completely neutralize those tendencies. And musicians, and other artists, may no doubt be found, who, to intense energy in the pursuit of art, unite care and forethought in the conduct of their daily life.

But there are methods, as we hinted, by which those whose income is uncertain and precarious, and who are liable to sudden and unforeseen interruptions in their pursuits, may protect themselves against the consequences of the untoward chances of life; and we should be glad to believe that professors generally availed themselves of these protective means. There are the Savings' Banks; but these only enable a man to secure what he has gained; and we fear that musicians are not very extensively found among the contributors to these institutions. Mechanics, who earn five shillings a-day, can easily contrive, and do in numbers contrive, to lay by enough to make their age comfortable. Many professors will tell us the requirements of their situation leave them no surplus: on the contrary, that they are obliged to draw on future contingencies. Of course, they cannot amass.

The mechanic, again, by a trifling monthly contribution to a club, is provided for during periods of illness, and finds relief under some of the greater calamities of life. Trade unions afford a partial supply to their members when out of employ. No provision of this kind exists for professional men.

Building Societies and Freehold Land Societies afford excellent modes of investing a surplus; but advice how to invest surplus capital is not exactly what professors generally stand in need of.

The system of Life Assurance affords a very effective means of making a provision for a family in the event of the premature decease of the parent. But we are not sure that our professional friends very generally avail themselves of such Institutions. The principle on which those societies are founded is sound. The contributions of

the assured actually pay in the aggregate all the policies as they fall in, and leave a profit. The sacrifice in the shape of premium is but trifling; but then it requires that every one should study the principle of the societies before he can have any confidence in their operation; and this is, perhaps, one reason why the musician, whose thoughts are not generally very mathematical, although he professes a mathematical science, may not often be found to avail himself of the advantages afforded by these societies.

(Conclusion next week.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

TO —.

BY O. W. WASHINGTON.

When from the friends thou lovest,
On the blue wave thou rovest,
When every thing thou meetest,
Is to thy vision sweetest,
Absent — shall I inherit
One Thought of thy pure Spirit?

When Ocean sings around thee,
And novel charms have bound thee,
When thy young Soul rejoices
In strange and thrilling voices,
Wilt thou, from all retreating,
Send me one Spirit greeting?

When the wild Sea-Bird only
Flies o'er thy pathway lonely,
When Voice of Storm and Sailor
Shall make thy rose-cheek paler,
Wilt thou, across the Ocean,
Waft me one Soul emotion?

When wave and storm thou fearest,
May I be with thee, dearest —
A Vision o'er thy pillow,
A Spirit on the billow,
A Dream where'er thou goest,
A Spell thou only knowest.

Wilt thou, to others Real,
Be still my own Ideal!
Them sweetly, kindly meeting,
Give me thy Spirit-greeting —
Smiling on them forever,
But leaving me O! never!

THE BOB-O-LINK.

Merrily sings the fluttering Bob-o-link,
Whose trilling song above the meadow floats;
The eager air speeds tremulous to drink
The bubbling sweetness of the liquid notes,
Whose silver cadences do rise and sink,
Shift, glide, and shiver, like the trembling notes
In the full gush of sunset; one might think
Some potent charm had turned the auroral flame
Of the night-kindling North to harmony,
That in one gurgling rush of sweetness came,
Mocking the ear as once it mocked the eye,
With varying beauties twinkling fitfully.
Low hovering in the air his song he sings
As if he shook it from his trembling wings.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES. "You wouldn't believe it," said an amateur upon the violin to a friend, to whom he explained the difficulty of performing upon this instrument; "you wouldn't believe it, how horrible it sounds if you only put your finger half an inch too high or too low upon the string!"

THE KINGDOM OF HARMONY. Castil Blase, the founder of musical criticism in France, and translator and arranger of more than twenty of the works of Weber, Rossini and Mozart, which have made the fortune of the theatres, has just published the first volume of his *Moliere Musicien*, a work of great originality, written in his peculiar style, full of rare and curious anecdotes, and containing a history of music from the beginning of the 17th century. He distributes the first offices

and dignities in the past Empire of Harmony thus:—

MOZART	King.
GLUCK	Prime Minister.
MEHUL	First Secretary.
HANDEL	Minister of Worship.
HAYDN	Chancellor.
BEETHOVEN . . .	Generalissimo.
CHERUBINI . . .	Minister of Public Instruction.
BACH (Sebastian) .	Minister of Justice.
WEBER (C. M.) .	Intendant of the Opera.
SPOHR	Master of the Chapel Royal.
MENDELSSOHN . .	Minister General of Concerts.
PAER	Keeper of Museum of Antiquities.
MEYERBEER . . .	Banker of the Court.
ROSSINI	Furnisher of the Crown Diamonds.
SPONTINI	Artillerist.

Fine Arts.

SEPULCHRAL MONUMENT. It is worth a visit to the atelier of the sculptor, Mr. JOSEPH CAREW, 143 Harrison Avenue, to see a beautiful work, which he has just completed, and which would look far more in harmony with the shades of Mt. Auburn or of Forest Hill, than the fantastical, ambitious piles too often reared to the memory of the dead, or rather, one must sometimes fear, to the vain-glory of the living.

This monument, which is all of pure white marble, consists of a pedestal, from the four corners of which rise pillars supporting a chaste entablature surmounted by a flat dome. Under this marble canopy stands the image of a noble boy, with one hand resting on a truncated column, the other holding a wreath of flowers. He is looking up, as if suddenly arrested in his innocent play (his ball lies at his feet) by a voice from heaven; a finger, too, unconsciously lifted, shows that his whole being is attention. — Such a monument it would be sweet to see in the green spot where lives the memory of some dear child early called away.

There are some interesting busts, classic medallions, &c., also at Mr. Carew's, which betray the sterling artist feeling of this industrious multiplier of the forms of beauty.

Mr. THOMAS CAREW, brother of the above, and author of the fine bust of the venerable Dr. Pierce, which adorns the library at Harvard, has lately executed a striking head of the Hon. HORACE MANN. It may be seen at his studio in School street.

MEYER'S UNIVERSUM. (New York: Hermann J. Meyer, 164 William St.) Three half-monthly numbers have now been published of this unique and valuable serial. It is based upon, and in the main translated from, the German work of the same name, in which through several years has been accumulated a vast amount of geographical, pictorial and statistical information about nearly all of the most famous places on the globe. Each number contains four well executed steel engravings of famous scenes and buildings, accompanied by several pages of letter-press description and comment. These are generally written with much point and vigor, and animated by a hopeful and humanitarian spirit. The American edition, which is under the editorial charge of Mr. CHARLES A. DANA, of the New York *Tribune*, will include many new articles and illustrations, and we see no reason why the work should not go on indefinitely and acquire as universal a popularity here, as it has done in Germany and indeed in all Europe.

The numbers already issued contain Niagara

Falls, the Tower of London, Fingal's Cave, Constantinople, &c.; and the last number has a picture, of which we copy part of the description, of the celebrated national temple of Art in Bavaria:

THE WALHALLA.

"The Walhalla is the receptacle of the statues of the great men of the nation. Its eastern gable is decorated with a representation of Hermann's victory over the Romans. The western front represents Germany's latest liberation. The interior is illustrated by the art of the sculptor with the complete history of the land, the results and consequences of every contest for German independence.

"The corner-stone of this grand temple of national honor was laid in 1830. The celebrated Klenze sketched the plan after the idea of king Lewis of Bavaria, and guided the architectural execution; the Sculpture, for which Rauch in part prepared the drawings, was entrusted to the immortal Schwanthaler, and his pupils.

"The building represents a Doric temple of white marble, similar to the Parthenon on the hill of the Acropolis at Athens. Its dimensions are vast and imposing:—seventy feet in height, a breadth of a hundred, and a depth of three hundred feet. The roof is supported on each side by a row of colossal pillars, eight of which stand at the two ends, and seventeen at each side. The interior is a vast hall of marble, whose richly checkered ceiling is supported by two rows of Ionic columns. The frieze that passes around the hall, is decorated with bas-reliefs, executed by Wagner in Rome, which represent the ancient history of the Teutonic race, from the time it left the Caucasian country down to the diffusion of Christianity amongst them. Along the army walls of the interior hall, appropriate niches contain the marble busts of those men, who have been the pride of the German nation at all times—her heroes in war, in council, in poetry, in the arts and sciences. In an outer compartment are placed the busts of celebrated contemporaries who are considered worthy to be numbered with the heroes of the Walhalla. Of the one hundred and forty places extant, fifty are as yet unoccupied. All the busts are, so far as it was possible to obtain them, faithful portraits. In a subterranean hall, an archive preserves the biographies of those admitted into the temple. They are written on parchment. King Lewis himself was their biographer. The complete works of the literary celebrities are placed, superbly bound, in a library.

"The Walhalla rests upon substructions built in the Cyclopean style. White marble steps of immense proportions lead up to the terrace of the temple. From the terrace the eye roams across the romantic valley of the Danube, and over the neighboring mountains, the nearest of which is adorned with the picturesque and imposing ruins of the ancient castle of Donaustauf. The cost of the building, although it was originally estimated far lower, was not less than three millions of florins, and it was paid out of the privy purse of the king, to whom impartial judges willingly give the honor of having, in this monument, led back Art to her noblest destination."

Musical Review.

The Child (Das Kind,) A Song, by A KREISSMANN. G. P. Reed & Co.

This is one of the sweetest, most naïve and graceful of the author's productions. Differing as widely as possible from his "Voice of the Cloud," which we noticed recently, it is fully as original and characteristic in its conception. The melody sings itself easily, as befits the subject, and the accompaniment is very delicately contrived. The German words are given, with a translation by HENRY WARE.

Tho' from Him I love, &c. Song from *Preciosa*. C. M. VON WEBER. Reed & Co.

This little melody, so entirely in the romantic vein of Weber, was well worth publishing. It is not difficult and must become a favorite.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 14, 1852.

Musical Conventions.

The middle of August has now for fifteen years or more been Singing-Masters' and Psalm-Book-Makers' Fair in Boston. The custom of "Conventions," or "Teachers' Classes" has grown to be more or less a custom in many parts of our country. Here at least, in New England, for a musical journal, it is of importance enough to be the topic of the month. One of these bodies is just now in the middle of its ten days' session at the Melodeon in this city. It is one of the offshoots, or rather a coalition, consummated last year, of several offshoots, from the original Convention, which has always until this year, constituted the largest and most formidable nucleus under the guidance of Messrs. Mason and Webb and the auspices of the Boston Academy of Music. Unfortunately, owing to the prolonged stay of Mr. Mason in Europe, and to other untoward circumstances (among which the want of a hall as large as the old Tremont Temple may be mentioned,) this organization does not take the field at all this summer. It will bring the more singers and music-lovers to the meetings of Messrs. Baker and Johnson, which have opened with a goodly show of numbers, including fine materials for a chorus, and with an increase from day to day, to which apparently only the size of the hall will set a limit. Besides, these things, as they go on, become less and less dependent on the individual leader or leaders; they move by their own momentum; and you will find nearly the whole music-teaching and music-learning interest represented at whatsoever Convention may for the time being chance to occupy the field.

The present gathering will suggest matter of comment; but we prefer to wait and weigh it well when it is all over. Meanwhile as a basis for such remarks and comparisons as we may have to make, we reproduce some paragraphs, (new to most of our readers) in which we noted down six years ago the observations and speculations into which we were led by the Conventions at that time.

"The popular musical movement in this country seems to be tending to something like a great organic unity;—or rather to several unities,—for there are rival organizations, all of which, in the nature of things, must finally be swallowed up in one. Observe, we speak of the *popular* movement, of the music which begins in singing schools and village choirs, and is for the people; proceeding from the first stirrings of the popular want, uneducated, unrefined, rather than from any high artistic centre. This development doubtless is not watched with pleasure by the professionally musical, and by those who have made fond acquaintance all their lives with the artistic productions of the old musical countries. Its rude, homely, puritanic taste; its perpetual drilling in bare elements, and perpetual discussion of them; its cart-loads of psalmody of home manufacture; and the Yankee trading shrewdness and seeming charlatanry of those who conduct it, through the whole hierarchy, from the simple country singing master, and the more metropolitan teachers, up to the 'great Panjandrum,' or Psalm-King, himself:—

all this distinguishes the popular movement, as a kind of illegitimate upstart, in the eyes of genuine musicians and amateurs, from what they conceive to be the true derivation and descent of taste in the old way from the highest and oldest reservoirs of musical attainment down through the multitudes. This giving of importance to the vulgar, homely taste for music, by organizing it, even though that taste accumulates the power in this way of improving itself, is naturally regarded by musicians, with whom music is an art, as something as profane musically, as it is orthodox and moral in its social origin. For ourselves, we believe that Music is destined to take possession of this American people in both ways; partly by the natural charm of the beautiful and grand already created in music, drawing congenial natures to itself; and partly by the organized combination of such plain psalm-singing propensities as we have, gradually rising to meet the influence which flows down from the true holy land of Art, now visited by the few alone who can appreciate its glories. In other words we think that the Italian opera, the orchestras of trained musicians, who play overtures and symphonies to such as begin to appreciate, the oratorio-performances in our cities, the accomplished virtuoso pianists and violinists, and *cantatrici* who make the tour of our States, give one great impulse to music in this country; and that the Teachers' Classes and Conventions, the common-school instructions, the multifarious manuals, psalm-books, glee-books, &c., of Lowell Mason, and his hosts of co-operators and rivals, in this field, do also give another impulse, not to be despised, but showing fruits from year to year, and actually converging towards and promising in due time to meet the first-named influence. That furnishes models, this creates audiences. That is like the books, the literature of the old world, the results of the advanced minds, offered to an infant and a savage race; this like the common schooling which teaches us to read them, by first teaching us plain sentences in dull primers, (and even *such* exercises become attractive through social combination.) That is the influence of sun and showers: this the artificial loosening of the surface of the soil, to make it more receptive.

"There is, then, both good and evil in these great organizations of singing masters and choristers now growing up; but we are sure the good preponderates.

"The Boston Academy of Music originated this plan of holding ten days' conventions of teachers every August, for the purpose of receiving instructions from competent professors in the elements and practice of sacred music, and in the best modes of teaching the same, fourteen years ago. The first class numbered only twelve persons. It soon increased to hundreds. Teachers, choir-leaders, and others flocked from all parts of the country, to Boston, to learn the art of teaching from the most successful masters. Combining, as they did, a considerable power of ready sight-singing in these meetings, they were naturally led to spend much of the session in practising new music, trying the new books which the professors had got ready for them to circulate when they went home, and by timid degrees even venturing upon some of the works of the great masters, to the manifest growth of enthusiasm and good taste. Considered as a speculation, or as a fête, this was too good a thing not to be imitated, and rival

Teachers' Institutes sprang up, particularly that of Messrs. Baker and Woodbury, who found ample field without encroaching on the other. Moreover the chiefs of these hierarchies, after holding their grand conventions at home, leave their emporium in the Autumn, and like enterprising bishops visit their respective dioceses among the cities of the West, holding teachers' conventions in Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and so forth, and establishing affiliated centres there."

Passing over a description of the musical exercises on the occasion after which this was written, we come to one peculiar feature of the Conventions:

"Handbills were distributed among the audience as they entered the hall, which seemed to be programmes of the concert, but which proved to be catalogues of a large auction sale of music and musical works, to take place in the evening. So that this great annual gathering becomes a fair or market, not only for the conductors who thus circulate their 'methods' and their 'collections,' but also for the music dealers and publishers of the city, who seize upon this rare chance to dispose of what lies dead upon their hands. And this suggests the objection, commonly urged against these conventions, of their trading spirit and the monopoly of the music market likely to be acquired by those who take the lead in them. It becomes no objection if the fact be generally understood. On the contrary it is a great mutual convenience; let the professors and book-makers find their interest in it, if they can. However low the tone which they might set in their writings (we only suppose a case) it is evident that the demand for better music will rise every year, by these opportunities of coming together in a musical centre; and that to satisfy the market it becomes more and more necessary for them to make good books. If the calculating persons, who may be suspected to have started this thing with an eye to their own interest, are not competent to guide it to the highest point, it will move on of itself, by its own momentum, by the mere force of accumulation, and pass them and their standard by."

"The good we anticipate from this organization is three-fold.

"First, the influence upon those engaged in it. We could not but feel, as we heard the choruses of Handel and the four-part songs of Mendelssohn sung by this vast assembly of persons, mostly of but ordinary culture and but little leisure, that this was for them the beginning of the highest culture. They had actually made acquaintance with some of the most exalted, most refined productions of the most refining of all arts. They had together shared the emotion of great music, and experienced an enthusiasm of a deeper, finer quality, than their lives before perhaps had furnished. The person who can comprehend, appreciate, feel Mendelssohn, has already won admission to the finer spheres of life. The Unitarian sentiment may also be mentioned here; the beneficial consciousness of combined action, of days spent rhythmically, and with orderly enthusiasm.

"Secondly, the influence upon musical taste and practice throughout the country. From their rural, isolated homes, where advantages for hearing higher kinds of music do not exist, these enterprising leaders of choirs and classes come up once a year to Jerusalem, to receive truer notions

of their art, and listen to great models, and go back to give the same tone to their respective circles and communities. The standard is thus rising throughout all the land. A musical emulation is excited in the most dull utilitarian places; and each year the leader carries with him more and more of his neighbors, who avail themselves of the increased facilities for travelling, to go up also and rekindle their musical imaginations at the great feast.

"Finally, we see in all this, as we intimated in the beginning of this article, a tendency to organic unity in the multifarious musical aspirations of this people. It is the natural tendency of music, where nothing interferes; it seeks combination, means of broader harmony, grander effects, and the composite enthusiasm of great numbers co-operating to one end. Wherever a considerable unity of this sort becomes once established, it attracts more and more force to it; all related elements gravitate towards it; to the teachers' class of Messrs. Webb and Mason, the choirs of Boston soon came and added themselves, for the numerous chorus thus afforded them; then came finally the orchestra; and accomplished virtuosos also will find a sphere opened for them upon these occasions which they have not at other times. *What then is to prevent these meetings from growing by degrees into great musical festivals, like those of London, Birmingham, and parts of Germany?* And all by a spontaneous accumulation and expansion, from rude beginnings made with simply what we had, taking up the popular taste as it was, and so organizing its first motions that they lend both weight and stimulus to each other, and rise collectively to an ever higher platform?"

PROVISION FOR THE MUSICIAN. A correspondent invites our attention to an article upon this subject in a London paper. The subject indeed claims the consideration of all interested in the worldly fate of those who minister to the soul's appetite for harmony. We say the *soul's* appetite, for the secret of the charm of harmony of sounds lies in the fact that it is the type of all other harmony,—moral, social, spiritual, celestial, as well as material. The article truly and feelingly shows how poorly, as a general thing, the professors of this divine art are cared for upon earth; but it only throws out some general hints toward a remedy. These, however, are valuable and may suggest something nearer to the end. The great length of the article (a little superfluous in some parts) prevents our copying the whole; but we have commenced giving on another page the more important portions of it.

IMPORTANT PUBLICATIONS. A large portion of our musical public, here and in all the musical centres of the country, will rejoice to learn that Messrs. Geo. P. Reed & Co. have now in press a cheap, convenient and beautiful edition of the entire oratorio, "Elijah," by Mendelssohn. This has long been a desideratum; for that noble music has become extremely popular wherever it has been performed as often and as well as by our "Handel and Haydn Society;" while no edition of the score could be procured, except the sumptuous one, copy-righted in England, which costs nearly *ten dollars*. The new edition will be printed on a royal octavo page, in fair and legible type, both notes and words, orna-

mented with a portrait of the lamented composer, and the price will not exceed *two dollars*. Every chorus singer should be the owner of a copy, and the performances of Mendelssohn's masterpiece (on a greater or less scale) be no longer limited to the large musical cities.

The same publishers have taken another excellent work in hand; namely, the reprint, in a style conformed as closely as possible to the German edition, of Schumann's Piano-forte "Album." The little book will make many lovers.

MADAME SONTAG. A lady correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* thus describes her hearing Sontag in London, at the time of the great Exhibition:

"We managed to reach Her Majesty's Theatre at the appointed time, and each of us was welcomed by Mr. Peabody with an exquisite bouquet! The opera was Auber's last, the *Prodigal Son*, and I was all anxiety for Sontag's first note. She came, and mellifluous, honey-sweet indeed were the sounds I heard. The voice is exquisite, flexible, full, with *hautebois* mellowness, but not the clarion ring of Grisi's superb organ or Jenny Lind's silver vibrating tones. She is stiff, or rather indifferent, stereotyped in movement, no longer very handsome, with pleasing expression and sweet dark eyes. She has no dramatic talent, no force, nothing of Grisi's strength and majesty of action; her vocalization is exquisitely perfect as the finest musical box; but, like that, it is a machine; she touched me not; she sings with no soul. She cannot approach Lind, for she has not the *genius* which burns within and lights up the unrivalled Swede! There is nothing *spiritual* in Sontag; she is a bird, warbling and carolling, deliciously 'tis true, but very near the earth; while Jenny Lind, with the earnest dedication of her marvellous gift to the highest aims of art, carries us with her, as in her inspiration she soars towards heaven."

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

THE TEACHERS' CONVENTION, under the direction of Messrs. BAKER and JOHNSON, assembled on Tuesday forenoon and will continue its session day and night until the 20th. The attendance during the day time, for the first three days, has averaged from two to three hundred; in the evening it has been much larger. A few hours each day have been spent in elementary lessons, but the greater part of the time, both morning, afternoon and evening, in the critical practice together of various kinds of music; at one time Psalmody, at another Glees, &c., at another Sacred Choruses. These last have occupied the evenings, and have consisted of some fine pieces, arranged with English words, from Masses, Offertories, &c., by Haydn, Hummel, Cherubini, Jacob Perez, &c., (mostly new to the singers here), sung from the sheets of a forthcoming new collection, called the "Classical Chorus Book." We understand that concerts will probably be given on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of next week, and that the Oratorio of "David" (why not something that wears better?) will make one of the programmes.

The hour of noon has been devoted to general discussion among the members of the Class, of topics connected with the teaching and popular progress of music. One interesting feature, which has occasionally varied the routine, and which might to advantage be made much more of, has been the specimens (by request) of organ-playing, by Mr. Wilcox, from New Haven, and Mr. Southard, one of the conductors of the Convention. These were altogether brief and modest, to be sure, but in good organ style.

THEATRES, HALLS, &c. It is now understood that the estate between the Melodeon and Mason Street has been purchased of the Gas Company by those who have in hand the providing of a new theatrical and opera house. In many respects an excellent situation.

The *Evening Gazette* says: "The new hall and concert room in Tremont Temple is said to have been suggested

by that in Exeter Hall, and the idea of its location in the third story founded upon that celebrated place for public meetings and gigantic concerts."

ALFRED JAEEL gave a concert at Newport Wednesday evening; and Madam BISHOP has been giving concerts there with good success.—ALBONI has sung twice at Saratoga to large and delighted audiences.—In New York a concert is announced by Madame STEPHANI, she who sings the extra high notes in the songs of the Queen of Night in the *Zauberflöte*.—The French comic opera continues its light, sparkling entertainments at Castle Garden—just the thing for summer in the city.

SONTAG. The Arctic, which sailed for Liverpool this week, is to return freighted with this melodious treasure. One of the Gotham music-dealers has placed on board a splendid thousand-dollar piano for the special use of the Countess on the voyage; and some wide-awake lady enthusiast has in like manner donated a luxurious rocking chair!

There is still doubt as to the *personale* of Madame Sontag's company; especially in the matter of pianist. One paper hears that it will be Emile Prudent; another that it will be Miss Arabella Goddard, "our young and rising pianist," as the London *Athenaeum* says.

London.

ENGLISH OPERA. Balfe, with the aid of Bunn as dramatist, has produced at the Surrey Theatre what is said to be his *twentieth* opera. The *Times* comments on the sad fact that a man who has composed for the Grand Opera and Opera Comique of Paris, for Her Majesty's in London, &c., should now have to take refuge in a minor theatre.

The piece is a comic opera, called "The Devil's in it," and is a musical version of the old farce, "The Devil's to Pay," and the French ballet, *Le Diable à Quatre*, which has been performed in Boston and New York.

"We have the Count and his impetuous and tyrannical Countess—the basket-maker and his wife, so passionately addicted to dancing—and the other characters of the *ballet*, with nothing changed but their names. The story is well adapted to music, and Mr. Bunn has made the best of it, turning the prominent incidents to excellent account. Mr. Balfe has composed an opera, which, if it does not raise his fame as a musician, does not lessen it. It is a real *opera buffa*, tuneful, sparkling, natural, and full of life and vigor. The important situations are treated in a skilful manner, and the finales and concerted music exhibit the form and completeness which can only be derived from long practice and a thorough command of materials. Many of the pieces are in the composer's happiest vein, and two or three of them are equal in freshness and beauty to anything he has produced. The 'writing,' both for orchestra and voices in combination, as usual with Mr. Balfe, is always easy and polished. The general style of the music is light and fluent; there is no attempt at elaboration; and it is not a small thing to say, that from beginning to end there is nothing tedious, superfluous, or obtrusive."—*Times*, July 27.

The performance is said to have done great credit to the "minor" theatre. The principal singers were Miss Romer (who is manager, as well as *prima donna*) Miss Poole, as *mezzo soprano*, Mr. Borroni as bass, Mr. H. Corri, as baritone, &c. The *Daily News* says of Balfe:

"He has always shone in the *opera buffa*. His genius is akin to Auber's, whom he resembles in the variety of elegant and piquant melodies, in the neat construction of his busy scenes of concerted music, and in the brilliancy of his instrumentation. These qualities are conspicuous in all his comic pieces, and in none of them more than in this his last production; in which, indeed, he has shown even more than his usual gaiety and spirit."

MR. LUMLEY. The Morning *Chronicle* admirably sums up the past career of the great *impresario*, now forced to quit the hold which he has had for ten years upon London. It appears that he found the affairs of the Opera House in the Haymarket, in 1842, "in a perfect tangle of misfortune—a complicated cobweb, in one corner of which lay the bloated spider of Chancery." Bringing his bold talents and experience to bear upon it, he soon placed it upon such a financial footing, that he could devote himself to the development of the artistic resources of his theatre. To show how he discharged this duty, the *Chronicle* refers to its former detailed account of the various departments of industry, which go to make up a grand opera, and then begs its readers to multiply the effort there described by the number of operas which Mr. Lumley has brought out for the first time at Her Majesty's.

"Among these are *Don Carlos*, one of the scientific and elaborate works of M. Costa, at that time the musical director at Her Majesty's—*I Moschedieri*—Verdi's treatment of *The Robbers*, the charming *Figlia del Re*—*Roberto il Diavolo*, Auber's *Gastavus III.*, *Masaniello*, and *Il Prodigio*, Thalberg's first opera, *Florinda*, Halévy's *Tempesta*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Herold's *Zampa*, Alary's *Tre Nozze*. Besides these are *I Due Foscari*, *I Lombardi*, *Nabuco*, *L'Ajo nel Embarozza*, *I Cantatrice Villane*, *Medea*, *Adelia*, *Don Pasquale*, *Linda di Chamouni*, *La Favorita*, *Roberto Devereux*, *Maria di Rohan*, and the *Cosi Fan Tutti*. In this list each school of operatic music will be found illustrated by its best specimens, and the learned and classic style, the flowing and voluptuous, the gorgeous and melodramatic, and the sportive and sparkling, are each and all strikingly represented in the *répertoire* we have examined. Add to these the works which are termed 'stock' operas, &c. Mr. Lumley neither wedded himself to a single school, nor blindly tried every novel experiment that suggested itself; but, while selecting his music in that eminently catholic spirit which is inseparable from true art, he took care that what he submitted to his subscribers should, at all events, be the best of the particular school it professed to illustrate."

After alluding also to "two works of a hybrid character," viz., Felicien David's *Desert* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, which Lumley was "compelled, by the sensation they produced elsewhere," to afford his subscribers the opportunity of hearing, the writer comes to the brilliant list of *exécuteurs*:

"Here is such a roll-call as has not often been heard—Jenny Lind, Sontag, Frezzolini, Parodi, Tadolini, Cruvelli, Moltini, Favanti, Castellani, Rita Borio, Catherine Hayes, Rossi Caccia, Giuliani, Ida Bertrand, Fiorentini, Caroline Duprez, Schwartz, Barbieri Nini, Alaymo, Corbari, De La Grange, Albani. How it is that we cannot add Johanna Wagner's name to this list, they best know who know also for what England is alone to be valued. The names of Grisi, Persiani, and other celebrities who had made their English reputation before Mr. Lumley came into the management, will, of course, occur to all readers, who will also remember in how many brilliant evenings those great artists have 'assisted' under Mr. Lumley's *régime*."

"Among the male artists who have fulfilled engagements with Mr. Lumley are Lablache, Moriani, Rubini, Tamburini, Mario, Gardoni, Calzolari, Fraschini, Gnasco, Baucarde, Sims Reeves, Ronconi, Belletti, Fornasari, Staudigl, Sapenta, Ferranti, Perloti, F. Lablache, and Coletti, with numerous artists of great, but of comparatively second rate merit, as Mercuriale, Susini, Fortini, and Bouché."

This list includes the names of nearly every vocalist who has had European reputation during the period of Lumley's management. After similar review of the *ballet* department, the writer thankfully and regretfully takes leave of Mr. Lumley, yet at the same time adding:

"We cannot, however, bring ourselves to believe, looking at all that Mr. Lumley has achieved for the interests of the lyric drama, that those who have so frequently and so loudly acknowledged his eminent services will consent to their final discontinuance; and we trust, for the credit of the public for whose higher tastes he has so efficiently and liberally provided, that an earnest and vigorous attempt will yet be made to avert so grave a calamity to the operatic stage."

Mlle. FAVANTI. Regarding the re-appearance of this lady at Her Majesty's, the critics "mingle praise and blame," some of them more harshly than the *News*, which says:

"Rossini's *Cenerentola* was presented for the fourth time, Mlle. Favanti sustaining the part of the persecuted heroine, in place of Mlle. Angri. Favanti is an Englishwoman (Miss Edwards), who was a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, and who subsequently sang in Naples. On the 23d of March, 1844, she made her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre as *Cenerentola*, and during the season performed the contralto parts of *Fidalma*, *Orsini*, *Smeaton*, *Pippo*, and *Bonetto* in Ricci's *Corrado*; besides *Elvira*, in *Don Juan*; and *Adelgisa*, in *Norma*. Much controversy was raised by Mlle. Favanti's *début* and the injudicious attempt to keep her before the public, in opposition to the opinions of the subscribers, was a fatal mistake of the management. Her return, after an absence of eight years, was looked upon with interest, to ascertain if the defects of her style had been amended by considerable practice in Italy. In one respect a marked improvement has certainly taken place; the production of the voice is no longer attended with the same disagreeable effect, as in 1844. In point of execution something has also been gained in precision; but her imperfect intonation has not yet been remedied; and, with one of the finest voices a vocalist was ever gifted with, Mlle. Favanti still retains the exaggerations which were noticed in former days. Like Mlle. Cruvelli, the organ of Mlle. Favanti ranges from the highest to the lowest of the soprano and contralto registers, and in quality it is infinitely more sympathetic. She fails because she has never thoroughly mastered her scales, and she labors to astonish not to charm. The music of the concerted pieces she sacrifices entirely; in this respect it must be admitted that she only follows the example of Albani;

but Mlle. Favanti's great error as a lyric actress has been and is, in supposing that the *ensemble* of a delineation may be dispensed with, for the sake of the *rondo finale*; and, so long as she adopts this view, her beautiful voice will not suffice to place her in the rank of a *prima donna*. The interpretation of the opera, with the exception of Calzolari's *Ramiro*, most artistically sung, was very unsatisfactory. Lablache was unwell, and out of spirits, and omitted the *Miei rampolli*."

NEW MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The *News*, of July 29th, says: "A new association, for the purpose of performing sacred and classical music both by the ancient and modern schools, has been formed. The performances are to take place in Exeter Hall, under the direction of BENEDICT, the composer and pianist, and Bach's *Passione* will be one of the earliest novelties. The band and chorus are to be on the grandest scale, comprising the best amateur as well as professional talent. The object of the society will be to strike out a new path by affording an opportunity to living composers to produce their oratorios or cantatas. The greatest attention is to be bestowed on the rehearsals."

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY have published a report for the year 1851, from which it appears that the 21 concerts of that year produced upwards of 9,000*l.*, and that the ordinary expenses connected with them were nearly 7,600*l.* Including subscriptions, the gross receipts of the year exceeded 10,000*l.* Exeter Hall is now closed for alterations and re-decoration; and important improvements are to be made in the organ, which will be entirely reconstructed.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. M. Jullien's Opera: *Pietro il Grande* is in active rehearsal. Mlle. Zerr and Sig. Tamberlik are in the cast. "Vivian" has great faith in Jullien, "if he will only be Jullien," and not let popularity force him, like Halévy, into attempting *grand* operas.

Italy.

The first number of the *Gazzetta Musicale di Napoli*, a new periodical, contains a few notices indicating that musical life is not utterly asleep in the absolutist capital. Even at this burning season, 'Piedigrotta,' a new opera in four acts, by Signor Luigi Ricci, just produced at the 'Teatro Nuovo,' seems to have been moderately successful. Another opera by Maestro Battista is in preparation at the same theatre, with the title of 'Il Corsaro della Guadalupa.' This will be followed by the 'Violetta' of Mercadante. At the 'Teatro Fondo,' 'Dottor Sabato,' by Maestro Puzzone, and 'Elena di Tolosa,' by Maestro Petrella, are promised.—No singer who has not been already named in the *Athenaeum* is spoken of, with the exception of Signor Pancani, a tenor. The critic compliments him on the possession of a good organ, vigorous and masculine, especially in its middle notes,—but continues, "as a singer we can say little for him. In 'Otello' he makes his task easy, by depriving his part of the larger part of its florid ornaments, which require vocal agility."—The *maestri* invited to write for the 'Teatro San Carlo' during the coming winter are announced to be, Signori Mercadante, De Giosa and Staffa. "The last maestro," says the 'Gazzetta,' "in order to obtain new musical effects has sought for a subject of the fanciful description;—and to avoid competition with operas of the same description has suggested as subject"—the reader will hardly guess what—"Alceste." Signor Verdi is described as having his hands too full of commissions to have time to promise anything new to "San Carlo." Nor is Signor De Giosa secured, since he, too, is said to be in request,—being at present occupied in setting 'Diego Garias' for the Grand Theatre at Trieste. The same 'Gazzetta' announces an interesting acquisition just made by the Library of the College of Music. This is, a collection of MSS. by Cimarosa. "It is well known," says the paragraph, "that the Maestro sent everything that he composed to Cardinal Gonsalvi, who was his warm admirer, and who bequeathed the collection to Signor Paola Cimarosa, son of the composer. This gentleman has disposed of the MSS. (which include many unpublished works) to the College of Music, for the sum of two thousand ducats, and a life annuity of seventy ducats."—*London Athenaeum*.

SWEDEN, which has already produced Jenny Lind and Mlle. Nissen, has just sent another songstress, who is said to possess a beautiful voice, most excellently cultivated. This lady's name is Mlle. Westerland. She is at present staying in Berlin, in order to perfect herself in the German language.

Advertisements.

Musical Convention in Boston.

THE ANNUAL MUSIC TEACHERS' INSTITUTE and Musical Convention, under the direction of the subscribers, will be held the present year, in the MELODEON, commencing on TUESDAY, Aug. 10, at 9 o'clock, A. M., continuing in session ten days. Tickets, \$3 each, may be obtained at A. N. Johnson's Piano Forte and Music Store, No. 26 School Street. Clergymen, ladies who can sing, and members of former classes are invited to attend free of charge.

B. F. BAKER.
A. N. JOHNSON.

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[From Sicily—A Pilgrimage, by H. T. TUCKERMAN—in the press of G. P. Putnam, New York.]

VINCENZO BELLINI.

Point not these mysteries to an art,
Lodged above the starry pole;
Pure modulations flowing from the heart
Of divine Love, where wisdom, beauty, truth,
With order dwell in endless youth?

WORDSWORTH.

In the narrow street of St. Christoforo, in Catania, and near the little church of the same order, now superseded by a larger edifice, was born the most beautiful composer of our times. To the imaginative mind of Isabel his name and memory were sacredly endeared. It has been said that no after maturity of judgment can dissolve the spell by which the first poet we ever understood and enjoyed is hallowed in our estimation. On the same principle, the composer whose works are the means of awakening in our hearts a new sense of the wonder and power of his art, whose compositions sway our spirits as no others have done, and address our associations with an eloquence, compared with which all similar language is unimpressive, holds a place in our estimation and affections second to that of no intellectual benefactor. He has opened to us a new world. He has brought a hitherto untried influence to stir the ocean of feeling. He has created yet another joy in the dim circle of our experience, and woven a fresh and perennial flower into the withered garland of life. With the thought of Bellini, embalmed in such a sentiment of gratitude, Isabel, accompanied by the

count, who had arranged the visit for her gratification, went forth to view the memorials of the departed that were in the possession of his family.

"The young Vincenzo," said Vittorio, "from his earliest infancy, gave evidence of the genius of his nature. His susceptibility to musical sounds was remarkable. He could be moved, at any time, to tears or laughter, to sadness or ecstasy, by the voice of harmony. While a mere child, after hearing on public occasions a new air, he would, on returning home, from memory transcribe it. At eight years old his little hands ran over the keys of the organ, at the Benedictine convent, with surprising facility. His first compositions were occasional pieces of sacred music. It was early discovered that he was a proper object of patronage, and, soon after arriving at manhood, he was sent, at the expense of government, to study at Naples and Rome. The result of an acquaintance with what had been effected in his art was to make more clearly perceptible to his mind the necessity of a new school. The history of genius in every department is almost always a record of conflicts—of struggles against what is dominant. Thus the early efforts of Bellini were frequently unappreciated and misunderstood. Still he persevered in consulting the oracle of his own gifts, and in developing the peculiar and now universally admired style which marks his compositions. The first of his successful operas was the *Pirata*, then the *Straniera*, then the *Sonnambula*, and then *Norma*.^{*} In each successive work we can trace a decided progression. The first is pretty, often beautiful; the last is throughout beautiful, and frequently sublime. It is a delightful thought, that in a country where literary talent is repelled by the restrictions on the press, musical genius is untrammelled, and human sentiment may, through this medium, find free and glorious development."

"I have always regarded music," said Isabel, "as the perfection of language."

"Undoubtedly it should be so considered, and although the censors jealously guard the actual

^{*} *L'Adelson e Salvini*, represented before the Institution at Naples, was the first open experiment of Bellini's genius, followed, in 1826, by *Bianca e Fernando*, at the St. Carlo Theatre. *Il Pirata* and *La Straniera*, successively produced at the Scala in Milan, completely established his reputation. The *Montecchi e Capuleti* was brought out soon after at Venice. The *Sonnambula* and *Norma* at Milan, and the *Puritani* in Paris.

verbal expressions attached to operas, to a true imagination and just sensibility, the mere notes of masterpieces are perfectly distinguishable, as expressive of the thousand sentiments which sway the heart. Bellini, it is believed, was one of that secret society which has for some time existed, under the title of "Young Italy," whose aim is the restoration of these regions to independence; and we can read, or rather feel, the depth and fervor of his liberal sentiments, breathing in the glowing strains of his last opera—the *Puritani*."

Thus conversing, they arrived at the residence of his family, where, with emotions of melancholy interest, they viewed the tokens of his brief but brilliant career. There were little remembrancers whose workmanship testified that they were wrought by fair hands; the order of the legion of honor; a rich carpet, worked by the ladies of Milan, with the names of his operas tastefully interwoven, and many fantasies and fragments written by his own hand. There was something indescribably touching in the sight of these trophies. Isabel felt, as she gazed upon them, how empty and unavailing are the tributes men pay to living genius compared with that heritage of fame which is its after-recompense. What were these glittering orders to the breast they once adorned—now mouldering in the grave? And these indications of woman's regard, which, perhaps, more than any other, pleased the heart of the young Catanese? How like the deckings of vanity did they seem now, when he for whom they were playfully wrought was enshrined among the sons of fame! How sad, too, to behold the slight characters and unconnected notes—the recorded inspiration of him who alone could rightly combine and truly set forth their meaning! How affecting to look upon these characters—the pencilling of genius, and remember that the hand which inscribed them was cold in the tomb! But Isabel dwelt longest and most intently upon a miniature of Bellini, taken at the age of twenty-three, after the representation of the *Pirata*. It portrayed the youthful composer with a pale intellectual countenance, an expansive and noble brow, and hair of the lightest auburn. There was a striking union of gentleness and intelligence, of lofty capacity and kindly feeling, in the portrait.

"How unlike the generality of his countrymen!" exclaimed Isabel, who had looked for the dark eye and hair of the nation.

"Nature, in every respect," replied Vittorio, "marked him for a peculiar being. Yet the softness and quiet repose of the countenance is like his harmony. The mildness of the eye and the delicacy of the complexion speak of refinement. The whole physiognomy is indicative of taste and sentiment, a susceptibility and grace almost womanly, and, at the same time, a thoughtfulness and calm beauty, which speak of intellectual labor and suffering. The face of Bellini here depicted, is like his music, moving, expressive, and graceful. I have seen portraits taken at a later age with less of youth, and perhaps, for that reason, less of interest in their expression. During his lifetime all he received for his works, not absolutely requisite for his support, was immediately sent to his family. And now his aged father may be said, in a double sense, to live on the fame of his son, since, in consideration of that son's arduous labors in the cause of music, which in southern Europe may be considered perhaps the only truly national object of common interest, the old man receives a pension from government, adequate to his maintenance."

"I think," said Isabel, as the party were seated in the opera-house the same evening, "that the great characteristic of Bellini is what may be called his metaphysical accuracy. There is an intimate correspondence between the idea of the drama and the notes of the music. What a perfect tone of disappointed affection lurks in the strain: 'Ah! perche non posso odiarti?'—the favorite air in the *Sonnambula*; and who that should unpreparedly hear the last duet in *Norma*, would not instantly feel that it is the mingled expression of despair and fondness? How warlike and rousing are the Druidical choruses, and what peace breathes in the Hymn to the Moon! It is this delicate adaptation of the music to the sentiment, this typifying of emotion in melody, that seems to me to render Bellini's strains so heart-stirring."

"In other words," said Vittorio, "he affects us powerfully, for the same reason that Shakspeare, or any other universally acknowledged genius, excites our sympathy. His music is *true*. He has been called the Petrarch of harmony, that poet being deemed by the Italians the most perfect portrayer of love."

"And would that his fate had been more like that bard's!" exclaimed Isabel. "How melancholy that he should have died so young, in the very moment, as it were, of success and honor! I shall never forget the sorrow I felt when his death was announced to me. I was in a ball-room. The scene was gay and festive. The band had performed in succession the most admired quadrilles from his operas. I was standing in a circle which surrounded a party of waltzers, and expressed the delight I had received from the airs we had just heard. My companion responded, and sighing, calmly said, 'What a pity he will compose no more!' When I thus learned the fact of his death, and afterwards the particulars, a gloom came over my spirits, which, during the evening, had been uncommonly buoyant. I retired to the most solitary part of the room, and indulged the reflections thus suddenly awakened. 'How few,' thought I, 'of this gay throng, as they dance to the enlivening measures of Bellini, will breathe a sigh for his untimely end, or give a grateful thought to his memory.' Some of the company passed me on their way to the music-

room. I joined them. A distinguished amateur, with a fine bass voice, had taken his seat at the instrument. For a moment he turned over the book listlessly, and then, as if inspired by a pleasing recollection, burst forth in that mournfully beautiful cavatina: '*Vi ravviso, luoghi ameni*.' He sang it with much feeling. There was silent and profound attention. The tears rose to my eyes. To my excited imagination we seemed to be listening to the dirge of Bellini; and, as the last lengthened note died on the lips of the vocalist—thus, thought I, he expired. Little did I then think I should ever see the native city of the composer, or sit in the opera-house which he doubtless frequented."

"It but this moment occurred to me," replied Vittorio, "that, in this very place Bellini first learned to appreciate the science he afterwards so signally advanced; to realize the expressiveness of the agency he afterwards so effectually wielded; to feel the power of the art to whose advancement he afterwards so nobly contributed. Perhaps here first dawned on his young ambition the thought of being a composer. Perhaps, as the breathings of love, grief, fear, and triumph here stirred his youthful breast, the bright hope of embodying them in thrilling music, and thus living in his 'land's language,' rose, like the star of destiny, before his awakened fancy."

There is a narrow but sequestered road leading from Catania to Cifali, just without the Porta D' Aci. A low plaster wall separates it on both sides from extensive gardens, the site of an ancient burial-place, where memorials of the dead have been frequently disinterred. Over the top of these boundaries the orange and almond trees, in the season of spring, refresh the pedestrian with their blossoms and perfume. In the early mornings of summer, or at the close of the day, this road is often sought by the meditative, being less frequented than most of the other highways leading from the city. There one can stroll along and interest himself with the thought of the now extinct people near whose ruined sepulchres he is treading, or gaze upon the broad face and swelling cone of Etna which rises before him. At an agreeable distance from the commencement of this path is an old monastery of Franciscans. The floor of the venerable church is covered with the deeply-carved tablets, beneath which are the remains of the Catanese nobility, their arms elaborately sculptured upon the cold slabs. Strangers sometimes visit a chapel adjacent to see a well-executed bust, which displays the features of the nobleman who lies beneath, and is thought to be the *capo d'opera* of a Roman sculptor. The adjoining chapel is assigned as the last resting-place of Vincenzo Bellini, whose monument will soon exhibit its fresh-chiselled aspect amid the time-worn emblems around. Thither, one morning, Isabel and the count wandered, and, after leaving the church, sat upon a stone bench which overlooked the scene, and to her inquiries as to the funeral honors paid, in his native island, to the memory of the composer, he replied:

"You should have witnessed in order to realize the universal grief of the Catanese. Business was suspended. Every voice faltered as it repeated the tidings; every eye was moistened as it marked the badges of mourning. In the capital the same spirit prevailed. There, but a few months previous, the king entered the city,

and no voice hailed him, because the professions made at the outset of his reign were unfulfilled. The gifted composer came, and acclamations welcomed him. Every testimony of private regard and public honor was displayed. His sojourn was a festival—so the news of his death created universal grief. Here, in the spirit of antiquity, an oration was pronounced in the theatre, his favorite airs performed, and actors, in the old Sicilian costume, represented the effect of his death by an appropriate piece, with mournful music. In the streets were processions, in the churches masses, and in the heart of every citizen profound regret."

"And this," said Isabel, glancing over the scene, "is a fit place for his repose. He will sleep at the foot of Etna, amid the nobles of his native city. The ladies of this villa, as they wander through the garden in the still summer evening, will sing his most soothing strains. The peasant, as he rides by on his mule, at the cool hour of dawn, will play upon his reeds the gladdest notes, the choir in the church will chant the anthems, and the blind violinist, as he rests by the road-side, cheer himself with the pleasant music of the departed composer."

They rose to depart. As Isabel looked back, and began to lose sight of the ancient convent, she observed a lofty cypress at the corner of the road. As its dense foliage waved solemnly, and its spire-like cone pointed heavenward, it appeared to her saddened fancy like a mournful sentinel, standing to guard from sacrilege, and point out for homage, the last resting-place of Bellini.

[From Cocks's Musical Miscellany.]

Provision for the Musician.

(Concluded.)

We are not, in the heterogeneous suggestions we have here thrown together, endeavoring to invoke public charity on behalf of the musician, though the benevolence of an enlightened people might find a less honorable field for the exertion of its energies. Our observations are addressed first and foremost to musicians themselves. They have in themselves, to speak mechanically, a power, if they knew how to use it. The coals which lie black and inert upon your wharfs are bye and bye converted into an active agency, which is reeling cotton at the rate of millions of yards per minute, or snorting in gusty impatience as it heaves the vessel on its way, or drinks up and disgorges the flood of the mine. The energies of the professional body are now inoperative as the latent power of the coal on the wharf. But the power, though latent, is there, and it only remains for some clever engineer to show them how "to get up the steam."

Is there not sufficient *esprit-de-corps* amongst them to induce them to aim at letting their individual respectability go hand in hand with the respectability of their order? Comparatively few have been their combined efforts to promote the dignity of the profession. There is the Royal Society for the support of decayed Musicians—an association formed more than a century ago, and, as its name implies, under the highest auspices. Handel, whose heart, after all, seems to have been as gentle as his manner was rough, bequeathed a thousand pounds to this society. Signora Storace also left it a like munificent sum. It is patronized by the élite of the profession, and among its pensioners it reckons, at present, some bearing names of honor. No one, we believe, questions the purity of its officers and directors; but many appear to think that it is conducted much in the spirit of a close corporation. At any rate, it is able to disburse upwards of two thousand pounds yearly in a select way, for the

best of purposes, namely, to support dejected age, and to feed and educate the unprotected orphan. A goodly sum in itself, certainly; but one can scarcely avoid asking, — "What is that among so many?"

Professors have but to condescend to take a lesson from the operative bodies, to the effect that "union is strength!" A rope of sand would not raise even an empty bucket from a well. In combination is unlimited power. A trifling quarterage levied upon the whole body would form the nucleus of a fund, from which suffering members might draw relief, not as of charity, but of right. The trade would submit to a certain honorary tribute, in consideration of the advantages derived by them from the working body: a like tribute might be raised, in the shape of black mail, from the concert rooms; while the power of sweet sound might be evoked to do, in annual festivals, for the professors of the art, what it has so often done for strangers, and swell the united fund to an undefinable extent. Here, indeed, is a rich and unlimited source of wealth. What would be the proceeds of a benefit concert in all the music halls and concert rooms in England? — and we might even have the audacity to ask for a yearly collection in every church, under the threat of a *strike* in the organ lofts in case of recusancy. Sixteen thousand pounds were thrown into the coffers of the Royal Society of Musicians just referred to, as part of the profits of the great Commemoration of Handel, in 1784; and that society also received upwards of two thousand pounds, a fourth part of the proceeds of the Royal Festival, in Westminster Abbey in 1834. The Foundling Hospital netted more than ten thousand pounds, by ten performances of the "Messiah" — in gratitude for which, by the way, the governors of that institution manifested an inclination to bring the composer into court upon the question of his copyright. With such means at their disposal, with a power in their own keeping, which is rivalled by nothing but the geni of an oriental tale, how is it that the profession is so self-denying as to remain worse provided for than almost any body of men that can be named?

It is strange, that, while public sympathy has descended to embrace, not only the children of the honest poor, but even to rescue the juvenile felon and educate him by force — while numerous institutions have been formed for the education of children of all ranks — while the Blue Coat School continues to open its princely halls expressly for the reception of such as do not stand in need of its aid — while Mr. Whiston has been bruising his shins, stumbling amongst the ruins of the magnificent educational establishments of the country in the olden time — "and the spectacle-maker" has been offering the use of his most powerful glasses to assist collegiate bodies to read their own constitutions — it is strange — that, amidst all this educational stir and turmoil, musicians have never once thought of the formation of an institution for affording their children an education suitable to the rank which they are well entitled to claim.

Among the more recent efforts of this nature, we have lately seen a body of men who are by no means famous for provident habits, — the Commercial Travellers — establishing a school for the orphan and necessitous children of members of their society. One could hardly have anticipated so enlightened a movement in such a quarter: while it should be recollected that the necessities of the orphan, it was, that gave birth to the Royal Society of Musicians. Two or three of his contemporaries, while standing at the door of the Orange Coffee-house, in the Haymarket, saw the children of Kytch, the oboe-player, driving milch-asses. They contributed a sum for the rescue of the innocent victims of a father's improvidence; and their contributions formed the basis of this really noble institution. But, since we have begun to institute a comparison, we must remark, that the Travellers annually raise a splendid revenue for making a suitable provision for a large number of children — their last report exhibiting an expenditure of more than six thousand pounds within the year, —

while the Musicians' Society, according to the last of their reports, which we have at hand — namely, that of 1847 — seem to have disbursed only NINETY-SEVEN POUNDS for the exact purpose of Education! It must, however, be observed that the aggregate of their expenditure includes also sums paid on behalf of the orphans, of which no particular account is given.

It is not, however, on behalf of the orphans of the recklessly improvident alone that the appeal should be made. There are misfortunes such as no foresight can anticipate — no prudence avert. We cannot refuse ourselves the satisfaction of quoting a passage which happens to be at this moment under our eye, from a sermon preached a hundred and twenty years ago, at the Festival of the Three Choirs, at Hereford; because we should be extremely sorry not to think that there are members of the musical profession to whom it is, in its degree and manner, applicable. "I shall beg leave only," says the preacher, speaking of the children of his deceased brethren, "to observe, what should further bespeak our commiseration of those Friendless Orphans: that the Poverty of their Parents may have been owing to what must be ever esteemed their greatest honor. They are seldom followers of Fortune. Content in their lower Sphere, they are not studious of the Art of Rising nor acquainted with those Compliances, which the wiser children of this world call Prudence."

[From the Christian Inquirer, (N. Y.) Aug. 11.]

TRUE POETRY.

The difference between true poetry and factitious poetry is perhaps this: the last is written, the first writes itself. In the one case the poet or poetess appears manifest, in the other the poetry; in the one case it was the evident intention to write some fine lines, in the other case there was something in the heart that must be said. Hence the sharp-sighted Greeks, who knew all these things, symbolized the source of poetry as a fountain. But most of our poetry is taken from wells, or forced up by pumps. It is therefore refreshing to meet with a genuine expression of the soul, like that which I copy for you below. A friend showed these lines to me, and asked who was the writer. I had not seen them, but perhaps some of your readers can say. J. F. C.

I.

O heart! long dormant in thy dreary pain,
Canst thou not rouse thee from the deathlike sleep,
Put forth the blossoms of young joy again,
And cease o'er buried hopes to pine and weep?

II.

Around thee everywhere on life's wide page,
The beauty and the glory liveth still;
The sacred light upon the brow of age,
The strength of youthful hand and earnest will.

III.

Earth hath her field of labor, rich and broad;
Canst thou not in the glorious toil hear part?
Hast thou no gift to be improved for God,
No dew of love for other human heart?

IV.

O heart, poor heart, that madest thyself a tomb
Of one dead hope! fling wide thy charnel door,
And on the depths of that dark, rayless gloom,
The flood of heaven's glad light shall freely pour.

V.

O wasted years! — and yet not wasted all;
Does not the ploughman read, then sow the plain?
What though spring flowers beneath the ploughshare fall;
Shall not the harvest smile with golden grain?

Here is the motto of the New England Psalm Singer or American Chorister, by William Billings, a native of Boston, in New England. The book was published in 1770. —

"O, praise the Lord with one consent,
And in this grand design,
Let Britain and the Colonies
Unanimously join!"

By the quality no less than by the fulness and versatility of this collection have we again been led to speculate hopefully on the intense curiosity

which prevails in the New World with regard to all manner of works of art and imagination, and to the thoughts and lives of those who produce them. This thick and rather costly book is, after its kind, a manifestation as suggestive as the classes of talking ladies in Boston who assembled to be instructed by Margaret Fuller concerning the "idea of Jupiter," the "idea of Bacchus," and the like Arcadian and classical topics. — *London Athenæum*.

[From "Reminiscences of MICHAEL KELLY."]

Musical Critics at Rome, A. D. 1779.

The day after our arrival, we went to the Corso, where the sports of the carnival were going on. There was to be seen the whole population of Rome, high and low, rich and poor, *en masque*; the nobility and ladies in their most splendid equipages, all masqued, throwing sugar-plums to the motley group below, which was composed of mountebanks, pulcinellas, cardinals, harlequins, &c., with music, dancing, singing. — In short, I was in a delirium of pleasure! Every evening, we visited the theatres: — there are two for serious operas, the Aliberti and the Argentina, where the best performers are always found; indeed, should the manager attempt to introduce anything inferior, woe be to him! and, as these theatres are only allowed to be open during the carnival, he is obliged to pay enormous salaries to procure the first singers; for the Romans will have the best or none. There are also two theatres for comic operas, La Capranica and La Valle.

The Romans assume that they are the most sapient critics in the world; they are, certainly, the most severe ones: — they have no medium, — all is delight or disgust. If asked whether a performance or a piece has been successful, the answer, if favorable, is, *è andato al settimo cielo*, — "it has ascended to the seventh heaven." If it has failed, they say, *è andato all' abisso del inferno*, "it has sunk to the abyss of hell." The severest critics are the Abbés, who sit in the first row of the pit, each armed with a lighted wax taper in one hand, and a book of the opera in the other; and should any poor devil of a singer miss a word, they call out *bravo, bestia*, — "bravo, you beast!"

It is customary for the composer of an opera to preside at the piano forte the first three nights of its performance, and a precious time he has of it in Rome. Should any passage in the music strike the audience as similar to one of another composer, they cry, *Bravo, il ladro*, — "bravo, you thief;" or "bravo, Paesiello! bravo, Sacchini!" if they suppose the passage stolen from them, "the curse of God light on him who first put a pen into your hand to write music!" This I heard said, in the Teatro Aliberti, to the celebrated composer Gazzaniga, who was obliged to sit patiently at the piano forte to hear the flattering commendation.

Cimarosa, who was their idol as a composer, was once so unfortunate as to make use of a movement in a comic opera, at the *Teatro della Valle*, which reminded them of one of his own, in an opera composed by him for the preceding carnival. An Abbé started up, and said, "Bravo, Cimarosa! you are welcome from Naples; by your music of to-night, it is clear you have neither left your trunk behind you, nor your old music; you are an excellent cook in hashing up old dishes!"

Poggi, the most celebrated buffo singer of his day, always dreaded appearing before those stony-hearted critics; however, tempted by a large sum, he accepted an engagement at the *Teatro della Valle*. He arrived in Rome some weeks previous to his engagement, hoping to make friends, and form a party in his favor; he procured introductions to the most severe and scurrilous, and thinking to find the way to their hearts through their mouths, gave them splendid dinners daily. One of them, an Abbé, he selected from the rest, as his bosom friend and confidante; he fed, clothed, and supplied him with money; he confided to him his terrors at appearing before an audience so fastidious as the Romans. The Abbé assured him, that he had nothing to fear, as his opinion

was looked up to by the whole bench of critics; and when he approved, none dare dissent.

The awful night for poor Poggi at length arrived; his *fidus Achates* took his usual seat, in his little locked-up chair in the pit. It was agreed between them, that he was to convey to Poggi, by signs, the feeling of the audience towards him;—if they approved, the Abbé was to nod his head; if the contrary, to shake it.—When Poggi had sung his first song, the Abbé nodded, and cried, "Bravo! bravissimo!" but in the second act, Poggi became hoarse, and imperfect; the audience gave a gentle hiss, which disconcerted the afflicted singer, and made him worse: on this, his *friend* became outrageous, and standing up on his chair, after putting out his wax-light, and closing his book, he looked Poggi in the face, and exclaimed, "Signor Poggi, I am the mouth of truth, and thus declare, that you are decidedly the worst singer that ever appeared in Rome! I also declare, that you ought to be hooted off the stage for your impudence, in imposing on my simple and credulous good nature as you have done." This produced roars of laughter, and poor Poggi retired, never to appear again, without even exclaiming, *Et tu Brute*, which he might most appropriately have applied to his guardian crony.

A circumstance something like this took place at the *Teatro Argentina*. A tenor singer of the name of Gabrielli, brother of the great female singer of that name, was engaged there. Before he had got through five bars of his first song, the critics began to hiss and hoot, (and very deservedly so, for he was execrable), saying, "Get away, you cursed raven!" "Get off, you Goat!" On which he came forward and addressed the audience very mildly, "You fancy you are mortifying me, by hooting me; you are grossly deceived; on the contrary, I applaud your judgment, for I solemnly declare to you, that I never appeared on any stage without receiving the same treatment, and sometimes much worse!" This appeal, though it produced a momentary laugh, could not procure a second appearance for the poor fellow.

[A Sketch from the French by W. GRILLIERS.]

Strauss and his Sophie Waltz.

JOHN STRAUSS may indeed merit the epithet of the modern Orpheus, for his tender, moving, and soul-stirring music cannot fail to conquer the most inveterate enemy of Terpsichore. Ye sons and daughters of revelry, who have oft listened to his ever-gushing, inexhaustible fount of melody, cannot ye say with me that the magic sounds might indeed soothe hearts, still sighs, dry tears, tame wild beasts, and even move the stones themselves? Ye must have observed the full and syren-like beauty and poetry of his melody, in one phrase of which may be found more music—real music, than in many a heavy score. And it is not the melody alone which seizes with magical influence on the brain, and finds its way into every nook and corner of our being, but the rhythm is irresistible. His violin is the talisman by which he brings forth from the inward recess of the human soul the brightest seraphic joy, the deepest, direful woe, and then mingles them with Jove-like hand. The bow with which he draws these various colored tones from his instrument is the magic wand, which touching the desponding and grief-torn soul with a precious and healing balm of joy, lends her wings to rise phœnix-like high, high into the heaven of peace. There are numerous waltz compositions as rich in melody, but few are as rich in that melting rhythm which characterizes the music of Strauss. By turns skipping, humming, waltzing, gliding and dancing, so inviting, so irresistible that no one—without a dancer—can withstand their witching and magical influence. He is the idol of women. In every house, on every piano in Vienna, lie Strauss' waltzes. He has written over two hundred, all are favorites, all are sung, and trilled, and played throughout Europe. Plebeian and aristocrat hum and pipe them, orchestra and barrel-organ play them. We hear them in the street, at the ball, in the garden, and at the theatre. The dancing

Viennese carry him in triumph on their shoulders, and shout "Strauss for ever," the rest of Europe re-echoes the sound and cries "Strauss for ever."

Strauss, the waltz-hero, loved the daughter of a count. Sophie was her name. Her eye as blue as Italy's heaven, and softer than the sweet light of the evening star. Grace and beauty shone forth in every motion, and sweet melody in every tone. He would have given worlds to have won but one glance of love from this beautiful being, but she was cold and stern. Madness indeed it was for a poor wandering musician, with nothing but his violin, to dare to love the high-born Sophie, who had as many noble ancestors as he had waltzes.

"Rash impertinence," said Sophie; and when he came to give her brother a lesson she scarcely deigned to give him a look. Shortly afterwards Sophie became the betrothed of the Count Robert, Lord Chamberlain, who also could boast as many proud ancestors as the fair Sophie, but beyond these and his titles he had nothing else.

One day Strauss chanced to be alone with Sophie; he sank upon his knees before her, and with the burning words of the maddening passion, declared his love, and besought her to give him but one word or look ere he was driven to despair. But no tears or protestations could move her, she was as cold and unfeeling as the inanimate marble. "I am the affianced bride of Count Robert," she said, laughingly, "and if it were otherwise, think you I would become the wife of a poor musician?" She turned scornfully away and left him alone in his grief and despair. The repentance which soon awoke in the heart of Sophie came too late. The bridegroom and her father hastened the nuptial day—in eight days she would become the wife of Count Robert. The ceremony was to be performed in the grand saloon of the city, and the Count called on Strauss to request him to lead the orchestra on the occasion, and to honor his bride with the composition of a new waltz.

Strauss, the most miserable man in God's universe, promised him both. "He wishes to wound me yet more deeply," said the unhappy man to himself, "but I pardon him, and my prayer to heaven is that she may be happy, and that she never repent her choice."

But his waltz! a thought strikes him, it shall be the interpreter of his passion and his grief to Sophie, it should challenge her pity, if not her love. Oh! what glorious power, to be able to speak, to reproach, to plead; and through his divine art. To work! to work!

When all the great city slept, Strauss took his violin, opened his window, gazed out into the cold night, and improvised and moaned forth his sad tale of woe to the sweet stars above, who looked kindly down on the desolate and heart-stricken.

The day of the wedding came at last. The fearful agony of love had given him a waltz every measure of which spoke a longing sorrow and despairing woe. The hall glistened and shone with bright jewels and brighter eyes, but Sophie was more gloriously beautiful than them all. The richest gems lent their beauty and their lustre; the pure myrtle wreath bloomed in her golden hair, and the rare and costly veil shaded her beautiful features from the full gaze of the admiring crowd. Strauss, a haggard, emaciated man, with brilliant and piercing black eyes, sharp and strongly marked features, dressed from head to foot in black, as though he had assumed this mourning livery for the bride now dead to him, stood sad and silent in the gallery above, directing the movements of the orchestra. Sophie danced now with one, now with another of the wedding guests, and as often as she paused after the giddy whirl of the dance, she turned her eyes towards the pale and grief-stricken Strauss, in his robes of sorrow and mourning, and each time met his piercing look of despairing love.

It was more than pity she felt, it was remorse, it was a kindled love. A terrible pain awoke in her heart, like the swelling of a stream, growing ever deeper and wider in its onward course, which threatened to overwhelm and destroy her. How gladly would she have wept, but she dared not.

It sounded twelve; Strauss gave the signal for the performance of his new waltz. The gay dancers stood up, Sophie on the arm of the happy bridegroom. All stand spell-bound with the magic witchery of those magic sounds. They forget to dance, they gaze in wonder up at the pale man in black, whose grief-torn soul breathes out its woe through his beloved instrument. His bow moved with his heart, his spirit moves in unison. The bridegroom leads off the dance, and Strauss, with fascinated, tearful eyes, and torn heart, follows the flying pair in their giddy whirl. They dance, and dance, and dance, and still do not cease. Strauss plays, and plays, and no stop to his wonderful waltz, which so fearfully affects both him and them. They still dance, and dance; he plays, and plays; as sudden as the lightning's flash the E of his violin snaps, and at the same moment the beautiful Sophie falls dead upon the floor. Violin and bow fall from his trembling hands, and with a cry of horror, he shrieks "Sophie!" and falls fainting on the ground.

Since Sophie's death, the waltz is called by her name. Strauss loved her to the last moment of his existence. He, too, is now dead, but his charming Sophie waltz still lives.—*London Musical World*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 21, 1852.

BELLINI. On our first page is a pleasant article, (perhaps we may say reminiscence of early enthusiasm,) about this graceful and pathetic composer, kindly furnished us in anticipation of his forthcoming volume by our friend Tucker-man. We cannot agree with him, however, that Bellini was the most beautiful composer of our times, or that *Norma*, if throughout beautiful, is ever sublime. Indeed we have no memory of Bellini which suggests that term. His sweetly sad and tender strains have exercised a rare fascination upon all musically or poetically susceptible natures at some time, generally the rose-colored time of life. They are always graceful, always pathetic; but the almost uniform experience with regard to this music is that it is not bracing, strong, invigorating; that one wearies of the play upon the same ceaseless monochord of tender passion; and that the Bellini melody becomes at last, wherever met in any of his operas, only so much more variation of the old strain easily recognizable. It is only when we do not know Beethoven, or Weber, or Mendelssohn, or Mozart, that Bellini so takes possession of us as to fill our whole musical horizon. Coming after Rossini's sparkling *bravura*, he was welcome as one who more touched the heart. But then mere sentiment at last grows weak and sickly, and the explorer in the magic world of music is apt to come round again to Rossini to enjoy the vastly greater wealth and variety of actual invention, and to find in him the *genius* and the spring of the whole modern Italian lyric school. And what shall he say, when he comes to explore among the Germans!

Still the life and music of Bellini are a beautiful, poetic whole; and it is often pleasant, and indeed wholesome, to go back to that youthful glow of sentiment, in which he has been such a near friend and interpreter to so many.

But we have already given our impression of Bellini, somewhat fully, as contrasted with that of several other great composers, in a former number.

The Musical Convention.

The gathering is scarcely at its climax, while we write; but it will be all over by the time this reaches our subscribers. The time consumed in frequent attendance (yet by no means constant) on the exercises, with the excitement and confusion of so much novelty and promiscuity, hardly allows of a calm, clear-headed, comprehensive survey and estimate of the whole affair. Yet every step so far has been full of suggestion. We always find it so with these "Conventions," howsoever and by whomsoever conducted. They revive all the questions and speculations about the progress of music in this country; they perpetually renew the wonder, with which one contemplates this strange, prodigious Yankee activity in the manufacture, compilation, adaptation or perversion of loads upon loads of books of psalmody, glees, anthems, organ voluntaries and elementary treatises, to feed the not-over-squeamish, nor even delicate appetite for *something more to sing*, which they create throughout the country. They force upon one, again and again, the question whether all this musical ambition, which has developed itself in so many great schools or parties, that love to "sit in convention assembled," really points to a day when we shall be truly a musical people.

These great and general questions mingle themselves so much with the special observations and criticisms that occur in watching the movement day by day of such a gathering, as to make us wish to put the whole thing off at a good distance from us, before we can trust ourselves to see it in its true relations and seize its whole significance. Nevertheless we must remember that we are an editor, and begin, as we are *in mediis rebus*; simply recording for the present some notes of what we have witnessed, with such chance comments as they may suggest.

1. NUMBERS AND ORGANIZATION.

The number in attendance it has been hard to estimate, because it has varied very much from time to time, and because at all times one was puzzled to distinguish the "floating population,"—consisting of various honorary or ex-members of former classes, musical professors and friends of the conductors, clergymen interested in music, choristers of the city, editors and critics, &c., &c.—from the constant nucleus of the Class. There was always a clear centre and focus of business in the crowd, to be sure; but actual membership seemed to be a thing of *more or less*, graduated from that centre outwards to the curious and critical on-lookers on the outskirts, buzzing and speculating by the doors and in the lobbies. At no time has the number, both of participants and "lookers on in Venice" come so near to overflowing the Melodeon, as we were led last week to anticipate; and yet it has steadily increased from day to day. Some exercises have been less attractive than others; some are sure to draw many of the bystanders into the ranks of active participants; while others as surely create a reflux tide. A financial statement from the managers, showing how many persons have bought tickets to the course, would alone show the number really enlisted for the war; but that is a matter of their private business, which we do not know that they are under any obligation to make public. The largest number that we have seen at any one time engaged in an exercise, could not have been far from four hundred,—re-

cruited possibly by an extra hundred at the concerts.

This fluctuation of numbers has naturally involved more or less looseness of organization, and lack of unity, promptness and progressive method. It was plain to see that the ten days' period was not economized to the best advantage; teachers and all of course felt it; at the same time it would require a great head, great means and great preparation to secure any such ideal economy. It is really a great work to conduct through one of these conventions; and if at first we were continually impressed by a sense of lack of sufficient organization; if the materials appeared not to have been carefully enough "cut and dried" beforehand; if many times the thing seemed to *hang fire*, all parties being somewhat at a loss what to undertake next, and looking wistfully about for some volunteer singer, or organist, or ready lecturer to step in and play the part of a good Providence; if too many gaps had to be filled up with "talking against time" and divers amiable apologetic twaddle;—yet after all, our wonder was that so much good was in the long run evolved, by one means or another, if only by the mere magnetic contact of meeting so much together, with minds addressed towards a common end. Considering there was no bond or pledge of constancy on the part of the pupils, except free attraction, and that each came and went as inclination prompted, it was wonderful how far a very simple organization went. Each day had its programme, which was pretty regularly followed, wisely leaving room for chance varieties and opportunities of listening to artists and specimens of various kinds of music, which had to be taken as they came.

On the whole, we find ourselves arriving at the same conclusion, that we have at all of the Conventions before: namely, that, although there has been much that was valuable in the way of direct instruction by the Professors, yet the incidental advantages of such occasions are their greatest recommendation. It is like going to College. The great majority of graduates, when asked what they have gained by College life, will tell you that they are conscious of more benefit received from simply living in the academic atmosphere, with young and ardent fellows of like intellectual aspirations with themselves, and amid the inspiring circumstances of the place, than from the direct teaching of the text-book and professor. Stimulus to the musical desire, the musical curiosity, the musical faculty,—*stimulus* from the meeting of many active minds, and the flowing into the vortex thus created of much of the surrounding musical element (singers, players, bands, &c., volunteering specimens of their skill and of the works of composers known too merely by their names):—*this* is the vital principle and spring of influence in musical conventions; this is what, by an instinctive calculation, guarantees the country chorister and singing-teacher that he will not lose his week spent in attendance on these meetings, whatever the teaching, and whoever the conductor.

Let us now try to follow, in memory, the order of a working day in the convention;—a day, however, patched together out of parts of several days, the subjects of our intermittent observation.

2. THE ELEMENTARY LESSONS.

The early morning hours of each day, from

eight till ten o'clock, have been devoted to a course of lessons in Harmony and Thorough Bass, followed by another in the simple Rudiments of Reading, Writing, and Singing Music, (more especially with reference to the art of teaching them to others), by Mr. A. N. JOHNSON. Not having been able to command these hours, we can say nothing from personal observation. But in confirmation of our general remark above it may be said, that year by year the interest of the classes, in these dry exercises, once the origin and substance of the whole thing, has been on the decrease. It is not this mainly that they come for; the rudiments have got pretty generally spread; the novelty of the matter is exhausted; and this feature of the musico-educational session has shrunk into a less space than it formerly occupied, to make room for more practice and more hearing of the live substance of music itself. Yet there are those, who need and who come to learn these things, and the programme would be incomplete without them. The other exercises of the day, however, show that the great majority of the rank and file in these convention classes are already readers of music—of course with limitations.

3. GLEE AND CHORUS PRACTICE.

This has occupied the hours from 10 to 11 A. M. and from 3 to 4 P. M.; the whole class, under the direction of Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD, (one of the most talented, accomplished and sound among our young native musicians,) singing four-part pieces from a new collection just issued by Messrs. Baker and Southard, under the title of "Union Glee Book." We dread every new book added to the stock of native manufacture; since commonly musical genius and even taste have had much less to do with such productions, than a shrewd eye to mere money gain. It was encouraging, therefore, to hear three or four pieces from this book, original compositions, too, which alone were enough to save any book. One piece, by Mr. Southard, to words from Ossian ("Where thou, a Stone, dost moulder down, and lose thee in the moss of years, there shall the traveller, whistling, pass," &c.,) compares well in real beauty, dignity and contrapuntal character of style with any young American effort at composition, which we now recall. It is wrought up in a manner worthy of Dr. Callcott; and when it comes to the triumphant portion of the words: "But Fingal shall be clothed with fame," a clear, manly, and vigorous fugue sets in and proceeds with unflagging energy to the close. This piece speaks well for the original force, as well as true, persevering classical study, of the young author. And it spoke well for the growth of musical perception in the general mass of the convention, that they knew that it was good. A light little Barcarolle of Mr. Southard's also, in a minor key, and somewhat Mendelssohnian spirit, had a pleasing effect. There was also rehearsed a sort of vocal Notturmo (also by the same) with an obligato tenor melody, accompanied in sustained vowel harmonies by the whole chorus, in which there were beautiful and ingenious effects; but these were scarcely to be brought out without long practice. Indeed it was rather an instrumental than a vocal piece. A bright and jovial Glee, by Mr. Baker, also told agreeably upon the audience. These pieces were accompanied by Mr. BUTLER at the organ, and by Mr. LEAVENS and Mr. FITZ, at a grand and a square

piano—not a good combination in any case, but less offensive here than in some other kinds of music of which we have to speak. The practice was thoroughly conducted, stopping frequently to reiterate a passage until the composer-conductor's idea was satisfied; and one could not listen two or three days in succession, without feeling that much had actually been learned. Indeed these conventions, viewed as singing meetings, always seem like a daily growth from chaos into some approach to order.

4. CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE.

This exercise, under the conduct of Mr. B. F. BAKER, occupied the hour from eleven to twelve, and seemed to be always well attended. The art of delivering the voice, of producing pure, musical tone, was one of too great intrinsic interest to all our native singers, to be slighted. Of course, in these few brief opportunities, the teacher could do little more than point out a few of the most essential principles and points of a true method, prescribing the model, characterizing in contrast (which in the nature of the case involved caricaturing) the prevailing false habits, and leading the whole choir to practice each point over and over together, criticizing and correcting until it sounded right. Like all true teachers of the voice, he reduced the great mysteries of the art to a few, (we might almost say) to one very little formula—just a couple of 4-4 measures, which stood almost always written on the black-board, filled by one long note, with the sign of the swell and *dimuendo* over it. In this one art of properly commencing, swelling, diminishing and ending one tone, lies the first principle and secret of all graceful delivery of the voice; it gives the singer from the first a model, an ideal, as it were in the germ, of that ever undulating line of beauty which should mark equally the phrase, the passage, the whole composition. It was delightful to contrast the effect (in full unison chorus) of this one lesson thoroughly practised, with the first coarse and confused attempts. Simply raising the pitch of the second half of the formula one note introduced another important lesson, that of the *portamento*, or art of carrying the voice from one note to another. How many bad singers, who want neither execution nor feeling, would quite revolutionize their entire style, (or more properly, *get* style, where they had none), by radically attending to these two seemingly little, but really very great points!—The difference of the *legato* and *staccato* manners, the nature of vowel and consonant sounds, &c., &c., were among the points explained and illustrated. But we were only an occasional witness, and cannot detail the whole course.

5. ORGAN-PLAYING.

A pleasant episode here followed, at least on several days. We were glad to see partly realized a wish which we have long had with regard to these conventions; namely, that an hour, more or less, should be consecrated each day to listening to specimens of organ-playing, in the true forms of organ music. This sublime instrument is notoriously trifled with and desecrated in most of the churches in our land. In the country, especially, it is seldom known what organ-playing is. The true, the lofty contrapuntal style, the real organ style, which, if not always fugue, has always the fugue principle, or fugue spirit in it, is often so much Greek to the uninitiated at first hearing. But a few hearings prepare the mind

to feel, if not to understand its meaning; and the style is sure to grow upon one with a wondrous power. Here then is the opportunity, while singers are assembled from all parts of the country for so many days, to call in all the principal organists (resident or visitors) to give in turn some specimens of their best skill in the best music.

How far this was done on the present occasion we must tell next week, for our space is exhausted. The Concerts and some other episodes and exercises, also, still await their turn of mention.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

MME. WIEDMANN, *prima donna* from the operas at New Orleans and Paris, is in Boston, with Sig. GENIBREL, *primo basso*, and Sig. C. BASSINI, the violinist, whose performance in New York won high approval. They give a concert next week. The audience at the Convention Thursday evening seemed delighted with a touch of their quality. The lady is plainly of the Pasta and Parodi school,—vastly superior to Parodi—of the impassioned, intense order, needing the stage with room for action, but with a glorious *mezzo soprano* or *contralto* voice. There was genuine power in all she did, and we doubt if we have yet had so good a specimen of this French-Italian School. No room now for more.

OPERA HOUSE. The current report, which had gone the round of the newspapers uncontradicted, and which we copied last week, to the effect that the estate back of the Melodeon had been purchased for this object, turns out to be incorrect. The Gas company hold it at too high a price.

THE OPENING. We understand that all the principal musical societies in Boston have volunteered to take part in a grand opening concert or festival of the new Music Hall. These are, the Handel and Haydn Society, the Musical Education Society, the Musical Fund Society, the German "Maenner-Chor," under Mr. Kreissmann, and (as having established a pretty kindred relationship with Boston, by repeated and long visits) the Germania Musical Society. The best available solo talent, at that time in the country, will also probably be engaged. We hope that it will be made more than one concert; that it will be made a festival, with a morning, afternoon and evening performance; one being oratorio, another instrumental, in the great form of symphony, &c.; and the third miscellaneous. Such an announcement would draw many to the city and redound to the treasury of the Music Hall,—perhaps go far towards furnishing the means for a first-class organ, which seems all-essential to the completeness of its character, as the Music Hall of Boston.

TREMONT TEMPLE is rebuilding rapidly. It is said (we know not with what authority) that it also will be finished in November. The great hall, whose floor is to cover the entire third story of the building, will, it is said, equal in area the Boston Music Hall. A superb organ, on a larger scale than any in this country, is already commenced for it, at the factory of the Messrs. Hook, in this city.

MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY. At a meeting held on Friday, of last week, Mr. AUGUST FRIES was chosen conductor, and Mr. RIBAS substitute, in place of Mr. GEORGE J. WEBB, whose other cares and duties compel him to resign this. He still continues, we understand, to serve as President. The rehearsals will commence next month, and the new music selected in Europe by Mr. Fries, to supply the place of that lost in the Tremont Temple, is already on its way.

MR. HELMSMÜLLER's connection with the "Germania Society" has ceased. A gentleman from Baltimore succeeds him as agent.

England.

THE FESTIVALS. The London season, of Operas, Chamber Concerts, Philharmonics, &c., is over; only one novelty remained—Jullien's new opera at the Royal Italian—"and then" (says the *Musical World*) "away, not to the moors, but to the musical festivals." These will about consume the month of September; three of

them, giants, treading one close upon the heels of another. First and greatest comes the

1. BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL, on the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of September. The principal singers engaged are:

"Madame Viardot Garcia, Madame Castellan, Miss Dolby, Mlle. Anna Zerr, Mlle. Bertrandi, Miss M. Williams, and Madame Clara Novello; Signor Tamberlik, Mr. Lockey, Mr. T. Williams, and Mr. Sims Reeves; Herr Formes, Mr. Weiss, Signor Polonini, and Signor Belletti. The principal solo performers are:—Violin, M. Sainton; violoncello, Signor Piatti; contrabasso, Signor Bottesini."

The programmes are of the solid, mountainous order, which it would frighten anybody but John Bull to think of trying to digest. Five heavy oratorios in four days! In the first two days Mendelssohn occupies almost the whole field, especially two of his posthumous works, here given for the first time. The following is an outline.

Tuesday morning—*Elijah*.

Tuesday evening—*Walpurgis Night*, and miscellaneous concert.

Wednesday morning—Mendelssohn's *Christus*, a motet of Dr. Wesley, and the *Creation*.

Wednesday evening—Miscellaneous concert, including the finale to *Loreley*, by Mendelssohn.

Thursday morning—*The Messiah*.

Thursday evening—Beethoven's Choral Symphony, and a miscellaneous concert.

Friday morning—*Samson*, which has never been performed at any Birmingham Musical Festival in a complete form.

Mr. Costa will be conductor. The Chorus will consist of 80 sopranos, 80 altos, 80 tenors and 84 basses; the orchestra, of 28 first violins (Sainton and Blagrove being principals), 26 second violins, 18 tenors, 19 violoncellos (including Piatti, solo,) 17 double-basses (including Bottesini, solo,) 4 flutes, 4 oboes, 4 clarinets, 4 bassoons, 4 trumpets, 4 horns, 3 trombones, 1 ophicleide, 2 serpents; drums, triangle &c.

2. HEREFORD FESTIVAL. The "Festival of the three Choirs" of Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester, will commence on Monday, September 13th, and close on Friday, the 17th. We copy from the *Times* of August 3d:

"There will be as usual four performances of sacred music at the Cathedral, and three evening concerts at the Shire-hall. On Tuesday morning (the 14th) there will be, as customary, full cathedral service and a sermon. The service will open with the 100th Psalm, old version (Luther,) the preces, responses, and chant will all be Tallis's, and the *Te Deum*, as usual, that composed by Handel for the Dettingen victory. The anthem selected is one by the organist of Hereford Cathedral and the conductor of the festival, Mr. G. Townsend Smith, 'Behold God is mighty;' and before the sermon an anthem by Mendelssohn, from Psalm 95, 'O come let us worship,' will be given. Dr. Croft's 'Cry aloud and shout' will follow the sermon. On Wednesday morning Haydn's *Creation*, will be given entire; the principal solo parts by the principal singers, Clara Novello, Miss Williams, Mrs. Endersohn, Herr Formes, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Phillips. Mr. Sims Reeves will also sing the recitative and air, 'Sound an alarm,' from *Judas Maccabees*; and the Kyrie Eleison, the Gloria, Sanctus, and Benedictus, from Beethoven's service in C will close the second morning's performance of sacred music. On Thursday morning there will be a double attraction in two oratorios not very frequently performed at these festivals, viz., Mendelssohn's *St Paul* and Dr. Spohr's *Last Judgment*. Friday, the last morning, will be devoted as usual to the *Messiah*. The evening concerts at the Shire-hall present no great novelty, if we except the introduction of glees and madrigals, which of late, especially since the establishment of the 'English Glee and Madrigal Union,' have become more popular and fashionable. All three of the concerts are 'Miscellaneous,' comprising *excerpts* from the *repertoires* of the old opera and instrumental composers, Spohr, Mozart, Bellini, Weber, Donizetti, Beethoven, &c., with some bits from more modern writers; glees by Webb, Sir H. Bishop, the Earl of Mornington, Dr. Arne and Stevens; and madrigals by Welbys and Macfarren. The principal singers have also songs allotted to them. In the secular instrumental department we have the overtures to Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, Weber's *Oberon*, a concert overture in A minor (MS.), by A. Mellor, and Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*. Beethoven's Symphony in D will be given on the Wednesday evening, and a symphony in A major by Mendelssohn will open Thursday evening's performances. As usual at Hereford there will be a ball after the concerts on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. The band is from the usual London sources, under the leadership of Mr. H. Blagrove, and the chorus is selected from the Philharmonic Concerts, and the cathedral choirs and choral societies of Hereford, Gloucester and Worcester."

3. NORWICH FESTIVAL. Sept. 21st, 22d, 23d and 24th. This was postponed last year on account of the absence in America of M. Jules Benedict, who has usually con-

ducted it. This year again he directs all the arrangements. He has engaged as principal singers: Madame Viardot, Madame Fiorentini, Misses Louisa Pyne, Dolby, and Alleyne; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Locket, and Weiss, Signor Gardoni, Signor Belletti, and Herr Formes.

The programme promises a great amount of novelty. There will be two new English oratorios; one by Dr. Bexfield, and one by Mr. Pierson, who formerly held the chair as Professor of Music at the University of Edinburgh.

The evening concerts will comprise selections from Spohr's *Faust*, Macfarren's *Charles the Second*, Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, Benedict's *Minnesinger*, the finale of Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, *Loreley*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* of the same composer, with Mrs. Fanny Kemble to read the text.

The orchestra and chorus will be on the same magnificent scale as is usual at the Norwich Festival. More than one hundred of the executants have been selected from London. The soloists will be Sainton, Blagrove, and Bottesini.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. Among the last performances were the *Puritani* and *Anna Bolena*, with Grisi and Mario in each. In the Percy of the latter piece, Mario is said (by the *Musical World*) to have surpassed Rubini, and that "in spite of a certain prodigality in the use of the falsetto" in the cavatina: *Vivi tu*. Marini's Henry VIII. was "studied and careful, but somewhat wanting in the necessary weight and dignity."

Julien's first lyric work: *Pietro il Grande*, was announced for August 7th. Great was the curiosity to hear; the singers delighted with their parts, and success predicted by the rehearsal-favored cognoscenti. We find the following account of the plot:

"The piece is divided into three acts. In act one, Peter and his suite are working in the dockyard of Zaandam, in Holland. They are all disguised. Among the women who supply the workmen with provisions is Catherine, who falls in love with Peter. Catherine has a sweetheart, whom she makes jealous by her seeming preference to Peter. This gives rise to a 'row,' which leads to an attempt on the part of the sweetheart to kill Peter when all have retired, but Catherine steps in and saves his life. Subsequently, Peter's incognito is disclosed, when he sets sail for Russia, leaving poor Catherine in despair.

"In the second act—several years subsequent to the first, according to history—the scene takes place before the battle of Pultava, or Pultowa. The Russian and Swedish armies are encamped within sight of each other. Peter, secure in his position, gives a grand feast in his tent. In the midst of their revelling, Catherine breaks into their tent, and informs them that the Swedish army is being reinforced by an immense body of Turkish troops, and that the two armies together are marching upon the Russian camp. At Catherine's instigation, Peter gives her jewels of price, with which she hastens to the Grand Vizier, and induces him, by these presents and her own melting words, to draw off his force. The Swedes alone attack the Russians, and are defeated with great loss. Thus Catherine saves Peter and his entire army from destruction.

"In act the third, we are in the Kremlin, at Moscow. It is night, and a band of conspirators steal into the silent and deserted street, and there swear to assassinate Peter that night. Heading the conspirators is Rossomak, Hetman of the Cossacks—the Iago of the piece—who hates Peter for several reasons, and is banished by him to Siberia. The conspirators have escaped from the mines of Siberia, and have come to Moscow to take revenge on Peter for his fancied neglect and severities. Time and circumstances favor their attempt. It is the night when, according to royal Russian usage, the Tzar has to select his empress from the daughters of the Boyars or noblemen assembled on the occasion. (In this incident, Mr. Desmond Ryan is borne out by history. After such fashion did Alexis, father of Peter, choose his Tzarina.) The Royal Palace is thrown open, and all visitors admitted. So far, so good for the assassins. While they take the oath of murder in the street, they are overheard. Catherine, in the hope of again seeing Peter, has journeyed to Moscow, and has just entered within the Kremlin, and in sight of the Palace, when she falls exhausted on the steps of a church door, and hearing footsteps, conceals herself behind a pillar. In this position she learns the designs of the conspirators; and when they depart, she hastens to the palace, gains admission to Peter, and apprises him of his danger. Precautions are carefully taken, by which the assassins are drawn into their own net and entrapped. Peter, who loves 'even-handed justice,' deals with Rossomak himself, and kills him with the weapon directed against his own life. Thus Peter, for the third time, is saved by Catherine, and acknowledging the interposition of Providence in her person, he selects her for his imperial partner.

"The author of the book has violated history to the utmost," &c.

"The following will be the cast of the principals:—

Peter, Tamberlik; Menzikoff, Stigelli; Galitzin, Soldi; Lefort, Tagliacico; Sherematoff, Polonini; Bauer, Luigi Mei; Hetman Rossomak, Formes; Zeinberg, Rommi; and Catherine, Anna Zerr.

"Upon the scenery, decorations, and appointments, the management has been more lavish than ever. The battle scene, in the second act, we understand, will be one of the most gorgeous and magnificent spectacles ever presented on any stage; while the imperial throne-room, in the last act, with the assemblage of courtiers, nobles, ladies, pages, officers of all hues and climes, &c., &c., will be no less striking and splendid.

"The ballet constitutes an important item in Julien's opera. In the first act a grand *fête* takes place in the dockyard of Zaandam, in which there are some exceedingly charming and characteristic dances; and in the last scene, in the palace, there is introduced the Mazurka, Polonaise, and dances with choruses."

HER MAJESTY'S. Sontag, it appears, declines singing twelve nights, as announced, before visiting America. Lumley brings a suit against her in Paris; but the Countess pleads that certain monies had not been prepaid at the time Lumley promised.

Among the recent performances, the appearance of Mme. Charton in the *Sonnambula* has excited most attention. The *Athenæum* joins in the general praise of this lady's performances in French comic opera at the St. James's Theatre:

"There, the agreeable and caressing tones of her voice, the expressiveness and pretty grace of her personations, made want of power unfit and want of finish forgotten. But the requirements of Bellini are not more different from those of Auber and Thomas than are the attributes respectively demanded by Mr. Lumley's and by Mr. Mitchell's theatres; and we are sorry that if the clever and charming lady must exchange the small French for the great Italian stage, she should have ventured her first experiment by attempting *La Sonnambula* in a theatre where Pasta, Persiani, Lind and Sontag have been the *Aminas* before her, and without apparently having prepared herself for change of occupation by practice.—Her voice has not attained the length and largeness of delivery demanded by Italian *cantabile*: her execution is not sufficiently clear or accentuated to deliver the *bravura* passages belonging to the two great airs which the part contains. Want of stamens and a smallness were to be felt throughout Mme. Charton's treatment of the music, somewhat at variance with her true and unaffected conception of the simplicity, tenderness and distress of the character. Her Italian, too, is curiously nipped and pinched, and every vowel is mystified. In short, Madame Charton has a long course of up-hill vocal labor to go through, which she may not prove physically qualified to sustain, before she can maintain a prominent place on the Italian stage. Yet, however obviously this be needed, a personal charm and (to repeat our first epithet) pleasantness kept the new *Amina* in the good graces of her audience."

MORE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF MENDELSSOHN.—Chorley, in the *Athenæum*, gives a "glimpse into the form and nature" of the finished portions of Mendelssohn's third oratorio: "Christus;" viz. *Recitatives, Trio and Choruses*. Op. 97, (of the posthumous works, No. 26.) These have been published in London, with an English version by W. Bartholomew, and are to be brought out (as we have noted above) at the Birmingham Festival. The critic thinks it due to the composer's memory to believe that, in the finished state of the "Christus," he would have altered several of these movements, as he did in "Elijah" even after its public performance in Birmingham. He would give "the benefit of a doubt" to a collection of scattered pieces, some of which, he says, too closely reproduce effects already indicated in "Elijah" and "St. Paul."

"On the other hand, they evince that, as he proceeded, Mendelssohn was increasingly anxious for pure and healthy simplicity of structure. The *trio* for the three male voices, 'Say, where is he born?' is capital as a piece of tuneable, manly, and natural part-writing. Very sweet and serene, too, with great dignity of line, (as the painters might say,) is the opening of the chorus 'There shall be a star from Jacob come forth.' Another point to be noticed of great power and beauty is, the unusual close of the chorus 'He stirreth up the Jews.' Bold, massive, and full of ruthless power is the fragment 'We have a sacred law.' As a whole, the short choruses, interspersed with recitative, in what may be called the trial scene before *Pilate*, might, it is possible, have been restudied by Mendelssohn as too fragmentary in effect,—they not being mere ejaculations and arid responses hindling together the dialogue, and working it up to some explosion, (an effect well understood by him, as the contest between *Elijah* and the Priests of *Baal* testifies,) so much as short, separate movements, each one of which tantalizes the ear by a new musical subject, susceptible of development. Perhaps Mendelssohn's extreme veneration for Sebastian Bach may have here taken the form of an unconscious adoption of the manner displayed in the *Passions' Musik*."

"About one of these choruses there will be no dispute: we allude to the movement 'Daughters of Israel,' in which the tone of lament without lacrymose languor is sustained with a simple pathos and a refined art that can hardly be sufficiently studied—that cannot be too much admired. We should imagine that this must have been the produce of one of those happiest moments of inspiration when the thought, Minerva-like, springs forth 'with all its armor on,' and the idea and its expression are felt and are uttered as one. The resumption of the theme by the male singers—the wailing motion of the accompaniment, (pp. 36-7) so independent of the voices, yet so agreed with them—may be cited as touches of the master in a movement throughout masterly. When we compare these few pages—so simple of execution, so immediate in their effect, yet to the structure of which so much of the highest skill has been brought in utterance of the highest poetry—to some of the furious and vehement and scarcely accessible monstrosities of what is called the new school, it seems as if we were dealing with things that had no common purpose—no common meaning—no common language."

2. The other publication is: *Six Songs, with Piano-forte accompaniment*. op. 99. (Posthumous, No. 23,) with English version by Bartholomew. These are pronounced fully worthy of their composer; but the critic justly says: "They must be sung with the German—not the English—words. Indeed, as a body, Mendelssohn's songs are too largely shut up from English singers by want of taste in the translated text."

Germany.

VIENNA. The anniversary of Gluck's birth was celebrated here on the 4th inst. Some few years since, his admirers restored the monument erected to his memory in the cemetery of Mäzleindorf. A small marble tablet, let into the masonry of the original monument, bears the following inscription:—

"Here lies a good and loyal German—a zealous Christian, and a faithful husband—the Chevalier CHRISTOPHER GLUCK, a great master of the sublime Art of Music. He died on the 15th of November, 1787."

Verdi is to compose an opera for the next season of the Theatre Italien.—Leopold de Meyer has got back here; he will pass some time hydropathically at Grafenberg, and return to pass the next winter at Paris.—In the autumn, *Udine*, a new opera by M. Swoff, aid-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia, director of the imperial chapel and author of the National Hymn, will be produced at the court theatre.—A mass, by the chapel-master Assmayer, was performed on the 18th July, the anniversary of the foundation of the Academy of Music.

HAMBURG. Mme. Otto Goldschmidt and husband have just left for the baths of Scheveningen, in Holland.—Pischek has made his appearance in *Une nuit à Grenade*.

BRUNSWICK. The Musical Festival took place on the 1st and 4th of July. Among other things, Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Beethoven's choral symphony were performed. The rumor, copied into the English papers, that Mme. Goldschmidt was to sing, proves to have been incorrect.

Italy.

FLORENCE. Rossini presided recently over a performance of his admirable choruses: "Faith, Hope and Charity," in a concert of the Philharmonic Society. (These pieces are written in three parts for female voices.) Several illustrious amateurs took part, as the princess Poniatowski and the countess Orsini.

It is said that Rossini was never in better health than he is at present. The following circumstance connected with the great maestro is reported as having recently occurred in Florence. For the last two years, the Sultan, who is exceedingly fond of music, has on several occasions offered Rossini fabulous sums of money, besides all sorts of Turkish decorations and orders of merit, on condition that he would compose him some lyrical work or other. As Rossini never returned any answer, his Highness determined to send one of the *attachés* of the Embassy with strict orders not to leave him without having obtained something for the theatre at Constantinople. The *attaché* accordingly visited Rossini, who received him with his accustomed politeness, and begged him to wait a few seconds. The composer then went up stairs to his study. About an hour afterwards he came down again with a manuscript, hardly dry, in his hand. "Will you be kind enough to give that to the Sultan?" said he to the *attaché*. "What is the price?" asked the latter. "Nothing—I am only too happy that I am able to do anything that can please his Highness." Knowing the Sultan's taste for military music, Rossini had composed a new march.—*London Musical World*.

MILAN. The young maestro, Emanuele Muzzio, is

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[Translated for this Journal; from the French of P. SCUPO.]

The Great Contralto Singers—Alboni.

The female *contralto*, as a solo voice, first rose to importance with the music of ROSSINI. The GAFORINI, the MALANOTTE, the MARCOLINI, the MARIANI, Mme. PISARONI, Mme. PASTA and Mme. MALIBRAN:—these are the principal representatives of that group of *contralti*, which exercised so remarkable an influence upon Rossini's talent. To this group too ALBONI must be added.

Of these great singers, some personify the serious, others the comic side of the Italian genius. And some there are so marvellously endowed, that they succeed in both kinds. The first of them all, in chronological order, the GAFORINI, excelled particularly in the *buffo* music. Elisabeta Gaforini was one of the most charming virtuosos of the commencement of the nineteenth century. She shone in Italy, and in the principal cities of Europe, through nearly the period from 1796 to 1815. She possessed a very supple and very sonorous contralto voice, which went up to F, and down to A. She was particularly admired in the *Dama Soldata* of Federici, in the *Ser Marc' Antonio* of Pavesi, and in *Il Ciabatino*.

The name of ADELAIDE MALANOTTE is consecrated by the memory of an immortal masterpiece. Rossini found the Malanotte, in 1813, at Venice, where she had come recommended by some successes obtained in public concerts and in secondary theatres. He wrote for her the

rôle of Tancredi. From that time the fame of the Malanotte spread with éclat throughout all Italy, and her name lives there yet under the shadow of the happy and brilliant genius, of whom she was the favorite singer and whose immortal glory she inaugurated. Uniting all the graces of the woman to a powerful, pure and facile contralto voice, the Malanotte sang with as much force as feeling, and knew how to combine the gracefulness of fancy with the most pathetic movements. It was she, who, not contented with the first air which the young *maestro* wrote for her, required another and furnished occasion, by this caprice of a *prima donna assoluta*, for the creation of the famous cavatina: *Tu che accendi*, which the whole world knows by heart. When, in the beautiful duo between Tancredi and Argerio, the Malanotte, brandishing her sword, launched forth that incomparable phrase: *Il vivo lampo di questa spada!* she wrung from the whole house cries and bursts of enthusiasm. Little did they foresee the sad end in reserve for her. After some years of triumph and intoxication, the marvellous *cantatrice*, for whom was composed the air: *Di tanti palpiti e di tanti pene*, . . . that hymn of youth and of love which she probably inspired, the Malanotte died forsaken and almost crazy at the age of forty-seven years.

The Italian *buffo* music found in MARIETTA MARCOLINI, as in the Gaforini, a worthy and a charming interpreter. Marietta Marcolini began to be distinguished as a singer about 1805. Her beautiful contralto voice, which at the furthest went only to F sharp, was of a surprising flexibility. Rossini first had occasion to know her in 1811, at Bologna, where, at the age of nineteen, he wrote for her the *Equivoco Stravagante*. In 1812 he found her again at Milan, and composed for her *la Pietra del Paragone*; then, in 1813, *l'Italiana in Algeri* at Venice, in the same year and same city which saw the birth of his *Tancredi*. The Marcolini was a delicious singer in the *opera buffa*. She had a *brío*, a transporting fervor, an amiable and facile gaiety, which radiated like the light and became contagious. The *arie di bravura*, written to her order, which terminate *la Pietra del Paragone*, and *l'Italiana*, remain like sweet witnesses to the admirable flexibility of her voice and to the happy ascendancy which she knew how to acquire over the genius of the first dramatic composer of our time.

A wholly different vocation summoned the PISARONI to the interpretation of the tragic

master-pieces of Rossini. BENEDETTA-ROSA-MONDA PISARONI was born at Piacenza in 1793. After learning music under the direction of an obscure master of her native city, she took lessons in singing of the famous Marchesi, who taught her the principles of the beautiful school of the eighteenth century. When she made her *début*, at the age of eighteen, in the rôles of the Griselda and the Camilla of Paër, Mme. Pisaroni had a high soprano voice. After a severe illness which she had towards the year 1813, she lost several notes in the upper register, while the low tones acquired a powerful and unexpected sonorousness. Then she found herself obliged to sing the parts written for the contralto, and became one of the greatest singers of her time. Mme. Pisaroni redeemed the inequality of her voice by a *grandiose* and *portamento* style, which recalled the large manner of Pachierotti and Guadagni (male sopranos in the latter part of the eighteenth century.) She came to Paris in 1827, and made her *début* in the rôle of Arsace in *Semiramide*. The whole house was transported with enthusiasm, at hearing Mme. Pisaroni exclaim with a formidable voice: *Eccomi in Babilonia!* She was equally admirable in the duet with Assur: *E dunque vero, audace?* and in that of the second act between Semiramis and Arsace: *Eh! ben a te ferisci?* She proved to Mme. MALIBRAN that youth, voice, energy, and even the suddennesses of genius cannot always compete advantageously against a style simple, grand and true. Rossini wrote for Mme. Pisaroni the part of Malcolm in *la Donna del Lago*, and afterwards the part of Ricciardo in *Ricciardo et Zoraida*.

It was also a talent wonderfully fitted to translate the serious creations of Rossini, which was admired in Judith Negri, so celebrated under the name of Mme. PASTA. Born at Como of an Israelite family, in 1798, she at first studied music in a little school very obscure, and was then admitted to the Conservatory of Milan, at that time under the direction of Asioli. Her thick, unequal, muffled *mezzo-soprano* voice was with great difficulty rendered supple, and Mme. Pasta never was completely mistress of this rebellious organ. Her first trial was at an amateur theatre, and her next at the theatre in Brescia. She came to Paris for the first time in 1816, and here passed entirely without recognition. It was only at the beginning of the year 1822 that the reputation of Mme. Pasta spread in Europe. Handsome, intel-

lignant, impassioned, she made up for the imperfections of her organ by incessant labor, by a noble, tender, learned style. A tragic actress of the first order, whose elegant and true gesture Talma himself admired, she submitted her least inspirations to the control of a refined taste, and trusted nothing to hap-hazard. Her intonations and her paces were arranged beforehand. No one has sung the rôle of Tancredi at Paris, like Mme. Pasta. She was sublime in the Romeo of Zingarelli, and, in the Nina of Paisiello, she recalled the celebrated Coltellini and the prodigies of the great century of Art.

It is well known that very opposite qualities placed Mme. MALIBRAN in the first rank of the great dramatic singers of the nineteenth century. The daughter of the tenor Garcia had received with life a whole heritage of passions. Endowed with an extended and nervous voice, which went up to the C in *alt* of the sopranos, and down to the F of the contraltos, she found nothing too difficult for her audacious and her marvellous facility. She sang all rôles and all kinds; arch in the Rosina of the "Barber of Seville," impassioned in the Desdemona of *Otello*, she had the ambition, the ardor, the éclat and the inequalities of genius. Taken altogether, her talent admirably sums up the most diverse instincts and the rarest faculties of the great Italian singers. To no one else has it been given to unite, with so much brilliancy and spontaneity, the tragic passion and the *buffo* verve. In this singular duality reside the originality of Mme. Malibran and her true title to glory.

A lively interest given to the *buffo* music, and the laying down with power and with effect the bases of interpretation of the masterpieces of tragic music:—such, we have seen, are the great results which assign to certain modern *cantatrici* a very special place in the annals of the Italian art. To-day there is no longer the same part to fill. There is no longer a great school requiring furtherance through its stages of development; this school is formed, it has produced its *chefs-d'œuvre*, its revolution is accomplished; but to this so fruitful movement a sad reaction has succeeded: the worship of instrumentation tends everywhere to supplant that of song. In view of these tendencies, the interpretation of the masterpieces of the beginning of this century becomes again *apropos*; only it is less favored by the general sympathies. A struggle becomes necessary, in the name of the finest traditions of the art, against what is sought to be substituted for them. The mission of the singer becomes more difficult, but it gains also in importance. Never has the condition of music more imperiously demanded that the art of singing should find inspired defenders in talents of a select order; never has the orchestra so energetically disputed with Melody the place which the composers of the eighteenth century had conquered for her. It is in the midst of such a situation that a singer has presented herself, who is the heiress of the method which, from the very creation of the lyric drama, has made illustrious so many Italian virtuosos. One may imagine, then, with what curiosity and what interest the débuts of Mlle. ALBONI must have been regarded.

Rossini had not disdained to watch over the musical education of the young *cantatrice*. They say, he repeated to her, as he persuaded her to go upon the stage, the words of old Porpora to

his pupil, the famous Cafarelli: "Go, my daughter, you are now the first singer in Europe. Imitate no one, do just the contrary of what you shall hear done around you, and you may then be certain of walking in the way of salvation." This word vividly describes the difficult and brilliant part which might belong, among the modern singers, to Mlle. Alboni.

MARIETTA ALBONI was born in a little city of Romagna. Her voice is a veritable contralto of the most sweet and most sonorous. It goes down to F in the bass clef and up to the C in *alt* of the soprano; that is to say, it traverses a compass of two octaves and a half. The first register commences with the F in the bass and reaches to the same note in the *medium*: here lies the real body of Alboni's voice, and the admirable *timbre* of this register colors and characterizes all the rest. The second register extends from the G of the *medium* to the F above; and the remaining compass of a fourth above that, forming the third portion, is but an elegant sumptuousness of nature. One must hear, to conceive with what incredible skill the artist uses this magnificent instrument! It is the pearly, light and fluid vocalization of Persiani, joined to the brilliancy and pomp of style of Pisaroni. Nothing can give an idea of this voice always united, always equal, which vibrates without effort and of which each note opens like a rose-bud. No cry, no pretended dramatic contortion, to bruise and wound your tympanum under the pretext of moving you to tears!—as if a verse of Virgil or of Racine, which easily penetrates to the heart, were the less true or the less beautiful for that. No doubt, the admirable voice of Mlle. Alboni is not without some imperfections; it counts several notes that are feeble and slightly dull, as *sol*, *la*, *si*, *do*, notes which serve as the transition between the chest voice, of an unparalleled beauty, and the register of sounds formed above the larynx, commonly called the *head tones*. When the singer is not careful, this little *heath* enlarges, and these notes appear a little stifled. It is quite evident that the *virtuosa* glides over this little *bridge of sighs* with all sorts of precautions, and that she evinces a satisfaction when she arrives at a real tone of her contralto voice, which she makes leap out and vibrate with so much the more sonorousness. Frequently she contrasts these two registers with an exquisite taste, balancing herself lightly on the mixed note before bounding upon the *terra firma* of her chest voice, which she governs with a supreme authority. We have heard her make a gamut from the C in *alt* down to F in the bass; this gamut flew before the ear with the rapidity of lightning, without your losing a single note, and all this was done with an unconcern entirely hopeless for mediocrity.

When Mlle. Alboni appeared at the Opera some months since (Paris, Oct. 1849), she excited a general enthusiasm. In spite of her prodigious success then, in four concerts, with two or three pieces chosen to bring out the marvellous qualities of her voice and of her vocalization, there was still some fear lest this admirable virtuoso should prove less brilliant on the stage, in a dramatic action demanding more force and variety. This fear soon passed away. Mlle. Alboni made her début at the Théâtre-Italien in the character of Arsace in Rossini's *Semiramide*. There she displayed the same superior qualities of the *cantatrice* and certain fine shades of style which the

action of the stage brought out for the first time. Thus, she is admirable in the duet of the first act: *Serbami ognor*, and in the Andante of the aria which she sings at the commencement of the second act, after having learned the name of her father: *In sì barbara sciagura*. Her incomparable voice and her tender style draw tears from the most hardened hearts; and with what elegance, what penetrating emotion she exhales that adorable phrase: *Or che il ciel ti rende il figlio*, in the duo of the second act!

Undoubtedly Alboni is not a tragedian like Mme. Pasta, nor even like Mme. Grisi. In this exquisite talent of her's, one might desire a little more force, a little more emphasis and depth. She has not brought out with sufficient energy the recitative in the first act: *Eccomi al fine in Babilonia!* which Mme. Pisaroni pronounced with so much majesty and amplitude, and we have also found her a little soft in the duet with Assur: *E dunque vero, audace*. The syllable, a little too much caressed and allowed to die away by the singer, was not articulated neatly enough. The part of Cinderella, which Mlle. Alboni took up after that of Arsace, is infinitely more favorable to her, in that it requires less of passion and dramatic contrasts than of vocal grace and flexibility. Since Mlle. Mombelli, who, in 1823, first revealed to a Parisian public the beauties of this delicious score of Rossini, and who made herself especially remarkable by the *brio* and the vigor which she displayed in the finale of the first act and in the admirable sextuor of the second, no Italian singer has ever sung the part of Cinderella with so much charm and suavity as Mlle. Alboni. I know very well that a rigorous criticism might demand more *verve*, more comic sharpness and vivacity; but it seems to me that the expression of a leaping, flashing gaiety is as foreign to the nature of her talent as the cry of grief. Mlle. Alboni delights in the temperate regions, in the style of half-character, which allows her to unfold, without effort, all the delicacies of her incomparable organ. If you would have an idea of a perfect vocalization joined to one of the most beautiful contralto voices that have ever existed, you must hear Alboni sing the final air in *la Cenerentola*:

Non più mesta
A canto al fuoco. . .

The part of Malcolm in *la Donna del Lago* will add nothing to the reputation of the *cantatrice*. In this new creation, Mlle. Alboni has displayed, as in the *Cenerentola* and in the *Semiramide*, more grace and sweetness than dramatic energy. Whatever the imperfections which we have had to remark in her talent, Mlle. Alboni is a singer of the first order and of the great school of the nineteenth century, which has produced the Gaforinis, the Malanottes, the Marcolinis, the Pisaronis. Endowed with a certainty of taste which Malibran might have envied, superior perhaps to Pasta in the charm of style, possessing a voice of greater compass and less unequal than that of Pisaroni, MARIETTA ALBONI is an eminent virtuoso, who will leave another great name in the history of Art. That melodious music, the calm and serene expression of love, which we meet in certain composers of the eighteenth century and in some of the operas of Rossini, could not, we believe it, have a more delicate interpreter.

PERGOLESE. We returned to sleep at Portici; the next morning, we had an excellent breakfast

of ham, fresh figs, and a bottle of lagrima Christi. After discussing which, Fleming and myself mounted our donkeys, and, accompanied by our guides, began the ascent of Mt. Vesuvius. We passed through fields covered with fig and mulberry trees, and our guide pointed out the favorite retreat of Pergolese, the great composer. Here he was said to indulge his fatal tendency to melancholy; yet, perhaps, had he not been of that melancholy temperature, he would not have composed his celebrated "Stabat Mater dolorosa," or his intermezzo, "La Serva Padrona," both of which I heard with such delight at Naples.

He died at the early age of twenty-seven; it was supposed by poison, given by a brother composer, jealous of his transcendent talents.

I never heard the following truly poetic lines, written by Mr. Rogers, author of the Pleasures of Memory, set to music and sung with exquisite pathos by my ever lamented friend Mrs. Crouch, without thinking of poor Pergolese's untimely death.

"Go, you may call it madness, folly,
You cannot chase my gloom away,
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay.

Ah! did you know what pensive pleasure
Rends my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure
Monarchs are too poor to buy."

Reminiscences of Michael Kelly.

SONTAG-IANA.

We have already translated for our readers the history of the great German singer's career, by SCUDO, with his own warm but discriminating estimate of her artistic qualities. We have also given the evidently quite unprofessional impression of the lady correspondent of the *Intelligencer*. The following, from different sources, may pass also for what they are worth.

1. In a late number of the *Courier des Etats Unis* there is an appreciation of her by no less a critic than HECTOR BERLIOZ. The essential part of it is as follows:

"She unites all the qualities—although not in an equal degree—all like to find in an artist: sweetness never surpassed, agility almost fabulous, expression, and the most perfect intonation. On she carols, higher and higher, like a lark at 'heaven's gate,' so soft, so clear, so wonderfully distinct that, like the silver bell from the altar, it is heard through the pealing organ. But her principal merit, in our eyes, is the absence of 'rant'—the substitute of genius—in any shape whatever. She always SINGS, and does not depend on mere strength of lungs—erroneously called 'power.' She never strains her delicate organ—that sweet instrument so susceptible of every shade of expression. How fortunate for our young singers that, like the nuns in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, she left the tomb of the seven ancestors, bestowed by the King of Prussia upon the Countess de Rossi, to teach them the wide difference between singing and screaming, and to show how we all, during the last ten years, have been listening to, and adoring false prophets."

2. The *Tribune* translates from the New York *Allgemeine Zeitung* part of "an elaborate article copied from the writings of BÖRNE, for years the most influential of recent German authors and the writer of the well-known *Letters from Paris*, describing the first appearance of Sontag, many years since, before the honest-hearted and enthusiastic people of Southern Germany." The scene of the description is Frankfurt:

"In truth, since I have myself heard the enchantress, I am bewitched like the others and no longer know what I say. But as in the twilight of a dream I remember, that before my soul's

transmigration, I was of the opinion that we Germans, who are so hard to rouse into enthusiasm, who begin to be intoxicated when others are getting over their headache—it was my opinion that we ought not to yield up our virgin hearts to the first charming apparition. I remember I held it to be thoughtless extravagance. But now I think otherwise, and I say: It is lovely; let us enjoy the moment, and why refuse to enjoy it? why sacrifice it to the future? Who knows how long it will be before we are again permitted thus loudly to utter our admiration and pay our homage to a divinity of our own free choice, and not imposed on us by accident? And now I desire to praise this enchantress, who has transformed an entire nation; but where shall I find the words? Even the endless array of mere paper words that we have created in Frankfurt since our senses were taken from us, even these are exhausted. One might offer a prize of a hundred ducats for the invention of a new adjective, never before employed, and nobody could gain the prize.

"The several judges have given their verdict; her charming person, her playing, her singing, can be compared to every thing that is lovely, for such a union of all these gifts of Nature and Art was never found in any other singer. To this, also, I assent, though the rareness of this union did not delude me; for with all my efforts I could not see and hear her at the same time, and I had to think of her points of excellence one by one, together, in order to arrive at the sum of her worth. But of one thing I am certain, and that is, that what could raise the whole of a German work-day city into such festal excitement, without the command of either the almanac or the police, must be something admirable, something beautiful. To praise our songstress, then, let me speak of the excitement she has produced, for such universal intoxication, even if not to the credit of the drinker, is to the glory of the wine.

"Even the Jews experienced a slight dizziness, and when at the Exchange you heard them speak of Eighth and Quarter, you were doubtful whether they meant musical beats or per cents. The price of tickets to the theatre was doubled, a thing unheard of, for we Frankforters, rich as we are, regard every unusual expense as intolerable. Spectators poured along in vast crowds, not merely the inhabitants of the town, not merely the people of the neighboring cities; but from a distance, from Cologne and Hanover, came flocks of strangers. It was like the Olympian games. An Englishman who could not get a place in the boxes wanted to take the entire parquette, and when told it was impossible, gave loud vent to his astonishment at this strange Continental scrupulosity. A young man came on foot from Wiesbaden, a distance of sixteen miles, and arrived just as the house was opened; with great difficulty he procured a seat, but was good enough to give it up to a wearied lady; he stood up, fainted before the performance began, and, as there was no place for him to fall, he was carried lifeless in the fainting-fit, from hand to hand, to the door; he recovered just as the curtain fell on the last act, and walked back to Wiesbaden the same night. An inhabitant of the city was so exhausted by the closeness and the heat, that he had to go home, and died the same evening. We have heard of other injuries and maladies, and of persons who were obliged to keep their beds for many days. Through the whole time, *The Intelligencer* was filled with advertisements of lost chains, rings, bracelets, veils, and other articles which ladies lose in a crowd. On the first day of Sontag's appearance, I went to the optician's to get my opera-glass, which had been left to be repaired, and he had to look for it among fifty others left there for the same purpose.

"The house was opened two hours earlier than usual, but long before that, the great square in front was crowded and jammed with people. Expectation was raised to its highest apex; the excitement was intense and keen. Until I experienced the reality, it seemed impossible that such extravagant anticipations could be satisfied.

But all who were there confessed that Mlle. Sontag far exceeded all they had looked for. A magical, indescribable grace accompanies all the movements of this singer, and we are in doubt whether to regard her acting or her singing as the lovely ornament of a perfect beauty. In comic parts she always preserves that womanly tact, which is so easily violated on the boards, and in serious ones a dignity which is at once touching and commanding. On the first night we forgot the senseless text of Rossini's *Otello*; we saw and heard the Desdemona of Shakspeare. In a simple ballad which speaks to the heart she is admirable, as in the most ornate cavatina which delights the ears. We saw old men weeping, something which no trick of artificiality, though never so unequalled and incomparable, could produce. Her low notes, her wonderful trills, runs and cadenzas, resemble the charming, childlike ornaments on a Gothic edifice, which serve to moderate the solemnity of lofty arches and pillars, but never violate or degrade that solemnity. The inspiration produced by Henrietta Sontag as Desdemona, resembles the Greek fire that could not be extinguished."

3. The following personal notice of Mme Sontag is given by the authoress of the "Letters from the Baltic."

"Let me revert more particularly to one of the fairest ornaments, both in mind and person, which our party possesses, whose never-clouded name is such favorite property with the public as to justify me in naming it—I mean the Countess Rossi. The advantages which her peculiar experience and knowledge of society have afforded her, added to the happiest nature that ever fell to human portion, render her exquisite voice and talent—both still in undiminished perfection—by no means her chief attraction in society. Mme. Rossi could afford to lose her voice tomorrow, and would be equally sought. True to her nation, she has combined all the *Liebeshwürdigkeit* of a German with the witchery of every other land. Mme. Rossi's biography is one of great interest and instruction, and, it is to be hoped, will one day appear before the public. It is not generally known that she was ennobled by the King of Prussia, under the title of Mlle. de Launstein; and since absolute will, it seems, can bestow the past as well as the present and future, with seven *Ahnherren*, or forefathers—'or eight,' said the Countess, laughing, 'but I can't remember.' And though never disowning the popular name of Sontag, yet in respect for the donor, her visiting cards, when she appears in Prussia, are always printed *née de Launstein*. We were greatly privileged in the enjoyment of her rich and flexible notes in our private circle, and, under her auspices, an amateur concert was now proposed for the benefit of the poor in Reval.

"The rehearsals were merry meetings, and when our own bawling was over, Mme. Rossi went through her songs as scrupulously as the rest. I shall never forget the impression she excited one evening. We were all united in the great ball-room at the Governor's Castle in Reval, which was partially illuminated for the occasion, and having wound up our last noisy '*Firmament*' we all retreated to distant parts of the salle, leaving the Countess to rehearse the celebrated scena from the *Freischütz* with the instrumental parts. She was seated in the midst, and completely hidden by the figures and desks around her. And now arose a strain of melody and expression which thrills every nerve to recall;—the interest and pathos creeping gradually on through every division of this most noble and passionate of songs—the gloomy light—the invisible songstress—all combining to increase the effect, till the feeling became almost too intense to bear. And then the horn in the distance, and the husky voice of suppressed agony, whilst doubt possessed her soul, chilled the blood in our veins, and her final *Er ist's, Er ist's*, was one of agony to her audience. Tears, real tears, ran down cheeks, both fair and rough, who knew not and cared not that they were there; and not until the excitement had subsided did I feel that

my wrist had been clenched in so convulsive a grasp by my neighbor as to retain marks long after the siren had ceased. I have heard Schröder and Malibran, both grand and true in this composition, but neither searched the depth of its passionate tones, and with it the hearts of the audience, so completely as the matchless Madame Rossi."

A DROLL MOTIVE TO MUSICAL AMBITION.
Michael Kelly, in his *Reminiscences*, has the following confession:

"Trifling occurrences during childhood often influence our future lives. I recollect once, when returning from a visit to a relation of my mother's, I saw Sig. St. Giorgio enter a fruit-shop; he proceeded to eat peaches and nectarines, and at last took a pine apple, and deliberately sliced and ate that. This completed my longing, and while my mouth watered, I asked myself why, if I assiduously studied music, I should not be able to earn money enough to lounge about in fruit-shops, and eat peaches and pine apples, as well as Signor St. Giorgio. I answered myself by promising that I would study hard; and I really did so;—and, trifling as this little anecdote may appear, I firmly believe it was the chief cause of my serious resolution to follow up music as a profession; for my father had other views for me."

Our Landscape Painters.

A correspondent of the *Boston Commonwealth*, writing from the beautiful village of North Conway, near the White Mountains, gives the following:

"The village stands on a high bank which bounds the 'intervale' of the Saco—a broad, green meadow stretching over to the river, bordered with beautiful trees, beyond which rise the *Chocorua*, *Mote Mountain* and the *White Horse Ledge*. No fences mar this beautiful expanse; it is dotted here and there with a clump of elms; here and there a patch of oats or other grain varies the hue; and half-way over you may see a wagon filled with hay, with the hay-makers around it. The river flows over a pebbly bottom in a clear stream of two feet deep, reflecting beautifully in the smoother portions of its surface, the varied and ever changing hues of the beautiful trees that shade the grassy bank, or that, uprooted by some freshet of early spring, hang from the bank and trail their leafy honors in the stream. Every part of this river is a picture as exquisite as Nature can paint; and there is a noble army of our native artists who improve every day of their stay here in fixing on canvas the beautiful little nooks, the charming corners of rivers and mountain scenery around them. Here are Champney, Gerry, and Hoyt, Brackett, Wild and others, busy in their vocation; and many are the beautiful sketches and pictures that are the result of their summer rambles. Why should our so-called lovers of art, in our cities, waste their money and corrupt their taste and that of their children, by buying abominable copies of abominable old pictures of older masters, which even if good, few of them either understand or appreciate, when men of talent and genius such as those I have named, are occupied in the production of the most charming landscapes, making familiar to so many the scenes so dear to those who come here to live a short time among them. Go into Balch's—any one who doubts that these men can paint good pictures (if any such there be) and look at a landscape by Champney which has been long waiting a purchaser—a charming snatch of the scenery of the intervale of the Saco—of meadow and trees. Those are the pictures for us, and not the indifferent copies of the smoke-dried relics of antiquity. This picture is one of many, and many more will be the result of this summer's work among these hills. Every thing around you here is full of beauty; every glimpse from your window, a picture. The *Great Kearsarge* towers above you on the one side, *Chocorua* on the other; and, dim in the

distance, sometimes hardly to be distinguished in its outline from the clouds that surround it, is the old patriarch of the Chrystal Hills, Mount Washington. The finest rural walks you may find but a stone's throw from your door, and at almost every turn you may come across some artist, under his white umbrella, with canvas on his easel, and palette in his hand, hard at work. Yesterday, your correspondent thus stumbled unexpectedly on Gerry and Hoyt in one of these exquisite nooks, and watched for a while, their progress, as the beautiful picture of a mountain-brook, bridged by fallen birch trees, with a glimpse of the distant little village beyond the green intervale, was transferred by their hands, to the canvas."

W.

[From Dickens' *Household Words*.]

THE GROWTH OF GOOD.

Far where the smooth Pacific swells,
Beneath an arch of blue,
Where sky and wave together meet,
A coral reeflet grew.

No mortal eye espied it there,
Nor sea-bird poised on high;
Lonely it sprang, and lonely grew,
The nursing of the sky.

With soft caressing touch, the wind
In summer round it play'd;
And murmuring through its tiny caves,
Unceasing music made.

The ministering wind, so sweet
With mountain perfume, brought
A changeful robe of emerald moss,
By fairy fingers wrought.

Thus day by day, and year by year,
The little islet grew;
Its food, the flower-dust wafted by;
Its drink the crystal dew.

By night the lonely stars looked forth,
Each from his watch-tower high,
And smiled a loving blessing down,
Gently and silently.

And forest birds from distant isles
A moment settled there;
And from their plumage shook the seeds,
Then sprung into the air.

The islet grew, and tender plants
Rose up amidst the dearth—
Bloom'd, died, and dropped upon the soil,
Like gifts from heaven to earth.

Thus ages passed; a hundred trees
Graced that once barren strand;
A hundred ships its produce bore
To many a distant land.

And thus in every human heart
A germ of good is sown,
Whose strivings upward to the light
Are seen by God alone.

[Extract from a letter of LOWELL MASON.]

Church Music in Frankfort, Germany.

All the churches have organs, but there is no choir in any of them, so that the singing is, as in most other German places, exclusively congregational. Of the several specimens we have heard, the best, perhaps, was at the Reformed Church. The building is in good taste and convenient, being in size and form much like one of our larger city churches. It is quite free, however, from all those appearances of finery, or attempts at display or show, which we sometimes see in our American churches, and which are always unbecoming; while on the other hand, there is nothing of the rudeness or coarseness which is to be seen in some of the Swiss Churches. It seats, probably from 1200 to 1500 persons, and was, when we were present, quite full. The centre of the house, below, was occupied by women; and the outside or wall slips, by men. The galleries, on both sides,

were occupied exclusively by men. The Organ is large, extending nearly across the end of the house; one man (precentor) leads the singing, aided by some twenty girls and boys, whose voices could hardly be heard. The organ was played in fine church style, dignity, elevation and firmness. It is certainly a great relief to hear these German Organs (or many of them) played without the least attempt at showing off stops, or at that prettiness which seeks to please or tickle, without elegance or grandeur; and also entirely free from an ever-continued and sickening seesaw of the swell, thought to be so exquisitely fine by some Organists in England and America. That the swell may be tastefully used we do not doubt; but its abuse is so much more frequent than its judicious use, even by some who are otherwise truly good Organists, that it is almost doubtful whether it would not have been better if this *improvement* had never been invented.

The service commenced with quite a long voluntary of ten minutes or more, consisting of an introduction and fugue. The subject of the fugue was, perhaps, a little too chromatic for the dignity of worship, but it was played slowly and with great precision and certainty. Fugue-playing is usually slower by the good Organists in Germany, than it is in some other places. The fugue is often taken in so quick time as to produce a confused mixture of subject and answer, depriving the composition of meaning, and rendering it almost unintelligible, and quite embarrassing to the hearer. One reason of this is obvious; it is vastly easier to play a fugue upon the run, with constant acceleration, than it is to play it in moderately slow and strict time. At the close of the voluntary, the minister, followed by the session, entered; the latter took their places in seats appropriated to them, on each side, facing the congregation. The Organ then gave out the tune *Josco* (*Cantica Laudis* p. 296.)—the melody was made very prominent, the bass was played by the pedals, and an intermediate figured accompaniment filled up the harmony, producing a fine effect. The hymn, the subject of which was *prayer to Jesus for his spirit*, was finely sung by the whole assembly, all singing the melody. At the end of the first line of the stanza, which was doxological, the minister rose in the pulpit, *not to find his place in the Bible as if he was in a hurry to cut off the last act of praise*, but apparently, as an act of reverence, as he kept standing, without any movement, and was soon followed in his example by all the male part of his congregation. A short prayer followed the hymn; then an address (*extempore*) of four or five minutes; after this the regular morning prayer was read; another hymn was sung as before, and the sermon followed. There were two hymns sung afterwards, making four times singing, during the exercises. Here was a very simple, appropriate, devotional service for a Sabbath morning,—almost the same, indeed, as is the religious service in our Presbyterian, Baptist, or Congregational churches; and vastly superior to the Lutheran, or English Cathedral repetitions and forms. But, if in addition to good choirs, we could have the Congregational singing exercise, it would be a vast improvement on our present forms of worship. The beauty of the singing exercise, or its adaptedness to worship, is to a great extent lost with us, and we need, in order to its recovery, the congregation in connection with the choir, in the singing of "Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs."

We heard also, a very excellent example of congregational singing, in the St. Catherine Church. The congregation consisted of at least some 1200 persons. The exercises commenced by an Organ voluntary of about four or five minutes, at the close of which the whole congregation joined in the old choral, everywhere heard in Germany, the first line of which is 1, 5 3, 1 5, 6 6, 5 &c., in the key of E flat major. Two stanzas were sung, each taking four minutes. At the close of the second stanza, the Organist, continuing to play, changed gradually his key to A minor, closing an intermediate voluntary of about three minutes, diminishing to pianissimo so as to hush the house to perfect silence; then, after a

moment's pause, the people joined again to the lead of the Organ, in a fine old choral, also very popular, beginning as follows: e, a g, f e, d—, e—, &c. Four stanzas were sung, of three minutes each. Here, then, were two hymns sung in connection; which, with the Organ prelude and interlude, occupied full half-an-hour in the performance. Men's voices predominated, marking in strength the bold outlines of the tune; while female voices were heard and seemed to come in echoing, enriching, beautifying, and rendering that charming and lovely, which otherwise would have been too severely grand and majestic. The Organ was firm and steady, leading along the whole combined chorus with the utmost certainty, and giving full confidence to all the voices. — *N. Y. Musical World and Times.*

[From the Greek of DIONYSIUS.]

HYMN TO THE SUN.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

Mute be the skies and still,
Silent each haunted hill
And valley deep!
Let earth, and ocean's breast,
And all the breezes rest—
Let every echo sleep!

Unshorn his ringlets bright,
He comes—the lord of light—
Lord of the lyre.
Morn lifts her lids of snow,
Tinged with a rosy glow,
To greet thee, glorious sire.

Climbing, with winged feet
Of fiery coursers fleet,
Heaven's arch profound,
Far through the realms of air,
From out thy sunny hair,
Thou fittest radiance round.

Thine are the living streams
Of bright immortal beams—
The founts of day!
Before thy path careers
The chorus of the spheres
With wild rejoicing lay.

The sad and silver moon
Before thy gorgeous noon
Slow gliding by,
Joys in her placid soul
To see around her roll
Those armies of the sky.

Graham's Magazine.

SCHOOLS OF MUSIC. Germany and Italy may each be regarded as the abiding realm of sweet sounds, a special nursery and home of music. They are the two countries from which, since the days of modern civilization, the great supplies of musical thought and feeling have been diffused abroad, for the delight of nations; the *feelings*, for the most part, proceeding from Italy, and the *thoughts* from Germany, conformably to the characteristics of the two people respectively. Impulse and passion predominate on the Italian side—intellect and fancy on the German; and the division into two great schools, or systems, marked severally by these opposite qualities, takes its date from about the commencement of the eighteenth century. The two musical *natures*, thus distinguished from each other, have found each a different channel for its *expression*—that of Italy becoming essentially *vocal*; that of Germany, *instrumental*. Italian music is fresh from the heart, spontaneous, and *glows* with melody. German music, true to the spirit of its birth-place, is either grave and solid, or wild and fantastic. Less simple than the Italian in its elements, the German musical genius has sought its chief glory amid the intricate combinations of orchestral science, where its laborious and meditative turn can have fullest exposition.—“*The Violin*,” by Dubourg.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 28, 1852.

The Musical Convention.

(Continued.)

We were interrupted last week in our account of the daily routine just in the middle and while recalling one of the most interesting exercises, or rather episodes of the day;—the specimens of *organ-playing* volunteered by several professors of the noble instrument.

The first we chanced to hear was by Mr. SOUTHARD, who, in the absence of another expected, yielded to an extempore call and answered it in its own kind, namely, by improvising for a few minutes in a plain, solid style, closing with a fugued movement. The next day, Mr. WILCOX, a young organist from New Haven, and pupil of the learned and severe old Dr. HODGES of Trinity Church, New York, complied with the general request;—but very modestly and briefly. He commenced with an original *cantabile* theme, of considerable melodic beauty, which he worked up in various ways, showing skill and taste in the combination of stops, and through a goodly variety of harmony and form still keeping closely to his text; and ended with a bold, cheerful Allegro in short imitative phrases. It was short but highly creditable.

One day Mr. SOUTHARD gave a brief explanation of the simple elements which enter into the composition of a Fugue, writing down a little theme upon the black-board and showing how it should be answered in the other parts or voices, and how worked up. Having thus clearly fixed the theme in the minds of his audience, he sat down at the organ and proceeded to unfold this germ into the complicated one-in-many of a fugue. The lesson was worth repeating and the next day the same gentleman gave a fuller lecture on the organ, explaining the general structure, the use and quality of the stops, &c., and re-defining the Fugue, preparatory to the performance by Mr. H. S. CUTLER of a famous fugue by BACH, in seven sharps. This is from his “Well-tempered Clavichord;” better suited, therefore, to the piano than the organ; the theme being of a somewhat lengthy and florid character; but it was on the whole effective, neatly executed and much applauded.—Another fugue of BACH, with a simpler, bolder theme, was finely played by Mr. WM. R. BABCOCK.

We repeat it, we hope that this feature will be made more prominent and more constant in future musical conventions. Good organists, who cultivate the true and learned organ style, cannot do a better thing to make their studies and their art appreciated, than to take advantage of these ten days' gatherings of singers from the country, and volunteer in turn good specimens of the music whereof they aspire to be fit interpreters. All the gentlemen above-named are among our young and native organists, and all but one Bostonians; and these are by no means *all* that have grown up among us. The fact is certainly encouraging. By all means, let the great Organ have its hour henceforth in each day of these festivals!

6. NOON-DAY DISCUSSIONS.

Not a little strengthened were we in the above wish, when we came to listen to what usually followed in the order of the day. Soon after twelve,

(or earlier if there were no organ-playing) the Convention placed a president and secretary upon the stage and proceeded to read resolutions and debate about musical topics. We cannot say that there was no good in those debates, as we were only now and then for a few moments present; but it was enough to see the old fatality of promiscuous debates repeated, namely: that of the speaking falling mostly into the hands of those who had least to say, and most words to say it in. Besides, the topics appeared manufactured to very indefinite order, *apropos* to scarcely anything; and personalities would peep out, which would better have remained submerged under the prolonged glorious waves of one of those organ fugues aforesaid.

7. PRACTICE OF PSALMODY.

The afternoons were spent, first in a second hour of Glee and Chorus singing, and for the rest, from four to five o'clock, in the plain old primitive business of these Conventions, the singing over in full choir of various styles of hymn tunes and chorals. This was once the all in all of these occasions: the practice of psalmody and the *tasting*, like so many epicures in the article, of somebody's bran-new collection of psalm tunes, original or compiled. Immense has been the market for such and immense (at least so far as quantity was concerned) the manufacture. The Conventions have outgrown the exclusiveness of this business, but it would not be a “Convention” without it preserved this feature.

As to the singing itself, many good hints were given by the conducting professor (Mr. BAKER, or Mr. JOHNSON, or Mr. SOUTHARD, or sometimes a younger assistant, Mr. G. W. PRATT, taking his turn quite efficiently, we thought) on the important points of unanimity in beginning and ending; the vanish of the voice on the long note and avoidance of the equi-voluminous *organ* character of tone; the contrast of loud and soft; the balance and mutual subordination of the four parts, &c., &c.; and there was manifest improvement from day to day. The body of sopranos was very rich and clear and telling; and so generally the tenors;—rather too much so sometimes for the basses, which often lacked distinctness, roundness, positiveness. Some noble, solemn, rich effects were produced; but what we chiefly missed, and what for want of equal numbers could not be had as in the great Conventions in the Tremont Temple in years past, was the sublime effect of those old Chorals *sung in unison* by over a thousand voices!

As to the pieces sung, we cannot hope to speak without betraying our peculiar heresy on this whole subject of American psalmody. There was a new book on the docket, as usual, emanating from the professors. (Indeed specimens of several other new “Collections,” by out-siders we saw also handed round.) We saw not the inside of the book, and know not what proportion was new and what old. The tunes most marked out by curiosity for *tasting* seemed to be original ones. Some were simple, grave, expressive and a match for old favorites of their class. But some, both hymn-tunes and anthems, we found altogether common-place, mechanical and uninteresting. How could it be otherwise. The very brief form of the hymn-tune must over and over have exhausted its possibilities. What need of such an endless multitude of seeming variations of the old type? What need of a *great many* psalm-

tunes any way? Real, decided novelty is almost never realized, and after all the peculiar charm and power of such tunes lies greatly in their antiquity, in their familiarity, and in the fact that they may be sung together by a multitude of voices, renewing simple, solemn, deep associations. It does seem to us a waste of ink and paper to write a new volume of psalm-tunes, were one ever so clever at it. Would not Music be more, mean more, and effect more, in all public worship, if the psalm-singing part of it were reduced to a few plain, noble, time-hallowed tunes, so very familiar that all could lend a voice in rendering them sublimely; and for the rest, let all this busy talent for arranging and composing exercise itself in supplying richer, longer, more artistic forms of music, like motettes, movements from Masses, &c., &c., (giving the preference as a general rule to classical works already existing, but beyond the reach of the people), and thus suffer music as an Art to do its office in refining the taste and elevating and purifying the feelings?

To our mind, psalmody, by its very nature, should represent the fixed, the plain, the seldom varied element of musical devotion. The moment we come to the variable element, to the artistic exercise of invention and creation in the sphere of sacred music, we naturally go out of these very limited and simple forms; else all the invention we achieve is nothing better than mechanical, unmeaning variation of the good old copy.

But we are told, there is a demand for these new books. They *sell*; the more there are produced, the better sale apparently; the psalm-book has become one of the great Yankee staples in trade; and so on. So much the worse. *Hinc illae lachrymae*; hence all our quarrel with the psalm-book makers. By flooding the country choirs and singing schools year after year with these models of the commonplace in music, they do seem to be almost wickedly pre-occupying the popular ear and taste against all entrance of the nobler, higher models; they keep creating and keep feeding such a lazy appetite for psalm-tunes (which while they seem new never introduce a new musical idea), that really artistic and inspired music is turned away from as something too "learned" and too "scientific." We state the case strongly and without qualification, because we are crowded into so small a space. Some day we may dress out our heresy in more becoming shape, more careful that it do itself no injustice by overstatement. Meanwhile our consolation in the matter is, that in spite of the psalm-books, somehow, by the working together of various influences, — the hearing of singers, bands and orchestras, — and the mere agitation of the musical atmosphere, better and better ideas of real music are working their way among the people. Have patience with us, O our psalm-book making friends, in this little outbreak of our impatience; and also have pity enough on the poor distracted brains, not to expect of us to find out the nice shades of comparative excellence between the ever-increasing thousands of new tunes, (one might almost say volumes) that you manufacture. Much as we shrink and turn pale at the sight of a "new Collection," we own a debt of public gratitude to most of you for keeping up an interest in the cause of music; and if the psalm-books will *pay* for the better things you do out of a true musical impulse in other ways, why — the argument is worth considering.

8. CHORUS AND ORATORIO PRACTICE.

This occupied the evenings, when the attendance was fullest, and increasingly so from evening to evening. It was rather a rehearsal than a study, for there were public concerts to be given, and for this the whole class was being drilled, quite hurriedly, in several new (to most of them) and formidable choruses. Some of these were read from sheets of the forthcoming "Classical Chorus Book," by Messrs. Baker and Southard. There was a brilliant and difficult offertory piece, by Hummel, arranged with English words; another by Cherubini, and another in a lighter and altogether operatic style, from *Il Pirata*, by Bellini, the music of which called up the scene of one of those graceful, merry, motley rustic choruses upon the stage, although it was here set and sung to sacred words! This was not in taste: as a secular piece there could have been no harm in it, and the music has great beauty in its way. The character of the music in this chorus book seemed generally so high and truly "classical," that we could not but the more notice this fence.

In these rehearsals we were struck, particularly at first, by three drawbacks. 1. The accompaniments, many of them elaborate and designed for orchestra, were rendered by the organ, together with two pianos. Seldom could they be in perfect time together, and almost never in good tune. This was even more perceptible in the choruses from Neukomm's "David." 2. The quicker movements, many of them difficult and new to the singers, seemed to us to be taken at the first trial too fast, so that for want of familiarity with notes and words, the larger portion of the voices did not get in at all. 3. The difficulty was enhanced by the accession of raw recruits in each successive practice; so that while a few experienced singers would lead bravely off, a great majority either "played dummy" or sang timidly, or wrong.

This led us seriously to doubt the policy of undertaking to get up in a week's time public performances of new and difficult choruses by a choir, always varying in number, and the majority of whom cannot be supposed competent to do any justice to such music. A distinction should be made, and, we are confident, will be made, when these occasions shall have become more completely organized. The social study of such choruses, the *tasting* or trying over of such new music, by these classes of novitiates, may be very well, as giving them a smattering acquaintance with great music and provoking a desire to go more deeply into such. But let such exercises be in the way of *exercises* simply. The performance publicly of oratorios, &c., should be for the hearing and example of the classes, instead of being their own blind and half-extempore work. For this let the trained singers of the neighborhood be brought in; or at least, let it be required that any member of the class, before participating therein, shall have first passed through certain prescribed courses and degrees, as pledges of his or her competency.

We cheerfully admit that there are certain of the most sublime effects in music, which can be realized, and only realized among us, by these combinations of many hundreds of voices gathered at a venture from all the choirs and singing classes of the country. But then it must be *simple* music, or at least, familiar music. Nothing could

be more sublime than some of those Chorales, which we have heard for years past in the old Tremont Temple; for these, the vocal masses, with a few days' training, were made wholly competent. Furthermore, a few of the grandest, of the immortal choruses, like Handel's "Hallelujah," "Now round about the starry throne," &c., by dint of resumed practice, at Convention after Convention, becoming as it were a solemn annual ceremony, had grown to be eminently effective: — and does the charm of these grand old mountains in the realm of music ever wear out? — We like the idea of Messrs. Baker, Johnson, Southard &c., of stimulating an interest in their pupils in *new* music, and extending their acquaintance with the works of genius, but we think this can be done in the way that we have just suggested, better than by oratorio concerts of so extempore a nature. Let them *hear* this good music, and, as one other great means, let them have it cheaply published, compiled, brought within their reach that they may study it themselves, — and the taste for it, the love for it, the knowledge of it will be sure to grow.

While upon this theme, we add one more suggestion. Why not at each of these annual meetings select some standard Oratorio, or Mass, or sacred Cantata, of which copies can be had, assign each singer his part, and have it understood it shall be studied during the coming year by individuals alone, in quartets, or in twenties, as they may have opportunity, and come prepared to sing it with some understanding at the next Convention? Our neighbor Reed is just publishing a cheap edition of "Elijah;" what could be better for the purpose?

The choruses, to be sure, grew smoother and richer, night by night, during this practice. We truly marvelled at the progress made. Yet at the rehearsal, the very night before "David" was to be performed in public, who that was present did not think it a most perilous adventure? How it resulted, we must crave still another week to tell.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

We were misinformed as to the "Germanians" being about to take part with the Boston societies in the opening of the new Music Hall. With the exception of the solo talent, it will be wholly a local occasion.

CONCERT AT THE MELODEON TO-NIGHT. It will be seen by the advertisement that Mme. WIDEMANN, Mons. GENIBREL and Sig. BASSINI offer a brilliant entertainment. From the outbursts of enthusiasm with which they were each received by the audience at the late Musical Convention, before whom they volunteered a specimen of their talent, they should feel entitled to a large and eagerly expectant audience now.

Mme. Widemann, as we said before, is a highly dramatic, energetic and impassioned singer, with a fine *mezzo soprano* voice, and superior execution. At the Opera in Paris she is said to have been even more applauded than ALBONI, in one of Rossini's contralto male parts, which she sang immediately after that great artist. This we easily conceive of, when we consider that the singer and the audience were French, and that Alboni's forte lies not (see article on our first page) in the forcible and dramatic kind of music. From Mme. W.'s efforts at the concert last week, we should suppose she would be more effective on the stage, in her line of characters, than any *prima donna* we have had. The programme to-night includes a scena, in costume, from the *Semiramide*.

M. Genibrel seemed decidedly of the modern, Verdi school — a baritone of very rich and beautiful quality, especially in the upper notes, and of energetic delivery.

Sig. Bassini's violin playing was truly finished and artistic; his tone is exquisite, and he has the true charm of expression.

The GERMANIA SERENADE BAND resume their pleasant (now no longer "Summer") Afternoon Concerts on Wednesday, Sept. 8th. We understand they are expecting the arrival of what they have most needed, a superior bassoon player.

The "Serenade Band" proper (the brass band) play at Commencement at Brunswick College next week, also at Portland, and then for a fête at one of the hotels at the White Mountains!

MADAME ALBONI, whose Concerts will commence on Tuesday the 7th September in New York, will visit Boston about the first week in October. As the new Music Hall will not be available until November, she will give her concerts in the Melodeon.—We give this on the authority of Mr. Brough, Mme. Alboni's agent.

PENOBSCOT MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The Fifth Annual Session (or Convention) will commence in Bangor on Tuesday, Sept. 21st, and last four days. Messrs. W. B. BRADBURY, of New York, and B. F. BAKER, of Boston, will direct the exercises.

NEWPORT. A correspondent of the *Commonwealth* says:

"The lover of music has great privileges here. Besides the many concerts, always of a high order, there is sometimes at the hotels, but constantly in private circles, a great variety of choice music. In Mr. Scharfenberg's little cosy parlor, Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Spohr and other worthy associates, are daily worshipped by a few of the true worshippers; while stars and constellations are continually shooting from their spheres Newportward, to complete the circle of happy influences by which this favored resort is protected and blest. . . .

"The *Newport Daily News* is a sort of breakfast-table necessity to the fashionable visitor, like his egg or coffee. The editor is occasionally a little facetious in his puffs, as, for example, in equalling Madame Bishop to Jenny Lind;—and announcing Alfred Jaell as the 'first living pianist!' In spite of these vigorous attempts to amuse Jaell, he has only been 'induced' to give us one concert."

The GERMANIANS, by request, gave a *Matinée* of Classical Chamber Music, at the Ocean House last Wednesday, assisted by Mr. SCHARFENBERG, of New York. The programme included a string Quartet (posthumous) by Schubert, a grand Septet, by Hummel (with piano), and the Nonet (for violin, viola, cello, contrabasso, flute, clarinet, bassoon and French horn) by Spohr.

New York.

ALBONI resumes her series of Concerts (commenced in June, but deferred after her second appearance by the alterations then making in Metropolitan Hall,) on Tuesday, Sept. 7th. She will be assisted, as before, by Sig. ROVERE, Sig. SANGIOVANNI, and a grand orchestra led by Sig. ARDITI. Tickets are placed at one dollar, reserved seats two dollars. The hall has undergone important alterations, being made easier of egress, and a "grand front entrance from Broadway" will be completed by the time of the first concert.

MADAME SONTAG was to have sailed for New York in the Arctic, on Wednesday last. She had recently been giving concerts at Ems, Wiesbaden, Baden, making great commotion among the bathers, and finally at Hamburg. Londoners, Frankforters, &c., prolonged their stay to hear her once more.

With regard to her musical assistants, reports have continually changed. The last is that she will have FERRANTI, the baritone, as we announced at first, and a distinguished tenor by the name of POZZOLINI. Proposals had been made to WILHELMINA CLAUS, to ROSA KASTNER, and to EMILE PRUDENT, to accompany her as pianist. Mlle. Clauss has declined, and it is now supposed that the brilliant PRUDENT will accept the brilliant offer made to him.

A GRAND MILITARY MUSICAL FESTIVAL is to come off at Castle Garden, on the afternoon and evening of next Saturday, in aid of the American Musical Fund Society, of New York. The Military Bands of New York, Brooklyn, Troy, Philadelphia, &c., have volunteered their services.

This splendid combination of bands, never attempted before in this country, and giving New York one more

point of resemblance to Paris, will form a great Military Orchestra of over two hundred instruments, reed, brass, and percussion. They will play overtures, waltzes, galops, marches, with the entire strength of the orchestra, besides one or two separate pieces by each band. Vocal and instrumental solo performers have also volunteered.

CASTLE GARDEN. The French Comic Opera troupe have been performing *Zampa*.

MEXICO. All reports attribute great success to Maretzek and his Italian opera troupe, with Salvi, Bertucca, Beneventano, &c. The receipts were said to average \$6000 per night.

A southern paper tells a curious story of the musical appreciation of the Mexicans. Maretzek gave offence by bringing out the *Don Giovanni*. The *habitués* petitioned him that he would not repeat the uninteresting opera written by "one Mozart," but substitute in place of it the immortal *Baca's Leonora*! The immortal *Baca* is a Mexican composer of a quite inferior order.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE was re-opened on the 9th for the benefit of Mr. Balfe, who had secured the services of the company for *Don Giovanni*. Says the London *Herald*:

"The Donna Anna of Madame Fiorentini is well known as a very creditable and striking vocal effort. It was in this great part that this clever artist first came out, and it has not ceased to be one of her best. De Bassini's Don Giovanni sorely lacked lightness and grace. The polite and elastic gaiety of the wicked roué was very faintly visible; though, on the other hand, much of the music was sung with the greatest mechanical propriety. He was encored in the charming serenade in the second act. Madame Eveline Garcia gave an able portrayal of Elvira, but the Zerlina of Madame Taccanti Tascia was exceedingly inferior—so inferior as to be scarcely tolerable. Calzolari was the Ottavio; Lablache, the elder, Leporello; and Lablache, the younger, Masetto—three personations with which the town has long been familiar."

Previously had been performed the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg's opera, "Casilda," which had made the tour of many foreign opera houses. The cast included Mmes. La Grange and Charton, and Sig. Calzolari, De Bassini and Susni. Says the *Athenæum*:

"To enter into any detail regarding either the story or the music of this opera would be superfluous,—since the latter, so far as regards invention, color, or constructive skill, belongs to amateurship in so early a stage as hardly to be amenable to criticism. The cleverness shown in passages of the instrumentation is such as almost to warrant the fancy of the opera having been scored by another hand than that of its originator.—Madame de la Grange was loudly encored for some of her peculiar marvels of vocalization in a grand air in the second act; and Madame Charton showed so marked an advance on her first Italian performance in her style of singing, as to deserve credit great in proportion as our misgivings and remonstrance were strong."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. Signor Negrini, a tenor, who has been announced since the commencement of the season, made his first appearance last night as Pollio, in *Norma*. This gentleman made his *début* about six years ago at Milan, in *I Due Foscari*, and has sung, we believe, at most of the principal theatres in Italy. His reputation has been chiefly acquired in Verdi's operas; and to this may be attributed the fact of what must originally have been a fine and powerful voice, having already deteriorated in quality. Fullness of tone and sonority, however, are still, in a great degree, its characteristics, and make up for what, at a first hearing, appears to be a limited register. In his style of singing Signor Negrini betrays an adhesion to that school which, most successful in the boisterous music of Verdi, is most at fault where real vocal expression and legitimate execution are demanded. He has a habit of vociferating on all the higher notes, which is very monotonous, and long before the conclusion of the first *cavatina*, last night, his passages were obviously affected. In the second act of the opera, Signor Negrini had become husky, which militated seriously against his *mezza voce* singing. We remarked nothing, indeed, in his performance that justified us in entitling him even a second-rate singer of more than ordinary pretensions. His voice is not a pure tenor voice, but rather a low tenor or barytone. He has no flexibility, and he is unable to sing *piano*. The part of Pollio is certainly not the most favorable for a *débutante*, but a grand *aria*, a trio, and two long duets give ample opportunity for a singer to show what stuff he is made of.—*Times*, Aug. 11th.

Jullien's *Pietro il Grande* was postponed to the 12th.

Paris.

THEATRE ITALIEN. The *France Musicale* indignantly denies the truth of a paragraph in a London paper of which we quoted the substance a few weeks since, to the

effect that Lumley was henceforth to confine himself to the management of this establishment in Paris, and that the French government designed to make good his former losses. The Frenchman thinks it would be the ruin of their Italian Opera. "M. Lumley," he says, "is a born diplomatist and an advocate by temperament; but as for the qualities indispensable for directing and managing a theatre, he has them not, and never will have them."

GRAND OPERA. *L'Enfant Prodigue* of Auber has been revived; but the great event recently has been the re-appearance of the tenor, Mathieu, who made his first appearance at the Opera five years ago. Parisian papers are loud in his praise. *La France Musicale* says:

"During his absence from Paris, this young artist has appeared on the boards of the most important theatres in the provinces. He afterwards proceeded to Milan, in order to finish his musical education under the celebrated professor of singing, Lamperti. Mathieu chose for his re-appearance the character of Edgardo in the *Lucia*, that *chef-d'œuvre* of Donizetti, which the public is never tired of hearing. From the very first notes he sang, it was evident to every one present that his voice had gained greatly in brilliancy, extent, and flexibility. His bursts of feeling in the celebrated scene of the malediction were magnificent, and on several occasions he almost equalled his most celebrated predecessors in the part. There are certain exaggerations of manner about him which he has acquired in the provinces, and of which he must get rid."

BERLIN. A late number of the *Gazette Musicale*, contains a letter from Herr Rellstab of Berlin speaking in the highest praise of the young Swedish lady whom we recently announced,—and whose name proves to be not Westerland, but Westerstrand. "She possesses the art of singing," writes Herr Rellstab, "in perfection; her organ is peerless as to quality and as to charm: in its compass rising to *fortissimo*; so that the part of the *Queen of Night* in 'Die Zauberflöte' naturally falls to her." Mlle. Westerstrand will commence her German career in the Opera-house at Berlin.

Grand Concert

AT THE MELODEON,
BY Madame ANNA WIDEMANN and Monsieur GENIBREL, of the Royal Conservatoire, Paris, and Signor BASSINI, the distinguished Italian Violinist, on SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 28.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. Carnival of Rome, for the Violin, on a theme of the 15th century, composed and executed, by Signor BASSINI.
2. Aria—"Tous les soldats," from *Le Prophète*—MEYERBEER—sung by Monsieur GENIBREL.
3. Aria—"Va le recca," composed for Malibran by VACCAI—sung by Madame WIDEMANN.
4. Aria—"The Vengeance,"—VERDI—sung by Monsieur GENIBREL.
5. Romanza—"La Bianchina"—GORDIGIANI—sung by Mme. WIDEMANN.
6. Song, with English words—"The light of other days"—BALFE—sung by Madame WIDEMANN.
7. Grief and Joy, a Capriccio for the Violin—composed by Signor BASSINI.

Part II.

Grand Air, Duo and Scena, embracing the Second Act of *Semiramide*—Madame Widemann being dressed in full costume as a Roman General, and Monsieur Genibrel as the Prince of Babylon—representing an encounter between two rival lovers.

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21 tf

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NOTICE.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY respectfully inform their friends and the public in general, that Mr. F. H. HELMSMULLER's duties as the Agent for the Company, ceased on the 20th of August, and that from this day, Mr. HENRY BANDT will attend to all their business affairs.

NEWPORT, August 24, 1852.

21 3c

Diseases of the Eye and Ear.

DR. F. A. VON NOSCHZISER, German Oculist, may be consulted on all the maladies of the Eye and Ear, at No. 21 Somerset Street.

Boston, July 28.

17 2m

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BERLIN, June 23d, 1852

GENTLEMEN,—Your polite communication and the copy of a translation of my work on *Musical Composition*, have been duly received, for which accept my warmest thanks. * * * I find that your translator (as far as I am able to judge from a somewhat imperfect acquaintance with the English language) has done his work very *practically and successfully*; and I beg you to express to him, as also to the eminent men who have honored my work with their approval, my sincerest thanks; and also yourselves to accept the same for the very elegant style of the edition. * * *

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VOL. I.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 4, 1852.

NO. 22.

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Persons willing to become Agents for procuring subscribers, especially Music-Dealers and Teachers, are invited to correspond with the Editor, as above. Satisfactory references required, and liberal commissions allowed.

Le Nozze di Figaro.

Lorenzo Da Ponte, the author of the libretto of Don Giovanni, gives in his auto-biography the following account of the Nozze di Figaro, the words for which were also written by him. Da Ponte was the friend of Mozart and other composers of that day. He lived to an advanced age, and died in New York a few years ago. His auto-biography was written at the age of over eighty years, and is somewhat redolent of the complacent egotism of an old man looking back on the glories of his youth. His venerable figure is well remembered by many New Yorkers, and he seems to be a link between them and the illustrious composer, around whom already the mists of time seem to hover, and whom we can hardly believe to be one who has been seen and known by persons still among us, or who have but recently passed away. We translate the following:

"Many composers came to me for libretti. But there were in Vienna only two who were worthy of my notice: MARTINI, then the favorite composer of the Emperor Joseph, and MOZART, with whom, about that time, I had become acquainted at the house of the Baron Wetzlar, his great admirer and friend, and who, although endowed with greater talent, perhaps, than any composer in the world, past present or to come, had not been able, thanks to the cabals of his enemies, to exercise his divine genius in Vienna, and remained unknown and obscure, like a precious jewel which hides in the entrails of the

earth the brilliant glory of its splendor. I cannot recal without exultation and self-satisfaction that it was solely to my perseverance and firmness, that Europe and the whole world, in a great degree, are indebted for the exquisite compositions of this admirable genius. The injustice and envy of the journalists, the gazetteers, and still more, of the biographers of Mozart has not allowed them to concede such glory to an Italian; but all Vienna, all who knew me and him in Germany, in Bohemia, and in Saxony, all his family, and, more than all, the Baron Wetzlar, under whose roof was kindled the first spark of his noble flame will bear witness for me of the truth of what I now state.

"After the good success of the 'Burbero,' I went to Mozart and related to him what had passed between me and Casti and Rosenberg, as well as the Sovereign, and asked him if he would like to set to music a drama written by me for him. 'I would do it most willingly,' he replied immediately, 'but I am sure that I shall not obtain permission.' 'That,' I answered, 'I will take care of.' I then began to reflect on the choice of two subjects which should be suited to two Composers of the highest genius, but diametrically opposite in the style of their composition. . . .

"This failure (of *L'Aveugle Clairvoyant*) did no great harm to my reputation; so that I began very quietly to reflect on the dramas which I was to write for my two dear friends, Mozart and Martini. As for the first, I easily understood that the immensity of his genius demanded a subject at once extended, multifarious and sublime. Con- versing with him one day upon the subject, he asked me if I could easily transform into a drama the comedy of Beaumarchais entitled *Le Nozze di Figaro*. The proposition pleased me well and I promised to do it. But there was a very great difficulty to be overcome.

"The Emperor had from the first forbidden the Company of the German Theatre from performing this comedy, which was written, as he said, too freely for a refined audience. How then could it be presented in the form of a drama? Baron Wetzlar offered with great generosity, to give me a good price for the words and to have the opera performed in London or in France if it could not be done in Vienna, but I refused his offers and proposed that the words and the music should be written secretly and to wait for a favorable opportunity to exhibit it to the directors of the theatre or to the Emperor, and with this I fear-

lessly charged myself. Martini alone knew the secret, and he most liberally, on account of his esteem for Mozart, consented that I should postpone writing for him until I had completed the drama of Figaro.

"I then set myself to work, and as fast as I wrote the words, he composed the music. In six weeks all was finished. The good fortune of Mozart would have it that a score was wanted at the theatre. I seized the opportunity and without a word to anybody, went to the Emperor himself to offer the Figaro. What did he say? 'You know that Mozart, most excellent in instrumental music, has never written but one vocal drama, and that was no great thing!' 'Neither should I,' I replied submissively, 'without the favor of your Majesty, have written more than one drama in Vienna.' 'True,' said he, 'but as to this *Nozze di Figaro*, I have forbidden the German Company to perform it.' 'Yes,' I replied; 'but having composed a drama for music and not a comedy, I have been obliged to omit many scenes and still more to modify it, and I have omitted and modified everything that can offend the delicacy and decency of a spectacle at which your sovereign Majesty is to preside. And then as to the music, so far as I can judge, it seems to me of marvellous beauty.' 'Well, if that is the case, I rely on your good taste as to the music and to your prudence as to the *morale*. Give the score to the copyists.'

"I hastened to Mozart, but had barely imparted to him the good news, when an aid of the Emperor's came to him, bearing a note in which he ordered him to come immediately to the Palace with the score. He obeyed the royal command; he caused the Emperor to hear several pieces which pleased him marvellously and, without any exaggeration astounded him. He had an exquisite taste in matters of music, as indeed he had in all the Fine Arts, and the great success which this opera has enjoyed all over the world, shows that his judgment was not mistaken.

"Mozart's opera was produced to the great shame of the 'we shall hear' and 'we shall see' of the other Masters and their partizans, to the shame of the Count of Casti, and a hundred other devils; it pleased universally and was considered by the Emperor and all real connoisseurs as a most sublime and divine Composition."

CIMAROSA delighted in noise and mirth; surrounded by a party of gay friends, he conceived

his operas; and, as the ideas presented themselves, he seized and embodied them. In this way he planned that beautiful comic opéra, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*.

A Letter from A. W. T. on Oratorio Practice, American Voices, &c.

DEAR DWIGHT: I am glad to see that you suggested to the members of musical "Conventions" the purchase and practice of some Oratorio at home with their choirs and friends as a preparation for the annual meetings, which are now getting to be so common. Some years since, I used what little influence I could exert among the members of a convention, and through the columns of a country musical journal, then pretty extensively circulated among our country choirs, to effect this purpose, but in vain. One or two individuals can do little—they may perhaps get the ball in motion, but it requires the strength of many persons to keep it going.

It is certainly much to the credit of Mr. Baker, and those who have coöperated with him for several years past, that they have made the study and practice of Oratorio music a grand feature of their annual assemblages at the Melodeon. Many persons of a good deal of natural taste have been enabled thus to get some idea of the "Creation" for instance—and this has been their only opportunity in their lives of knowing anything of that noble composition, otherwise than by the extracts, which they have seen in collections of psalm tunes—of about as much value as Skolastikos' brick, which he carried about as the sample of the house he wished to sell.

What our people want is not natural taste, but the opportunity of cultivating that taste which they possess. The charge which one continually hears abroad against us Americans, that we are a practical people and have no "sense" of music, that is, no natural love for it, is as absurd as it is false, and so is that other charge, that in our climate there is no such thing as a good voice. Sheer humbug, this; and every one must admit it who has had opportunity to hear a mixed multitude sing in New England, and a similar multitude in Europe. It may be that in Italy good voices are more the rule than in countries farther north; yet of the great female singers of modern times, several of the first rank were natives of Germany and other northern countries. Mrs. Billington, one of the most remarkable sopranos that ever lived, was born at London; Malibran and her sister Pauline Garcia at Paris; Mara, that wonder, at Cassel, in Germany; Jenny Lind, at Stockholm, in Sweden; Sontag at Coblenz on the Rhine; Madame Fodor, a name connected with the first performance of some of Beethoven's stupendous vocal works, was born in the north of Germany, and went to Italy first after a residence at St. Petersburg; thirty-five years ago the Italians themselves called her the greatest living songstress. Madame Schroeder Devrient, was a native of Hamburg, and the Wagner also, I think. I mention these examples to show that in the most disagreeable climates of Europe—save Russia—some of the greatest voices have been produced; and if there, it is nonsense to suppose that in the clear fine atmosphere of America, there must necessarily be a defect in the physical organization necessary to the great design. But the experience of any one who has been abroad, and has paid attention to the one

point of the quality of voices, both there and at home, must show him that the American voice is as good as either the German or the English—I cannot speak farther from personal observation.

The finest chorus I ever heard was that of the *Sing-Akademie* at Berlin, numbering about two hundred voices. Among the oratorios which I heard performed by that Society was Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Afterwards I heard the same at Exeter Hall, London, under Costa's lead, with a chorus of some five hundred. The Berlin performance was far the most effective. It was perfect! I was excited until my sensations became actually painful, and at one time I feared that I must leave the church in which it was given. And yet that splendid, magnificent chorus was made up of no better voices than those which compose our own choruses.

I was struck last winter on my return, with the excellent quality of the voices, taken generally for all parts, (except the Tenor, in which there are too many very poor barytones struggling to do what they cannot do, and never will, that is, sing up to E, F, and G, with a voice,) at the Handel and Haydn chorus. And at some concerts of the little "Musical Association" at Cambridgeport last winter, the dozen sopranos and seven or eight altos, produced a volume and excellence of tone, which I hardly ever heard surpassed by the same number. Again, who of us has not heard here and there voices, utterly uncultivated and used only as nature teaches, which in some familiar song have startled and astonished us by their strength, purity and sweetness? Many a voice of this sort do I remember having heard in our New England villages. What magnificent basses and tenors may be heard among our firemen, when making merry together and singing "Uncle Ned," "Old Dan Tucker," or "Lovely May!" There is real feeling in some of these songs, and the singers entering into the spirit of them will often lament for "May," or "Uncle Ned," in strains that would bring the house down, were they cultivated up to the pitch of the opera.

There is, I venture to declare, so far as nature is concerned, no want either of vocal organs or accurate musical ears among us. And that brings me back "to our mntons."

We want two things: the general cultivation of taste, and the proper development of our musical capacities. Country singing schools will do neither, and the practice of the common choirs is equally useless. In both these cases the time is devoted to learning to hobble along in reading the notes of psalm tunes, and to getting up a few anthems, for Fast, Thanksgiving, an ordination, a dedication, or the grand concert with which the singing master closes off in a blaze of glory. Were all this felt to be but the means to an end, as the reading of the American First Class book, at school, is a means to learn to read newspapers and everything else, and is not studied simply that one may read the particular pieces in it, it would be all very well. But here is just the trouble; a school or a choir practice a set of these tunes, as the great end of learning to sing. I would have the singing master constantly impress upon his pupils that all which they can learn from a "singing book" is simply preparatory, as their reading lessons at school prepare them afterwards to read Shakspeare, Milton, Gibbon or Webster.

Now how easily, how simply, how pleasantly might the process of cultivating the public taste be carried on, if those who care at all for music would adopt your suggestion. Suppose in some country town half a dozen tenors and basses should purchase copies of "Elijah," and should invite a few sopranos and altos to unite with them in studying out the music of those sublime choruses. Next summer these dozen singers would be prepared to meet with dozens from a hundred other towns, and two or three general rehearsals would bring all into order so far as the mere correct reading of the music goes. From that moment every rehearsal would be attended with the purest enjoyment. Many of us who have had the good fortune to sing in either of our great Boston choral societies, can speak from experience of the delight of this kind of practice, when once an oratorio is rehearsed up to this pitch.

This is the way the great musical festivals are managed abroad. The chorus singers are all prepared with a general knowledge of the music, and the conductor, when he comes to take charge of the general rehearsals, has only to teach his masses the effects which he wishes to produce. Could we call together *such* a convention, as we might thus easily do, the proceeds of such performances as would be given, would enable us to employ an orchestra, and it would be a matter of pride, as well as for the advantage of great singers to join in the exercises; the profit would be mutual, the singer would make him or herself known, and the members of our choirs would have the opportunity, denied them in the country, of hearing great music sung in great style. Thus would taste be cultivated, both for the highest vocal and the highest instrumental music, for "Elijah" combines the two,—you know, how well. But enough of this rambling disjointed matter for this time. Good bye.

[From Cocks's Musical Miscellany.]

The Berlin Academy of Music.

The Berlin Academy of Music was founded in the year 1850, by Dr. A. B. Marx, Dr. T. Kullak, and Herr Julius Stern, of Berlin, and has risen rapidly in the estimation of the European public. We heartily wish the enterprising projectors God speed! in their noble undertaking.

We give the following translation of details transmitted to us by our erudite friend, Dr. Marx:—

§ I.

This Academy of Music offers complete instruction, both theoretical and practical, to all Students desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of the Art. It offers the same advantages to all who, whether as Singers, Pianists, Violinists, Violoncellists, Directors, Composers, or Teachers, select either of these branches as a profession.

Amateurs also, to whom Music is not a profession, but an ornament of life, will likewise be received, in as far as they observe the regulations of the Academy.

§ II.

The plan of Instruction includes the following objects:

a. GENERAL DEPARTMENTS.—1. ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION—Sound and Notation, with the practical development of the Ear, and exercise in the understanding and representation of the relation of Sounds; the Science of Rhythm, with the development of the knowledge of Time, and exercise in the division and keeping thereof; first Foundations of the Science of Melody and Harmony, with practical exercises; Encyclopædic Survey of Music in general. 2. Universal Instruction in Music (*Allgemeine Musiklehre*—

methode). Method of Delivery, Direction. 3. HISTORY OF MUSIC. 4. KNOWLEDGE OF THE ART. 5. Instruction in the ITALIAN LANGUAGE.

b. EXECUTION. THE ART OF VOCALIZATION.—(comprising exercises in Church, Chamber, Concert, and Dramatic Music, by ancient and modern composers). 6. Pronunciation, Formation of the Voice, Solfaing. 7. Chorus Singing. 8. Superior Education of the Voice, and Solo Singing. 9. Dramatic Delivery. Piano forte-playing (devoted to Chamber and Concert Music, from the earliest to the present time.) 10. Elementary Class. 11. Intermediate Class. 12. Orchestral-playing—general execution by several executants for developing confidence, Playing in Time, and at Sight, as likewise the Ground work. 13. Superior Style of Playing. 14. Ensemble-playing, piano forte with accompaniment of one or more Instruments or Orchestra. Playing from Score. VIOLIN AND VIOLONCELLO-Playing; especial lessons in each of these branches. 16. Elementary Education. 17. Superior Style of Solo-playing—then both combined. 18. Quartet and Orchestral-playing. Special Instruction is given in all these branches of Execution.

c. INSTRUCTION IN COMPOSITION—(*Kompositionlehre*). Indispensable not only for Youthful Composers, but, especially with the contents of the first course, for every aspirant to a more solid Education—in four courses. 19. Science of Melody, Harmony, Accompaniment; the Choral Style; Induction into the Song Style. 20. Song Style, Figured Style, Fugue Style, with double and treble Counterpoint and Canon Style. Foundation of Vocal Composition, Recitative, Song, Chorus. 22. Orchestra Style. Quartet Style. Compositions for the combination of Song and Orchestra.

§ III.

The choice of the branch of Science is, provided the requisite competency exist, left free for the Pupil's decision, assisted by the counsel of his relations and masters. And the transfer from the branch first chosen to another will not be opposed, provided mature reflection and reasonable grounds be given; but, on the other hand, the selection and arrangement of the Departments of Instruction, in all its branches, must be unconditionally left to the Directors of the Academy.

§ IV.

Each Student is entitled to the right of participating in all the departments of instruction named in § II, provided he be sufficiently forward in his studies.

All are bound to participate in the studies mentioned under Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 19, and 20.

All Students, intended for the profession of Solo Singers and Singing Masters, are bound to attend the courses mentioned under Nos. 4, 5, 8, 9. All Students, in the higher style of piano forte playing, intended for the Profession of Pianists, are bound to attend the course enumerated in Nos. 4, 12, 13, 14, 15, and 21. And, lastly, all Students intended for Composers, Directors and the higher branches of the Art, are bound to attend the courses mentioned under Nos. 4, 9, 15, 21, and 22. It is, nevertheless, to be borne in mind that participation in the courses, 1 to 20, previously mentioned, is indispensable.

§ V.

Opportunities of appearing on a private Stage will be provided to those Students devoted to Dramatic Vocalization. Instruction upon Instruments not mentioned in § II, will be provided so soon as a Class for any particular one be formed. Opportunities will likewise be provided for the EXECUTION and DIRECTION OF COMPOSITIONS by the STUDENTS.

§ VI.

The Vocal Department is entrusted to the Court-Music Directors, MESSRS. STERNE, STOLLE, WUERST, and FLÖGEL. The Piano Forte to the Court-Pianists, Dr. TH. KULLAK, Herr LÖSCHNORN, Dr. A. KULLAK, Herr WEHLE and BRIEST. The Violin, to the Court-Chamber Musicians, MESSRS. ZIMMERMANN and OERTLING. The Violoncello, to the Court Concert Master,

MORITZ GANZ. Instruction in Theory and Composition, to Professor Dr. MARX, Herr F. GEYER and R. WUERST (as Principal Masters in this Department) with the assistance of able and trustworthy coadjutors. Herr Professor SCHNACKENBURG has undertaken the Instruction in Italian.

The Pupils—classified according to sex, especial calling, and talent—will be referred to their various departments, and to the masters appointed thereunto.

§ VII.

Conditions of Admission into the Academy are, that the Pupil shall have entered his or her twelfth year, and have already gained some proficiency, (including the most requisite portions of Elementary Knowledge) upon some instrument, or in Singing. Especial circumstances, or developed Musical Talent, will only be admitted as exceptions to this Rule.

§ VIII.

Entrance into the Academy, which must be preceded by an Examination on the part of the Directors, takes place regularly at the commencement of April and October.

§ IX.

The Time of each Pupil's Continuance at the Academy cannot be precisely determined in advance, as the talent, industry, and genius, of the Pupil exert, in this matter, a powerful influence on such determination. But for the perfect Education, as sketched under § II, a PERIOD OF THREE YEARS will, in most cases, suffice, inasmuch as, during this period the studies in all the departments of instruction therein-mentioned are completed.

In the Autumn of each Year, a Public Examination of the Pupils is appointed to be held.

§ X.

The Pupils have to deliver, in quarterly advance payments, a YEARLY HONORARIUM of 100 Thalern (\$15); and to announce, by letter, at least one month before the commencement of a quarter, their intention of departure, or, in case of default, to pay the Honorarium for the ensuing quarter.

They are to submit to the regulations of the Academy, and are not to assist, without the permission of the Directors, at any Concerts, or on the Stage; nor to make known their Compositions. Flagrant violation of the Rules, or total Illness, will occasion the Student's dismissal. But this can only be determined upon by the concurrent resolution of the Directors, assisted by the other Masters.

Those Students who have attended the Academy AT LEAST ONE YEAR, will, upon their departure, be presented with a Testimonial, drawn up at the Conference of the assembled Directors and Masters, stating CAPABILITY, THE AMOUNT OF KNOWLEDGE GAINED, AND CONDUCT DURING THE TIME OF STUDY.

§ XI.

Communications to be addressed, postage free, to either of the undersigned, who will be happy to provide, for those living at a distance, a suitable lodging, upon the most reasonable terms; and will further undertake, as a duty—especially when requested by Parents or Guardians—to watch over the Pupils when out of the Academy, to counsel them, and, in cases of necessity, to forward a report to their friends.

Dr. A. B. MARX.
Dr. TH. KULLAK.
JULIUS STERN.

MEMORY OF MUSIC. The readiness with which the memory lends itself to the service of music is another standing phenomenon peculiar to her. By what mysterious paradox does it come to pass that what the mind receives with the most passivity it is enabled to retain with the most fidelity, laying up the choicest morsels of musical entertainment in its store-houses, to be ready for spontaneous performance without our having so much as the trouble of summoning them? For not even the exertion of our will is required; a thought—aye, less than a thought—the slightest breath of a hint, is sufficient to set the exquisitely

sensitive strings of musical memory vibrating; and often we know not what manner of an idea it is that has just fluttered across our minds, but for the melody, or fragment of a melody, in its passage. By what especial favor is it that the ear is permitted a readier access to the cells of memory, and a steadier lodging when there, than either of the other organs? Pictures, poetry, thoughts, hatred, loves, promises of course are all more fleeting than tunes! These we may let be buried for years; they never moulder in the grave, they come back as fresh as ever, yet showing the depth at which they have lain by the secret associations of joy or sorrow they bring with them. There is no such pitiless invoker of the ghosts of the past as one bar of melody that has been connected with them; there is no such sigh escapes from the heart as that which follows in the train of some musical reminiscence.—*Quarterly Review*.

Fine Arts.

HESPER—THE EVENING STAR. At COTTON'S well known store in Tremont Row, there is now on exhibition an ideal bust to which the name of *Hesper* has been given by the fair artiste whose work it is. The sculptor is Miss HARRIET HOSMER, a young lady of Watertown, of whose remarkable talent in this department of art we had heard something previously, on the completion of the bust of NAPOLEON, of which some account will be found below. The *Hesper* we consider a very remarkable production as the work of so young an artist, and of a lady. It represents the *Evening Star*, personifying it by a female head of full size, crowned with poppies, the emblematic star upon her brow, and the crescent moon upon her breast. The expression of the face is, in some respects, quite successful; the outlines of the lower portion being very delicate and beautiful, but the brow and the upper part of the face seem a little heavy and not entirely correspondent to the delicacy of the lower part. The extraordinary success of the fair sculptor in the mechanical execution of her work which is obvious to the most careless inspection, and the evident power of imagination and true conception displayed in the work are enough to disarm criticism, and almost compel us to surrender at discretion. Miss HOSMER, we understand, is about to spend several years in Rome, to receive from Mr. Crawford a thorough instruction in the divine art to which she has determined to devote herself. We find in the *New York Tribune* the following account of the *Hesper* and of the artiste, which we are tempted to transfer entire to our columns.

A NEW STAR IN THE ARTS.

The title has a double sense; for the young artist is a new star in the constellation of American genius, and the production which first makes her known to the world is THE EVENING STAR. The name of this young aspirant for fame is HARRIET HOSMER. She is the daughter of a skilful and experienced physician in Watertown, Mass. and is little more than twenty years of age. In her own circle she has long been spoken of as a girl of strong character, peculiar in her habits and pursuits, holding in light esteem the elegant frivolities with which her sex generally employ their time, and uniformly refusing to pay society the perpetual tribute of conventional small coin, by which the world always tries to enslave the genius of women, and generally with success. Miss HOSMER preferred the silence of the woods to the buzz of drawing-rooms. She hunted butterflies, climbed trees for crow's nests, rowed a boat like ELLEN DOUGLASS, and managed horses as

fearlessly as FANNY KEMBLE. But through all Nature the hand of Art was ever beckoning to her. She observed the form, the proportions, the grouping of all things. Her drawings and statuettes in plaster very early indicated a good deal of talent, and she was so earnest in these pursuits that her father built a small studio for her in his garden, where she could devote the hours to her favorite occupations without danger of interruption. Two years ago, she made for her father a very fine copy in marble of the bust of Napoleon as he appeared at St. Helena. All her friends perceived that she had uncommon talent for sculpture; but I think no one was prepared for the genius manifested in a bust she has just completed. The poetic conception of the subject is the creation of her own mind, and the embodiment of it is all done by her own hands; even the hard, rough, mechanical portions of the work. She employed a man to chip off some large bits of marble; but as he was unaccustomed to assist sculptors, she did not venture to have him cut within several inches of the surface she intended to work.

This beautiful production of her hand and soul is called

Hesper, the Evening Star.

It has the face of a lovely maiden gently falling asleep with the sound of distant music. Her hair is gracefully arranged, and intertwined with capsules of the poppy. A star shines on her forehead, and under her breast lies the crescent moon. The hush of evening breathes from the serene countenance, and the heavily drooping eye-lids. I felt tranquilized while looking at it, as I do when the rosy clouds are fading into gray twilight, and the pale moon-sickle rises slowly over the dim woods.

The mechanical execution of this bust seemed to me worthy of its lovely and life-like expression. The swell of cheek and breast is like pure, young, healthy flesh, and the muscles of the beautiful mouth are so delicately cut it seems like a thing that breathes.

One has no need to qualify praise by saying this is an extraordinary production for a woman, and a very young woman, too. It is certainly eminently feminine in its character, but the best sculptors of our country need not feel ashamed to have produced such a work. If Miss HOSMER's future efforts are of progressive excellence from this starting-point, a world-wide celebrity awaits her.

Her father was not aware that he was training his only child for such result; and had he not been unconscious what the germ would unfold, he probably could not have aided nature so well as he has done. The death of her little sister made him willing to sacrifice every thing to insure her health; therefore he encouraged her to live in the woods and on the rivers, and was wise enough not to insist upon conquering her aversion to the thousand Lilliputian cords by which society binds down the bodies and souls of women. She inherited strong, good sense, but she did not inherit a genius for Art. Whence came the glorious endowment? It was the growth of her unfettered life, of her free communion with rivers, trees and stars. If she had gone to parties, and returned calls, and consulted milliners for new fashions as most young ladies do, the Evening Star would never have unveiled its transcendent beauty to her son. Though in the full flush of eager, youthful aspiration, Miss HOSMER places a just value upon scientific rules. Few artists among us have such an accurate knowledge of anatomy. Her father's profession was of service to her in this respect; but she was not satisfied until she had gone through a systematic course of anatomical instruction. It does not comport with Bostonian ideas of propriety to admit women to medical lectures and experiments, whatever faculties they may have to be developed, or however high may be the object to which they propose to consecrate those faculties. There is more freedom in the West in this respect; therefore the energetic girl went to St. Louis, where she devoted an entire winter to medical lectures and anatomical drawings. Her constant refusal to attend parties, and her unre-

mitting application to Science, as the handmaid of Art, of course appeared very eccentric to some. The world is assuredly moving onward, but it is very slow to learn that Woman, also, has a right to be an individual. The world is prone to treat genius as the Tom cat treated the "Ugly Duck," in Andersen's inimitable story. "Can you purr?" he enquired; and when he found his own accomplishment was wanting, he contemptuously set down his companion as a fool. Even the ducks only observed that his ways were different from their ways; they did not conjecture that his peculiarities were owing to the fact that he was hatched from a swan's egg. But when his plumage was grown, kindred swans recognized and welcomed him.

Miss HOSMER proposes to visit Rome for a few years, with the view of becoming a sculptor by profession. May her genius meet as cordial a reception there as the duck did when he discovered his kindred and swam towards them on them on the bright waters.

If she wins the laurel crown which now seems floating over her youthful brow, she will do even more for the cause of Womanhood than for the cause of Art. A truly great work performed, like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in literature, and the Hesper in sculpture, does more to elevate Woman than a hundred conventions to maintain her rights. Whoever does a thing well, proves her right to do it. That species of argument is unanswerable.

It is rather surprising that the world has produced so few artists of celebrity among women. Music, the soprano of the Arts, would seem to be peculiarly adapted to feminine genius, being the expression of sentiment and passion, in the most graceful and pliable of forms; but as yet there is no woman whose name ranks high among musical composers. Several women have distinguished themselves in painting, but no one approaches the greatness of Raphael or Titian. Sculptors among women have been more rare. A few meritorious works have been produced, but none likely to live through all time. God speed all who devote themselves to these noble and beautiful pursuits with genuine earnestness of soul.

Mrs Jameson, speaking of female artists, says: "In general, the conscious power of maintaining themselves, habits of attention and manual industry, the application of our feminine superfluity of sensibility and imagination to a tangible result—have produced fine characters." X. Y. Z.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 4, 1852.

The Musical Convention.

(Concluded.)

9. THE SACRED CONCERT.

This took place on the Wednesday evening of the second week, when the Melodeon was well filled with audience at a low price, and the stage well packed with singers, numbering from four to five hundred apparently. The chorus was of course rather miscellaneous in its composition, since the same seats contained the old nucleus of former conventions, the pupils and raw recruits of this year, and a sprinkling of volunteers from the choirs of Boston and the neighborhood. For accompaniment, Mr. Cutler presided at the organ, assisted by Mr. Southard at a grand piano, and Mr. N. Fitz at a square. The music consisted of a selection from the "Classical Choruses," and from the Oratorio of "David," which had formed the material for practice during all the evening sessions.

The parts of "David" were sung from the new collection of psalmody, &c., before alluded to, called the "Melodia Sacra." We think it some improvement on the everlasting manufacture

of psalm books, to allow something solid, like an oratorio, to occupy half the space of the volume and so far reduce the multiplication (without variety) of the old used up long and short staple of the psalm-tune. But in the name of good taste and the popular need of knowing good and great music, why select Neukomm's "David," when there are so many grander, deeper, more inspired works, which deserve first to be known? How long shall the musical instincts of the people be kept out of the golden portion of their birth-right, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, &c., when it may be as easily procured as cheaper "German silver." Neukomm is at least but a learned and clever composer; he has no title to rank among the inspired masters of the art; and "David," though for some time "popular," because effective in a superficial sense, and performed year after year by our Handel and Haydn society, soon exhausted its charm with the genuine music-lovers. Perhaps the ears of the country choirs and singing schools are tickled by the often returning jingle of its common-place chorus of "Victory," sure to cut short any deep and rich passage of harmony, which may seem to promise well for a few bars; or their imaginations may be hugely excited by the musical smiting of Goliath in the forehead; or generally they may find the choruses less difficult and less above the ordinary standard of the Thanksgiving anthem of domestic manufacture. But precisely for all these reasons, do the people need the more to be fed upon better meat, until they shall know the taste of what is good.—Of course, we do not deny that there are many beautiful and pleasing things in "David," and here and there a truly effective chorus; and some of them gave pleasure on this occasion; but we speak out of a sense of economy of our musical privileges:—when there is so much, which we only need to know, that is *first* rate, why spend the time and pre-occupy the market with what is only second or third rate!—But, perhaps it is too ungracious in us to give no thanks for what we get, because we do not get the very best. Therefore understand us, Messrs. Editors of the "Melodia Sacra," and take in good part this digression. We come back to the Concert.

Of the singers, some knew the music well, having sung it often in the "Handel and Haydn Society, &c.; others had barely broken ground in it for the first time at this Convention; of course some were well "up" in it, some lagged, and many only got into step occasionally so as to make part and parcel of the harmonious movement. All this was to be taken into the account; nor would it be reasonable to view it as much more than an extemporaneous affair; an indifferent performance was in the nature of things to be expected, and whatever excellent or good points were realized, were fit signals for a more joyous applause than would be admissible in a standard and artistic presentation. Several such points there were. A few of the choruses came out with a unanimity, an emphasis, and a balance of voices, that left comparatively little to be desired; while others were confused and lame, the desperate race between the lumbering organ and the two pianos doing not much to reassure the timid or subdue the over-venturous chorister. Yet after the unpromising rehearsals before alluded to,—especially that of the preceding evening, we were truly astonished to hear so much of order brought forth out of chaos. Mat-

ters had been a good deal mended in the morning by an hour's drill *extraordinaire*, under Mr. Southard's batôn, upon the choruses that suffered worst the night before. Of the solo parts too, we must praise the singing of "Return, O David," that sweet pastorale, by Miss BOTHAMLY, whose sweet, clear, flexible soprano seemed adapted to such music. Also the tenor songs by Mr. Low, who has truly a delicious quality of voice, of good compass, smooth and flexible and even, and very gracefully and expressively modulated in all strains of a *cantabile* and gentle character. In recitative, and in all declamatory passages, where a bold and crisp delivery of the voice was needed, he was less effective. But there was a tenor organ, with apparently good natural feeling of music, worthy of sound cultivation. Miss BOND displayed a rich, large, penetrating quality of voice, which it would seem, should do somewhat the same good service as that clarion soprano of Miss STONE's, upon the top of a great Handelian chorus. But it did not seem to us at all finely attuned to strains of solo melody, and was often forced in the high passages into a painful substitute for musical tone.

Of the miscellaneous choruses, that from Cherubini was impressive, but the one from Bellini was sung the best, and with "more of a will" on the part of the singers. It would have been very pleasing, but for the incongruity of sacred words. Miss BOTHAMLY needs still a deeper musical culture, physically and spiritually, before essaying in public the arduous height of "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" her delivery of it lacked sustained dignity and purity and loftiness of style; yet it was creditable as an exercise for a young singer. Much of the time the movement was hurried.—If there were other solos, we cannot at this late hour recall them. Under the circumstances we feel bound to congratulate the conductors and participators in that concert on a greater success than might reasonably have been feared. Still more so of the next night:

10. THE MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.

This was really brilliant. The choruses from the "Union Glee Book," under the direction of Mr. Southard, were finely performed; especially that excellent piece of his own, before alluded to: "When thou, O Stone," &c., which was repeated at the close of the concert by request. The rich, distinct body of the middle parts (altos and tenors) moving with individual character in the harmony of the whole, was refreshing and strengthening to hear; and the fugued conclusion told impressively. The light, cheerful chorus by B. F. Baker, too, "When o'er lake and forest streaming," was spirited and quite acceptable in its way. The young ladies and gentlemen, who sang solos, showed a laudable aspiration in their selection of pieces. Miss FRANKLIN gave us Mozart's lovely and most touching andante: *Porgi amor*, from the "Marriage of Figaro," with a mezzo soprano voice of much richness and expressiveness, and with some good ideas of style; only she never attenuates or varies the round, even volume of her tone, so that there is a heaviness and want of elasticity about her singing; and moreover the piece was hardly taken slow enough. But welcome, we say, heartily welcome to symptoms of a re-action in the public taste, or in the taste of teachers, who, instead of the ambitious *tours de force* of Verdi and of Donizetti, seem to be inspiring their pupils

with a desire to drink from such pure wells of song as Mozart, Weber, and the like. We will patiently hear these good things "murdered" sometimes, for the hope there is in knowing that they are beginning to be studied.

We must credit Miss BOTHAMLY for the same good intention in undertaking the glorious scena from "Der Freyschiütz": *Und ob die Wolke*, &c., which she sang in English. But she must learn that lesson anew; blot out, if possible, her whole present style of singing it and make a clean new beginning. For it was altogether a false conception of the music. It was a painful effort to Italianize and Donizetti-ize a music which knows nothing of all that. Think of interpolating a series of those common-place operatic cadenzas,—elaborate ones too,—into that chaste and even strain of prayerful melody: *Leise, leise, fromme Weise*, which does not admit of the slightest note of ornament! The same sophistication extended through all the melodies and recitatives of the whole scena; time and accent wrong; a vain attempt to force the music into some likeness, which it was not in it to affect, with the fashionable Italian patterns to which singers' tastes are now-a-days so almost generally moulded. Our sympathies were with the fair singer; it did not seem to be *her* fault; she had the voice, the power of execution, the soul apparently, for something truer; but to such hot-house nursing are our young and tender plants exposed.

There was a creditable tenor song, by Mr. FROST, and several others now lost to our memory in the thick-coming and commingling currents of events. We could not, however, see the good of introducing the hacknied sentimental duet: "I've wandered in dreams," except to show its worthlessness in the company of good music. There would have been other songs and duets, but for the welcome surprise of Sig. BASSINI's violin, and the voices of Mme. WIDEMANN and Mons. GENIBREL, who sang cavatinas from *La Favorita*, *I Lombardi*, &c., with what éclat we have before recorded. After these splendors the native stars were pardonably shy, and hence the wise resort to a repetition of Mr. Southard's Glee.

This article has already reached an unconscionable length, or we should wish to speak of certain pleasant episodes which varied and brightened the course of the Convention;—of songs volunteered or elicited by enthusiastic perseverance of request, from various singers; of the excellent samples of bass singing by Mr. G. F. ROOT, now of New York, though from the first identified with Boston classes and conventions; of the sparkling little feast of brass instrumental music, kindly contributed one afternoon by Mr. Schnapp's "Serenade Band;" of the breaking up social soiree on the last evening; &c., &c. But we must here close, thanking the conductors for a couple of weeks full of suggestion and of interest—although, as we began with saying, more interesting in the future possibilities than in results already realized, much room as there was for congratulation even in these. If we have made any individual criticism, it has not been in any spirit of unkindness or of levity, but from a sincere desire to point out ways to better and still better things. And as to any personality, we disclaim the slightest particle thereof. Read what our correspondent, A. W. T., writes on

another page, and let us hope and labor for an improved, a glorious Convention next year!

The Marseillaise of German Origin.

The Rhine *Musik-Zeitung*, [edited by Dr. Bischoff of Bonn, but published at Cologne] contains an interesting article, in which the origin of the Melody, to which Roguet de Lisle wrote his Freedom's Hymn, is again brought into discussion. Though not decisive, it casts doubt at least upon the sentimental tale, to which Lamartine has recently given new currency. That the music was of German origin is an old opinion. One report makes it partially a production of J. F. Reichardt, —at all events this is a mistake — and partially an old popular German melody. Even the poet Roguet de Lisle was attacked, and the real authorship, when once the doubt was raised, was attributed to George Förster.* The doubt of de Lisle's authorship of the Marseillaise was strengthened by the fact that in 1830 the Liberty song, *La Parisienne*, borrowed its melody from that of a popular song of Northern Germany, which in the years 1813–15 was sung by the English-German Legion, and the Hanoverians, and by these troops probably brought to France. There is no doubt in regard to this,—and the fact was well known also to the French musicians. More thorough investigations, however, and especially an article in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, in the year 1848, written by a German doctor, seemed in the meantime clearly to prove, that Roguet de Lisle was also the composer of the music of his song; the Sculptor David, of Angers, was said to have heard this from the author's own mouth. Now, however, an article by Castil Blaze in the *France Musicale* gives the matter an entirely new appearance. He says:

"In the year 1778, Madame de Montesson had a theatre constructed in her hotel, and labored for it as poetess, actress and singer down to 1785, the year in which her consort, the Duke of Orleans, died. Here for the first time, in the year 1782, was heard a German song consisting of chorons and refrain, a melody of several verses, which ten years later, like a volcanic irruption, burst forth upon the world with a new text, given it by Roguet de Lisle, an officer of the Genie corps. Gluck's triumphs in Paris had raised respect and admiration for German music to the highest pitch, when Julien, the elder, then violinist at the Italian Opera, produced this beautiful composition in the concerts at Madame de Montesson's. The highly aristocratic and noble assembly applauded and received with their high approbation, a song which at that time expressed only sentiments of deep and tender feeling, and did not yet possess that strength, that sometimes brutal fury, which in later times thousands of voices have given to it; in a word, a melody which became the *Marseillaise*, and carried fire and sword and desolation into the domains of the feudal nobility.

"The melody was afterwards attributed to various composers. First to Julien who had introduced it at the Concerts at Madame Montesson's; then to Gossee, Pleyel, Mehul, who harmonized and arranged it for orchestra; he gave it a characteristic and powerful harmony, which it lost when the musical vandals, who followed, in July 1830, changed and degraded it; others have

* Förster and Reichardt, the author and the composer of the Nightingale's Nest.

honored Dalayrac as the author. Nobody at that time thought of Roguet de Lisle as the author of the music to his hymn, and they who knew nothing of the German melody, sought in vain for the creator of this precious pearl. The forty-nine melodies which Roguet de Lisle appended to the *Marseillaise* when he published his fifty French airs, would have proved fully, that he was only the author of the text of the *Marseillaise*, if at that time there had been the least doubt on the point among well informed musicians. If you now ask me, who was then the author of this powerful and exciting melody, I reply, by requesting you to tell me, who was the tavern musician guilty of having patched together the strains of *La Parisienne*."

HURRYING BEETHOVEN'S MUSIC. We are glad when we can quote any high authority against the modern tendency to accelerate the tempo in orchestral music in an unreasonable manner, as if speed were the sole condition of vivacity. Mr. Lowell Mason, in a letter from Frankfort, which appears in the *New York Musical World*, relates an interview with Professor SCHINDLER, the biographer of Beethoven.

"He has many relics of Beethoven which he values very highly. He conversed for nearly two hours, with great interest, on his favorite author, and his works. He says that Beethoven is played in quicker time now than formerly, and especially the *allegros* in his symphonies. These, he thinks, lose much of their true effect by the quickness of the time in which they are played. The first violin, or the leading melody, is heard, but the inner parts lose their efficiency. He thinks Mendelssohn has injured Beethoven, by giving his great influence in favor of the quicker movement. He illustrated and proved his remarks on the degree of quickness with which Beethoven himself directed his own compositions, by anecdotes of Hummel, Hiller, Czerny, and others, who all agreed as to the general fact. He makes the same remark, also, with reference to Mozart and Haydn. There can be no doubt that the time is now taken quicker, in the performance of the compositions of these masters, than it was when they themselves directed it; but it is doubtful whether it will be restored. Modern associations and habits seem to require the change; and it is not improbable that, had Beethoven lived, he too might have changed with the times. Prof. Schindler remarked, that in Paris he has heard Beethoven played with very great perfection, notwithstanding the quickness of the time. The inner parts were there distinctive and clear, but generally it is not so."

Some Boston correspondent of the *London Musical World* writes as follows to that paper.

"The New Music Hall is rapidly approximating a finish. It will, in some respects, be far ahead of the Metropolitan Hall. It is hardly needed in this city, and will pay a feeble interest to the stockholders. It is strange that every magnificent project started in Boston must be stained with the imprint of the hand of meanness! In the case of the new Hall, after the immense cost of the building and decorations, an old organ, unfit for a second-rate church, is to be placed in the building. Why not carry out a uniform design, and procure a large and new instrument, especially designed and manufactured for the Hall?"

The correspondent, if he knew anything at all of the matters of which he pretends to write, must have known that his statement was simply false. We understand that it is intended to place in the Music Hall an organ of the first class, as fine an instrument as can be obtained.

We hope too that it will be Boston made, as we need not go away from our own city to get an instrument that shall be every way worthy of the Hall in which it is to be placed. We wish, by the way, that the English papers would resort for their information on matters musical, as well as other matters in this country, to some more reliable source than the *New York Herald* (from which the *Musical World* often quotes,) which seems to be their chief dependence, and their *beau ideal* of an American newspaper, or to the letters of anonymous correspondents. The attempted slur at Boston meanness in the letter referred to, needs no refutation or contradiction.

PROVISION FOR THE MUSICIANS. Apropos to this topic, on which we recently copied (at the request of a musician) an article from a London journal, see now the report of a meeting of the Am. Musical Fund Society, in New York, under our head of Intelligence.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

We do not know of any local musical intelligence that will give more pleasure than the announcement of the safe arrival of Mr. AUGUST FRIES, after an absence of several months in Europe, where he has, we believe, been purchasing music for the libraries of the Musical Fund Society and the Mendelssohn Quintet Club. We received from Mr. Fries, whom we had to-day the pleasure of welcoming home, the most agreeable accounts of our friends Messrs. Perkins and Parker of this city, who make their home this winter in Leipsic, where they are industriously engaged in the study of music. We learned also from him that arrangements have been made with Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN, of whom we gave some account in a former number, which render it certain that she will come to America in the course of a few weeks in company with her brothers.

Mlle. Lehmann has, we understand, received the most flattering offers to induce her to remain in her native country, but has determined to try her fortune here. Before her departure for America she is to appear at the Opera in Hamburg, as Fidés in *Le Prophète*, Romeo in *I Montecchi e Capuletti*, and in several other rôles of the same rank. We have seen some highly complimentary notices of her performances abroad, and think we may confidently anticipate much pleasure from hearing her in Boston, where she will make her first appearance, in connection, of course, with the *Mendelssohn Quintet Club*, for whom probably a brilliant season is in prospect.

We are glad to see that Mr. KIMBALL, of the Boston Museum, has engaged Madame WIDEMANN, (of whom some notice will be found in another column,) to give one or more Concerts at the Museum. We are pleased to see that music and singers of such a character are to be made familiar to the many frequenters of this establishment, who would hardly be able to attend the concerts of such artists, at the usual prices. We hope that Mr. Kimball will not stop short in this good work, but give his patrons many more entertainments of the same sort.

In the *New Music Hall*, a Boston audience is, at last and for the first time, to be seated comfortably. More infamously uncomfortable and crowded quarters than it has been hitherto the misfortune of Boston audiences to be packed in, from a time to which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, we do not believe exist anywhere else in the world, and any improvement in this respect will be most welcome. The seats of the new Hall are actually comfortable, and compared with those of our other public halls, positively luxurious. We have tried a sample seat, and find, by actual experience that every individual will have abundant room, in every direction, and a well cushioned and well stuffed seat.

We would again call attention to the New Series of Afternoon Concerts by the *Germania Serenade Band*, an advertisement of which will be found in another column.

To those who have attended the former Concerts, the simple announcement will be sufficient to ensure their attendance in the new Series, which commences on Wednesday afternoon next at 3 o'clock, at the Melodeon.

Mr. HENRY BANDT is the gentleman from Baltimore, who has assumed the agency of the Germania Musical Society. — See Card.

Mr. HELMSMÜLLER is about to take up his abode in Providence, where he will give lessons on the piano, guitar, &c., and continue to compose pieces, some of which are already contracted for by publishers.

It is delightful to see grave legislators yielding for a moment to gentler influences and turning aside from the acerbities and personalities which characterize the proceedings, even of our highest legislative bodies, to the consideration of matters such as form the subject of the following resolution of the Indiana House of Representatives. Happy Blakely Family! Happy Legislators!

Hall of House of Representatives,
Indianapolis, May 31, 1852.

"BLAKELY FAMILY:"—I have the honor to communicate to you the following resolution adopted this day by the Indiana House of Representatives.

"Resolved, That the 'Blakely Family' be respectfully requested to favor this House with a few patriotic songs in this Hall immediately after the adjournment of this evening."

I am very respectfully,
GEORGE L. STILEL,
Clerk of the House of Representatives.

New York.

MME. ANNA THILLON has been engaged by Manager Thorne, of the Astor Place Opera House, and will perform a short engagement on the opening of the House on the first of September.

AMERICAN MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY. A meeting was held at three o'clock, Monday, (30th ult.) at Metropolitan Hall. Henry C. Watson was called to the chair, and John C. Scherpf appointed Secretary.

The chairman stated the objects of the Society. Heretofore, he said, when a poor musician was compelled by poverty or misfortune to abandon the practice of his professional pursuits, it was necessary to send round a subscription list to the members of the profession, and in such cases the burden of the relief almost entirely fell upon a few humane persons. A society of this nature was suggested as a remedy; and, although a little difference existed at first amongst them, as to the best method of bestowing relief, yet the Society was organized on its present basis, and it has now succeeded to their entire satisfaction. An immediate relief fund was established, from which many poor members have been relieved, and one buried. Assistance has been received from many persons not connected with them, particularly artists, and their funds are now increased to \$7,000. Although this is gratifying, yet there is something more wanted. The objects and condition of their Association are not sufficiently before the public. The comparatively limited state of their means has prevented them from employing the services of the press in the usual manner; but, nevertheless, it must be said the press has come forward in a praiseworthy manner, and up to this has given them support. He wished that an appeal were now made to these gentlemen to give their assistance on the approaching occasion, and it may be the means of increasing their funds by some thousand dollars.

John A. Kyle proposed a resolution, that a circular be addressed to the members of the press, explanatory of the objects, position and prospects of the Society, and requesting them to urge the support of it upon the public.

The Society has only \$7,000, and it is required by the Legislature that they have \$20,000 before any of it can be employed to advantage. This they were expected to have in three years, and the time will be now shortly passed. An opportunity is now offered to the public to patronise them, and if there were no other motive than the novelty of a concert, in which all the military bands in the city will take part, it should be sufficient attraction, and if well patronised, it will be an honor to New York as well as a benefit to the Society.

This resolution being adopted, another made by Mr. T. Roberts to the effect that an appeal be made to all musicians generally to form Committees for the purpose of disposing of as many tickets as possible, was also passed.

Mr. Roberts proposed that a serenade be given to Madame Sontag as soon after her arrival as practicable. A discussion ensued upon this as to the propriety of a public reception. The Secretary read a letter addressed to him by the Private Secretary of Madame Sontag, which see below, wherein he advises that the reception be strictly artistical. It was agreed that the suggestion be adopted.

Resolutions were passed inviting other musical societies to co-operate with them, and empowering the Committee to increase their numbers, and make all necessary arrangements for the serenade. A vote of thanks was now tendered to Walter E. Harding, Esq., for having

given the use of the Metropolitan Hall free of charge on this occasion, and the meeting adjourned.

We may here state that very considerable improvements are being made in this fine building. A new hotel, the La Farge, is to be in connection with it, so that the concert-room is to be entered through the hotel. Two fine stair cases are to be made at each of the entrances; so that in case of panic within, a means of exit is afforded. The work progresses rapidly.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—Having been informed that one of the objects of to-day's meeting of the A. M. F. S. is the taking into consideration the practicability of a public demonstration in honor of Madame SONTAG's approaching visit to this country, I take the liberty of submitting to you an extract from a letter received from her with the last steamer.

"You can now see that I have very well succeeded in securing the services of talented artists for my concerts. This important matter thus disposed of, I have only to recommend you every caution with regard to my *début*. I have received so much contradictory advice that I am quite puzzled, but I am inclined to think that that given to me by Mr. —, the American Ambassador at —, is the best. He says: 'I have spoken with many of my countrymen about your visit to America, and your chances of success. Those likely to know feel convinced that you have a very great one. Also, all advise you doing what you intend: that is, putting yourself under no management; address yourself to the public through your talent, and prevent your business-men resorting to those extraordinary measures which some of your predecessors have adopted.'"

I am certain that every mark of respect offered by such a distinguished corporation as the A. M. F. S. will be highly prized by Madame Sontag; yet I believe you will but consult her interests by avoiding a public reception, and making the intended demonstration a strictly artistic one.

To JOHN C. SCHERFF, Esq., Secretary A. M. F. S.

N. Y. Tribune, 31st ult.

England.

LONDON. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On Saturday *Sonnambula* was repeated, when the charming Charton achieved even a greater success than on the first night. Familiarity with the house seemed to have given her more command of voice, for she displayed a power in the finale, and a volume of tone we had not heard before. Madame Charton was liberally applauded throughout, and was recalled at the end, and received with genuine enthusiasm.

On Monday Balfe took his benefit, and selected *Don Giovanni* for his opera, with relays of minor entertainments from minor operas, all at minor prices. The bait was good and took hugely. Balfe and *Don Giovanni* brought a great concourse, but the opera was not over-relished by the mixed million—we opine, from a lack of sufficient rehearsals. . . . Calzolari made an excellent Ottavio, and sang "Il mio tesoro" magnificently, and was rapturously encored; but he refused the encore, and merely came forward to bow his acknowledgments. In this Signor Calzolari committed a decided mistake. We have no doubt modesty alone prevented him. Finer or more perfect singing we have not heard from any tenor at Her Majesty's Theatre for many years. Lablache was as glorious as ever in Leporello, and was less lavish of his comic touches in the ghost scene.

Cosilda was repeated on Thursday with Zelie, and to-night, the *Barbiere* will terminate the season.—*London Musical World*, Aug. 14.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—On Saturday the *Prophète* was repeated and drew a very large attendance. The performance was exceedingly fine, and excited the highest enthusiasm.

MUSIC AT OSBORNE HOUSE.—A performance of vocal music took place on Wednesday night week before her Majesty and the royal family. The following was the programme:—

Duetto, "Aus dieses Tempels," Herren Formes and T. Formes (*Jessonda*). Spohr.
Gesänge, "Die Maiennacht," "Das Blumen Mätschen," Mlle. Anna Zerr. Dessner.
Lied, "Das Wirthshaus," Herr Formes Schubert.
Lied, "Die Neugierige," Herr T. Formes F. Schubert.
Quartettino, "Nur näher blöde Mädchen," Mlle. Anna Zerr, Mlle. Magner, Herren Theo. Formes and Formes (*Martha*) Flotow.
Arie, "Die Krähe," Herr Formes Schubert.
Romanze, Mlle. Anna Zerr (*Faust*) Spohr.
Arie, "Ach, so from," Herr T. Formes (*Martha*) Flotow.
Notturmo, "Mitternacht," Mlle. Anna Zerr, Mlle. Magner, Herren Formes, and T. Formes (*Martha*) Flotow.

After the performance her Majesty conversed some time with Mademoiselle Anna Zerr, and complimented her in express terms on her singing.—*Id.*

Mr. J. L. HATTON is at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Fiorentini has declined the offers made her from Berlin—she will remain in England to sing in oratorios and concerts. *Don Pasquale* and portions of *Lucia* and *Sonnambula* were recently given at the Lyceum by the performers at Her Majesty's, on the occasion of the benefit of Mr. Harris, the stage manager of the last named establishment.

BIRMINGHAM. The Birmingham Gazette gives the

following account of the origin and objects of the famous festivals. The arrangements are now in active progress for the Festival of 1852, which begins on the 7th of September.

"The Birmingham Musical Festival may be said to be coeval with our General Hospital; and the whole of the great sums which it has been the means of raising have been applied in assisting the growth of this magnificent charity. When our Festival was set on foot, in 1769, the *Messiah* had for many years been annually performed in London for the benefit of our Foundling Hospital; a practice begun by Handel himself, and continued long after his death. So we may conclude that it was from the "mighty Master" himself that the founders of our Festival took the idea of applying it permanently to the benefit of one great benevolent establishment. This mode of application has been peculiar to the Birmingham Festival. While the profits made by all others have been divided among a number of objects of greater or less utility, the benefit from ours has been concentrated upon one, the importance of which cannot be surpassed. The power of money is enhanced, like every other power, by being brought to bear upon a single point; and had the immense funds realized by the Birmingham Festival during the greatest part of a century been frittered away among a multitude of minor purposes, can any one believe that the sum of good would have approached the result gained by the constant support and progressive growth of the Birmingham General Hospital?"

"The people of Birmingham and its neighborhood know and feel the good done by the General Hospital; but many persons are probably not aware of its vast amount. Between the years 1779—when the Hospital was opened for the relief of sick and lame poor, without limitation as to birth-place or settlement—and 1851, 83,475 in-patients, and 262,913 out-patients—nearly three hundred and fifty thousand poor people have been admitted and have received every relief which careful tending and skilful treatment could bestow. What an alleviation of human suffering! This sum of benefit, too, has been constantly increasing; from 529 patients in the year 1780, to 23,580 in the year 1850; an increase of good which has regularly followed the gradual increase of means, and which, in time to come, will have no other limit.

"Now this increase of means has flowed from the Musical Festival, which has been the main support of the Hospital, and, indeed, essential to its very existence. As the Hospital has grown, the Festival has supplied the life-blood which has fed its growth. Such has been the case for many years past, and such, we trust, it will be for many years to come. Our Festival has flourished through many changes of musical taste and fashion; and, while some have disappeared and others languish, it shows no signs of decay.

"Its long existence has embraced a period which may be regarded as the most eventful in the history of music, a period of constant and rapid progress. And this progress the Birmingham Festival has contributed to accelerate, because it has not only kept pace with, but has rather been in advance of, the taste and knowledge of the age. In truth, when we peruse the records of the Birmingham Festival, we seem to be reading the History of Music for three quarters of a century; for we find that the greatest works of genius in every branch of the art have been brought under the notice of our provincial public as soon as they were known, and sometimes before they were known, to the metropolis itself; nay more, several of the most sublime of these master-pieces have derived their being from the Birmingham Festival. And its records, in like manner, bear the name of every great artist, vocal or instrumental, who has appeared in England during the whole period of its duration."

Paris.

MATHIEU made his second appearance at the Grand Opera, as Eleazer, in the *Juless*. Although the French papers do not speak so highly of him in this part as in that of Arnold, in *William Tell*, they agree in looking on him as a very fine singer.

BAUCHE made his *début*, at the Grand Opera, as Raoul, in the *Huguenots*.

Madame TERESCO was announced to make her first appearance as Léonor, in *La Favorite*, at the Grand Opera.

Germany.

DUSSELDORF. A correspondent of the *London Literary Gazette*, who is evidently an Englishman, writes to that journal a glowing description of the Dusseldorf festival which concludes with a frank acknowledgment that even the London Sacred Harmonic Society must yield the palm to German choristers.

The hall in which this festival took place was a temporary structure 300 feet long by 200 broad, and beside the great mass of singers, at least 3,000 spectators were present. On the first day various associations had a friendly competition for seven silver cups awarded the seven best performances, the first prize being worth £15. This fell to the Concordia Society of Bonn. The Polyhymnia of Cologne had the second and the Choral Society of Neup the third. The writer says the precision attained was generally most remarkable. When mistakes occurred the audience were not slow to express their discontent. The applause bestowed on good singing was loud and vociferous. On the second day eight societies competed for a painting to be awarded the best comic

song, and the imitation of animals were very droll. On the last day the Grosses vocal and instrumental concert with the united societies in chorus, the music chiefly from Beethoven, Spohr and Mendelssohn drew from the correspondent this comment. The choruses were quite glorious and the entire music was performed in a style rarely equalled. Oh, that we had such choruses in Exeter Hall. D. Schumann and D. Knappe conducted this performance, and Mme. Schumann with Mlle. Wieck played Weber's variations from Preciosa in a brilliant manner.

Dusseldorf was illuminated on Sunday evening, and the various societies with bands of music and colored lanterns marched about the streets.

The singing of the hymn by Mendelssohn, *So ruht denn in die Rinde*, by the Bonn chorists, created unabated enthusiasm. At the concert, Mme. Schumann (Clara Wieck) was the chief pianiste; her sister also played. Mlle. Schloss was the leading vocalist. Herr Schumann's *Julius Caesar* overture was executed, as also Beethoven's Op. 124 in C. A new work, *The Calm of the Sea*, by Herr Fisher, of Mayence, was also performed.

Madame LACRANGE had been engaged for the Vienna Opera at a very high salary, and will therefore not be available this winter.

Mlle. WAGNER, the subject of such contests between the proprietors of the rival Operas, is singing at Hamburg with great success.

SPAIN, &c. Mr. Swift, the English tenor, is engaged to sing at the Italian Opera House in Lisbon, at which Mme. Castellan will be the prima donna. The Madrid Opera House will open on the 2d of October, with Verdi's *Due Foscari*; Signora Capriana prima donna, Roppa tenor, and Colletti baritone. Mme. Clara Novello and Mlle. Angri will make their *débuts* in the second week in Rossini's *Semiramide*; Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda*, Donizetti's *Martiri*. Verdi's *Luisa Miller* and *Lombardi* will also be given.

CONSTANTINOPLE. Servais, the celebrated violoncellist has been presented recently to the Sultan by the Belgian Chargé d'affaires. He came from Bucharest, after having passed through the whole of the southern part of the Russian provinces; and had been everywhere received with every mark of the admiration due to his unrivalled talent. The Princes had made him many rich presents, and he had given some very productive concerts. After having performed before the Grand Turk, who in a devoted lover of music, he returns to St. Petersburg by the way of Moscow.

Advertisements.

H. S. CUTLER,

Organist at the Church of the Advent.

ADDRESS—No. 88 Tremont St., Boston. 22 tf

INSTRUCTION IN VOCAL MUSIC.

MRS. M. A. HAMM'S JUVENILE CLASS for Instruction in Vocal Music will be formed at her residence, No. 665 WASHINGTON STREET, commencing Sept. 8th. It is desirable that parents wishing their children to acquire a correct knowledge of the rudiments of Vocal Music should have them entered at the commencement of the term. Days of tuition, Wednesday and Saturday, commencing at 3 o'clock. Terms, \$1, payable in advance.

N. B. Mrs. H.'s Evening Class, for Gentlemen and Ladies, will be formed at the above place, the 13th of September, commencing at 7-12 o'clock. Terms, \$2 per quarter. 22 2t

New Series—Change of Day.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS, AT THE MELODEON, By the Germania Serenade Band.

THESE CONCERTS will re-commence on WEDNESDAY, Sept. 8th, at 3 o'clock, P. M., and be continued EVERY WEDNESDAY, at the same hour.

Packages containing four tickets, at 50 cents a package, can be obtained at the usual places, and at the door on the afternoons of the Concerts, where single tickets at 25 cents each, may also be had.

☐ Tickets issued for the former series are good for this. 21 tf G. SCHINAPP, Leader, 364 Tremont St.

NOTICE.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY respectfully inform their friends and the public in general, that Mr. F. H. HELMSMUELLER's duties as the Agent for the Company, ceased on the 20th of August, and that from this day, Mr. HENRY BANDT will attend to all their business affairs.

NEWPORT, August 24, 1852.

21 3t

Diseases of the Eye and Ear.

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[Translated for this Journal.]

WEBER'S DER FREYSCHUTZ.

BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

We are in the middle of June, and it is almost cold; the wind groans, the trees cry and are agitated; the clouds seud over the heavens; melancholy memories are awakened. . . . Seems it not that, thus sorrowfully moved, it should be easy for me to speak of the work and of the artist that just now pre-occupy our musical world exclusively? Yet it is not so. Certain impressions are so deep, the ardor of certain enthusiasms is so chaste, and there are reminiscences of youth connected with such painful circumstances, that the heart bleeds to let them escape. I seem to have lived a century during the fifteen or sixteen years that have elapsed since the day when for the first and last time WEBER passed through Paris. He was on his way to London, to witness there the failure of one of his *chef-d'œuvres* (his "Oberon"), and die. How I longed to see him then! with what palpitations I followed him, the evening when, already suffering and a few hours before his fatal departure for England, he wished to be present at the resumption of *Olympie*! My pursuit was vain. The morning of that very day, Lesueur had said to me: "I have just received a visit from Weber! Five minutes sooner you would have heard him playing to me upon the piano entire scenes of our scores; he knows them all!" Entering a music store a few hours after:

"If you only knew who was sitting there a moment since!"

— Who then?

— "Weber!"

Arriving at the Opera in the evening, and hearing the crowd repeat: "Weber just passed through the green room;—he has gone back into the hall;—he is in the first boxes." I despaired of ever being able to reach him. But it was all useless; nobody could point him out to me. Just the reverse of those poetical apparitions of Shakspeare, visible to all, he remained invisible to one alone. Too unknown to dare to write to him, and without friends in a position to present me to him, I had to go off without a sight of him. O! if the inspired men could divine the great passions which their works engender! if it were given to them to discover those admirations of a hundred thousand souls concentrated and absorbed in one, how sweet it would be to them to be surrounded by them, to receive them, and find consolation in them from the envious hatred of some, the unintelligent frivolity of others, and the tediousness of all!

In spite of his popularity, in spite of the tremendous éclat and vogue of *Der Freyschütz*, in spite of the consciousness he undoubtedly had of his own genius, Weber, more than any one perhaps, would have been happy at these obscure but sincere adorations. He had written admirable pages, treated by the virtuosos and the critics with the most disdainful coldness; his last opera, and his grandest, *Euryanthe*, had only half succeeded; it was permissible for him to feel some anxiety about the fate of *Oberon*, considering that for such a work it needs a public of poets, a parterre of the kings of thought;—finally, the king of kings, Beethoven himself, for a long time had failed to appreciate him. We may conceive then that he might, as he wrote at that time, have doubted his own musical mission, and that he died of the blow which struck his *Oberon*.

If the difference was great between the destiny of this marvellous score and that of his eldest, the *Freyschütz*, it is not that there is anything vulgar in the physiognomy of the fortunate elect of popularity, anything mean in its forms, anything false in its brilliancy, anything tumid or emphatic in its language. He has not placed the one more than the other under the patronage of the executants; he has never made the least concession to the puerile demands of fashion, or the still more imperious requirements of the great

proud singers. He was as simply true, as proudly original, as much an enemy to formulas, as dignified in the face of the public, whose applause he would not buy by any cowardly condescension, in short as great an artist in the *Freyschütz* as in the *Oberon*. But the poesy of the first is full of movement, of passion and of contrasts. The supernatural there brings in strange and violent effects; melody, harmony and rhythm combined thunder, blaze and lighten; all conspires to rouse the attention smartly. Moreover, the personages, taken in common life, find more numerous sympathies; the portrayal of their sentiments, the painting of their manners occasion too sometimes the employment of a less lofty style, which, restored by an exquisite elaboration, acquires an irresistible charm even for those who despise musical sweatmeats, and, thus adorned, seems like the ideal type of art, a miracle of invention.

In "Oberon," on the contrary, although human passions play a great part in it, the fantastic still predominates, but it is a graceful, calm, fresh fantasy. Instead of monsters of horrible apparitions there are choirs of aerial spirits, sylphs, undines and fairies. And the language of these gently smiling people, a language by itself, which borrows its principal charm from harmony, whose melody is conspicuously vague, whose rhythm, slow and veiled, often becomes difficult to seize, and so much the less intelligible to the crowd, as its fineness cannot be perceived, even by musicians, without an extreme attention added to a great liveliness of imagination. The German reverie no doubt sympathizes more easily with this divine poesy; for us, Frenchmen, it would only be, I fear, the subject of a curious study for an instant, soon ending in fatigue and ennui. There was an opportunity to judge when the troupe from Carlsruhe came in 1828 to give representations at the theatre Favart. The chorus of undines, that song so softly cadenced, which expresses a happiness so pure and so complete, is composed of only two tolerably short strophes. But as the constantly sweet inflexions balance themselves upon a slow movement, the attention of the public died out at the end of a few measures; after the first couplet the uneasiness of the audience was evident, they murmured, and to make the second repeat heard became impossible; they attempted it but once.

Whatever the difficulty of making "Oberon" popular with us, the popularity of the "Freyschütz" was rapid, general, and seems not likely

to decline. The *mise en scène* of this masterpiece at the Opera, has just revived it; there can be no doubt that it will still grow. The public comprehends now and appreciates in its *ensemble* and in its details this composition, which once seemed to it merely an amusing eccentricity. It sees the reason of things obscure till now; it recognizes in Weber the severest unity of thought, the most exact sense of expression, of dramatic fitness, joined to a superabundance of musical ideas employed with a reserve full of wisdom, to an imagination whose immense wings nevertheless never carry the author beyond the limits where the ideal ends and the absurd commences.

It is in fact difficult, in the old or the new school, to find a score so irreproachable in all points as that of *Der Freyschütz*; so constantly interesting from one end to the other; whose melody has more freshness in the various forms with which he invests it; whose rhythms are more captivating, whose harmonic inventions more numerous, more salient, and whose employment of masses of voices and instruments more energetic without efforts, more sweet without affectation. From the end of the overture to the last accord of the final chorus, it is impossible for me to find a measure the suppression or the change of which would seem desirable. Intelligence, imagination, genius shine in all parts with a powerful radiance which only an eagle's eye could bear, unless a sensibility as inexhaustible as it is chaste, softened its brilliancy and spread over the hearer the sweet shelter of its veil.

The overture is crowned queen to-day; no one thinks of contesting it. It is quoted as the model of its kind. The theme of the Andante and that of the Allegro are sung every where. There is one which I must cite, because it has been less remarked and because it moves me more than all the rest. It is that long moaning melody, flung by the clarinet across the tremolo of the orchestra, like a distant complaint scattered by the winds in the depths of the woods. That strikes right to the heart; and, for me at least, that virginal strain, which seems to exhale towards heaven a timid reproach, while a sombre harmony roars and menaces beneath it, is one of the most novel, most poetic and most beautiful contrasts which modern art has produced in music. In this instrumental inspiration you may easily recognize already a reflection of the character of Agatha, which is soon to be developed with all its impassioned candor. Yet it is borrowed from the rôle of Max. It is the exclamation of the young hunter in the moment when, from the height of the rocks, he fathoms with his eye the abysses of the infernal vale. But a little modified in its contours, and instrumented in this manner, this phrase completely changes its character and accent.

The author possessed to a supreme degree the art of working these melodic transformations.

It would require a volume to study separately each phase of a work so rich in various beauties. The principal traits of its physiognomy too are very generally known. Every one admires the sarcastic gaiety of Kilian's couplets, with the refrain of the laughing chorus; the surprising effect of those women's voices grouped in the *major second*, and the boisterous rhythm of the men's voices which complete this *bizarre* concert of raileries. Who has not felt the despondency, the

desolation of Max, the touching kindness which breathes in the theme of the chorus seeking to console him, the exuberant joy of those robust peasants starting for the chase, the comical platitude of that march played by the village artisans at the head of Kilian's triumphal procession; and that diabolical song of Caspar, with its laughing grimace, and that savage clamor of his grand air: "Triumph! Triumph!" which in so menacing a manner prepares the final explosion! All now, amateurs and artists, listen with rapture to that delicious duet, in which are sketched from the outset the contrasted characters of the two young maidens. This idea of the master once recognized, one has no more difficulty in following its development to the end. Agatha is always tender and dreamy; while Annette, happy child who never loved, is always pleased with innocent coquetties; always her joyous prattle, her linnet's song, give out sparkling sallies in the midst of the interviews of the two anxious lovers, pre-occupied with sadness. Nothing escapes the hearer of those sighs of the orchestra during the prayer of the young virgin awaiting her affianced lover, of those sweetly strange murmurings, where the attentive ear seems to hear "The low sound of the night winds stealing through the pines;" and it seems as if the darkness become suddenly more intense and colder, at that magical modulation into C major: "All is now sleeping." What a sympathetic shudder afterwards comes over one at that rapturous outburst: "'Tis he! 'tis he!" and above all at that immortal cry which shakes the whole soul: "Now heaven opens for me!"

No, no, I must say it, no where else is there so beautiful an air. No other master, German, Italian or French, has so made speak successively in the same scene sacred prayer, melancholy, anxiety, meditation, the sleep of nature, the silent eloquence of night, the harmonious mystery of the starry heavens, the torment of expectation, hope, half-certainty, joy, intoxication, transport, desperate love! And what an orchestra to accompany these noble vocal melodies! What inventions! What ingenious researches! What treasures which a sudden inspiration has discovered! Those flutes in the low notes, those violins in quartet, those sketches by altos and violoncellos in *sixths*, that palpitating rhythm of the basses, that *crescendo* mounting and bursting forth at the climax of its luxurious ascension, those pauses during which the passion seems to recover its forces to launch forth again with the more violence. There is nothing like it! it is the art divine! it is poetry! it is love itself! The day when Weber heard this scene for the first time rendered as he had dreamed that it could be rendered, if he ever heard it so, that radiant day, doubtless, made all succeeding days look sad and pale to him. He should have died! What could he do with life after such joys as that! . . .

[To be concluded in our next.]

MUSIC A STIMULANT TO MENTAL EXERTION. Alfieri often, before he wrote, prepared his mind by listening to music. "Almost all my tragedies were sketched in my mind, either in the act of hearing music, or a few hours after"—a circumstance which has been recorded of many others. Lord Bacon had music often played in the room adjoining his study. Milton listened to his organ for his solemn inspirations; and music was even necessary to Warburton. The Symphonies which awoke in the poet sublime emotions, might have composed the inventive mind

of the great critic in the visions of his theoretical mysteries. A celebrated French preacher, Bourdalou or Massillon, was once found playing on a violin, to screw his mind up to the pitch, preparatory to his sermon, which, within a short interval, he was to preach before the court. Curran's favorite mode of meditation was with his violin in his hand; for hours together would he forget himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination, in collecting its tones, was opening all his faculties for the coming emergency at the bar.—*D'Israeli on the Literary Character.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Mathematics of Music.

Sound is the result of the vibration of sonorous bodies. A particular sound is *musical* when its vibrations are uniform. Experiment shows that, of two sounds at the interval of an octave, the higher has twice as many vibrations as the lower. The comparative number of vibrations is the *ratio* of two sounds to each other. If middle C have 256 vibrations in a second, concert C will have 512.

The ratio of the octave is	. . .	1 to 2
"	"	fifth, . . . 2 to 3
"	"	fourth, . . . 3 to 4
"	"	major third, . . . 4 to 5
"	"	minor third, . . . 5 to 6
"	"	large tone, . . . 8 to 9
"	"	small tone, . . . 9 to 10
"	"	diatonic semi-tone, 15 to 16

Omitting for the present the ratios of other intervals, I give those of the major diatonic scale, premising that the more convenient way of writing them is in the form of fractions.

Do.	Re.	Mi.	Fa.	Sol.	La.	Si.	Do.
$\frac{8}{8}$	$\frac{9}{8}$	$\frac{10}{8}$	$\frac{11}{8}$	$\frac{12}{8}$	$\frac{13}{8}$	$\frac{14}{8}$	$\frac{15}{8}$

By combining these, we may ascertain the ratios of all possible intervals within the scale. Suppose, for example, that it be required to determine that of the interval *Mi* to *Sol*. Multiply together the ratios, $\frac{10}{8}$ and $\frac{8}{9}$. The result, in the lowest terms, is $\frac{5}{9}$, the ratio of the minor third. Hence by recurring to what has been said above, it may be seen that if a string sounding *Mi*, vibrate 400 times in a second, a string giving *G*, will vibrate 500 times in a second.

Let us determine the ratio of *Re* to *Fa*. Multiplying the two fractions, $\frac{9}{8}$ and $\frac{11}{10}$, we have $\frac{99}{80}$, which reduced is $\frac{27}{20}$. This is less than the ratio of the minor third. Hence, in any scale the interval from *Re* to *Fa* is *less than a minor third*. The reader can easily learn by a similar calculation that it is less than a fifth from *Re* to *La*. I omit the demonstration.

The ratio from *Do* to *Re* is $\frac{9}{8}$; that from *Re* to *Mi* is $\frac{10}{9}$. Deduct the less from the greater, which is accomplished by inverting the less and then multiplying as before. Thus $\frac{9}{8}$ multiplied by $\frac{9}{10}$ gives $\frac{81}{80}$. This last is then the ratio of the difference between the large and the small tone. This interval is called the *comma*.

If 53 commas be combined, or, which is the same thing, if the ratio $\frac{81}{80}$ be multiplied into itself 53 times, the result will be within a minute fraction of $\frac{1}{2}$, which is the ratio of the octave. Hence it is convenient, and also sufficiently accurate to regard the octave as an interval composed of 53 commas.

It appears from the above, that there are steps of *three* different dimensions in the common scale, viz: large tones, small tones, and diatonic

semi-tones; the large tone consists of 9 commas, the small tone of 8, and the diatonic semi-tone of 5.

The order of intervals in the scale is as follows: *Do* to *Re*, 9 commas; *Re* to *Mi*, 8; *Mi* to *Fa*, 5; *Fa* to *Sol*, 9; *Sol* to *La*, 8; *La* to *Si*, 9; *Si* to *Do*, 5.

It will be easy to determine the measure, in commas, of all diatonic intervals.

The octave is	53 commas.
The fifth is	31 "
The fourth is	22 "
The third, major, is . . .	17 "
The third, minor, is . . .	14 "
The large tone is	9 "
The small tone is	8 "
The diatonic semi-tone is	5 "

I propose to examine the subject of Temperament, in some future articles, to which this is preliminary. E. H.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

American Voices.

MR. EDITOR: I have read with much pleasure the remarks of your correspondent on "American voices." Everybody has heard at our Musical Conventions, in the churches, the streets, voices of remarkable beauty. Why do they so seldom reach that perfection of which they are capable? There are several reasons for this, some of which I propose to mention. Many, I think, are spoiled by injudicious use, and particularly by chorus singing. We will suppose a young soprano of good musical capacities, but without any knowledge of the proper use of the voice, beyond what may be acquired in a large singing school. She becomes a member of a church choir with twenty or thirty others, or joins one of our Sacred Music Societies. Here she learns to read music, it is true, but she also learns to scream. Having never been taught to develop the tone in the Italian method, (the only true method of vocalization, by the way,) knowing nothing of the importance of preserving the different registers within their proper limits, and having to sing against many others, whose chief aim is to produce as much sound as possible, without special regard to its quality, the result is that the voice is strained and in many cases permanently injured.

The remedy for this is instruction from a teacher who understands the Italian method of vocalizing. Not instruction in classes, because no two voices are alike or to be developed by the same rules, but individual instruction, solfeggio practice at the piano. This is very expensive, but is, I am confident, the only way in which a young voice can be properly trained. Many good voices are not discovered till the proper season for their cultivation has passed. After a certain age, and that not an advanced one, the vocal organs become intractable. With the increased attention given to music among us, and the greater respect in which it is held, we may hope that, in future, good voices will be more readily recognized early in life. We are sorry to confess another reason for the scarcity of first rate singers, and this is that many persons promising good voices are so flattered by their friends and admirers that they become conceited, and fancy that nobody can teach them anything. A few hours of solfeggio practice under a competent master would, we are sure, in many cases, dispel this delusion.

But I will not further trespass on your limits. We hope for better things. Several excellent teachers of the voice are now doing service in Boston, and if there is any truth in my remarks, we shall profit by their labors. X.

A SERENADE.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

The moon is muffled in a cloud,
That folds the lover's star,
But still beneath thy balcony
I touch my soft guitar.

If thou art waking, Lady dear,
The fairest in the land,
Unbar thy wreathed lattice now,
And wave thy snowy hand.

She hears me not; her spirit lies
In trances mute and deep;—
But music turns the golden key
Within the gate of sleep!

Then let her sleep, and if I fail
To set her spirit free,
My song will mingle in her dream,
And she will dream of me!

Mozart's "Magic Flute."

Beethoven pronounced *Zauberflöte* the masterpiece of Mozart, which goes far to substantiate what has been often asserted, and as often denied, that the composer of *Fidelio* was jealous of the reputation of the composer of *Don Juan*. Without presuming to offer an opinion on so delicate a point—without wishing to pry into the inward depths of the heart of Beethoven, or to arraign human nature on the plea that the greatest and most gifted have the failings of the weakest—we may state, without reserve, that so far as a close acquaintance with the dramatic writings of Mozart can entitle us to judge, the opera of *Die Zauberflöte*, viewed as a whole, appears not comparable to *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, or even to *Idomeneo*, a much earlier effort. That the score is crowded with beauties—that the melodies are abundant, fresh, and genuine—that the fact of having a tale of enchantment to set to music conducted Mozart into a new world, where the inexhaustible fertility of his invention was triumphantly demonstrated, cannot be denied. But several causes militated against the possibility of the *Zauberflöte* (any more than the *Clemenza di Tito*, its inferior, which was composed almost at the same time) being one of the greatest and most perfect works of its author. The circumstances under which it was written were unfavorable. Emanuel Schikaneder, the manager of one of the Vienna theatres, an old companion of Mozart's, when on the brink of ruin, prevailed on the great musician to promise him an opera in which the frivolous tastes of the majority of the *habitués* of his establishment should be in some measure consulted. Schikaneder himself wrote the book, and though the task was very unwelcome to Mozart, who was uncompromising in all that concerned his art, he undertook it to save his friend. How this kindness of heart was repaid by the basest ingratitude, is well known. Mozart never received a florin for the music of *Zauberflöte*, although the opera met with great success and revived the fortunes of the theatre. Schikaneder (who was also the original Papageno) disposed of copies of the score to the directors of other theatres, and appropriated to himself what it had been agreed should be the only remuneration for the time and pains Mozart had bestowed upon it. During the progress of composition Mozart was suffering under constant ill health, and forebodings of his approaching end were incessantly tormenting him. But, worst of all, the book of Schikaneder is little better than a farrago of absurdities, which no genius, however transcendent, could possibly succeed in elevating to serious interest. A brief sketch of the plot may help to substantiate this

assertion. Sarastro, high priest of the temple of Isis, is desirous of educating Pamina, daughter of Astrifiamante, Queen of Night, in the faith and mysteries of the true religion. To carry out his purpose he has her conveyed away secretly from her mother's custody. Tamino, Prince of Egypt, is enamored of Pamina, and tracing her to the temple of Isis becomes a novice in the mysteries, in the hopes of regaining possession of the object of his love. To test the constancy of his nature, Sarastro, a very well-meaning personage for a priest of Isis, condemns him to a temporary separation from Pamina, and causes him to undergo sundry ordeals by which his truth and courage may be established. Pamina is condemned to similar trials. Both come out victorious, and in spite of the arts of the Queen of Night, who, burning with the desire of vengeance against Sarastro for having robbed her of her daughter, attempts to persuade Pamina to kill him and steal his crown, the lovers are found worthy of Isis and of each other. The comic action is divided between Papageno, a birdcatcher, who follows Tamino in his adventures, and Monostatos, the chief of the slaves of Sarastro, a traitor, who betrays his trust and endeavors to seduce Pamina. As a safeguard, Tamino is provided with a magic flute, by means of which he is enabled to give alarm and summon aid in case of danger. Hence, it is needless to add, the name of the opera—*Die Zauberflöte*. Papageno is also gifted with an instrument of music, which, when played upon, turns anger into mirth and sets everybody dancing. The effect which Mozart has made out of this, in the *finale* to the first act, where the famous tune, *O dolce concerto*, is introduced, must be well-remembered by all who have seen the opera. The other personages of the drama are three attendants on the Queen of Night, three good genii (boys of the Temple, in the German *libretto*) in the interest of Sarastro; an old woman, who afterwards becomes Papagena, the wife of Papageno, Demofentes, an orator, styled "initiated," who plays a part in the second act, into the secret of which the audience is not initiated; Oronte, a priest; and two men in armor, whose precise business is inexplicable.

Out of such materials it would have been strange if an interesting story had been constructed. Schikaneder could not do it, with Mozart to assist him, as the result shows. While the first act at least verges on the intelligible, the second would require an Iamblichus (not translated by a Taylor) to explain. Genii of either sex, priests, slaves, monsters, armed men, orators, and lions are mingled with the chief actors, in happy confusion. The real signification may possibly have something to do with the mysteries of Isis and Osiris; to the multitude it is "caviare," and sets comment at defiance. Goethe, the poet, nevertheless, wrote what he called a second part of *Zauberflöte*, one of the least generally read of his works. Our intention is not to enter into a critical analysis of an opera which, composed for a German stage in 1791, is at the present moment (60 years after) brought out at an Italian Opera as a certain means of profit. Moreover the music, thanks to its beauty and variety, is familiar "as household words." The short pieces have enjoyed an unchanging popularity in the concert room, and are known to amateurs as well as to musicians. The overture, the most learned and admirable of all Mozart's orchestral preludes, is probably the finest ever composed. Mozart would seem to have written it to console himself for those ephemeral portions of the opera which he was persuaded by Schikaneder to write, and rewrite, until Schikaneder was satisfied. It is a regular feast of counterpoint; but the beauty and sublimity of the ideas, and the exceeding clearness of their development, take away all vestige of pedantry. The *chorale*, or *canto fermo*, in C minor, for the two armed men, in the *finale* to the second act, is also an elaborate and majestic composition, the fugal accompaniment in the orchestra betraying the hand of the consummate master. In opposition to these grand pieces we may cite the first air of Papageno, the birdcatcher; the duct between him and Pamina; and, in short, all the music in which Papageno is concerned, as

among the lightest music Mozart has produced — although, on the other hand, extremely lively and pretty. But, as a counterbalance, there are many passages in *Zauberflöte* which discover neither the beauty of melody, nor the prodigious science, nor the lofty and passionate expression for which the dramatic music of Mozart is generally remarkable. The march, with flute solo, when Pamina and Tamino are passing through the ordeals of fire and water, with another flute solo near the opening of the first *finale*, are absolutely trivial, and are evident proofs of Mozart's contempt for the excessive absurdity of the situation. Wherever opportunities for dramatic effect present themselves, Mozart, as usual, has availed himself of them in a masterly manner. A striking example of this is found in the introduction to the first act, where Tamino is pursued by a serpent, and saved by the intervention of the three attendants of the Queen of Night. Of the passionate declamatory music — a style in which Mozart has never been surpassed and rarely equalled — there are several fine specimens in *Zauberflöte*, among which the most remarkable are the *largetto* of the first air of the Queen of Night (in G minor), the song of Pamina (in the same key), and the exquisite quartet in E flat, at the commencement of the second *finale*, for Pamina, and the three boys of the Temple. The power of endowing each of his characters with a distinct and well-sustained individuality, so noticeable in *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*, is scarcely less remarkable in *Zauberflöte*. The solemnity of the music given to Sarastro and the priests of Isis is wonderfully contrasted with the reckless levity of that of Papageno; while between the *bravura* songs of the Queen of Night (from the profuse employment of the highest notes of the register, destined, no doubt, for some exceptional voice) and the music of Pamina, the difference is equally well maintained. Even in the trios for the female attendants of the Queen of Night, and those for the boys of the Temple of Isis, the contrast is preserved with scarcely less felicity; and it must be noticed that the separate characteristics are set forth quite as strongly in elaborate *morceaux d'ensemble* as in solos, duets, and airs, where, of course, its exhibition would be comparatively easy. If we would refer to isolated pieces, we need only point to the beautiful air, in E flat, of Tamino, *O cara immagine*; the merry little song of Papageno, *Gente è qui l'uccellatore*, one of the most sparkling tunes ever written; the recitative and air of the Queen of Night (in B flat), *Infelice consolato*, with its pathetic *adagio* and extraordinary passages of *bravura*; the one song of Monostatos, the chief slave, to which the sparing employment of the *contrabasso*, and the incessant reiteration of semi-quavers, impart a special character; the second, and by far the grandest, air of the Queen of Night, *Gli angui d'inferno* (in D minor), in which a mother's curse is conveyed with such terrible power, while the unnatural strain upon the higher notes of the voice in the last movement is overlooked in the belief that the personage and the situation is unnatural; and last, not least, the solemn and magnificent air of Sarastro (in E), *Qui sdegnò*, which the efforts of all the bass singers, bad, good, and indifferent, for the last half century, have failed to render commonplace or hackneyed. This song is an apostrophe to Peace, and music never spoke in language more tranquil, expressive, and sublime. The air in G minor of Pamina, *Ah lo so*, stands alone in pathetic loveliness, and we have therefore separated it from the rest, as incomparable with anything else. Among the best concerted pieces we may include the *morceaux d'ensemble* for the three attendants of the Queen of Night, and those for the three boys of the Temple, which only differ in character, not in degree of beauty. The first *finale*, though very long and varied, is not to be named in the same breath with the *finales* to *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*; but the second is full of musical beauties, and were it not for the ineffective march of the action, which necessitates so many changes and full closes, would be unexceptionable. The opening quartet and the concluding chorus, both in E flat, are both exquisite in their way. The two quintets are ingenious and interesting pieces

of concerted music; but that in the first act (in B flat), where Papageno begins to sing with the padlock in his mouth, is by far the most beautiful. The little duet, in E flat, *La dove prende amor ricetto*, is as simple and popular a tune as, *O dolce concerto*, and has been as long the property of the *orgues de Barbarie* and other instruments of street harmony. Its melody will be recognized by the uninitiated as the "Manly Heart." To the introduction of the first act we have already alluded, as to one of the finest and most dramatic pieces. The instrumentation of the whole opera is masterly, transparent, and gorgeously colored. Among the effects peculiarly impressive, we may note the use of the trombones in the opening of the overture, and in the beginning of the second act; the sparing manner in which these solemn instruments (too often made the representatives of mere noise by composers) are employed throughout, is worth attention. As in *Don Giovanni* the trombones are only brought in when the statue of the Commendatore appears, so in *Zauberflöte* they are (after the overture) entirely confined to the music of the priests; and we cannot commend the taste of those who, violating Mozart's intention, for the sake of an imaginary increase of power or brilliancy, force them into other parts of the score, and deprive them of their individuality in the points where the composer has himself introduced them. Without entering into further detail, however, we may bring this rapid sketch to a close by repeating that, though the opera of *Zauberflöte* contain some of the best, it also contains some of the least admirable music of Mozart, and, therefore, cannot justly be cited as his *chef d'œuvre*. What is feeble or trivial, however, we readily lay to the stupidity of Schikaneder and the *libretto*; while that which is great and beautiful springs exclusively from the immortal genius of the composer. — *London Times*, July 11, 1851.

Napoleon a Pianist.

Historians have written much about the musical talents of Frederick the Great, Charles IV. George IV. and other monarchs; but no one has hitherto related one word about the musical genius of Napoleon.

The following anecdote will therefore serve to fill up a gap in the history of this Emperor, by illustrating the memorable moment when his musical talent, without giving any premonitory symptoms, shone forth in all its glory!

One evening, a concert took place in the Tuilleries, upon which occasion a number of distinguished French and Italian singers had assembled to contend for the palm. The productions were unquestionably brilliant.

Napoleon, however, seated in his arm chair, appeared very impatient. Every minute he shifted his position, shook his head with vexation, and displayed most unmistakable signs of weariness and ennui. The company apprehended a storm; and they were not mistaken; for, suddenly, while Kreutzer was performing a most lovely *andante*, he was requested by Marshal Duroc to desist.

"You tire his Majesty, who desires you will not play any further." The great artist turned pale at this humiliation: but fortunately the concert was nearly at an end. Napoleon arose, and passing by the tragic singer, Madame Branchu, returned her salute, saying "Madame, you had better have your throat planed smooth," and then moved on.

Upon the termination of these concerts, the singers were accustomed to remain in the saloon a short time to enjoy a little *chit-chat*. And the events of that evening afforded them an exclusive subject for conversation. They were well aware, that, when once the Emperor had quitted the room, he never returned; but scarcely had a quarter of an hour elapsed, when, to the complete dismay of the artists, the door opened, and Napoleon stood in the midst of them.

"I want you to sing me the chorus from Nina."

The musicians looked at each other, not one

daring to reply; at length the boldest stuttered out, "Pardon, sire, we do not know that chorus."

"You must know it; every one knows it."

"The chorus-singers, sire, perform it on the stage; we are solo-singers."

"You will sing me the chorus from Nina: I want to hear it."

"But, sire, we have not the music here."

"Then sing it from memory."

"But, sire, the members of the orchestra are gone, and we have thus no accompanying instruments."

"Here is a piano forte."

"Sire, no one here can play it."

"Very well! then I will accompany you myself." And to the amazement of all present, Napoleon sat himself down to the instrument and struck the keys, which, far from producing an agreeable harmony, awakened a most ear-rending discord.

"Now, begin," exclaimed the Emperor, quite insensible to the harsh dissonances he was creating. "Now begin, and keep good time!"

The voices arose in wild and discordant strains, the instrument groaned beneath the imperial hands, and in this style the chorus from Nina was performed: performed, for life or death, as indeed could not otherwise be done by singers who knew not one note of the music, and in the presence of an Emperor, whose only instrument was the sword. At length the concert terminated, and the Emperor, rising from the piano and addressing the artists:

"I am satisfied," he said; "see, every thing succeeds when one but wills it."

Thus saying, he left the room. The ensuing morning, Prince Eugene departed for the court of Franz II. to solicit, in the name of the Emperor of France, the hand of Marie Louise.

During the performance of the chorus from Nina, Napoleon had weighed in the scales the doubts of his secret thoughts, and had formed a resolution. He, at that moment, required occupation for his hands, that his mind might be unfettered. Thus he became a pianist.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 11, 1852.

CORRECTION. By a careless mistake, which we failed to discover in the hurry of leaving the city last week, in our article on "The Musical Convention," we called the scene in "Der Freyschiütz": *Wie nähte mir der Schlummer*, by the first words of another piece in the same opera: *Und ob die Wolke*.

Franz Schubert—His Life and Works.

So very little is known of the history of this remarkable song composer, or of his numerous other works besides his songs, that the reader will thank us, or rather the good friend who for us has compiled the following facts:

Ferdinand, Ignaz and Franz were the three sons of school-teacher Schnbert, of the Lichenthal parish, one of the suburbs of Vienna. Ferdinand was born in that parish on the 18th Oct. 1794, Franz in the suburb Himmelfortgrand, on the last day of January, 1797; Ignaz it is presumed was the youngest of the three, but we have no means of ascertaining. The father was their first music teacher, but their studies in singing, violin, piano forte, and organ playing, as well as in the science of music, were perfected under the guidance of Michael Hobzer. Ferdinand's progress was such that at the age of thirteen years he played the violin concertos of Fodor, in the choir of the church, and is now one of the most distinguished organists in the Austrian capital. He, however, does not make

music his profession. At the age of sixteen (1810) he was appointed assistant teacher in the imperial orphan house, six years later was advanced to the post of teacher, and since 1824 has been a professor in the imperial normal school of St. Anna, at Vienna, as well as visitor to many of the suburban schools. As a musician, he is director in several Church-music Societies, and also of the great "Society of the Friends of Music in the Austrian Capital." He is a man of much influence, and is connected in various capacities with many charitable associations. He has made himself known as a writer on subjects connected with schools and teaching, as well as a composer. Among his musical works, a portion only of which have been published, the principal are, one *Regina Coeli*; one *Seelen Messe* in German; four Songs for the Orphan Boys; two *Tantum ergo*; one *Parade March*; twenty-four *Cadenzas* for Organ or Piano Forte; two *Children's Operettes* ("The Little Mischiefmaker" and the "Gleaner Girl") one *Grand Mass*; one *Requiem* to the Memory of his brother Franz—a *Requiem* being the last musical performance at which he was present;—two *Salve Regina*; one *Sonata* for the Piano Forte and *Czakan* (a sort of flute, used much in Austria). In his style he followed his brother Franz, for whom his affection was strong to an extraordinary degree. He took him into his house, which Franz never left during the last two months of his life, and in the arms of Ferdinand, the gifted young composer breathed his last.

Franz profited so greatly by the instructions of his father and Michael Hobzer, that at the age of eleven, he was placed among the singing boys of the Court Chapel,—a place for which his uncommonly fine voice peculiarly fitted him. In this position he remained five years, studied the piano forte and stringed instruments with such success, as soon to be able to lead the rehearsals of the orchestra as first violinist. The Court organist, Ruzica, was his instructor at this time in thorough bass, and old Salien in composition. After his voice changed he left the institution, being about seventeen years of age, and lived sometimes in lodgings, sometimes in his father's house; studied the works of his great triumvirate, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven; gave lessons, and devoted all the rest of his time to original composition. Long before he had mastered the rules of composition, and with no one to guide him, he had written quartets, symphonies and piano forte music; now he tried his hand at every possible style and form of composition, and the result of his labors, both as to quantity and quality, almost surpass the limits of credibility.

Operas, Symphonies, Choruses, Overtures, Cantatas, Psalms, Masses, Graduals, Offertories, *Stabat Mater*, *Hallelujahs*, many *Sonatas*, *Trios*, *Variations*, *Fantasias*, *Rondos*, *Dances*, *Marches*, *Impromptus*, *Vocal and String Quartets*, *Italian Arias*, a *Grand Octet*, &c., &c., prove his wonderful productiveness. In *Ballads* and *Songs* it would be difficult to find his equal in musical history; more than two hundred were long since printed and have become the common inheritance of the musical world, and many others were left in manuscript.

The highest originality, deep poetical feeling, surprising truth of expression, the nicest perception of the slightest hint of the poet, a fancy full of fire,—tempered by a tendency to sadness, a

simple but beautiful style of melody, the highest richness of modulation and never failing novelty in form, are some of the leading characteristics of these wonderful songs. But as genius ever finds new paths, it naturally follows that the master pays little attention to anything but the kernel, and difficulties of intonation are thrown in the way of the singer, and unexpected figures and changes in the path of the accompanist.

His only absences from Vienna were short excursions into Hungary, Steyermark, and Upper Austria. He was happiest when among the friends of his boyhood and youth, and loved the pleasures of society, especially when he could throw off all the trammels of fashionable and conventional life. He was ever cheerful, upright, and open-hearted; an enthusiast for his art, an affectionate son, an obedient and thankful pupil. His accurate perception of what his genius was fitted to accomplish, and his unerring judgment in estimating his own works, saved him from the usually ill effects of the injudicious encomiums of flatterers, and the valueless praise of mere partisans. So little did he care for the applause of the multitude, that he made it a point not to be present at the first performances of his works, choosing to have their success, if successful, depend entirely upon their intrinsic merits, rather than upon an unwillingness on the part of the audience to injure the feelings of their author. Two or three anecdotes will show the estimation in which the songs of Franz Schubert were held, while yet they were new and their author unknown out of the circle in which he moved.

One of the first of Schubert's songs was that wonderful production the "*Erl König*," composed when he was still very young. This piece struck John Michael Vogl, then a leading singer in the Imperial Opera, so forcibly, that he made it a point to sing it with all that force of expression for which he was noted, in the art loving circles of the Capital; thus bringing the boy musician at once prominently before the musical world of Vienna.

Schindler brought the "*Songs of Ossian*" and some other of Schubert's works to Beethoven, while he was lying on his death bed. Beethoven looked them through, and with a voice full of emotion exclaimed: "Truly Schubert is animated with a spark of heavenly fire!"

Jean Paul, "the Only One," he of the deepest poetic heart perhaps that has blessed the earth, he knew and felt the depths and heights of the young composer's genius; and as he drew near his last great change, a few hours before he breathed his last, he called for music, and that music the singing of several of these songs.

For the stage Schubert composed "*The Friends of Salamanea*," "*Der vierjährige Posten*," "*Fernando*," "*Die Bürgschaft*," "*The Twin Brothers*," "*Alphonzo and Estrella*," "*Fierabras*," "*The Devil's Chateau*," "*Claudine von Villa Bella*," "*Rosamond*," "*The Conspirators*," and "*The Minnesingers*." Two other operas, "*Adrastus*" and "*Sacotala*" were left unfinished.

The Autumn of 1828 came on. Schubert's fame was beginning to extend far beyond the bounds of Austria. He was already honorary member of the "Society of the Friends of Music," and of the "Philharmonic Societies" of Graetz and Innspruck, and seemed destined to supply the place of the great Beethoven, in whose funeral procession he had borne a lighted candle

on the 29th March the preceding year. Franz at this time went into the family of his brother Ferdinand to reside. From the middle of September he never left the house. A quick consumption destroyed his vital powers, and on the 19th of November he breathed his last in the arms of his brother, at the early age of 31. It was one of his last wishes to be placed by the side of Beethoven. That place had been filled. But the second simple monument to the left of the great master is adorned with the bronze bust of the disciple—a speaking likeness. There lies Schubert.

Ferdinand still recalls as the happiest days of his life, the period when the three brothers still dwelt beneath their father's roof and scarcely allowed a day to pass without joining in the performance of some quartet. Father Schubert would take the violoncello, Ferdinand the first and Ignaz the second violin, while Franz made up the quartet with his viola.

And thus Franz—for these happiest days were while he still continued in the imperial choir—during those five years of study—by practising and proving each new composition of his own, and comparing them all with the works of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, learned to see with unerring judgment his successes and his failures.

The translator and compiler of the above sketch was thrown by a fortunate accident, in the summer of 1851, into the company of Ferdinand, and though twenty-three years had passed since he had parted from Franz, and time had begun to leave its impress upon his fine features, the tones of his voice as he spoke of the deceased, showed how deeply and sincerely he still mourned the loss of the young master—the beloved brother.

[Communicated.]

A Central Opera House or Theatre.

It may be fairly doubted whether there is any very general *desire* for an Opera House or first-class Theatre in this city. The history of the past six months' agitation on this subject justifies this doubt. Yet it is clear to a demonstration, that such an establishment is *needed* by the city of Boston. Let us see why it is that the movement of the past Spring has not resulted in effecting this object. Is the absence of a general desire for it, the reason of its non-accomplishment? We think not. That this *desire* does not exist, we think accounted for by the fact that the *mass of the community* have no faith in its being a necessity of the times and of this place. That such is the fact, however, was recognized and illustrated with force and eloquence by the knot of practical and active business and professional men, who met at the Revere House in — to carry out such a project. To one familiar with Boston faces, and with Boston characteristics, the assemblage of that night, for such a purpose, must have caused great astonishment, until the main-spring of the meeting was developed. He must have looked around in amazement, asking himself, "Where are our musical men? our theatre-goers? our men of leisure? Why, these are our merchants! not even our capitalists; no,—brokers, importers, bankers, domestic-goods merchants! What have stocks, hemp, exchange, calico, sugar, to do with an opera house!"

But his amazement would have been soon

changed into admiration, by Mr. P. P. F. Degrand, who with racy good humor and practical good sense, shewed the company why the need existed, and why *they* were the very persons to supply it. The business of the city required it! The argument was not one of mere plausibility, for it were folly to attempt to impose, in this way, upon such a body of men. Facts were at hand to sustain every argument. The main point, viz.: *of the necessity of such an establishment to the business interests of the city*, was fully proved — that nail was driven home and clenched! The ardor of habitually cool men saw it so clearly, that to will and to do seemed one thing with them; and with the justifiable pride of their class they said: "Let us do this ourselves, — we, the merchants of Boston, — the active men who are to be benefited by it, and with whom, eminently, it rests to maintain the character of our city, — and let us not call in the retired capitalist; we do not need him!" Here was, however, mistake No. 1. They needed him in more senses than one. They needed his ready capital to put the enterprise at once on a sure footing, they needed the *prestige* of his wealth to give confidence and encouragement to the less public-spirited, and they needed, *most of all*, the far-seeing faith and enlarged commercial views of that sober class, to keep them true, on the calm morrow of that excited occasion, to their great idea of an establishment that would do honor to their city and so, indirectly, benefit their fellow citizens and themselves. They needed the guidance of these men to keep the question of dividends or no dividends out of their heads, and to keep a great public enterprise from degenerating into a corporate speculation. Not a word was whispered, at that meeting, of its being *good property to its subscribers*. The higher ground was distinctly taken, of an *indirect* benefit from making the city attractive to strangers.

A Committee was selected to carry the enterprise forward, perhaps as judiciously composed as the materials permitted. Our only criticism on it is, that it did not represent sufficiently diversified interests: for not a month had passed before we heard on all sides that they were discussing, which place will *pay* best? the project of shops underneath, &c., &c. As soon as this aspect of the business became prominent, and these secondary and collateral considerations were advanced to a principal position, the outsiders lost all faith in the project, at least in its being carried out on the scale and in the spirit of that first ardent and harmonious meeting.

The period of that meeting was a remarkably auspicious one. The Tremont Temple was just burned; so was the National Theatre. The "Old Drury" was in process of demolition. The Mayor spoke ardently for the enterprise. He recounted the foregoing incidents and strengthened the urgency of the new scheme by informing the company that the two remaining places of public assemblage, the Howard Athenæum and the Melodeon, were so unsafe that he should not renew their licenses, which would expire in the coming autumn, unless they should be entirely re-modelled and made safe of ingress and egress.

Money was then and is abundant and cheap. The National Theatre, then level with the ground, has in this short interval, by the energy and capital of a few individuals, been re-built and is almost ready for occupation. What has become of the Theatre and Opera House? Why is it

not built, commenced, the money raised, applied for? The papers first announced it all subscribed, the location selected, the plans drawn. It was to be on the Coolidge Estate in Bowdoin Square. Then the Apthorp Estate in Boylston Street; then the Estate on the corner of Hayward Place and Washington Street; then corner of School and Tremont; and last of all, the papers lately assured us that the Gas Company's lot, in Mason Street, was decided on, and then came a contradiction to this, with the explanation that the Gas Company asked too much money for it; and we have more recently heard, on pretty good authority, that the Gas Company have never received a proposal for their land! In the midst of all these announcements and contradictions, all, we believe, unauthorized, shall we hazard a guess as to the facts, and an opinion on the reasons of the facts? We think that the Committee were discouraged, not at the price of the various Estates offered them, but at the very small amount subscribed. And the difficulty experienced in raising the money, we think, is ascribable to the mistaken plan of procedure. But instead of going into the details of these mistakes, we will here give our own views of the best course to fairly test the question, "Is a central Theatre or Opera House wanted or not?"

Enlarge the Committee to fifteen or twenty members. Ascertain, by discussion in committee, which location ranks A No. 1, independent of cost, and which A No. 2. Get the refusal of both estates for thirty days, which is long enough; get it *gratis*, if you can, but get it, even if you pay \$1 to \$500 for it. Having learned the lowest price of each, take a vote in committee on the point, which, on the whole, is most desirable? Call such one A and the other B. Go to an Architect with the shape and contents of the lot, agree with him upon a plan, take his estimate of the cost of construction, and with these data, form your own opinion of the whole cost of the enterprise. Thus prepared, go to some ten or twenty of our most public-spirited men, either by circular or orally, and say to them as follows: "Gentlemen, the merchants of Boston say that a first-class Theatre or Opera House is required for the prosperity and character of the city. You have heard the arguments and seen the need recognized in the papers generally. We have been selected to carry out this design. We have obtained an act of Incorporation and have secured the refusal of two lots of land, both suitable for the purpose, and both within the limit of — street on the North, and — street on the South. Our plans and estimates have been carefully made, and we, after making allowance for a contingent excess, have determined that — thousand dollars will be required. We have fixed the par of the shares at so much. We wish you to take the lead and give us your names for thirty days; — this, if you encourage it, will be sufficient to determine whether the commercial and monied interest of the city have faith in the *want*, and faith in these means to meet it." We think there is little doubt that a sufficient number of this class, if appealed to in this practical and straightforward way, could easily be found to furnish \$75,000. If not, then give the project up as premature and not required. If you get this sum subscribed, exhibit these names and sums at the Music Stores, Hotels, Merchants' Exchange, and in the daily newspapers, — annexed to a cir-

cular stating explicitly the above details of your plan, and add, in substance, as follows: "The undersigned Committee, &c., selected, &c., have consented to devote thirty days to raising the amount of — dollars to purchase the land and build a first-class Theatre for Dramatic and Operatic representations. Believing this period of time to be amply sufficient to test the desire of the public to encourage such a project, they have obtained the refusal of two eligible estates within the above-mentioned local limits, and the promise of the sums hereto annexed on the part of the above-named gentlemen, — said promise to stand thirty days and no longer. If the sum required is made up on the — day of — (thirty days from date) the undersigned hereby pledge themselves to carry out the work in a manner which shall do honor to the city and gratify the pride of the citizens. If not, they, and perhaps the public at large, will rest satisfied that the time is not yet ripe for such a project." One more caution, which we consider of vital importance. *Let the shares be made small (say not over \$250) and no privileges reserved to ANY ONE.* Thirty days, we confidently believe, would bring the money, whether it were two or three hundred thousand dollars; for we think the first case has not yet occurred, where the retired merchants and men of wealth of this good city, have refused an appeal to their purses for a public object *which they believed required for the interest and honor of Boston*. Should they refuse it, it ought to be conclusive that they *do not so believe*, and if they do not so believe, the public, including our humble selves would, we think, assent to their conclusion and sit down quietly with the Museum, the "National," the Music Hall, and the re-modelled Howard Athenæum, or, with the Southern and Western traders, will go to New York for our amusements and save the cost of the journey in buying our knick-knacks and a new suit of clothes cheaper there; for anxious as we may feel, in the character of musicians, to have a suitable place to attract and listen to the world-renowned artists who seem to be *all* coming to our shores, we will not pretend either that we are more cognizant of the true interests or more jealous of the true honor of our city, than the class we refer to. SPES.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

THE GERMANIA SERENADE BAND gave their first afternoon Concert on Wednesday, to a good audience. We were not so fortunate as to hear the overture to *Oberon*, with which the Concert began, but heard high praise of the manner in which it was performed. The quartet by Mozart which followed, was played in the best style by Messrs. Suck, Verron, Eichler, and Wulf Fries. Mr. Suck's violin solo was also a very finished performance, and called forth warm applause. The brass music was of the best, and a friend whose musical privileges have been greater than our own, assures us that no where has he ever heard better. To our own taste, however, it is rather loud for the limited size of the *Melodeon*. A march composed by Mr. Schnapp was especially well performed, and received much applause. The waltzes were given with much spirit, quite rivalling in their execution that of the Germania Society. The Rail Road Galop, by Gung'l, was, however, decidedly wanting in the *go-ahead* energy with which the *Steyermärkische Company* played it; the Conductor evidently had the fear of the law before his eyes, and did not put on quite steam enough. The improvement which has always been remarked between each Concert of this Society, was even more noticeable after the vacation just ended; and we observed an addition of one violon-

cello and one violin to the ranks of the orchestra. The time, it should be observed, has been altered to 3 o'clock.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY. We hardly need even ask the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Germania orchestra. With the delightful recollections of last winter still fresh in our minds, it is unnecessary to say anything more than that the Germanians are to be with us on the 15th of November, and that their first concert will be given as soon as the Music Hall shall be finished, which there is no reason to suppose will be at a later day than that named above. It will be seen that JAELE is to assist them in the whole series of their concerts, and we also are informed that the orchestra has been enlarged by the addition of six stringed instruments, making their whole number to consist now of thirty performers. This addition goes far towards that perfect proportion in the composition of the orchestra which has seemed to be almost the only thing wanting to its perfection. We are indebted to this society for the finest orchestral performances that have ever been given in this city. More than that, we are indebted to them for the knowledge of many of the choicest treasures of classical music. They have done much, both by the perfection of their execution and the selection of their programmes, to elevate the standard of musical taste in our audiences, and to quicken and stimulate the ambition of our resident musicians to keep pace with the advancing standard. For this we owe them much, and would welcome them back to Boston with most sincere wishes for their success.

THE MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY, (as we learn from the daily papers,) has entered the field for the coming season. Their afternoon concerts will commence on Friday, September 17, at the *Melodeon*, and will be given there until the completion of the *Music Hall*, when they will be continued there. The crowd of competitors against whom this Society will have to contend will be greater this season than ever before, and it behooves our old friends to take good care that they lose none of the laurels already won. We are glad to observe that private rehearsals have already been begun, which have become absolutely necessary to ensure that proper performance of the music which could not be had by rehearsals before an audience of a thousand persons. The new music selected in Europe, by Mr. August Fries, to replace the library of the Society destroyed by fire last winter, has already arrived, and, under the auspices of Mr. Fries, who this season holds the conductor's baton, (which Mr. Webb, by the pressure of other cares has been obliged to resign,) we doubt not that the performances of this Society will equal, if not surpass, those of former seasons. We have but one other wish as regards this Society, and that is, that we might hear some of its members on the instruments for which they are best fitted, and on which they especially excel. The performances of the GERMANIA SERENADE BAND have shown us what gentlemen who are also members of the Fund can do on their favorite instruments, and the public will hardly be satisfied with a less degree of perfection in these particulars than we have seen may be attained merely by some changes most easily made.

New York.

The steamship *Arctic* arrived at New York on Sunday evening last, bringing HENRIETTE SONTAG, the celebrated prima donna. Her party consisted of her husband Count Rossi, Signor Pozzilloni, tenor, from the Imperial Opera; and Monsieur Eckert, conductor, from the Italian Opera, Paris. On the voyage, Sontag gave a concert, and distributed the proceeds among the crew. At divine service on board the ship on Sunday, she took part in the singing.

ALBONI gave her first Concert on Tuesday evening, assisted by SAN GIOVANNI and ROVERE. The *Tribune* says:

"To our mind her *Sonnambula* was her triumph.—Nothing could be more perfect throughout than the plaintive but rich *Ah! non credere*, followed by the delicious *Ah! non giunge*. We have heard most of the stars of song in this air, and we are bold to say that Alboni showed as correct a conception of the sentiment, and rendered the music of the composer as brilliantly, more purely, and with less extraneous ornament, than any whom we can call to mind. It afforded her a fine opportunity of displaying those rich *contralto* notes of which everybody has heard. The ill-contained impatience of the audience to applaud proved the wonder and admiration with which they were received. If we mistake not,

Madame Alboni herself will concur with us in the opinion that the *Ah! non giunge* was her great piece: she exerted herself far more in singing it than in the other airs, and, when the audience insisted on an *encore*, could not conceal symptoms of fatigue."

CALIFORNIA. SIGNORA BISCACCANTI. This popular and talented cantatrice returned last evening from Santa Clara Valley. She gave a concert at San José last evening, which was one of the most brilliant and most largely attended of the season. The Signora leaves in a few days, to favor the citizens of Stockton with her angelic strains — *Alla California*, 14th ult.

England.

LONDON. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On Saturday night, her Majesty's Theatre closed its doors for the season, the opera being the "Barbier de Séviglia." It was exceedingly well performed, and we have scarcely ever seen it go off with greater spirit. Madame de la Grange is really a charming *Rosina*. The elegant gaiety of the character is quite suited to her style of acting. She sang with marvellous brilliancy, performing prodigies of execution with such graceful ease and such exquisite clearness and finish, that one could not help admiring them even when they were most questionable in point of taste and propriety.

The past season, in so far as this theatre is concerned, has been so monotonous and so destitute of interesting occurrences, that it does not furnish matter for any detailed retrospect. That it has been a very unfortunate one is a fact of public notoriety; and it would have come to a premature close had not a number of the establishment stepped forward to its support. There can be no doubt that this want of success was owing, in a considerable degree, to Mademoiselle Wagner's breach of engagement. Upon this celebrated lady the lessee certainly depended (as he had formerly done upon Jenny Lind) as the great feature of the season; and it was with reference to her that he had made his calculations and arrangements. Disappointed in this most essential object, the plan of his campaign was upset, and he was precluded from bringing forward those pieces in which Mademoiselle Wagner's appearance would have constituted an interesting novelty. He was thus thrown back upon the ordinary repertoire of the theatre; and, although the performances during the season have always been respectable, and often excellent, yet the pieces performed have been too well known to be attractive. With the solitary exception of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's "Casilda," not a single opera has been produced this season that was not quite familiar to the public. During a large part of the season, the great weight of the performances lay upon Mademoiselle Cruvelli, whose labors were zealous, unremitting and efficient. But, for a reason that may be guessed at, she suddenly withdrew; increasing by her secession the lessee's difficulties.

The circumstances most worthy of commemoration have been the introduction to the English public of Madame de la Grange and Signor Bassini; and the debut of Madame Charton upon the Italian stage. Madame de la Grange has become, and most deservedly, a very great favorite. Signor de Bassini we regard as the most satisfactory baritone we have possessed since the best days of Tamburini. And Madame Charton promises to be as admirable on the Italian as she is on the French stage.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. Few events in the operatic world have been anticipated with a greater degree of curiosity than the production of M. Jullien's long-promised opera of *Pietro il Grande*. Many were, indeed, sceptical about the matter, and would not be persuaded that the grand master of quadrilles and waltzes, the director of Promenade Concerts, who animates the feet of the dancers and revellers at the *Bal Masqué*, could find time, inclination and ability to devote to the composition of an opera. The "man of the people," however, disappointed his patrons for the first time. That M. Jullien has a soul above polkas must be sufficiently evident to those who have watched his progress for years, and appreciated his untiring efforts to render the highest class of orchestral music acceptable to the crowd. Whoever, noticing these indications of a more serious bent in Jullien, has been used to regard him as much in the light of a reformer as of a public amuser, must have been rather pleased than surprised at the announcement of a grand opera from his pen.

It is a more difficult task to speak of the music of M. Jullien. Its prevalent defects are a want of sustained style, a superfluous employment of modulation, chromatic scales and harmonies, and a method of instrumentation which sometimes leads to obscurity, though it frequently attains new and striking effects. As with the orchestra, so with the voices; M. Jullien, in pursuing the phantom of originality, which never yields to wooing, but comes naturally or not at all, is tempted to hazardous experiments, not always crowned with success. Add to these a diffuseness, showing M. Jullien to be a contemner of the maxim "Brevity is the soul of wit,"—a tendency to that fragmentary kind of writing which Meyerbeer began and Hulevy emulates, but which, not being excellent in art, cannot be imitated with success—an excessive use of the brass instruments, and those of percussion, and a tolerable number of reminiscences from the forms and ideas of other composers—and we have exhausted our catalogue of objections. On the other side of the balance-sheet there is

happily enough to atone for many more sins of omission and commission. One great quality in M. Jullien's music is its unflagging spirit. However ambitiously elaborate, and however lengthy in certain places, it is never dull. Tamberlik, Mad'le Anne Zerr, and Herr Formes sustained the principal parts, and their performance is highly commended.

As a *spectacle* few operas have been more liberally put upon the stage. The costumes are magnificent, and the scenery and decorations appropriate and picturesque. In the *finale* to the second act—the battle of Pultava—the stage was literally covered with supernumeraries, and the processions were gorgeous and extravagant. The horses, however, excited some marks of dissatisfaction the moment they appeared; although they looked very much like the same horses that have been applauded in the *Juive* and the *Huguenots*, and conducted themselves quite as well.

M. Jullien himself presided in the orchestra, and received a hearty welcome on his appearance.—*The Times*, Aug. 18.

The *London Daily News* says of this opera: "We thought the author of the *Huguenots* and the *Prophète* had carried the power of physical sound in music as far as it could well go; but he roars 'like any sucking dove' compared to the author of *Pietro il Grande*. Jullien, moreover, has not merely borrowed Meyerbeer's general manner, but has directly imitated many particular passages. *Rossini's* war-song, sung by Formes in the second act, is taken from *Marcel's* famous 'Pif-paf' in the *Huguenots*. The chorus of conspirators in the same act is a reminiscence of the 'benediction of porlards' in the above opera; and in the third act there is a passage, also in a chorus of conspirators, which strongly recalls the duet between *Valentine* and *Marcel*. There are constant traces, too, of Mozart, Rossini, and Weber; and a large proportion of M. Jullien's phrases have, by frequent previous use, become common property. He is most successful in his choruses, several of which are most spirited and effective; and least successful in his airs, every one of which is a decided failure. . . . The gem of the opera is the national Russian hymn, *Di Moscoria cletti figli*, sung in the first act as a solo and chorus; afterwards as the finale to the opera. The melody has much simple grandeur; and it is harmonized and arranged with great skill and the happiest effect.

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BERLIN, June 23d, 1852.

GENTLEMEN,—Your polite communication and the copy of a translation of my work on *Musical Composition*, have been duly received, for which accept my warmest thanks. * * * *
I find that your translator (as far as I am able to judge from a somewhat imperfect acquaintance with the English language) has done his work very practically and successfully; and I beg you to express to him, as also to the eminent men who have honored my work with their approval, my sincerest thanks; and also yourselves to accept the same for the very elegant style of the edition. * * * *

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Apr. 10. tf

NOTICE.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY respectfully inform their friends and the public in general, that Mr. F. H. HELMSMÜLLER's duties as the Agent for the Company, ceased on the 20th of August, and that from this day, Mr. HENRY BANDT will attend to all their business affairs.

NEWPORT, August 24, 1852.

21 3t

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Recollections of Beethoven.

BY CARL CZERNY.

In *Cocks's Musical Miscellany*, a very interesting weekly published in London, which we are glad to place on our list of exchanges, we find the following anecdotes of BEETHOVEN, contributed to that Journal by the veteran CZERNY, which will be interesting to all our readers.

[The publication of the anecdotes of Beethoven, in our last number, has led to the re-discovery of a few reminiscences of the great composer, which were furnished by Herr Czerny some considerable time ago. The translation was roughly and hastily made, and as we are, at the moment, unable to compare it with the original, there may be some verbal errors, which will perhaps not detract materially from its value; and, at any rate, must not be charged upon the talented narrator.]

The character of Beethoven, as we formerly said, has been unfairly treated by the anecdote-mongers. This was foreseen by Beethoven himself. "They will be relating all sort of things of me—but let them say what they like, only let them adhere exactly to truth—sparing neither me nor any one else." His biographers assure us that he was most sensitively alive to moral propriety; as he was to the painful impressions which make him an object of profound and tender sympathy. His life was, as he mournfully wrote to M. de Seyfried, "miserable, oh! very miserable; with an organization so nervous, that a very trifle causes me to pass from the happiest frame of mind, to a condition of great suffering."

HIS STYLE OF PLAYING.

In the year 1792, Beethoven, then a young man in his twenty-second year, came to Vienna,

and very much distinguished himself by his excellent performance, as well as by his Twenty-four Variations on Righini's *Vieni Amore*, which he had at that period completed. Some years before this, he had chanced to play before Mozart, who at once foresaw that he would become a great genius. At this time Mozart and Clementi were the most renowned pianists. Beethoven, who had heard Mozart play, afterwards said that his performance was neat and clear, but rather empty, tame and old-fashioned.

The legato and cantabile upon the piano forte was at that time unknown; and Beethoven was the first to discover quite new and grand effects upon that instrument—a much more difficult style of execution, as well as the harmoniously sustained and cantabile style.

He had, as he often said, practised day and night during his youth; so much so as to impair his health; and the bodily pains which affected him with a constant tendency to hypochondriac malady, no doubt arose from this cause.

HIS IMPROVISATIONS.

As to his bravura style, and the genial freedom of his execution, no one then equalled him; and even to this day none but Franz Liszt can be set in comparison with him. His improvisation was most brilliant and striking: in whatever company he might chance to be, he knew how to produce such an effect upon every hearer, that frequently not an eye remained dry, while many would break into loud sobs; for there was something wonderful in his expression, in addition to the beauty and originality of his ideas, and his spirited style of rendering them. After ending an improvisation of this kind, he would burst into loud laughter, and banter his hearers on the emotion he had caused in them. "You are fools," he would say. Sometimes, however, he would feel himself insulted by these indications of sympathy. "Who can live amongst such spoiled children," he would cry; and only on that account (as he told me) he declined to accept an invitation which the King of Prussia gave him after one of the extemporary performances above described.

A THEME.

Sometimes he chose the most unimportant and trite pieces for extemporizing. In the year 1808 or 1809, old Pleyel came to Vienna, bringing his last Violin Quartet with him, which he played before the Prince Lobkowitz. Beethoven was also there, and was at length asked to play something. As usual, he allowed himself to be pressed for a long while, and, in the end, dragged to the piano by the ladies. He flies in a passion, seizes one of the parts of Pleyel's Quartet—it happened to be the second violin part—throws it open at random on the desk, and begins to extemporize. Never had he been heard to produce anything so *spiritual*, so enchanting, so artistic; but in the midst of his fantasia might be distinctly heard an unimportant passage of the violin part as it chanced to lie there. He had

constructed all his beautiful improvisation on this passage.

ANOTHER THEME, — Op. 77.

A foreign pianist once, in a mixed company, ended with begging his auditors to give him a theme to extemporize upon. Beethoven, who was always merry and mischievous in company, went to the piano and ran up the scale through the several octaves, and sat down again, laughing. The stranger asked again for a theme.

"I have given you the theme already," said Beethoven.

"What, is that to be the theme!"

"Certainly—and a very good one, too."

The puzzled artist was obliged to improvise as well as he could. Shortly afterwards, the *Fantasia*, Op. 77, of Beethoven appeared, which is founded on such a scale, and is merely the fruit of Beethoven's humorous fancies.

THE BIRD'S SONG AND THE SYMPHONY IN C MINOR.

The most trifling things served to supply Beethoven with musical ideas, and the groundwork of compositions. For instance, the song of a bird, which he chanced to hear in a wood, gave the theme for his great Symphony in C minor (No. 5): and the scherzo of the Ninth Symphony (D minor) occurred to him in a garden while the birds were singing.

THE HISTORICAL CHARACTER OF HIS WORKS.

In the year 1801, when Paer's Opera, *Sargino*, was given in Vienna, and the funeral march was very much liked, Beethoven was angry, and wrote the March in A minor (on the death of a Hero), for the Sonata Op. 26. The historical events of that period exerted a great influence upon him, and determined the character of many of his works. His Third Symphony (*Eroica*) originated in a mistake, inasmuch as the first news that arrived at Vienna of the battle of Aboukir, was to the effect that Nelson was killed. The character of the Symphony, as well as the theme of the first movement, was well adapted to the occasion, though not well suited to a land fight. The Symphony, however, appeared only after some years; for Beethoven worked a very long time at his compositions.

HIS FACILITY IN READING.

It was surprising how rapidly he glanced through compositions (even in manuscripts and large score), and how well he played them. In this respect no one could equal him. His rendering was always determined, but sharp and hard. So also of the compositions of the great masters; he played Handel's Oratorios and Gluck's works wonderfully, and so as to elicit much applause; as likewise Sebastian Bach's Fugues.

SELF-APPRECIATION.

He once told me that he was careless, and not well treated when a boy, and that his musical education was very bad. "But," he continued, "I had talent for music." It was touching to hear

him utter these words seriously, as if no one knew it before. On another occasion, the conversation turning upon the praise which his name had won in the world, "Oh! nonsense," he said, "I never thought of writing for fame or honor. What is in my heart must come out, and that is why I write." Except when in the dark humor which fell over him at times, and which arose from physical suffering, he was always merry, mischievous, witty, full of raillery, and did not care for anybody.

HIS POSITION AND CHARACTER.

Beethoven, when a young man, found good friends at Court. He might have lived, if he had pleased, in the highest style. His character was very much like that of Jean Jacques Rousseau, but still his temper was noble, magnanimous, and refined.

WEBER'S DER FREYSCHUTZ.

BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

(Concluded.)

Certain theatres in Germany, to carry truth in the horrible to the utmost limit, accompany, it is said, the scene of the casting of the balls with the most discordant noises, cries of animals, howlings of dogs, shrieks, roars, hissings, creakings of trees, &c., &c. But how can one hear the music in the midst of this hideous tumult? And, in case that we can hear it, why place the reality side by side with the imitation? If I admire the hoarse baying of the horns in the orchestra, the voices of your theatre bounds can only inspire me with disgust. The natural cascade, on the contrary, is one of those scenic effects which are not incompatible with the interest of the score; so far from that, it adds to it. That even and continuous sound of water induces reverie; it is particularly impressive during those long *organ-points* which the composer has so skilfully introduced, and blends in the best possible manner with the sounds of the distant bell, which slowly strikes the fatal hour.

I need not tell the Germans that, in this scene, I have abstained, in writing the recitatives, from making Zamiel sing. That would have been too formal; Weber has made Caspar sing, and Zamiel speak the few words of his response. Once only is the devil's speech made rhythmical, each of his syllables being supported by a note of the drums. The rule forbidding spoken dialogue in the opera is not so rigorous, that one may not introduce into a musical scene a few words pronounced in this manner; one is obliged to use this latitude to preserve this idea of the composer.

The entire score of *Der Freyschütz*, as I have said before, but it is not useless to repeat it, is executed integrally and in the exact order in which it was written. The libretto has been translated [the French version] in a manner always simple, often poetical, and not arranged. It is a labor which does honor to the talent and the taste of Emilien Pacini.

From the fidelity, always and everywhere too rare, with which the Grand Opera has placed this masterpiece upon the stage, it results that the finale of the third act is almost a novelty for the Parisians. Some had heard it fourteen years ago at the summer representations of the German troupe; the majority were unacquainted with it. This finale is a magnificent conception. All that Max sings at the feet of the Prince bears the impress of repentance and of shame; the first chorus for in C minor, after the fall of Agatha

and Caspar, has a fine tragic coloring and announces in the best possible manner, the catastrophe that is about to be accomplished. Then Agatha's return to life, her tender exclamation, "O Max!" the *vivats* of the people, the menaces of Ottokar, the religious intervention of the hermit, the unction of his conciliating words, the prayers of all these peasants and hunters to obtain pardon for Max, a noble heart for a moment led astray; that sextuor in which you see hope and happiness revive, that benediction of the old monk who curbs all these excited waves and from the midst of the whole prostrate crowd, causes a hymn to leap up that is immense in its laconic brevity; and finally that final chorus where for the third time re-appears the theme of the allegro in the air of Agatha, already heard in the overture; all this is beautiful and as worthy, neither more nor less, of admiration as that which precedes. There is not a note that is not in its place, or that can be suppressed without destroying the harmony of the *ensemble*. Superficial minds perhaps will not be of this opinion, but for every attentive listener the thing is certain, and the more one hears this finale the more will he be convinced of it.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Genesis of Musical Sounds.

The sounds employed in Music are distinguished from mere random noise, not only by the uniformity of their vibrations, but by the relationship, more or less intimate, which they sustain with respect to each other. Every composition has its key. Indeed the whole system of music has a relation to some grand central point, about which all its elements revolve, towards which they constantly gravitate, and from which, as a vivifying sun, they all derive vitality and force. In truth the whole tribe are from one common stock, and are directly descended from one common progenitor, as were the Israelites from Jacob.

To set forth a genealogical tree of this family, let us take great C, which is written on the second leger line below, in the Bass. Suppose a string 120 inches in length of such thickness and tension as to give this C. Divide the string successively by 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, and the results will be as exhibited below, the whole string being represented by 1.

Proportion of String.	Length of String.	Number of Vibrations.	Name & description of Sounds.
1	120 in.	64	C. Root.
$\frac{1}{2}$	60 in.	128	C. Octave.
$\frac{1}{3}$	40 in.	192	G. 12th.
$\frac{1}{4}$	30 in.	256	C. 15th.
$\frac{1}{5}$	24 in.	320	E. 17th.
$\frac{1}{6}$	20 in.	384	G. 19th.
$\frac{1}{8}$	15 in.	512	C. 22nd.

These sounds may all be produced upon any instrument of the horn species, as the Trombone, the French Horn, &c., with no change except in the manner of blowing.

A string of the Violoncello or Violin will give the same series by touching lightly with the finger of the left hand the several points indicated by the division of the length as stated above.

The Æolian harp of one string, gives of itself all these tones. When the force of the current of air is barely sufficient to produce a tone, the string vibrates throughout its length, with one motion. A gradual increase of the wind causes

at first an augmentation of the power of tone, but beyond a certain intensity of the current, the string divides itself successively by the natural series of numbers to an indefinite extent, and gives forth a numerous progeny of harmonics. The higher and more remote of these I shall not at present notice further than to state that some of them are merely octaves to the Root and its derivatives, some have no name, some have no place theoretical or practical in present systems, and some are more directly derived from other Roots.

The Root C alone, does not furnish us with a continuous system of sounds proceeding wholly by conjunct degrees, but on the contrary with a diastematic series, proceeding more or less by skips. Of course what are called scales cannot be constructed from these materials alone. We have abundant resources, however, in the offspring of other roots most simply related to C. These roots are first, G, which, after the octave, is in the simplest ratio to C, viz: 2:3; Secondly, F, which is in the ratio of 3:4. Among the harmonics of G are B and D. Among those of F we find A.

Scales, so called, are merely an arrangement into a progressive series of some or all of the sounds employed in music. They differ in the number of sounds composing them and in the intervals or steps by which they proceed. A scale may have two sounds, or three, or any number we please. The scale of Scottish music has but five sounds. That which is called eminently *the* scale, has seven sounds, viz: c, d, e, f, g, a, b. These are *harmonics* of the three Roots C G F as seen below:

do.	c.	fifteenth of great C. (2nd leger line below—Bass.)
re.	d.	twelfth of G. (fifth above great C.)
mi.	e.	seventeenth of C.
fa.	f.	fifteenth of F. (fourth above great C.)
sol.	g.	fifteenth of G.
la.	a.	seventeenth of F.
si.	b.	seventeenth of G.
do.	c.	twenty-second of C.

Such is the genesis of the sounds constituting the *major diatonic scale*, and such is the relation of that series to its Roots.

In my next I shall attempt to trace the lineage of the sounds constituting the *minor mode*.

E. H.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Church Music.

MR. EDITOR: I have been hoping, ever since the establishment of your Journal, that the subject of Church Music would come up for discussion. What sort of music, what school, what style is worthy of adoption and imitation in our churches. I confess my own ideas on this point are not positive, and I wish for light from you and others. Most persons like to hear in church the music to which they have been accustomed, and this is all they care about it. Others, among whom I must reckon myself, have a strong dislike to music of a secular character, feeling that the music of the Church should be *sui generis*, having only religious associations; but exactly what it should be, is not so easy to determine. Psalmody is a passion with us New Englanders. In no way is our puritan origin more evident than in this disposition to sing psalm tunes. The quantity of material which is manufactured to meet this taste is astonishingly

great, and the quality generally poor. Indeed, I cannot help thinking that if our choirs would take the old "Handel and Haydn Collection," published many years ago, and discard all the rest, they would find there all that is really needed for this part of the musical service.

There is, however, of late years, a feeling that psalm tune singing is not sufficient, and chanting has been very generally adopted. This is truly devotional and impressive when the words are taken from the Bible, or have peculiarly sacred associations, as in passages from the prayer-book. But our choirs are not content with chanting, but perform anthems and set pieces. These are found attached to the psalm tune books, some of them original, others drawn from various sources, sacred and profane. There seems to be an uncertainty in the minds of many choir leaders as to what is proper for performance in this connection, which needs to be corrected. Thus I have heard chorusses from Italian operas, set with sacred words, and sung as anthems in our churches, melodies from the same source played as voluntaries on the organ, and other adaptations equally impious.

All this shows, I think, among other things, the want of a proper school of church music. The English Church has had in her service in past times musicians of the highest eminence, but their music seems not fitted to the present day. The services and anthems of Purcell, Gibbons, Boyce, &c. require for their proper effect means which we have not at command. A double choir of well trained boys for the treble parts is indispensable, and these, owing to a variety of causes, cannot be had. The Catholic church has much music of a lighter character, but still devotional, which seems better fitted for our uses. Attempts have been made, with partial success, to furnish English words to portions of the masses of Haydn and Mozart. There is much among the modern Catholic music, published by Novello, which might also be useful. If some good musician would set himself to arranging this music with appropriate English words, and publish it by itself, without encumbering the volume with vocal exercises or hymn tunes, I think it would be profitable and useful. It seems to me there is a want of genius to create a new and original school of devotional music, suited to the present times. Some Purcell or Handel must appear before the want is supplied.

I hope, Mr. Editor, you will let us hear from you on this subject. x.

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.—Music has hitherto been generally regarded rather in the light of a luxury than as one of the prime necessities of life; but a Mons. F. Sudre proposes to turn it to practical account by making it no less than a perfect means of international communication—the dragoman, in short, of all the nations of the earth, just as Latin was of the mediæval savans. Seeing what takes place in every frontier country, M. Sudre conceives that there would be no difficulty in every person learning two languages—"la maternelle," or that of his mother-country, and "la générale," or the musical language which he has invented. Of course if this were done, the object he has in view would at once be accomplished. His new language professes to be characterized by great simplicity. It is founded upon the seven notes of the scale, and no word contains more than four sounds. It may be played on any instrument or sung; or the notes may be simply named or indicated, *à la* Hullah; or the fingers; so that the system would

be available for the use of the deaf, the dumb, and the blind. M. Sudre likewise proposes to substitute for the cumbrous codes of signals in use in the army and navy, a code of his own, founded upon the three sounds, G, C, G, executed on a bugle or drum, or represented by cannon of different calibre, or indicated on a telegraph. Yesterday he performed at the Hanover-square rooms a number of experiments before a large and respectable audience. Various phrases were propounded to him by ladies and gentlemen present. He gave expression to them in the different modes enumerated, and his pupil, Mlle. Josephine Hugot, instantly supplied the correct interpretation. The experiments in telegraphing, or signalling, were particularly striking, and whatever may be thought of the larger scheme of the ingenious inventor, this at least promises to be of great utility. M. Sudre and his scholar were exceedingly well received.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Gone hath the Spring, with all its flowers,
And gone the Summer's pomp and show,
And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

I said to Earth, so cold and gray,
"An emblem of myself thou art:"
"Not so," the Earth did seem to say,
"For Spring shall warm my frozen heart."

I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams
Of warmer sun and softer rain,
And wait to hear the sound of streams
And songs of merry birds again.

But thou from whom the Spring hath gone,
For whom the flowers no longer blow,
Who standest blighted and forlorn,
Like Autumn waiting for the snow:

No hope is thine of sunnier hours,
Thy Winter shall no more depart;
No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,
Nor Summer warm thy frozen heart.

The First Oratorio.

The first oratorio was entitled "*Rappresentazione di Anima, e di Corpo*." It was composed by Emilio del Cavaliere, and was performed and printed at Rome in 1600. It was represented in action on a stage, in the church of La Vallicella, with scenes, decorations, and chorus, à l'antique, and analogous dances, as appears both from the editor's dedication to Cardinal Aldobrandini, and from the composer's instruction for the performance.

Emilio del Cavaliere, as well as the rest of the early composers of dramatic music, imagined that he had recovered, in his recitative, that style of music which the ancient Greeks and Romans used in their theatres. And a singer of such music is required by Cavaliere to have a fine voice, perfectly in tune, and free from all defects in his delivery; together with a pathetic expression, the power of swelling, and diminishing the tones, and an equal respect for the composer and poet, in singing plain, and being particularly attentive to the articulation and expression of the words.

It is recommended to place the instruments of accompaniment behind the scenes, which, in the first oratorio, were the following.

Una lira doppia, . . . A double lyre, perhaps
a viol da gamba.
Un clavicembalo, . . . A harpsichord.
Un chitarone, . . . A large, or double guitar.
Dui flauti, o vero dui,
Tibri all' antica, . . . } Two common flutes.

No violin is mentioned here; but what excites the most surprise at present, in these instructions for the performance of an oratorio on a stage in a church, are the directions for the dances.

There are, however, examples of religious

dances in the sacred writings, as well as in the history of almost every ancient people, in which their religious ceremonies are mentioned. Most of these dances are performed to the music of choruses, which are singing at the same time, in the manner of those in the old French operas.

On many occasions, it is recommended for the actors to have some instruments in their hands, as the playing, or appearing to play upon them, would assist illusion better than a visible orchestra.

Besides these general rules, for such as might wish to write, or bring on the stage other poems of the same kind, Cavaliere gives the following instructions for the representation of this particular species of musical drama.

1. The words should be printed with the verses correctly arranged, the scenes numbered, and the characters of the interlocutors specified.

2. Instead of the *overture*, or symphony, to modern musical dramas, a madrigal is recommended as a full piece, with all the voice parts doubled, and a great number of instruments.

3. When the curtain rises, two youths, who recite the prologue, appear on the stage, and when they have finished, *Time*, one of the characters in this *morality*, comes on, and has the note, on which he is to begin, given him by the instrumental performers behind the scenes.

4. The *chorus* are to have a place allotted them on the stage, part sitting, and part standing, in sight of the principal characters. And when they sing, they are to rise, and be in motion with appropriate gestures.

5. *Pleasure*, another imaginary character, with two companions, are to have instruments in their hands, on which they are to play, while they sing, and perform the ritornels.

6. *Il Corpo*, the body, when these words are uttered, "*Si che hormai, alma mea*," &c., may throw away some of his ornaments; as his gold collar, feather from his hat, &c.

7. The *World* and *Human Life*, in particular, are to be very gaily dressed; and when they are divested of their trappings, to appear very poor and wretched, and at length dead carcasses.

8. The symphonies and ritornels may be played by a great number of instruments; and if "*a violin*" should play the principal part, it would have a very good effect."

9. The performance may be finished with or without a dance. If without, the last chorons is to be doubled in all its parts, vocal and instrumental: but if a dance is preferred, a verse beginning thus, "*Chiostri altissimi, e stellati*," is to be sung, accompanied sedately and reverentially by the dance. These shall succeed other grave steps and figures of the solemn kind. During the ritornels, the four principal dancers are to perform a ballet, *saltato con capriole*, "enlivened with capers, or entrechats," without singing. And thus, after each stanza, always varying the steps of the dance; and the four principal dancers may sometimes use the *galiard*, sometimes the *canary*, and sometimes the *courant* step, which will do very well in the ritornels.

10. The stanzas of the ballet, are to be sung and played by all the performers within and without.

These curious and minute instructions, will convey to the reader an idea of the manner in which the oratorio was performed in its infant state.

The word *aria*, air, never occurs in this oratorio; but though there are fewer recitatives, and more choruses in it, than in the first operas, the choruses are all in plain counterpoint, without a single attempt at fugue or imitation; and consequently the words are more intelligible, and free from confusion, than in an air for a single voice loaded with accompaniments.

No musical drama, under the title of oratorio, can be found in print, says the diligent Quadrio, before the time of Francesco Balducci, who died in 1642: among whose poems are found two, the one called *La Fede*, on the subject of Abraham's sacrifice, and divided into two parts; the other entitled *Il Trionfo*, or the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin, in one act only. These, as resembling the dramas performed at the church of

the Fathers of the *Oratory*, he calls ORATORIOS; an appellation which was soon adopted by many others. And in 1662, several religious dramas were performed in Italian, in the imperial chapel at Vienna, called *Oratorios*.—*Burgh's Anecdotes*.

The Handel Society.

The publications of this society are now solely in the hands of the enterprising firm of Cramer, Beale & Co., who have taken upon themselves the pecuniary responsibility of publishing the volumes of the society as they issue from the hands of the respective editors. This fact was pretty generally disseminated when the *Israel in Egypt*, supervised by Mendelssohn, appeared. Certain difficulties, it seemed, had crept into the management of the society itself, principally from the non-payment of the annual subscriptions, upon which, as in all co-operative associations of the same kind, obviously depended the power of going on with the undertaking, and fulfilling the conditions of the initiatory prospectus. It is probable that the issues by Messrs. Cramer & Co. may appear at longer intervals than the original scheme contemplated; but it is much to be desired that sufficient success will await the enterprise to enable them to complete the Handelian library, and produce such an edition of the great master's works as shall be without doubt or blemish, and eventually extinguish all the others in ordinary use, in which inaccuracy, interpolation, and abridgment, are more or less the notorious attributes. The edition by Clarke has been the best known of the collected editions, but this wants the proper clefs in the vocal score, besides which it is far from being carefully edited; the same kinds of disfigurements as regards occasional error being also the characteristic of Dr. Arnold's edition. But numberless are the reprints of the most popular of Handel's works, emerging, for the most part, from the press without any particular care as to authenticity, and perpetuating those mistakes which either negligence or inadvertence left uncorrected in the more pretentious editions to which we have alluded. The object of the Handel Society was two-fold. Not only did it propose to reprint the whole of Handel's oratorios and lesser works from the original scores, under the special and individual superintendence of the most eminent musicians of the day, but it was also part of the scheme to make such parenthetical additions, such elucidations of the figured basses, &c., as should place the work at once within the reach of the amateur. The original text was to be exhibited in its truest purity, settled by the severest collation with the original manuscripts. The accompaniments for the piano forte or organ, where added to meet a popular exigency, were to be so incorporated into the page as to be in no way confounded with the score of the composer. How zealously, delicately, and profoundly these principles have been carried out are visible in the *Coronation Anthems*, the *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*, the *Esther*, the *Acis and Galatea*, and the *Israel in Egypt*, which have been subjected to the ripe and reverential editorship of Dr. Crotch, Mr. Moscheles, Mr. Lucas, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, and Dr. Mendelssohn. The editions of the imperishable compositions named above, which have thus been given to the world, must evidently supersede all others, not only in the essential qualities of fidelity and exemption from vulgar and unworthy tamperings, but in typographical clearness and beauty. The lofty and generous enthusiasm which has tempted Messrs. Cramer & Co. to go on with a publication evidently involving risk of no ordinary kind, but in which the highest interests of music are at stake, merits, therefore, encouragement at once solid and persevering, and we shall be glad to observe that the profession, no less than the public at large, evince a disposition to give the necessary help to an undertaking of such great and onerous magnitude.

The new volume consists of the *Chamber Duets and Trios*, written soon after Handel's return to Hanover, "for the practice of the Queen, the electoral princess." Mr. Henry Smart, to whom

the task of editorship has been confided, intimates that, upon examining the original MSS. preserved in Buckingham Palace, he found others of the same class, including four duets, "which furnished the immortal composer as drafts for four of the chorusses of the *Messiah*"—namely, "His yoke is easy," "And he shall purify," "For unto us," and "All we like sheep." These, with others, have never been printed in their original form, and it is likely, therefore, that a second volume of *Chamber Duets* may by-and-by be prepared. To the volume now issued, Mr. Smart, for the reasons cited above, has affixed an independent piano forte accompaniment. "It seemed to him," it is observed in the preface, "that something more was intended by the composer than either a compression of the vocal score, or the bare insertion of such chords as the unfigured bass seemed to permit. He has, therefore, placed himself in the situation of an accompanist at the period when these compositions were produced, and in this character has endeavored to embody some of those features of contrapuntal garniture in which Handel is recorded to have extemporaneously indulged when accompanying his own music. The original bass is given under the voice parts, so that those who prefer the old mode of accompaniment are at liberty to reject that proposed by the editor." This modest announcement sufficiently declares the spirit of editorial exactness which has animated Mr. Henry Smart, and we have only to add that the labors for which he is avowedly responsible afford ample evidence of his judgment, knowledge, and genuine Handelian taste.—*London Herald*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary.

NEW YORK, July 20. To-day I have been looking from my window at the immense procession formed to do honor to the remains of Henry Clay. Band after band of music has passed, and their strains came floating up, above all the noise and confusion of the crowds, as pure and free from all mingling with discordant tones, as are the pure thoughts and holy aspirations of a good heart amid the turmoil, distractions and confusion of business and fashionable folly. It is curious to note how little I can hear of music in the street below, when I lean out of the window and place myself within the upward current of the noise from the pavements, and how, when I retire from the reach of this, the tones of music seek me out and follow me to the place of quiet. I anticipated great pleasure from the music to-day, but of all the bands which have followed the remains of the great orator, one only,—yes, only one,—has played music which, in my folly, I could consider appropriate. After listening to the inappropriate fifing and trumpeting of band after band, until disgust destroyed the wish to listen longer, I caught the sad and solemn measures of Handel's march in Saul. Oh, how inexpressibly beautiful, may sublime, is that Dead March. Yet how simple! Handel himself must have felt its excellence, for though he wrote another for Samson, he has also introduced this into that sublime Oratorio. But before the strains of the Dead March had fairly died away in the distance, the clang and slash of some namby-pamby air from another band came within hearing, and I almost

"Cursed the gods who had not made me deaf."

Now, why is this? Why at funerals can we not have funeral music? Why is it, that on such an occasion as this, when even those who have persecuted and slandered and reviled the great man in his life, now feel the eye moist as his mortal remains are passing by on their way to their last earthly resting-place, that the over-wrought feelings should listen in vain for a tone of sadness and grief from all this array of instruments? Why not sometimes, at least, a minor chord? But no, we must listen to music little more solemn than that of ordinary parades—or not listen at all. "They order these things better"—abroad.

The heart on such an occasion longs,—if the bands are incapable of arrangements of Beethoven's wonderful "*Marcia Funebre*," that in the Heroic Symphony, or that in the Sonata, opus 26,—at least for some of the noble choral strains with which the music of all civilized

nations is enriched. Germans now form the bulk of our bands, at least in the large cities. Have they forgotten the noble, dirge-like melodies and harmonies with which at home they accompany the good and the great to the tomb? They may be assured that even in so barbarous a land as ours, there are some who do not like to see funeral solemnities conducted to music only fit for the country muster-field, or city parade-ground.

Aug. 6. I came across to-day, in some periodical, an article purporting to be an extract from a collection of sketches of the great musicians. Judging from this specimen, I must find out what the work is and procure it; for the library of no lover of music should be without such a specimen of—the trash which people write and read in this country for musical literature. This particular "brick" is a description of Beethoven's death. The excellence of the historical novel or tale lies mostly in its correctness as a historical picture; it allows of no departure from any known facts, though these may be put in such a light as suits the powers and intentions of the author. Now for an examination in this light of this description of Beethoven's last hours. No writer upon this great master would venture to write without Moscheles' translation of Schindler before him, at least until a better work be published, of which, alas! I see no prospect at present; for the only person who has made the necessary researches and collections is too busy, soul and body, in other pursuits, to use the materials he has collected. Let me compare this famous sketch with Schindler.

"Once more we find Beethoven in the extreme decline of life. In one of the most obscure and narrow streets of Vienna, on the third floor of a gloomy-looking house, was now the abode of the gifted artist."

"The Funeral will take place from the dwelling of the deceased, the Schwarzspanier house, No. 200, on the Glacis opposite the Scottish Gate."—*From the Card of Invitation to Beethoven's Funeral*.

"One of the most obscure and narrow streets of Vienna!" The Schwarzspanier house is a huge building in the suburb of Vienna, having, from Beethoven's windows, a splendid prospect of the city across a parade ground nearly half a mile in width!

"They wrong me who call me stern or misanthropic," said he to his brother, who came in March, 1827, to pay him a visit. "God knoweth how I love my fellow-men! Has not my life been theirs? Have I not struggled with temptation," &c., &c.

Which brother? Carl, of course, for with Johann he was hardly on speaking terms, and besides, this is the beginning of a long conversation with Carl. Unfortunately for the sketch, Carl died in November, 1815, twelve years before. The pathetic speech, too, put into the composer's mouth, is drawn from his will written in 1802!

"The servant of the house entered, and gave Beethoven a large sealed package, directed to himself. He opened it; it contained a magnificent collection of the works of Handel, with a few lines stating that it was a dying bequest to the composer, from the Count di N—."

Compare this with the following note, in Moscheles' work, to a letter written by Beethoven, February 22, 1827.

"Mr. Stumpff, [Count di N—,?] the proprietor of a harp manufactory in London, presented to Beethoven, the year before, the complete works of Handel, in upwards of forty folio volumes, [a large sealed package!] of the rare and costly London Edition."

"Disturbed by his nervous restlessness, the aged composer went to the window, and opened it with trembling hands."

Aged composer;—Beethoven was 56 on the 27th December, 1826, and died on the 27th March following.

"The malady increased. The sufferer's eyes were glazed; he grasped his brother's hand with a tremulous pressure."

"'Carl! Carl! I pardon you the evil you did me in childhood; I have pardoned all. Pray for me, brother!' cried the failing voice of the artist."

"His brother supported him to the sofa, and called for assistance. In an hour the room was filled with the neighbors and friends of the dying man. He seemed gradually sinking into insensibility."

"Suddenly he revived; a bright smile illumined his whole face; his sunken eyes sparkled. 'I shall hear in heaven!' he murmured softly, and then sang in a low but distinct voice the lines from a hymn of his own:—

"'Brüder!—über'm Sternenzelt,
Muss ein lieber VATER wohnen.'

"In the last faint tone of the music his gentle spirit passed away."

"Thus died Beethoven, a true artist, a good and generous man."

Now for Schindler's account. Carl, as said above, died a dozen years before. Schindler says, vol. ii. p. 76: "Symptoms of a speedy termination to Beethoven's sufferings appeared early on the 24th of March, after the holy sacrament for the dying had been administered at his own desire, and received by him with true devotion. The first symptoms of approaching dissolution manifested themselves about one o'clock on the same day. A most terrible struggle between life and death now began, and continued without intermission till the 26th, when a quarter before six in the evening the great composer breathed his last, during a tremendous hailstorm, aged fifty-six years, three months and nine days. Schindler goes on to say that neither he nor Von Brenning were present to close the dying man's eyes; Herr Anselm Hüttenbrenner, from Gratz in Styria, did this sad office. Where were the neighbors and friends?"

Mr. Rau writes Moscheles, (see as above, page 322.)

"Beethoven is no more; he departed this life in a most painful struggle, and with dreadful sufferings, on the 26th inst., between five and six o'clock, P. M., after having been insensible for the last twenty-four hours."

The extraordinary success of this sketch, if it be a correct sample of the whole bale of goods, of the descriptions of Mozart, and Handel, and Haydn, is such that I hope hereafter to add, not only this to my collection, but some half dozen volumes by the same hand, in which all our great statesmen, Washington, John Adams, Zachary Taylor, Calhoun, Clay, &c., may be "done up" in a similar style. No, that would be too bad—worse than Headley!

Aug. 20. Learned to-day that Professor J. B. Woodbury, the author of the Oratorio of Absalom, has been back from Europe for some time. I learned some time since, when I was in Detroit, that this Oratorio pleases the musical people there very much, particularly the quartette and chorus, "Hear those soothing sounds ascending," and the sextette, "Though the sinner bloom at morning."

[To be continued.]

New Publications.

Schumann's Album for the Piano Forte. 43 *Clavierstücke für die Jugend*, von ROBERT SCHUMANN. In four numbers, each 75 cts. net. Boston: G. P. Reed & Co.

We have already spoken at length of this delightful addition to the library of the pianist, and have now only to add that Reed's edition is a fac-simile of the German copy, with a well engraved title, far superior to the writing-master scrawls and shabby lithographs which usually embellish our American musical publications. Why should not real artists oftener lend the aid of the sister art to decorate our Music? Every pianist will be glad to place this Album among his choicest treasures.

The Singing School Companion, a Collection of Sacred and Secular Music, &c. By JOSEPH and HORACE BIRD. Boston: Wilkins, Rice & Kendall.

We confess that we look with some considerable apprehension on every addition to this class of musical literature. Every year and every Convention held adds to this shelf of our library; each new book, as far as we can see, merely ringing the changes of the old song, and reminding us not a little of the arithmetical puzzles which distract the brains of little children, the problem running much after this fashion: *Given*—A certain number of tunes, to arrange them so as to make a new singing book at such a price. This problem is every year solved to the satisfaction of the authors, but to our mind, and we think in public opinion, one book is very like another. The book whose title is given above has this new feature, we believe, that one half of it is devoted to songs, glees and other secular music, and the second part to sacred music—psalm tunes, anthems, choruses, &c. The object of the authors is to furnish such a book as shall be adapted to the use of common singing schools, and to meet "the desire of a large and respectable body of singers, who regard the use of sacred words for the mere purpose of learning to sing as irreverent." The

object is an excellent one and commends itself at once to all, and we think the authors have given an excellent selection of music in both departments and well adapted for the purpose in view, and also a pleasant book for the family circle, as well as for the use of choirs. The manner of dividing the words of the chants we think decidedly embarrassing and inconvenient, the dashes being placed *parallel* with the lines, instead of *transversely*, as is usual; thus rendering it difficult to catch readily the proper divisions. We notice also some departures from the familiar arrangements of well known tunes which we think should be always avoided.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 18, 1852.

Church Music.

The communication of our correspondent in another column, on the subject of Church Music, opens a field of inquiry which certainly, in church-going New England, is of great interest to all. For here everybody goes to church, as a matter of course, everybody criticises both the preaching and the music, everybody goes with eyes and ears open, eager to find some new thing. In every form of worship Music has always formed an important part of the service. Sanctioned and enjoined by Scripture, familiar by long use, and noble and elevating in itself, the praise of God in song, for it is nothing else, is surely not the least solemn or impressive part of the service of our churches. We say *is*, but alas, it too often is as far from solemn, as far from impressive, as far from what it should be, as can well be imagined. Ignorant choristers, uneducated organists, untrained choirs, and more than all and worse than all, the abominations in the shape of musical compositions—chants, anthems, and psalm tunes, which make up the trashy flood of new singing books, published every day for the benefit of the authors, rather than for the glory of God or the improvement of musical science, are among the difficulties which lie in the way of having good church music. To these is to be added the ignorance of our congregations as to what church music should be, and a general ignorance of the whole subject of music. We are but beginning to learn what music *is* here, and, till within some few years, the only notion that our people have had of this noble Art is that it is the science of *psalm singing*, as taught in country singing schools. The abominations in the shape of tunes have, by long use, become familiar, and thought to be the proper form of praising God in song. To this list new abominations are daily added, partly *original compositions*, so called, defying all known laws of composition, partly arrangements from secular music, supposed to be inaccessible and unknown, and so, a little altered in form, introduced, like wolves in sheep's clothing, into the service of the sanctuary. We never hear such tunes in our churches without a shudder. We cannot, for example, hear *Batti, batti*, sung in church, without its calling to mind the simple peasant girl of the opera and her rustic lover. It is impossible that such associations should not be awakened, with thoughts as unfit to fill the mind of the devout worshipper as angels of light are to keep fellowship with the devils of the pit. This is but a single example. The Psalm books in common use are crowded with tunes drawn from similar sources equally objectionable. To persons ignorant whence these come, such music

may appear devotional and appropriate; but we imagine that they would be scarcely less shocked at hearing *Zerlina* (to take the same example) sing on the stage, the melody familiar perhaps to their ears in the service of their church, when sung to the words "Gently Lord, Oh, gently lead us," than others are on hearing the same air in the church.

We find in the New York *Musical World and Times* a letter from Prof. Erickson to a friend in Norway, giving the impressions of an intelligent foreigner and musician, of our American church music. We quote some passages from this letter, which is full of intelligent criticism and useful suggestions.

"Concerning the music of our public worship, I could say much; but, at present, can only give you a few particulars, by way of showing how greatly this *Ars sacra* is misunderstood in New York. Only think, that the churches and congregations, instead of *joining* in the singing of the psalms and hymns, keep a choir, and sometimes only a 'Quartet,' who perform this important part of the worship almost entirely *alone*! What are psalms and hymns, but *prayers* and *praises*? And, what is the intention of their being sung in the house of God, other than that the *whole congregation* should unite, as with one soul in the music, and, on the wings of melody, rise to the throne of the Most High?"

"Here, the organist has a choir around him, chiefly employed as a *substitute for congregational singing*. In some churches there is also a so-called leader; who, in many cases, knows so little about music, that he is unable to distinguish a chromatic interval from a diatonic, or make a proper distinction between the major and minor scales; nevertheless, he takes upon himself the responsibility of judging upon all musical matters in the church; not knowing that properly to understand the science of music requires the study and practice of a life.

"The members of the choir are generally only amateurs, and destitute often of that strong conviction of duty, which is so essential to real improvement.

"Between the verses, you very often hear the organist, in a too light and secular movement, play fragments of opera pieces, and every kind of music, in fact, except solemn organ music; thereby displaying his vanity, and forgetting that the contents of each verse are in close connection, and that, therefore, the interludes—according to every idea of rhetoric—ought to be in full harmony with the sentiment of the words. You may easily imagine how the closing voluntary in most cases is performed: the organist sometimes draws out every stop in his organ, and quite forgetting the *place* where he is playing, and only thinking of displaying the dexterity of his fingers, performs overtures, grand marches, etc.; and it has sometimes really seemed to me as though he aimed to drown the impression made by a solemn sermon, or as though he wished to express his joy that the sermon was ended. It has reminded me of our military funerals in Europe: while proceeding to the grave, the band will play a very solemn tune, perhaps Beethoven's Funeral March, or the Dead March in Saul; but no sooner is the body deposited in the silent tomb, than drums and fifes are brought into requisition, and in double quick time they countermarch to the tune of the *Marsellaise*, or one of Labitzky's gallopes, and seem glad that all is over.

* * * * *

"When, on Sundays, I am playing the organ, I do not hear the sweet and hearty voices from the pews! The congregation do not join, as the pious worshippers in my native land did, in the singing of the psalms and hymns. I only hear the *three or four* voices in the choir; but this cannot inspire me to so high a devotional feeling, as when the voices from a whole worshipping congregation (properly guided and conducted) are in melodious and harmonious accords heard together in solemn hymns of praise and

thanks, to the glorious and beneficent God. Here, a few amateur voices are heard, because they are hired to sing; whereas, in my native land, the members of the church and congregation sing; because they came to the house of God for the very purpose of worshipping, and to pay to Him their thanks and praises.

"In the different American collections of psalm and hymn tunes, I often meet with not only bad, and—for the purpose—very improper music, but also with great mistakes against the rules of harmony and thorough base. Yet there are also some few good collections; but they are very little used, and the better they are, the less are they employed; which altogether shows the folly, not to say wickedness, of leaving the arrangements and performances of 'sacred music' in the hands of ignorant and incompetent persons.

"I am sure you will be surprised that Christian churches can be satisfied with this state of things; but I hope better views of this matter are beginning to prevail. The people here, generally, (I really believe,) think good congregational singing impossible. But how wrong this idea, it is unnecessary to tell you. You know, both how practicable and how delightful good congregational singing is.

* * * * *

"Let the church choose and engage as their Organist a pious man, one who has a true sense of religion, and who is a sound and intelligent musician; one who not only can perform with correctness and precision, but can also give the singers the necessary instruction, and be able spiritually to direct them; one who has a regard and love for his office in the church. Such a man will consider the place where he is, and the nature of that God, he serves, and endeavor to conduct himself accordingly. He will, of course, both be active in the church, and sympathize with her wholly. Moreover, he will, in all probability, succeed in training suitable members of the church for an efficient choir, whose independent style of execution will allow him by degrees to lighten and simplify his accompaniment, till the voices shall have a sufficient prominence, and the enunciation become distinct and impressive. And, if, after having succeeded thus far, he would invite all those among the church and congregation who have good voices to meet with him once or twice a week in the church to practise, he would soon have a sufficient number of trained singers to lead the whole congregation. He should then invite them all to assemble in the church to practise: (the weekly meetings could perhaps, for that purpose, be occasionally held in the church.) Let the above mentioned practised singers be stationed in different places in the church; and then, if the same tune were always used to the same psalm or hymn, the whole congregation would, in a short time, be able to sing not only a large number of the best tunes, but to sing them correctly, too.

"Such a delightful state of things might easily be produced, if the churches would awake to the proper discharge of their responsibilities in this matter.

"As to the manner in which music, in my opinion, ought to be regulated during divine service, I would recommend the following. In the opening Voluntary, while the minister is ascending to the pulpit, the Organist should try as far as possible, by some soft and melodious chords, to prepare the congregation for the solemn and holy purpose for which they have met. And then, when the minister is seated, let a good anthem or chant be performed by the choir; but in choosing this, the Organist ought to take great care both in regard to its character, and the effect it will produce upon the congregation; it should be in keeping with the rest of the service, and in every respect be such as will impress and solemnize the minds of those present.

"In giving out the tunes the Organist ought to use such a combination of stops, and, (if the construction of his instrument allow of it,) to arrange them, that the melody may predominate. To accompany well, requires no little experience, even where there is, in other respects, much prac-

tical skill; and, in accompanying the choir, the Organist must, as the celebrated Handel and Rink say, "be the guide as to when the music shall begin;" and all should be loud and soft together, and close together, otherwise the harmony will be destroyed, and the ear offended. Nothing can be a greater fault, than when the Organist, by using too loud an organ, overwhelms the voices, instead of swelling and softening his instrument to suit the voices, thus both leading and supporting them. But he should always keep the volume of the Organ a little below that of the voices.

"During the taking up of the collection, some devotional subjects from the works of Handel, Bach, Rink, Mozart or Beethoven, should be played alternately on the swell and choir organ; and sometimes with some of the solo stops, this would be acceptable.

"Finally, as to the concluding voluntary, I think there is so large a field for selection in the masterly fugues of Sebastian Bach, Handel, &c., that an intelligent Organist will have no difficulty in selecting such pieces as are suitable. Once more, I repeat it, let the music never be a contrast to the gravity and solemnity of the place, the occasion, and the services of the House of God."

Antonio Salieri.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music.

DEAR SIR,—I see in the leading article of the last number of your Journal, the statement that Franz Schubert studied dramatic composition with Salieri. Allow me to correct the error; it should be Salieri,—old Salieri,—who died in 1825, at Vienna, after having been in the musical service of the imperial house for fifty-eight years, under Maria Theresa, Joseph, Leopold and Francis. Salieri was born in the Venetian territory, Aug. 19, 1750. He was a little, dark, wide-awake, handsome fellow, full of fun and glee and stories, ready at any moment to fly into a passion, and just as ready to make friends again. But Antonio Salieri is worth a word or two more than I intended to write. He was brought to Vienna, an orphan boy of 16, by Gassmann in 1766, and put to the study of music in the old, strict German manner. Four years afterward Gassmann went to Rome to compose and bring out an Opera, and was detained so long, that the writers of the text to the opera "Le Donne Literate," at Vienna, had to look about for a new composer. Antonio, in the course of his studies, had already composed a mass of music in all styles, and the poets put their verses into his hands to see what he could do. He was delighted with the opportunity, gave day and night to the work with his whole soul, and before a month had passed had perfected two-thirds of it. In this condition, without Salieri's knowledge, a rehearsal of the new opera was appointed, and Gluck and Scarlatti were invited to be present to judge of the music. A hard trial for a twenty-year old composer! All went to more than his heart's content, and soon the little man saw his name on all the street corners of the Austrian Capital as composer of the new opera. From this time his pen was never idle. He composed some forty operas, and an immense quantity of sacred music in all styles; in short, there is hardly a style of composition in which he did not write. Think of over two hundred canons, and similar compositions for two, three and four voices!

Your readers will find in Holmes's "Mozart" something in relation to Salieri. There was a silly story that he poisoned the author of *Don Juan* and *Figaro's Hochzeit*, from envy; and so much credence was given to it, that long years

after, when he lay on his death bed, he solemnly declared his innocence. Salieri was not only Schubert's teacher in Dramatic composition, but that of the master of all masters, Beethoven. That the latter was an apt pupil, the magnificent work, *Fidelio*, is sufficient proof. Among the few autographs which I possess and prize highly, is a comic sort of glee or catch, *Il Spirito di Contraddizione*, signed at the bottom of the page,

Originale di Antonio Salieri,
M. di Cap. Imp. e Reale
di Vienna.

September 14, 1852.

A. W. T.

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY will open on Monday next for another season. Lessing's magnificent picture, "The Martyrdom of Huss," has been added, and we learn that a number of new pictures are expected to arrive from Europe in the course of a few weeks.

ARCHILOCHUS was the inventor of ancient dramatic melody, which was similar to modern recitative. This was 724 B. C. In his youth he served in the army, and in his first battle he lost his buckler and saved his life by taking to his heels. He is supposed to have been the inventor of the lyric and some other kinds of poetry.

FLUTE PLAYING. For a long time the flute was only played by poor people, and thought a vulgar instrument and unworthy a freeman, in some parts of Greece. But after the defeat of the Persians, and the introduction of affluence, ease and luxury, it became a disgrace not to be able to play on it. An opposite effect would have been produced in these times.—*Bird's Hist. of Music.*

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

MISS CELINI FAIRFIELD, as will be seen by our advertising columns, will give her first Concert at the Melodeon, this evening. Miss Fairfield's name is not known to our musical public, but we are confident that she will obtain a fair hearing from a Boston audience.

In the list of passengers by the Niagara, which arrived yesterday, we observe the name of Mr. WILLIAM MASON, son of Mr. Lowell Mason, of this city, who has been engaged for several years in Germany in musical studies. Mr. Mason was considered as one of the most promising of our young pianists, and we doubt not that he has turned to good account his three years study under the best European masters of the piano.

THE MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY gave its first public rehearsal on Friday of last week. George S. Hillard, Esq., at the request of the Government, and in behalf of the Council of Advice, read the usual annual statement of the plans, prospects and conditions of the Society. He spoke of the disastrous loss sustained by the destruction of the Library in the burning of the Tremont Temple, and made mention of the donations to the new Library just received from Mr. PERKINS, whose name he said should never be named before a Boston musical audience without an expression of gratitude and respect. Mr. Hillard also made an appropriate notice of the liberality of Mme. GOLDSCHMIDT. He endeavored to impress on his hearers the fact which does not seem to be sufficiently understood, that artists must live. That if the painter paints what no one wishes to see, his occupation is gone; and that the musician must have hearers, appreciating, attentive hearers, who shall reward his efforts. Mr. Hillard's remarks were listened to with much attention, and we regret that we are unable to give our readers a fuller sketch of them. The orchestra played among other things, Caraffa's overture to *Masaniello*, and the Andante from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. A considerable improvement is to be noticed in the performance of the music, attributable, we have no doubt, to the new system of private rehearsals. The advertisement of the Society will be found in another column.

THE GERMANIA SERENADE BAND, on account of the storm on Wednesday afternoon, had but a very small audience, not sufficient, we should think, to pay the door-keeper; so that it was judged best to postpone the Concert to Wednesday next, when the programme prepared for last Wednesday, will be performed, and when we hope to see an audience that shall at least remunerate the Band for their services. An orchestra like this should not be neglected by our musical people. It is made up from musicians living among us, and equal in talent to any who come here from abroad. We hope that these delightful Concerts are not to be given to empty benches, and that the members of the Band are not to find themselves absolutely out of pocket by their meritorious undertaking.

Mlle. LEHMANN. We find in a New York paper the following additional particulars about Mlle. Lehmann.

"She is expected to arrive at Boston, in the next steamer. She will make her first appearance in New York, about the middle of October, when we shall be most happy to record her success. Gade, the distinguished composer, expresses unqualified admiration of her school, and more especially of her voice, which is a mezzo-soprano of great compass, (reaching from F in the bass to C in alt, a distance of two octaves and a fifth,) of a rich tone, and of the most sympathetic quality. She is yet very young, being but twenty-two, has rather a handsome, prepossessing face, and a fine figure; in fact, she has all the physical and mental qualities to constitute a great and popular artist. The Mendelssohn Quartet Club is a most meritorious association; and we hope their visit to New York will be crowned with deserved success."

THE MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY commenced its rehearsals September 13th, at Cochituate Hall. Mr. Mason and Mr. Webb have still the supervision of affairs, and Mr. Mueller has been engaged as organist and pianist. The Society will give three oratorios, if sufficient encouragement is extended, during the season.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY have also commenced their rehearsals, and we learn that Mr. Mueller, well known here a few years ago as one of our best organists, has also been engaged by this Society as organist. The Handel and Haydn Society have engaged the New Music Hall for their performances.

MUSICAL CONVENTIONS.—The Penobscot Convention meets at Bangor on 21st of September; the Niagara Convention at Lockport, N. Y., on the 28th; the Maine State Convention at Windthrop, on 5th of October, and the Worcester County Convention at Warren, Mass., on Tuesday the 12th of October. Prof. B. F. Baker will take charge of all these Conventions, and will be assisted by Miss Bond (his pupil), and by Mr. Southard. Prof. W. B. Bradbury will assist at the Penobscot Convention.

The Musical Convention under the direction of Messrs. Johnson and Cutler, recently assembled at Le Roy, N. Y., closed its session this year with a sacred concert on the 9th, consisting of selections from the *Creation*, *David*, and other Oratorios. A full audience was in attendance.

New York.

The *Musical World* speaks thus of the monster brass band concert: "The pieces performed by the united bands were, as compositions, weak, unsuited to so grand an occasion and far inferior to the solo performances of the separate bands: even the march of the great Meyerbeer from the *Prophète* can be made no exception to this. As a general thing the drums were, throughout, too lavish of their clamor. If called upon to give the preference to any one of the bands present, either for skilful performance, or superior selection of pieces, we should give the palm to the 'Seventh Regiment Band,' which received the warmest applause, and, in fact, proved itself the ablest of all. This superiority was owing in part to the structure of the band, being composed of reed instruments, such as Oboes, Clarinets, Piccolo, &c.; and brass instruments, such as horns and trombones with sliding pipes,—instruments, which, we regret to see, are generally excluded from New York bands."

The same criticism on the structure of the bands applies here to our Boston military bands. We hear nothing but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals and look back with many regrets to the old Brigade Band as it was, when composed of reed instruments.

The *Tribune* speaks thus of ALBONI's last concerts:

"Madame Alboni is generous of her favors; we had

no less than six pieces from her last evening, from the highest gems of German opera to the plain, sweet melody of an English romance. Rossini contributed the terzetto, *Ah! qual colpo*, with the pretty allegro, *Zitti, zitti*, which was neatly and expressively rendered.—From Donizetti, she borrowed a share in the duet in *Don Giovanni*, *Signorina, tu tanta petta*, and though a severe critic might have complained of her want of animation, her style was as good as usual, and her vocalization perfect. Mozart furnished *Batti, batti*, from *Don Giovanni*—so delicious in its touching simplicity and soul-stirring melody—so soft in its chords—so deep in its meaning. As her voice gradually fell to a whisper, and the room was hushed to catch every syllable, it was impossible to drive out of one's memory the hacknied lines:

"Her's is the lay that lightly floats,
And her's are the morn'ring, dying notes,
That gently fall like snow in the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly!"

"We are inclined to think that Madame Alboni left a less lasting impression on her hearers at her last than at any of her previous concerts. Not that her programme was selected with less care, her songs executed with less science, or her voice less pure, less thrilling than usual. But the aim of the popular favorite ought always to be to leave the greatest triumph to the last moment; to lead the spectator gradually, step by step, from delight to delight, and finally to dismiss him with the richest, noblest notes of the artist fresh ringing in his ear. Thus, in our opinion, the *Brindisi*, or the *Ah! non Giunge* ought to have been the *finale* of the Concert, instead of the song from *Betty*, which, though lively, and pleasant to listen to, cannot reach our inward soul like the others. . . .

"A little duet from *Ernani*, was coldly received by the audience. She smiled, and after a moment's breathing time returned with the *Il segreto per esser felici* in her hand. It is impossible to describe the sensation which this song created. The audience forgot the fatigue of the songstress, peremptorily silenced the chorus, and kept up a deafening din until Mme. Alboni had complied with their request for an *encore*. We consider the *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia* one of Mme. Alboni's greatest triumphs. She sings it with more spirit than the other opera airs, and is not less dazzling in her shakes, runs, ornaments, and notes *sostenuti*, than in the *Non più Mesta*. In London, *Il Segreto* was pronounced her best song."

The first Concert of Madame SONTAG will take place on the 20th inst. In addition to the artists who accompanied her from Europe, and to a grand orchestra, she has engaged the choristers of the Italian Opera, whose assistance will add another feature to the perfection of her Concerts.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—M. Jullien's new opera, *Pietro il Grande*, was represented for the third time on Saturday night. The music improves on closer acquaintance—a strong testimony in its favor. In noticing the first performance, we felt it our duty to criticise it in several particulars, while in others it was our more agreeable task to bestow unqualified praise. Its undue length was condemned, and considerable abridgement recommended. M. Jullien—with all his musical talent, not too conceited to profit by good counsel—has shortened the duration of his opera by nearly one hour, and greatly enhanced its attraction. The diffuseness of which we had to complain has vanished, the effects come closer together, the interest is more uniformly sustained, and the drama and the music are equally gainers. By curtailing the ritornellas and omitting the repeats in some of the airs and choruses, by compressing the *ballet* where it was too much spun out, and by reducing the concerted music, M. Jullien has brought his opera within reasonable limits. The second performance was an improvement on the first, and the third on the second.

Pietro il Grande, with all its failings, is a work of more than common merit. It is M. Jullien's first opera, and few first operas have held out better promise of the future. The "noise" objected to on the first representation was chiefly confined to the second act, and by the omission of the battle scene, has sensibly diminished. The first and third acts can scarcely be distasteful to ears "classical" and polite, on the same pretext, since they are freer from noise than many well-known operas against which no such exception has ever been taken. There is, to speak faithfully, much to admire in *Pietro il Grande*.—*The Times*, Aug. 23.

Punch, in a critique on *Pietro il Grande*, discourses after this manner on Jullien's new opera:

"There is no doubt but Jullien's Opera has made a great noise in the musical world. In fact, so great was the noise, that we determined upon keeping away. All the reports we heard were those of thunder. It did not contain an air but what there was thunder in it—and thunder, too, of the loudest description. Jullien, we were told, was a sort of Jupiter Tonans, who for five hours kept flinging his musical thunderbolts about in all directions. It was certain deafness for life to go near him.

"Preparing for the worst, however, we stuffed our pockets full of wool. We listened to the first Act, and were charmed. There is a chorus in it that is as fresh

as anything Auber ever wrote. There is some dancing music that makes you long to rush upon the stage, and join in it. There is a little noise in the act, but not sufficient to wake a child. We had no occasion to draw upon the friendly aid of our ear-protector.

"The Second Act contains a little more thunder; but when we say that it is loaded full of war—as full as a cannon—perhaps the thundering accompaniment may not be, in a musical measure, altogether out of place. Peter has to dictate the plan of his campaign. A series of flutes are not the best instruments to interpret such a martial subject. Then he has to address his troops, and urge them on to glory. This could scarcely be done through the soft medium of a piccolo. After this follows the Battle of Pultawa. Well, a battle was never won yet to the inspiring sound of a penny whistle, and so we must not blame Jullien too harshly if he has sent three military brass bands to follow the Russian army to 'Victory or Death.' It is not every battle, like the Battle of Prague, that is fought on a cottage piano! But, after all, the thunder is very quiet: what our brother Yankees would call 'battered thunder.' Compared to thunders we have heard in other operas, it is as soft as one of MARIO's serenades. For instance, it is as mild as milk, or a cigar, compared to the thunder that kept roaring, clap after clap (although none of them came from the audience), in M. Halévy's *Tempest*: we confess that once or twice we were a little stunned, but still our wool was no more exhausted than our patience."

Italy.

ROME.—"The musical world here," says a letter from Rome, "has been much taken up with an entirely new production, consisting of a triple oratorio, entitled '*Potiphar, Joseph and Jacob*.' Each of these parts is first performed singly, and afterwards all three together, executed by four hundred performers, forming a monster concerted piece of great power—three lyric dramas in one! The composer is the Chevalier Pietro Raimondi, of Rome; and his success, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, has been unexampled, so that his name is fully established in the annals of musical fame—the first of Rome being considered conclusive in these matters."

Advertisements.

CONCERT THIS EVENING.

MISS CELINI FAIRFIELD

HAS the honor to announce to her friends and the public that she will give her FIRST CONCERT, at the

MELODEON, THIS EVENING, Sept. 18th.

Tickets 50 cents, to be obtained at the Tremont House, and the principal Music Stores.

Doors open at 6 1-2; concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

Boston Musical Fund Society.

THE GOVERNMENT respectfully announce to the Musical Public of Boston and vicinity, that the SIXTH SERIES OF PUBLIC PERFORMANCES will commence at the MELODEON, on FRIDAY, Sept. 17th, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Packages of Rehearsal Tickets of four each, at 50 cents per package, and Single Tickets at 25 cents each, may be obtained at the principal Music Stores and Hotels, and at the door on the afternoon of performance; also Subscription Tickets, at \$2 per package of six each for the Concerts, which will commence at the New Music Hall as soon as completed.

Associate Members are respectfully notified that their Tickets are ready for delivery at No. 4 Amory Hall, as also all the Tickets above named.

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RESPECTFULLY announce to their numerous friends, and the public in general, that it is their intention to remain the coming winter in the city of Boston for the purpose of giving, during this period, a series of TEN CONCERTS, (one Concert every two weeks,) like those given by them during the last winter, in this city, at which they will produce the masterworks of BEETHOVEN, MOZART, HAYDN, MENDELSSOHN, SPOHR, MEYERBEER, ROSSINI, &c., such as Symphonies, Overtures, Quartets, Quintets, and selections from the Italian and German Operas, Solos on almost every instrument used in their Orchestra, and a judicious portion of lighter music.

They are constantly adding to their already large Catalogue of choice Instrumental Music, the latest publications, by which they are now enabled to furnish entire new programmes for every Concert, and mostly of such pieces as have never before been performed in this city.

The best vocal talent available will be engaged for the Concerts. MR. ALFRED JAEHL, the celebrated and unrivalled Pianist, will perform at all of our Concerts for the whole season. The Concerts will be given at the splendid NEW MUSIC HALL, entrance on Winter street and Bumstead place.

A package containing Thirty Tickets, to be transferable, and be used at any of the Ten Subscription Concerts, \$10. Half Packages, Fifteen Tickets, \$5.

Subscription Lists to be found at the Hotels and Music Stores.

23 1t

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NOTICE.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY respectfully inform their friends and the public in general, that Mr. F. H. HELMSMULLER's duties as the Agent for the Company, ceased on the 20th of August, and that from this day, Mr. HENRY BANDT will attend to all their business affairs.
NEWPORT, August 24, 1882. 21 3t

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BERLIN, June 23d, 1882

GENTLEMEN,—Your polite communication and the copy of a translation of my work on *Musical Composition*, have been duly received, for which accept my warmest thanks. ***
I find that your translator (as far as I am able to judge from a somewhat imperfect acquaintance with the English language) has done his work very *practically and successfully*; and I beg you to express to him, as also to the eminent men who have honored my work with their approval, my sincerest thanks; and also yourselves to accept the same for the very elegant style of the edition. ***

The present volume comprises all that portion of the original work which it was supposed would be at all adapted to the wants of this country, and embraces two of the German books, viz.: The Elements of Musical Composition, and the Harmonization of a Melody, including Chorals and Popular Songs.
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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Letter about some of the Prime Donne.

DEAR JOURNALIST,—Perhaps you would like to fill an odd column or so with a slight notice drawn from German authorities, of two or three of the present leading songstresses on the other side of the Atlantic, whose names may be familiar to the readers of European musical news, but who cannot yet be said to have won a world-wide reputation. And first for JETTE (pronounced *Yet-te*) TREFFTZ.

Henriette Trefftz is a Viennese. She has a handsome, expressive face, a fair index of her amiable character, and is in every respect an accomplished and elegant lady in the best sense of that term. She is still young, her birth day having occurred on the 28th June, 1826. Her father, a Polish nobleman, was an officer in the Austrian service. Her mother was a daughter of the beautiful Laura Schwan, of Mannheim, immortalized in Frederick Schiller's "Songs to Laura." Madame Trefftz was in the possession of a fortune sufficient to enable her to give Henriette, or Jette, the best possible education, until the child was about thirteen years of age, when by some chance or other her property disappeared, and the young girl was thrown upon her own resources to provide for the future. Her uncommon voice and native talent for music pointed out her future course.

Her first teacher was Gentiluomo, a very respectable Italian master of Vienna. Her pro-

gress was great, and she soon attracted the notice of Morelli, director of the Italian opera in that city, who gave her an engagement. To her great disappointment, after she had studied an extensive list of parts, and prepared herself for the stage, month after month, a whole year passed by without her being once brought forward. Disgusted with this treatment, she threw up the engagement, and went to Dresden, where in her fifteenth year she made her first appearance as Juliet, to Schroeder-Devrient's Romeo, in Bellini's *Capuletti e Montecchi*. Her success was splendid and she was presented to the Queen of Saxony, who was so delighted with the young singer that she put her under the care of Morlacchi, the distinguished Italian capelmeister and composer. Madame Schroeder-Devrient at the same time instructed her in the art of acting. After a brilliant season at Dresden, Henriette went on to Leipsic, where she had the good fortune to win the admiration and liveliest interest of MENDELSSOHN, who from that moment did all in his power to advance her. He taught her himself to sing his noble songs, and in her last concert at the *Gewandhaus*, she enraptured the audience by singing one which he composed expressly for her, and which is now one of his most celebrated on the continent: *Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath*. She owes to Mendelssohn her *universality*,—a distinguishing characteristic of hers as well as of Jenny Lind's talent. From Leipsic she returned to Vienna, and took an engagement in the great opera known as the "Kärnthnerthor Theater," the house in which Beethoven, on the 7th of May, 1824, first produced his overture in C major, some numbers from his 2d Mass, and his ninth Symphony. Jette soon became the favorite of the Vienna public. Two years later she joined Pokorny's German Opera Company at the "Theater an der Wien,"—the house for which Beethoven wrote *Fidelio*,—where she played with three of the greatest of living singers, Staudigl, the great bass, Pischek, and Jenny Lind. Thence she made a triumphant progress through Germany, visiting successively Leipsic, Berlin, Frankfort am Main, and Presburg. She distinguished herself especially in the immortal, ever new operas of Mozart. Two of Balfe's operas, *The Bohemian Girl*, and ———, were five years since favorites with the Vienna public, and Jette played in one two hundred nights, and in the other half that number.

The troubles in 1848 drove her, with many others, from Germany, and she went over to London, where she still remains. She made her first appearance before the classical audience of the Philharmonic Society, and met with decided success. She was called, among other honors, to sing before the Queen,—was engaged a second time by the Philharmonic, and sang in many other of the great concerts both in London and in the provinces. She was one of the artists at the opening of the Music Hall of the Philharmonic Society of Liverpool, and bore herself worthily at a concert where her companions were Grisi, Viardot-Garcia, Alboni, Mario, Formes, and others. She sang in the winter of '49-'50, in Jullien's Concerts, and her name is frequently on the programmes, which I find in the London papers. She is invariably *encored* in her songs, sometimes twice, and *Trab, trab, mein Rösslein* was very soon whistled and hand-organ-ed through all the streets and lanes of the great Capital.

Mendelssohn declared Henriette Trefftz the best ballad singer in Germany; and this judgment is vindicated in England, where she has learned the national songs and sings them to the intoxication of her auditors. We must hear her in this country sometime—though she is not an Italian.

Another of the present race of great songstresses, is one whose name is probably utterly unknown in America. Her voice is one of a peculiarly silvery tone, of little reach downward, but running up clear as the blue-bird's tones, to the thrice marked E. Her coloring is exquisite, her shake perfect, her chromatic passages like strings of pearls,—each semitone perfectly distinct,—her delivery, especially in the middle voice, perfectly wonderful.

CORNELIA VON HOLOSSY, of whom I am writing, was the daughter of a rich Hungarian nobleman, and therefore under no necessity of becoming a professional artist. Where she was born, or when, I do not know, but she is still young, and four or five years since was the pride of Hungary's operatic stage. Her principal triumphs were in *Lucia*, *Linda*, *La Sonnambula*, in which she was unsurpassed by any singer in her native land, and in which she also, in the opera at Vienna, was received with the applause accorded there to none but artists of the very first rank. During the last few years her splendid

voice is said to have gained in strength, purity of intonation and flexibility; if so, she must be surpassed by few rivals. Besides the beauty of her voice, she has a fine figure, a handsome, expressive face, and throws such feeling into her acting as to touch the feelings of every audience. That she is not a mere Italian singer, she proved by her performance in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, which she took up on the shortest notice. The depth of feeling which she displayed in this showed that she fully comprehends the lofty spirit of German music,—a sealed book to so many, in other respects, great artists. How few there are who can reach beyond the superficial passion, or the mere animal spirits of the Italian school! Tom Moore and Byron are far more popular than Milton and Shakspeare. Fraulein Holossy last winter was in St. Petersburg; where she is at this time I cannot say. Wherever she is, she bids fair to follow in the footsteps of Sontag and Jenny Lind.

The name of ELENA ANGRI, the great contralto, is familiar to every reader of London musical news. She was born on the island of Corfu, May 14, 1824, and judging from the name alone, of Italian parents. The misfortunes of her father forced Elena to cultivate her musical talents, and she went, under the care of an uncle, to Naples and Florence, to enjoy the instructions of the distinguished masters, Taglioni and Doglia. At the age of eighteen, Linari engaged her for the Scala at Milan, whence she went to Vienna, and was appointed *first singer* to the Imperial Court. Her next engagement was for St. Petersburg, but an attack of cholera forced her to give this up. In 1849 she appeared in the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden, in London, and during the winter of 1849-50 was prima donna at the Italian Opera, in Paris. In the autumn of 1850 she returned to London, having accepted an engagement to sing in the National Concerts. In January of last year she accompanied Ernst in a tour through Ireland, Scotland and England, and aroused everywhere the highest enthusiasm. She has always been an especial favorite of Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Spontini, the latter of whom wrote an Italian sonnet in praise of her full and sonorous voice,—one also of extraordinary compass.

During the winter of 1849-50 I used to go down with some friends to the "Koenigstaedisches Theater," in Berlin, to hear a new prima donna, of whom nobody seemed to know anything, sing Norma, the leading part,—I forget the name,—in Cimarosa's *Secret Marriage*, and above all, Donna Anna in *Don Juan*. We were in the habit of getting away up into a corner of the gallery where we could get the full effect of the instrumentation, and where the full, clear, firm and delicious tones of the prima donna's powerful voice would stand out,—projected as it were,—from the surface of the sea of music. She was no actress, no more than Alboni, and in the tragic scene of the commander's death, in that also where she recognizes the murderer in the person of Don Juan, the coldness of her appearance contrasted almost ludicrously with the sentiments of the words and music which she sang. Nor did she impress us as being particularly skilled in the technicalities of great singing; Madame Lagrange, at the Royal Opera house,

and Pico, who shared the honors of her own stage with her, both surpassed her in execution; what delighted us was, when she — she is a handsome woman, with thick, glossy, raven hair, brilliant black eyes, and a round face like Tedesco's, — raised her fine face and poured forth the flood of melody.

Who is the prima donna? We had never heard of her before. About that time the same question began to be agitated in the London papers, and the *Athenaeum* suggested that she was "a certain Mrs. Jennings." Whether she was ever Mrs. Jennings I am unable to say; but we were satisfied with her as Madame CLAUDIA FIORENTINI. She was the daughter of a Mr. Williams, British Consul at Seville, but what her age is, deponent knoweth not; still young, however. Family misfortunes of some sort or other brought her upon the stage, and her first appearance was as Norma, in Berlin, in 1849. Within six months from that time she had sung all the principal characters of the present Italian stage, and all successfully. On leaving Berlin in the spring of 1850, she sang in Dresden and Hamburg, and then went to London, where, it is high praise to say, she ranks well with the great stars who have been in that city during the last few years. Her teacher was Crevelli. Now see how differently a German authority speaks of her execution and acting. "Nature," says he, "has given her a magnificent organ, her school is wonderfully excellent, and her acting so full of passion that she carries everything before her."

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

[The author of the following was formerly a pupil of the Institution for the Blind, and has since graduated at Harvard College. He is now an excellent musician and music-teacher in Louisville, Ky. In his note to us he says: "I have just read an article copied from the *New York Tribune* into the last number of your paper, giving an account of Miss Hosmer's beautiful statue, 'Hesper.' Never have I been so deeply impressed by a description intended alone for the eye. The following Sonnet I have written because I could not do otherwise. It is a debt of gratitude I owe, first to the artist who conceived and executed this statue, and then to the writer who brought it all beaming with its mild radiance into the picture gallery of my soul, where it shall ever occupy a prominent niche, and shine out upon me in many a dark hour, when I fly hither for undisturbed meditation."]

SONNET

TO THE "HESPER" OF MISS HARRIET HOSMER.

BY JOSEPH B. SMITH.

O what is light? I asked my longing soul,
While sadly musing mid a listening throng.
Gently the influence of a holy song
O'er the vex'd waters of my spirit stole,
Commanding light to be, "And there was light."
But the glad splendor of that flood of love
Almost appalled me. O that was too bright
For eyes which till that hour no light had known.
In triumph sang the sun to waking day;
In blessing spake the moon to slumbering night;
Yet soon the tuneful echo passed away,
And left my soul inquiring, What is light?
Then from the silent marble "Hesper" rose,
And through my spirit poured the starlight of repose.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 11, 1852.

SONTAG WITH BEETHOVEN. Schindler, in his biography of the great composer, (as translated by Moscheles, Vol. II. pp. 18-24,) relates

the following as having occurred at the first performance of the "Choral Symphony":

It will perhaps be remembered that, in speaking of the performance of *Fidelio*, in the second period, I observed that Beethoven was in the habit of paying little attention to the possibility of the execution of what he wrote for the vocal parts. Innumerable proofs of this assertion may be found again in the Second Mass and in the Ninth Symphony, which, during the rehearsals of the chorus and solo parts, led to many unpleasant discussions. With due deference for the master, it was not possible to avoid telling him that this and that passage could not be sung. The two ladies, Mlle. Sontag and Mlle. Ungher, who undertook the soprano and alto solos, came several times to practise them at Beethoven's house, and made the remark to him beforehand.

Mlle. Ungher did not hesitate to call him the tyrant of singers, but he only answered, smiling, that it was because they were both so spoiled by the modern Italian style of singing that they found the two new works difficult. "But this passage here," said Sontag, pointing to the vocal Quartet in the Symphony,

Küsse gab sie uns und Reben,

"would it not be possible to alter that?" "And this passage, M. van Beethoven," continued Mlle. Ungher, "is also too high for most voices. Could we not alter this?" "No! no! no!" was the answer. "Well then, for Heaven's sake, (*in Gottes Namen*,) let us work away at it again," said the patient Sontag.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Genesis of Musical Sounds.—(Continued.)

In my last I exhibited the harmonics of C as far as the triple octave, which it will be remembered was produced from the eighth division of the string. I omitted to notice the division by 7.

The sound resulting from this is the *true dominant seventh* to middle C. It has no appropriate name, though in constant use by the perfect instruments, as the Violin, the Trombone, and the Voice. It is nearer to B flat in pitch, than to any other sound commonly occurring in music whose general key is C, being however, about 1½ commas lower than the fourth of the scale of F. It is actually sung in that manner by a well trained singer, unless forced by imperfect accompanying instruments to give it otherwise. The interval of perfect dominant seventh has beautiful effects peculiar to itself, which are felt and enjoyed in purely vocal music. The quartet of strings gives often the same effects, but the organ and piano forte, never.

The division of the C string by 9 gives D, at the interval of twenty-third from the Root. This D is also an octave above the twelfth of the Root G. It is 9 commas above its next neighbor, C, and forms the characteristic note of the *chord of the ninth*.

The *tenth* division of the string gives E, the octave of that E which comes of the fifth division. In general let it be observed, that the half of any preceding division gives the octave to it.

The *eleventh* harmonic is a sound as yet unnamed and, so far as I know, unused in music. I am not aware that it has ever been produced artificially by any instrument except the monochord, though nature gives it in the Eolian Harp.

The *twelfth* is the half of the sixth and gives its octave.

The *thirteenth* classes with the eleventh.

The *fourteenth* is the octave of the seventh.

The *fifteenth* gives B, the leading note of the scale.

The *sixteenth* is of course, another octave to the Root. I need not pursue these any farther, as all the higher harmonics of C, which we have any use for in our present system, are at the same time harmonics of other Roots and more directly derived from them.

Reducing into the same octave and arranging in order such of these sounds as belong in the diatonic scale of C major, we find the following.

C. D. E. . . . G. . . . B. C.

the ratios of which, as far as they go, are those given before as being found in the scale when formed out of the three related Roots, C G F. In other words, the D and the B are the same that arise from the Root G.

What has been said accounts for the existence of the major common chord, which is the basis of the major mode.

THE MINOR MODE.

It is necessary to keep in view the definition of scales in general as given before, viz: that they are merely an arrangement into a progressive series of some or all of the sounds employed in music, and that as structures or systems, they have no necessary existence.

The proper form of the minor scale has been a subject of dispute; some contending that it is not the same ascending as descending, others that it is alike both ways, having the interval of extreme sharp second from the 6th to the 7th. We need not trouble ourselves to dispute the point, if we remember what scales really are. This much however may be asserted, that the latter form admits of the more simple harmonic treatment.

I give it below with the ratios of vibrations, and the dimensions of each step in commas:

$\frac{9}{8}$ $\frac{15}{16}$ $\frac{9}{10}$ $\frac{8}{9}$ $\frac{15}{16}$ $\frac{64}{81}$ $\frac{15}{16}$
A B C D E F G# A
9 com. 5 com. 8 com. 5 com. 12 com. 5 com.

Whatever disputes may exist in regard to the succession of tones in the minor scale, there is no dispute as to the essential characteristic of it, which is the minor third from the fundamental. The three-fold chord A C E is the basis and substance of the minor mode. The scale in question is like the major, formed of the harmonics of three Roots. I proceed as proposed to give

THE GENESIS OF THE MINOR.

Suppose a string one inch in length to sound E, the third ledger line above in the Treble. Instead of *dividing* as before, we will *multiply* by the series of natural numbers 2 3 4 &c. Omitting those sounds which are not used and at present unnamed in our systems, we have the following.

Length of String.	No. of vibrations in a second.	Name and description of sounds.
1 in.	1,280	E
2 in.	640	E (octave lower)
3 in.	426.66	A (twelfth below)
4 in.	320	E (fifteenth)
5 in.	256	C (middle C)
6 in.	213.33	A (nineteenth)
8 in.	160	E
9 in.	142.22	D
10 in.	128	C
12 in.	106.66	A
15 in.	85.33	F [low in bass]
16 in.	80	E (1st ledger line be-

Reducing into the same octave and arranging in order the minor harmonics as found by the above process, we have the following:

A. . . C. D. E. F. . . . A.

the ratios of which in regard to vibrations differ

from those of the relative major scale, in the interval C to D, this being 9 to 10, and containing by measure, 8 commas only instead of 9.

The minor scale is composed, as has been said, of the harmonics of three Roots. That form of it which I have given above has two of its Roots, E and A, in the minor mode, and one, B, in the major.

The harmonics derived from E, which enter into the scale in question, are E A C. The harmonics of Root A are A D F. But the G sharp and the B are harmonics of the ascending or major species and derived from Root E by division.

There is nothing indeed, to prevent our employing in composition the harmonics of both kinds. The major and the minor join in perfect harmony, and from these two spheres we get the greatest variety of effects.

It will be seen from this, that the series of sounds which we call the *minor scale*, is not quite so simple as the major series. Deriving a scale from the minor system of harmonics, by a process strictly the counterpart of that by which we derive the scale from the major system, we arrive at the following result, viz:

E. F. G. A. B. C. D. E.

the ratio from C to D being $\frac{9}{10}$.

I forbear to pursue the subject further in this direction, but shall offer something of a more practical character in my next. E. H.

Beethoven and Prince Nicolas Boris Galitzin.

The *London Musical World* translates the following:

KARKOFF, Ukraine, 21st July, 1852.

SIR,—Having been a stranger for more than five-and-twenty years to everything printed in Germany during that period, and having resided the whole time in a remote province, it is not astounding that I should have been completely ignorant of the existence of a biography of the celebrated Beethoven, published by a certain Schindler, who was as unknown to me as his work. It was only lately, and by mere chance, that I learned that this gentleman, when speaking of the three quartets which Beethoven composed at my express demand, attributes to me acts that have no existence save in his fancy. This pretended biographer asserts, as an incontestable fact, that Beethoven was never paid for the three quartets he composed; besides this, he adorns his account of the matter with a number of monstrous details, all of which are at direct variance with the truth. My continued silence since the first appearance of the book has no doubt given a certain air of authenticity to the calumny it contains, and I therefore cannot be astonished if some few persons, who do not know me, and are ignorant of the nature of my relations with the great composer, should have believed its statements. As for myself, I should have remained ignorant of Schindler's absurd account up to the present moment, if one of my brothers had not happened to perceive his pamphlet in a drawing-room in Moscow. Turning over the book, my brother's eye happens to alight on the pages consecrated to me: he tears them out and forwards them to me. After I had read them I felt that no one but a brother could ever have called my attention to a pamphlet of this description, and I therefore did not feel surprised that none of my friends had spoken to me on the subject. What course was I to pursue? The idea of engaging in a personal quarrel with a Schindler appeared quite incompatible with my dignity, on account of the very virulence of the article, in which one assertion is heaped upon the other without the shadow of a proof. I contented myself, therefore, with drawing up a faithful account of my transactions with Beethoven. I forwarded this document, containing proof of all I advanced in

it, to Mons. Damcke, a musician, and one of the most distinguished and respected public writers in Germany; I left him, however, perfectly free to make whatever use of it he might think would be most conducive to the cause of truth. Mons. Damcke found the editors of the German musical journals but little disposed to render him any assistance; some of the principal ones among them are, in fact, still under the influence of Schindler, and think it best not to affront him. "He is an old man," said they, "wait till he is dead." But Mons. Damcke is not to be stopped by such arguments as this when he has to prove the truth of any matter, and he will conscientiously pursue his task.

But meanwhile a *History of Music* has just appeared in Germany, and it is this work which, according to what people say, is a very remarkable one, that has obliged me to break through the silence I have hitherto observed. The author, Mons. Brendel, of Leipzig, having to speak of these same quartets, does not hesitate saying, on Schindler's authority, "Um das Honorar dieser Quartette wurde Beethoven betrogen," which means, "Beethoven was cheated of the money due for these quartets." Now, how was Beethoven cheated? In the following manner:—In 1822, I wrote to Beethoven, without being personally acquainted with him, and begged he would compose me three quartets, and fix his own price. He shortly afterwards wrote back to say that he consented to my request, and fixed the remuneration at fifty Dutch ducats for each quartet. Immediately on the reception of his letter, the sum of fifty ducats was forwarded to him by the hands of Streglitz and Co., bankers, at St. Petersburg, and Heninsein and Co., bankers, at Vienna. Hereupon Beethoven writes an acknowledgement, full of thanks for my eagerness in paying for a work that was not even begun. Two years and a half, however, glide away without the great maestro's work making its appearance. At last, in the month of March, 1825, the first of the three promised quartets reaches my hands, but previously to that period Beethoven had received from me another fifty-four ducats, sent through the same channel as before (1824). It is possible that this very eagerness on my part to pay so long in advance, may, at the time of Beethoven's decease, have given rise to the belief that the quartets, which were scarcely terminated, had never been paid for, since there was no mention of any sums lately received on account of them. However weak this excuse may be, I am willing to admit it. In 1826, the other two quartets made their appearance. At this epoch, however, I no longer inhabited St. Petersburg, my duty having summoned me to the other side of the Caucasus, where the war with Persia had just broken out. Meanwhile, Beethoven died. These two circumstances were the reason why the fifty ducats for the third quartet were forwarded to Charles Beethoven, the nephew and heir of the great composer, and who is now settled in Vienna. It is thus evident that, instead of having paid nothing, it cost me 154 ducats for the three quartets in question. Those who are incredulous may see the receipts in Beethoven's handwriting at Messrs. Heninsein's banking-house in Vienna, and procure the confirmation of all I have said from Mons. Charles Beethoven himself, in the Faubourg Josephstadt, 221, Vienna.

I should be obliged, Sir, by your allowing my protestation to appear in the next number of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* which is published at Paris under your direction. You will agree with me that in so delicate a matter as the present too much publicity cannot be given to the truth, and I shall esteem it a favor if you will communicate to me any observations or replies this letter may perhaps occasion, and which might render it necessary for me to go into greater detail than I have now done, having, for the present, contented myself with merely refuting Schindler's calumny, and shown a new instance of "the way in which history is written."

Receive the assurance of my most distinguished sentiments.

The Prince NICOLAS BORIS GALITZIN.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. II.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30. A Newport paper brings me programmes of two Concerts by the Germanians and Jaell. What is there worth hearing in all these various performances for its intrinsic merit? Here is Rossini's *Tell* overture, one of the most picturesque—if this term will do—overtures ever written, full of Rossini-isms, but well worth hearing,—a capital piece to begin with in a fashionable concert. Duet too from Spohr's *Jessonda*, arranged for instruments, no doubt. Have heard an infinite number of these things, beyond the ocean, and rather like them. Donizetti—Lumbye,—ah! Mendelssohn's Wedding March—good of course, but why not the overture or the scherzo? Not noisy enough, probably. Part II. Strauss, Strauss, Bergmann, Strauss, Bergmann, &c., &c., but this is for dancing, all very well. Here is Jaell's programme: von Flotow, Thalberg, Mendelssohn's Fantasia—good—Rigoletto illustrations and Bohemian polka—Auber's *Lestocq* overture, De Meyer, Verdi—a Dance and a Galop, Jaell. Tickets, one dollar!

Now among all the rich and cultivated—the elite of all our cities “from Madawaska to the Sabine”—could not musical taste enough be found to demand, not request, at a dollar concert, a concert given too by men worthy the name of artists, at least a specimen of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven? I see by this programme for July 22d, that after Rossini, David, Bergmann, Meyerbeer—the Huguenot overture, good—Halevy and the younger Strauss, that exquisitely playful and joyous scherzo in Beethoven's Eighth Symphony was given; but as if a bit of the true food was thought dangerous, it was followed by a pot pourri by Haun— a sausage composed of seventeen ingredients—in which waltzes, and choruses, and favorite arias, and songs, and the thunder storm from Oberon, &c., &c., are all mingled in one mighty—hodge-podge!

Here are half a dozen programmes cut from Western and Northern papers. In one of them I do find the overture to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, but all else is a dreary waste of Donizetti, and Halevy, and Lanner, and Strauss, and Auber, and Verdi, and Gungl. Now this I venture to assert, in my diary, is wrong. One reason why the really musical public sustains and encourages the Germanians is, that it is hoped through their instrumentality (no pun intended) to awaken and cultivate a true taste in music. They are regarded in some sense as musical missionaries. They have proved their capacity to play master-pieces in a masterly manner, and therefore they have had the stamp of the approbation of the best musical public in the country set upon them, and go forth with the best recommendations which Americans can give them. Are they not bound to give our Western and Northern friends, at least one specimen at each concert of music of a higher grade than the 6-14 cent concert music of German beer saloons? I have read some letters of Gungl's in a Berlin musical paper, in which American musical taste was placed in a most ludicrous light. And what did he do to improve that taste? Gave full-priced concerts and filled his programmes with polkas and galops; and would seem to have avoided all great names as if he feared that Gungl would suffer by contrast. Well, let all gang their ain gait—I do not pay \$1 to hear music which one hears abroad either for nothing in the open air, or for seven cents in the beer saloon.

Saw in a Boston paper to-day that the custom of singing hymns in the churches, without interludes, in the German manner, is beginning to be adopted there. German manner—ahem! This is my two and a half years' experience, in all parts of Germany, ending last autumn. First a short prelude on the organ, ending with a thundering chord, arpeggio, as a signal for the people to begin, most of whom get fairly under way by the time the line is half through. At the close of the line, the organ plays—no matter what the grammatical connection with the second is—two or three bars, until all have finished the last word, then another signal of thunder, and the old cracked voice of the sexton starts the congregation off again, and so on through the stanza. Then comes a flood of harmony—for the organists in general can play, and organ music too—and then the signal and the voices, and of all horrible noises—!

Sept. 6. Here are some new candidates for public favor noticed in a country paper:

“MUSICAL. The residents of the Chenango valley, N. Y., are enjoying concerts given by a company of Mohawk children who rejoice in the euphonious names of Akweroto, (a chief of five years,) Miss Hon-yenkwanetha, (snow-drift,) and Miss Arlisiquah Loft, niece of the Indian maiden, Sa-sa-na Loft, who was killed last spring by a collision on the Erie rail road.”

If they ever come within hail, I'll go and hear them, for I do think, that they can not yet have learned to screech the arias, which every great, or would-be-great singer, thinks herself bound to inflict upon us in return for our hard dollars.—“Robert, Robert,” “Qui la voce,” *et id omne genus*, until they are so hackneyed that one had rather listen to Yankee Doodle on a hand organ.

Sept. 11. The *Musical World* actually advertises a new Psalm tune book! Ah's me! as Leather-stocking would say, what a fortunate circumstance for the rising generation of singers, that they are in no danger, from a dearth of Psalm books, of being hereafter confined to Billings and Holden, and the other favorites of our grandfathers!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 25, 1852.

POSTAGE. By the new law, which will go into effect on the 30th inst., the postage on the “Journal of Music,” as we understand it, will be *twenty-six* cents a year to places within the State of Massachusetts, or *thirteen* cents if paid in advance; and double these rates to places without the State. To post-offices within the county (*i. e.* in Chelsea, North Chelsea, and Winthrop,) there will be, as at present, no charge for postage.

A subscriber in New York complains that he has already paid a dollar (!) in postage on our Journal, for not quite six months. This was unnecessary, even under the old law, and still less under the new law, as stated above. But he should be careful to make known at the post-office that he is a *subscriber*, and to pre-pay by the quarter. By the old law, *twenty cents* should have been the utmost cost for six months; by the new law, it will be but *thirteen* cents. Of course, if a man employs the penny-post to bring things to his door, that is his own private luxury and not *our* fault, nor the law's.

NEW VOLUME. We complete our first half year with one more number. The second volume will commence with Oct. 9th, which is just the starting point of the new musical season, and will also be a good starting point for new subscribers.

All the numbers of the first Volume can be furnished to those who wish to possess the work complete from the beginning.

DEFERRED. We have a great variety of communications on hand, most of which we mean to print as soon as we can find room.

Also a portentous pile of new musical publications has accumulated while we have been taking breath among the mountains; these still wait their turn of review. The best of them will *keep*; of those that will not, perhaps the less said the better.

CHURCH MUSIC. As this topic threatens, whenever we shall go into it fairly, to engage us at some length, we judge best to postpone its further consideration to our new volume, which commences in a fortnight, when we hope for a considerable increase of readers.

MENDELSSOHN'S “ELIJAH.”

This noble oratorio only gains in popularity with every season. Indeed in England and America it may be safely said to hold the next place to the “Messiah” in the affections of the great mass of music-lovers. It is welcomed again with renewed enthusiasm this month at the great Birmingham Festival, for which it was originally written; some of its songs were among the most admired selections in the repertoire of JENNY LIND; one of our own music-publishers (and

they are a class of men who feel very carefully the public musical pulse) has found it expedient to commence an American edition of the entire work, which will soon be out; and we understand there is a prospect that our “Musical Education Society,” in Boston, will take advantage of this multiplication of copies to make a study of “Elijah” during the coming winter. Under these circumstances we feel warranted in reviving and completing an old record, or sketch, of our own impressions of this admirable music, in the shape of a somewhat detailed description of the oratorio. It is partly literal and partly no doubt somewhat fanciful and subjective: yet if we have rightly caught the spirit of the music, what we have written may be of some help to others in their endeavor to find themselves at home amid its beauties and its grandeur.

The figure of the prophet is stationed, at once, boldly in the foreground. Even the overture is prefaced by a brief recitative, in which, with firm, deep voice, he declares that “*there shall not be dew nor rain these years.*” Had Mendelssohn composed expressly for an American audience, who never begin to settle down into the listening state until they hear the human voice,—we might have suspected him of an innocent manoeuvre here, to procure silence and a hearing for the overture. In this overture there is a sort of sulken, smothered, choking energy, fretting against chains self-forged; an obdurate wilfulness seems depicted,—a desperate impulse continually trying itself over again, only to find the same fatal limitations; it is the mood of an unrepenting criminal in his cell. The music is all of very short fibre, woven into the toughest, knottiest sort of texture; full of movement, but no progress. One or two little short starts of melody, constantly repeated, are its themes; and, though these are woven into a consistent and artistic whole, you hear nothing else from first to last. This is in the appropriate key of D minor, and sheds the right murky coloring over all that is to follow, helping imagination to realize the state of Israel under Ahab. Drought and famine; life denied its outward sustenance; starved impulses, which, getting no expansion, only murmur of themselves, are the alternate changes of one figure on this monotonous web of tones.

And now the suffering finds a voice. There is a chorus of the people—“*Help, Lord! wilt thou quite destroy us?*”—still in D minor, 4-4 time, Andante. First a loud cry, “*Help, Lord!*” upon the minor common chord of D, the accompaniments traversing downwards and upwards through all its inversions for two bars; then, as the air climbs one note higher, the same process is repeated on the crying chord of the Diminished Seventh, which, through the dominant Seventh upon C, would fain force its way out into the bright major key of F, and find relief; but while the bass tends boldly that way, the chord of D minor returning in the upper parts smothered the tendency, producing a discordant mixture of tonics which is peculiarly expressive on the words: “*Wilt thou quite destroy us?*” Out of this massive and compact beginning the tenors lead the way in a freer movement, chanting the two plaintive phrases: “*The harvest now is over, the Summer days are gone,*” and “*And yet no power cometh to help us,*” which are duly taken up by the other voices and passed round as the

themes of a very beautiful and graceful Fugue, which works itself up by degrees into the right chord for a transition to the key of E major, when the Fugue is quelled for a while into a uniform movement: "*Will then the Lord be no more God in Zion?*" with a fitful, tremulous accompaniment; but it soon breaks loose again, and, amid renewals of the cry, "*Help, Lord!*" from single voices, terminates the chorus. A remarkable choral recitative succeeds, in which the complaints of famine come up in distinct, successive fragments of melody from one mass of voices after another:—"*The deep affords no water,*"—" *The infant children ask for bread,*" &c.,—exceedingly expressive, if the voices start the theme with perfect concert. Next we have a plaintive duet for sopranos, "*Zion spreadeth her hands for aid,*"—one of those wild and tender melodies (each part a melody however,) in which we get the genuine aroma of Mendelssohn's peculiar genius, as in his "*Lieder.*" There are several such in "*Elijah.*" In the pauses of the duet, which is in A minor, and forming a sort of background to it, is constantly heard the burthen (an old Jewish Chant,) alternately of the entire female and of the entire male chorus, in unison, on the words "*Lord, bow thine ear to our prayer.*" The effect is as poetic as it is original. At first it was the popular complaint of the short harvest; then, in the recitative, it was the children hungering at home; now it is youthful loveliness and beauty interceding as by special affinity with heaven;—remark this fine touch of the delicate and feminine side of the composer's genius!—had this duet been left out, it would hardly have been Mendelssohn.

So much in description of the drought. Now comes the appeal of Obadiah to the consciences of the people,—a tenor recitative: "*Render your hearts,*" &c., followed by the exquisitely tender and consoling tenor song (Andante, in E flat:) "*If with all your hearts ye truly seek me.*" If you compare it with Handel's "*Comfort ye, my people,*" you have the whole difference of complexion between these two deeply religious natures. In that, it is the perfect sanguine buoyancy and confident announcement of hope; in this, it is hope tinged with sadness,—more of reflective yearning, and less of the child's unquestioning acceptance and assurance. It would compare more closely, however, with "*He shall feed his flock;*" only that is an alto song, and this a tenor, as befits the difference of sentiment; for in that, the feminine element, or Love, is all in all; whereas in this, the masculine element of Justice tempers Love. In this song, as in the duet before, and as throughout the oratorio, Mendelssohn displays his rare poetic invention in accompaniment; in every bar at first it takes, as if unconsciously, the form of "seek and find,"—a climbing *arpeggio* answered by a full chord; when it reaches the words, "*Oh! that I knew where I might find Him,*" the whole air pulses to the heart-beat of the melody, as the violins divide the measure into crystal and precise vibrations. Then breaks out the turbulent chorus in C minor, "*Yet doth the Lord see it not; . . . his wrath will pursue us,*" &c.; full of diminished sevenths and of discords from bold overlapping of one chord upon another. Its vehement and angry motion is suddenly arrested on a discord of this sort, (dominant 7th upon the tonic,) in the words: "*till he destroys us;*" and after the pause, follows the

grave, massive, psalm-like, solid piece of counterpoint, all in long half-notes: "*FOR HE, THE LORD OUR GOD, HE IS A JEALOUS GOD,*" &c., thrown up like a mountain range of the primeval granite in the midst of this great musical creation; yet its solemnity is not all barren, for ere long its sides wave with the forests sprung from the accumulated soil of ages, and the solemn procession of the clouds in heaven passes in shadows over their surface; the key shifts to the major; the accompaniments acquire a freer movement; rich, refreshing modulations succeed each other smoothly, and the vocal parts diverge in separate streams of perfect harmony, at the thought: "*HIS MERCIES ON THOUSANDS FALL,*" &c. Fit prelude to the voice of angels! An alto voice, in recitative, bids Elijah "hence to Cherith's brook," telling of the "ravens" who will feed him. Then a remarkable double quartet (four male and four female voices) follows with the words: "*For He shall give his angels charge,*" &c. The very simplicity, together with the animated movement of this, requiring perfect precision and blending of the eight distinct parts, makes it difficult to convey its beauty in a performance. Again the angel warns him to "*Zarephath,*" to the "widow woman"; and the homely images of the "barrel of meal" and the "cruse of oil" do not "fail," or fall in any wise short of dignity and beauty in Mendelssohn's pure recitative, which quite transcends the usual common-place.

We have now reached the first in the series of dramatic sketches, of which the body of the oratorio is mainly composed: the miracle of raising the widow's son. The sentiment of the marvellous is first raised by the accompaniments, which, confined chiefly to the violins and treble wood instruments, keep up a light tremolo, to a melody, full of sad, sweet humility, (E minor, 6-8,) which introduces the lamentation of the woman over her son. The answer of the prophet, and his prayer, "*Turn unto her,*" are in the major of the key, in grave, four-fold measure. The return of the tremolo, in the still more mystical key of F sharp major,—swelling and diminishing, raises expectation to the height, and makes natural the woman's question of surprise, "*Wilt thou show wonders to the dead?*" The prayer is renewed, and so too the woman's exclamation, striking a higher note in her growing earnestness. Yet a third time the prophet prays, amid crashing, measured peals of harmony, announcing that the miraculous agency is at work restoring life. The joy and devout thankfulness of the mother, prompting the question: "*What shall I render the Lord?*" are followed by the brief, but beautiful duet between her and the prophet: "*Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart,*" which is in broad four-fold measure, and glides directly into the chorus: "*Blessed are the men who fear him,*" which is distinguished by the soft, rippling flow of the accompaniments, the violoncellos keeping up one uniformly varied and continuous figure in sixteenths through the whole of it, while the vocal parts steal in one after another with the same whispered melody, which, with that multitude of voices, is like the soft rustle of the bending grass before successive breathings of the west wind,—until the words: "*Through darkness riseth light to the upright,*" where the sopranos shout forth a clarion call, climbing through the harmonic intervals of the fifth of the key as far as its tenth, and closing with a cadence upon

B, which note the Basses take for a starting-point, and thence repeat nearly the same figure, ending in A, where it is taken up by the altos, and again echoed ere it is half out of their mouths by the tenors, until all come unitedly upon the words: "*He is gracious, compassionate, righteous.*" These words are treated somewhat after the manner of, "*And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor,*" &c., in Handel's sublime chorus, though no such stupendous effects are here attempted. The original whispered melody flows in again with mingled fragments of the second theme, and the chorus ends with echoing, retreating calls of "*Blessed!*" while that rippling accompaniment floats sky-ward and is lost.

Now comes the appearance of Elijah before Ahab, and the second dramatic scene, the challenge of the priests of Baal. The several proposals of Elijah (in bold recitative) are echoed in choral bursts from the people, "*Then we shall see whose God is the Lord,*" &c. The invocation of the priests of Baal is very effective musically, however fruitless for their purpose, and the music of it is in striking contrast with the severe and spiritual tone of the rest of the Oratorio. Noisy, impetuous, full, of accent and of animal life, it befits the worshippers of natural things; and it commences in the key of nature, or F major. First, it is in 4-4 time, a double chorus, with a sort of bacchanalian energy: "*Baal, we cry to thee;*" then sets in an Allegro 3-4 movement, with *arpeggio* accompaniment in thirds, in single chorus, basses and altos in unison crying: "*Hear us, Baal! hear, mighty God,*" and sopranos and tenors in unison more earnest following: "*Baal, O answer us; let thy flames fall and extirpate the foe,*" &c. In vain; no help for them! In long loud cadences (the *minor third* so loved by Mendelssohn), with hopeless pauses between, their "*Hear us!*" floats away upon the empty air. The prophet taunts them: "*Call him louder.*" Again they raise their cry, this time in F sharp minor, in hurried 4-4 time, the full force of the orchestra re-iterating quick, short, angry notes, as if they were all instruments of percussion, and trying restless and discordant modulations, as the voices with agonized impatience repeat: "*Now arise; wherefore slumber?*"—Again the prophet taunts, and again they call on Baal, still in the same wild key, but with the most furious presto movement, in 6-8, ending as before in fruitless cadences: "*Hear and answer,*" succeeded by unbroken pauses.

It is now Elijah's turn. In a solemn Adagio air, expressive of sublimest faith and feeling of the Right, and even of a tenderness which you cannot help contrasting afterwards with his ruthless slaughter of his defeated rivals, he offers up his prayer to the "*God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel.*" This is followed by a short and simple quartet: "*Cast thy burden upon the Lord.*" All this was in the confident key of E flat major. In his invocation: "*O Thou, who makest thine angels Spirits; Thou, whose ministers are flaming fires; let them now descend!*" the prophet's voice, unaccompanied, rises a *minor third* in uttering the first clause, followed by the full *minor chord pianissimo* from the instruments; in the second clause it ascends (through the *minor third* again) to the fifth, again more loudly answered by the instruments; and in the third clause it reaches the octave, when bursts forth the wild descriptive chorus: "*The fire descends*

from heaven!" This change to the minor in the invocation makes a presentiment of miracle, as surely as a preternatural change of daylight, or the noon-day darkening of eclipse. The Fire-chorus, with its imitative accompaniments, we will not attempt to describe; it is fearfully grand and terminates in a massive Choral: "THE LORD IS GOD, &c."; the earth quakes as it rolls away, with the prolonged tremolo of the double basses, during which Elijah dooms the prophets of Baal.

This scene closes with two remarkable songs. First, a bass solo by Elijah: "*Is not his word like a fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock into pieces?*" Here the composer evidently had in mind a similar great solo in Handel's "*Messiah*." Both song and accompaniment are cast in the same iron mould, requiring a gigantic voice to execute it. Indeed, it is almost too great to be sung, as some parts are too great to be acted. Next, the exquisite also solo: "*Woe unto them who forsake Him!*" which is again of the "*Lieder ohne Worte*" order, having that characteristic wild-flower beauty, so indescribable in the melodies of Mendelssohn.

Finally, we have the coming of rain, prepared in a dialogue between the people, the prophet and the youth whom he sends forth to "*look toward the sea*." There is a gradual mellowing of the instruments, so that you seem almost to snuff rain in the parched air. The responses of the youth, clear, trumpet-toned, in the major chord of C, as he declares: "*there is nothing*," each time with the enhanced effect of the mellow, continuous high monotone from the orchestra, and finally announcing, amid the mysterious thrilling of the air with violin thirds, "*a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand*;" then the "*blackening the heavens with clouds and with wind*;" and then the loud rushing of the storm, are wrought up to an admirable climax, and the chorus breaks forth, like a perfect flood of joy, refreshing and reviving all things: "*Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land. The waters gather; they rush along; they are lifting their voices! The stormy billows are high; their fury is mighty; but the Lord is above them and Almighty!*" This Rain-chorus (which is in E flat major) is in perfect contrast with that Fire-chorus. The music itself is as welcome as showers after long drought; as tears of joy and reconciliation after years of barren, obstinate self-will and coldness; as the revisiting of inspired thoughts to the dry, dull, jaded, unsuggestive brain;—and that not the less because all the music which precedes is rich and various. The voices seem to launch themselves along rejoicing, like the copious billows of a torrent, while the instruments, by a well-chosen figure, imitate the sound of dripping streams. You feel the changing temperature of the air in some of those modulations. What a *gusto*, what a sense of coolness in some of those *flat sevenths* in the bass! there are certain chords there which we would call *barometrical* or *atmospheric*, if the extravagance of fancy might be allowed to keep pace with the fullness of delight in listening to this tone-translation of one of the inexhaustible phenomena of nature.

This closes the First Part of the Oratorio. The rest next week.

"TO-DAY" climbs steadily and determinedly towards the meridian of favor in the literary world. Neat and inviting in appearance, rich

and genial in contents, in spite of more conservatism than we were born to, we can truly say we like to read it. The article on Hawthorne in the last number, whether we accept all its views or not, is as well worth reading as any notice of that gifted writer that has yet appeared.

MISS CELINI FAIRFIELD'S CONCERT drew a small, but apparently a kind and respectful audience. In person and in manner the young *debutante* was pleasing, modest and refined; yet the concert, in spite of one's utmost disposition to be pleased, can only be recalled as one more text wherefrom to preach a warning against the premature mania of concert-giving in young, half-formed singers, too often stimulated thereto by fond but injudicious friends. If the young lady possess voice and talent, they are both very far from ripe for professional and public exhibition; and it would be doing her the worst service of a blind good nature to encourage repetitions of the attempt, until the singer shall have more means of competing with the many talented and well-trained artists, who make the public taste for music more and more exacting. Of course we need not go into detail about what afforded more pain than enjoyment.

But what we *did* enjoy, and what saved the concert, was the admirable manner in which the overtures, &c., were performed by the orchestra of the Germania Serenade Band, under the direction of Mr. SUCK. We were too late to hear the first, to *Don Juan*, and we caught only the few last phrases of an Andante for violin, with orchestra, by Mr. Suck, the broad manner whereof and rich instrumentation made us suspect that we had lost somewhat. But rarely, if ever before, have we experienced so keen and exquisite an enjoyment from Weber's overture to *Oberon*; it was finely, feelingly, poetically, as well as precisely done; the rendering has hardly been surpassed by any orchestra, great or small, that has been heard in Boston. Equally satisfactory, and never more inspiring, was the "*Wedding March*" of Mendelssohn. And we say never more inspiring, in spite of the fact that the tempo was taken slower than we have ever before heard it. Judged by the effect, this seemed to be the true time; it gave new breadth and dignity to the music, while it took nothing from its animation and exhilaration. The piece, to be sure, is marked *Allegro vivace*; but vivacity, as we have before hinted with regard to the timing of Beethoven's Symphonies, does not necessarily imply great rapidity of movement; a strain may be made more vivacious, without being made more quick,—unless we take the word *quick* in the good old scripture sense, as significant of vitality: "*the quick and the dead*." In this case the leader, we believe, acted from his memory of Mendelssohn's own manner of timing the March. Yet we are bound to say, we have heard other leaders justify the faster tempo on the authority likewise of Mendelssohn.

MR. WILLIAM MASON, our gifted young pianist, still remains in Europe, and will remain for some time. It was his younger brother, Mr. Henry Mason, who arrived in the steamer last week. The error crept in from the daily papers. We had the pleasure of a call from Mr. M., who tells of rich musical experience in France and Germany, and treated us to a sight

of a very interesting collection of musical autographs from most of the great composers and artists now living.—His father, Mr. LOWELL MASON, has been lecturing in London on the Pestalozzian mode of teaching music, and has been induced by numerous invitations of that sort, to prolong his stay in England till the Spring. He will return in season then to commence his proposed Normal School in New York.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

ALBONI. With great regret we learn that there is a doubt cast over our eager hope of hearing the great Italian singer early in October, as was promised. By some mistake, or oversight, it seems the hall, (just now our *only* hall,) the Melodeon, is preoccupied for several weeks. Perhaps after all, Mme. Alboni will find it for her interest to make her Boston *debut* in the new Music Hall, which will certainly be ready by the middle of November.

MR. DEMPSTER, (we see by the newspapers) has revolved round to this point once more, and announces one of his popular hallad entertainments for this evening,—not omitting the "*May Queen*," of course.

THE MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY have in rehearsal, among other good things, Mozart's great Fugue Symphony in C (the "*Jupiter*,") and his overture to the *Zauberflöte*.—We have on hand an admirable analysis of this overture, which we shall soon translate for the benefit of the lovers of such music.—Absence from the city has prevented our attending the rehearsals thus far, but we hear encouraging report of a new life and spirit in the society.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS. The "*Germania Serenade Band*" orchestra (hard work indeed it is to get the name right,) had a very good audience on Wednesday, and gave great pleasure by their still improving performance. They have now three first violins, at the head of whom we noticed Mr. Weinz, Mr. Eichler having been *transposed* to the French horn. The programme was mostly light, although it contained the *Ave Maria* of Schubert, and the overture to *Egmont*, which last especially requires a larger orchestra; the string parts were too feeble; and the tempo of the fast movement was *too fast* for a distinct outline, at least with such paucity of violins; otherwise it was finely played. Mr. Suck intends to lay one of Franz Schubert's symphonies before his little orchestra.

THE "*GERMANIANS*" were in town on Wednesday, in full force, on their way to Springfield, where they were to give a concert. From there they go to Pittsfield, Albany, &c., to Philadelphia, and come round to Boston for the winter, early in November. Since breaking up their Newport summer quarters, they have treated the people of New Bedford, Nantucket and Taunton to some of their sweet strains, including, we were glad to see, some of their good solid music, such as Beethoven's second symphony, the Allegretto to his eighth, his "*Egmont*" overture, and Mendelssohn's "*Song of Praise*." We mention it for the consolation of our friend, the Diarist, upon another page.

MISS CATHARINE HAYES has volunteered a concert, in the Lynn town hall, for the benefit of a church at Nahant.

Great fortune seems in store for her. Mr. Barnum has engaged her to give sixty concerts under his direction in California, Mexico, Cuba, British Provinces, &c. He pays her \$50,000 and half the net profits.

AUGUSTA, ME. We have the programmes of two concerts recently given in this place, by Mr. A. W. FRENZEL, (late member of our Musical Fund Orchestra, now a teacher in Augusta,) assisted by Messrs. Kreissmann, Eckhardt, Miss Lucy Doane, and Madame Eckhardt. The selections mostly were of a high order.

New York.

MADAME SONTAG's first concert was postponed on account of serious illness, which is said to have had its origin partly in the riotous serenade that was given her,

and partly in the cabals of rival managers and critics. She has so far recovered, however, as to announce that she will positively sing on Monday night. All the tickets had been sold and very few have been demanded back.

ALBONI seems to be diffusing unalloyed delight. She has given the fifth of her present series of concerts, of which there remain two more. On Monday she pays the Philadelphians a flying visit. Her concert for the benefit of the Firemen yielded \$2,000. In all respects she realizes the encomiums of SCUDO, translated in a recent number of our Journal. Says the *Express*:

"She has gradually educated her audiences. She has taught them the difference between real high art and its counterfeit; they have learned in hearing her to appreciate artistic skill and finish; and as she stands quietly before them, with scarce a motion, uttering those delicious sounds, and executing with wonderful precision the most difficult, intricate and elaborate passages, they sit entranced, their hearts and judgments made willing and happy captives to the power of genius and the melody of her incomparable voice."

Mlle. CAMILLE URSO, a girl violinist, of eleven years of age, one of the laureates of the Conservatoire at Paris, announces a Concert at Metropolitan Hall for next Thursday. She comes recommended by Auber, Thalberg, Vieuxtemps, and other great names. *La France Musicale* says:

"She plays the violin, not mechanically, like a precocious child, after laborious practice, but with a skill perfectly marvelous. Her style, energy, and elastic versatility in the management of the bow, display the finished artist. But the most surprising thing about her execution is its sentiment. She excels in that essential expression which springs only from the heart, and which the composer, in the absence of any mode of notating or writing it, leaves to the intelligence and discretion of the artist."

The musicians in her suite are spoken of in Parisian journals as notable performers. Mr. COMMETTANT is quite well known and appreciated as a pianist; and Mr. FEITLINGER has a fair repute as a tenor.

England.

LONDON. ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The subscription season ended, August 28th, with the prologue to *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which GRISI and MARIO, both in splendid voice, took care that the last impression should be a good one. *Ernani* followed, chiefly, it was thought, to give NEGRINI a chance to vindicate his continental reputation on his second appearance. The *Chronicle* says his voice, naturally a baritone, has been, if not forced, at all events transmuted into a tenor. He sang with tremendous power of lungs,—well suited to Verdi's vigorous music;—"always in extremes;" the middle voice being "nowhere," and the effects produced "either on the very high notes, or in what we may call Achillean shouting," &c., &c.

But Bosio won the highest admiration:

"Her *Elvira* is a thoroughly artistic performance, and well worthy of the boards on which it was given. She opened nervously, as on Thursday, though with even less cause, but regained her confidence, and warbled the *aria d'entrata* (with the choros of ladies who congratulate her on her marriage), 'Mè dolce il voto ingenuo,' so charmingly,—the sentiment being adhered to without damage to the brilliancy of the air—that the house broke into loud universal plaudits, which came down even more heartily at the end of the second verse. Ease and finish marked the whole feat. And after doing ample justice to the intermediate music, she gave her share of the great duet, 'Fino al sospiro,' towards the close, and the terrible *finale*, with true artistic fire and meaning. ANGELINA BOSIO has succeeded in leaving an impression which the public will not be sorry to renew another season."

This closed the season, but extra performances at reduced prices were given on the three following nights. The pieces were the *Prophète*, *Pietro il Grande*, and *Les Huguenots*. Bosio was to have sung Marguerite de Valois in this last, but was prevented by indisposition, and her place filled by Mlle. Anna Zerr.

The London papers have all been summing up the season, as they did in the case of Lumley's establishment. It has consisted of sixty-seven nights, of which forty-six were subscription nights. Three works perfectly new to the British public, have been produced, two have been revived, and there were nine or ten *débuts* of new singers; the choros had been increased and better drilled, and the orchestra, with the additions of Piatti and Bottesini, was in full perfection. The question of most interest, however, to us at this distance is:

What progress has there been of public taste, and what styles and composers have found highest favor? The answer may be read approximately in the following list, showing how many times each opera was performed:

	Times.		Times.
<i>Maria di Rohan</i> , . . .	2	<i>Il Barbiere</i> , . . .	1
<i>Guillaume Tell</i> , . . .	4	<i>Lucrezia Borgia</i> , . . .	6
<i>Sonnambula</i> , . . .	1	<i>Robert le Diable</i> , . . .	3
<i>I Martiri</i> , . . .	5	<i>L'Elisir d'Amore</i> , . . .	2
<i>Norma</i> , . . .	2	<i>Le Prophète</i> , . . .	8
<i>Huguenots</i> , . . .	10	<i>Otello</i> , . . .	1
<i>Don Giovanni</i> , . . .	1	<i>Faust</i> , . . .	4
<i>Zauberflöte</i> , . . .	3	<i>Anna Bolena</i> , . . .	1
<i>Lucia</i> , . . .	1	<i>Pietro il Grande</i> , . . .	4
<i>La Juive</i> , . . .	2	<i>Ernani</i> , . . .	1
<i>I Puritani</i> , . . .	4		

Fragmentary parts of operas were, however, frequently given, and in the following proportions:—

	Times.
<i>Guillaume Tell</i> , 2d and 3d Acts, . . .	1
<i>I Martiri</i> , 3d and 4th Acts, . . .	6
<i>Norma</i> , 1st Act, . . .	2
<i>Robert le Diable</i> , 2d and 3d Acts, . . .	2
<i>Lucrezia Borgia</i> , . . .	1

Thus it will be seen that Meyerbeer has held altogether the first place; Donizetti the next; Spohr and Jullien (on account of novelty) the third; while Mozart, the divine, has had only four hearings! Do we find any encouraging offset to this in the fact that Verdi has been reduced to the solitary last night of the season?

The stars that have occupied this tone-firmament are thus partially enumerated:

"MARIO has been in far better voice than during the former season. TAMBERLIK is steadily rising in power and finish. FORMES' vast organ has lost none of its depth and resonance, while Mlle. GRISI has sung as freshly, as strongly, as impulsively as she ever did; and Mesdames CASTELLAN and ZERR have, each in her own line, added to their laurels. The darker pages of the annals of 1852 must be sought for in the comparative failure—with one exception, that of Mme JULIENNE—of the host of vocal stars, with great Continental reputations, who appeared night after night, glimmered with a faint and sickly ray, and then either became finally eclipsed, or only made casual and fitful appearances in fragments of works, performed upon long evenings. For his sanguine energy, and his determination that no one with a name on the Continent should pass unheard here, Mr. GYE deserves all praise. He seems indeed to have raked Europe from St. Petersburg to Palermo for artists—and these, in addition to his unrivalled regular company. From Vienna and from Paris, from Copenhagen and from Rome, he procured performers, each of whom came heralded by a certainly existent reputation, and introduced by the enthusiastic eulogies of foreign musical journals. But, somehow, not one of the strangers, with the above-mentioned exception, realised, in the estimation of a London audience, the promise with which they came heralded from their own lands. None proved absolute failures; several aspired to the rank of more than respectable artists. Herr ANDER's powerful tenor voice was recognized and appreciated in the *William Tell*, and M. GUEYMARD's fiery and artistic style was well asserted in the *Juive*; but somehow neither artist appeared to satisfy our exigencies—at least, neither took root amongst us. After a few nights more or less of *succès d'estime*, they disappeared, leaving, as the sole representative of the *débütante* of the season who really established a footing, the vigorous, brilliantly vocalizing, and very dramatic Mme. JULIENNE."

BIRMINGHAM. We have reports of the first day of the Festival (Sept. 7th.) They all agree in the main, and for convenience we select that of the *Times*, abridged:

"Although the rain, which fell incessantly, foreboded ill, the result agreeably disappointed anticipation. Since the Birmingham Festival was instituted, we believe, there has never been so successful and brilliant a performance on the first day.

"The interior of the Town-hall presented a most imposing *coup-d'œil*. The orchestra, filled to the extremities with five hundred performers, ladies and gentlemen—backed by the gigantic organ of Mr. Hill, with its 71 stops, four rows of keys, and 4,000 pipes (the property of the General Hospital), which, with the new stops and other improvements bestowed upon it from time to time, is valued at no less than 5,500*l.*—constituted the prominent feature in the *spectacle*. On the opposite side, the President's gallery, with raised seats, filled to the summit with distinguished persons, the majority of whom were ladies, attired in the most fashionable style, afforded another splendid point for the eye to rest on, while the side galleries, equally well furnished, and the nave, crowded to the walls, completed the picture. The president, Lord Leigh, sat in the usual place, in the centre of the patrons' gallery, exactly opposite Mr. Costa's rostrum.

"The Birmingham Town-hall is one of the finest

music-rooms in Europe. When only a few persons, independently of the orchestra, are present, the reverberation is so great that the sounds become confused, and it is, therefore, not easy to judge at a rehearsal of what is likely to be the effect of a performance; but when the area is crowded nothing can be more favorable. As an edifice the Town-hall is remarkable. It was commenced in 1832 from designs by Messrs. Hansom and Welch, who, having contracted to build it for an inadequate sum (18,700*l.*), became bankrupts, and left the task of completion to others. The whole sum ultimately expended in its erection was 31,000*l.* Situated at the eastern end of Paradise-street, one of the tributaries of New-street, the Town-hall is visible from a considerable distance. Outside it has the appearance of a Greek temple. The range of fluted Corinthian columns, surmounted by rich entablatures, which rest upon the basement, and enclose the building on every side, are said to have been modelled after the temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome. The interior mainly consists of the large hall, lighted by windows between the columns. The ceiling, which is very handsome, is, we learn, imitated from that of the Singing Academy at Berlin. The area is somewhat less spacious than that of Exeter Hall in London, though the long side galleries, and the spacious gallery in face of the orchestra, enable it to accommodate even a greater number of persons.

"We have never heard so magnificent a performance of *Elijah* as that at the Town-hall this morning. The orchestra was prodigious, the chorus prodigious, and the principal singers almost faultless. There appeared but one predominant feeling in the whole phalanx, marshalled and conducted with such skill and decision by Mr. Costa—that of doing honor to Mendelssohn, who, only six years back, in the same place, himself directed the first performance of his greatest work, and was aided by no inconsiderable number of the same executants. Of that event, which will live forever in the history of music, the performance of this morning was a worthy anniversary. This general praise must suffice for the orchestra, which has substantiated what we said of it yesterday, viz: that it was the finest ever collected together at a festival—for the chorus, the greater part of whom are of Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, the London recruits being chiefly supplied by the Sacred Harmonic Society—and for Mr. Costa, who never took greater pains, showed greater zeal, or achieved a more complete success. The grand choral points in *Elijah* are already sufficiently well known.

"The *soprano* music was shared between Mme. Castellan and Mme. Clara Novello, both of whom exerted themselves with the best effect. Mme. Castellan sang the duet between the widow and Elijah with the truest expression. The whole of the first part of the oratorio was confided to this lady, who, never at fault, pleased as much by her excellent accentuation of the words as by her thorough acquaintance with the music. Mme. Novello sang the solo part of the quartet and chorus, 'Holy, holy,' almost as well as Jenny Lind; the beauty and sonority of her voice were heard in this piece to eminent advantage. In the great air of the second part, 'Hear ye, Israel,' we were less satisfied with her; she did not display the pathos required in the opening movement, while the *allegro*, 'Be not afraid,' by being sung too slowly, lost half of the spirit and boldness which are its characteristics. The *contralto* music was confided to three ladies—Mme. Viardot Garcia, Miss Dolby, and Miss Williams. Miss Williams was chiefly concerned in recitatives, duets, and concerted music, and acquitted herself, as usual, like a thorough musician. Miss Dolby, so often praised for her manner of singing the beautiful air, 'O rest in the Lord,' never more deserved praise than on this occasion. To Mme. Viardot was confided the plaintive air, 'Woe unto them,' and the magnificent scene terminating with the choros, 'Wo to him, he shall perish.' The air was delivered with the proper feeling of melancholy and dejection; and the recitatives of Jezebel with a dramatic point of declamation, which few possess in the same eminent degree as Madame Viardot. The tenor songs and recitatives, divided between Messrs. Sims Reeves and Lockey, could not have been in better hands. Mr. Lockey and Miss Williams were the only two of the present set of singers who assisted at the first performance of *Elijah* in 1846. Mr. Lockey's singing of the airs elicited the special approval of the composer on that occasion, and this morning he proved in the first air, 'If with all your hearts,' not for the first time, that the praise of the great musician had been well bestowed. The second air, 'Then shall the righteous,' was superbly sung by Mr. Sims Reeves. The difficult and arduous music of *Elijah* was entrusted to Herr Formes, who never executed it more finely. In the recitatives his powerful voice, brought under due subjection, was wonderfully telling, while his declamation was always emphatic and to the purpose. The three airs were capitally given, especially that in F sharp minor, 'It is enough,' into which Herr Formes threw all the requisite pathos and expression. Every one, indeed, did his utmost to ensure an effective *ensemble*. The double quartet, 'For He shall give His angels,' has rarely been better executed; and the unaccompanied trio, 'Lift thine eyes,'—but that it was taken a little too

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Definiteness of Music as a Language.

Having recently endeavored, with much success, to decide whether the language of music conveys definite and precise impressions, I offer my experiments to the attention of those interested in such questions.

The most general definition of Art makes it an expression of sentiment. Its existence implies, therefore, two very distinct things; the sentiments or feelings, belonging to what in general is called the heart; and a power of moulding outward things, belonging to what is called the head. Art is addressed to the heart, and is intelligible only to the heart. Artistic power is of the head, and no depth of sentiment or fulness of heart can give it. Neither does lack of heart necessarily imply lack of power, nor lack of power imply lack of heart. The best artist is he who combines most heart with most head; and the best criticism of works of art must come from men of deepest sentiment, from men of feeling rather than of power.

These remarks are obvious, but they contain, I think, the explanation of many and various facts. They show why the illiterate, and those lacking in power may yet enjoy poetry, architecture, painting or music, and why on the other hand men of power may utterly fail as critics of Art.

To restrict myself to music, the general principles just given show that we should expect to find occasionally persons of a good ear, and great

power to sing or play, yet utterly incapable of appreciating the expression of music; and others of no ear, even unable to recognize the most familiar air, yet just and appreciating lovers of harmony and melody. I have for many years experimented on persons of both these classes, and have recently conducted some of my experiments with care with the purpose of attaining results that should be decisive of the question whether particular nice shades of feeling could be definitely conveyed by written music.

My friend K. is a lover of every form of art, and yet without power either to draw, model, write verse, sing or play. There is not, I believe, one single strain of melody in the world so familiar that he can recognize it with certainty. Some five years ago he surprised me by analysing so well the expression of airs played upon a piano. I have now forgotten all his analyses except two. The air from Handel, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" he pronounced, without knowing its origin or the words connected with it, to be the expression of *joyous confidence*. Pardon me, editor of this Journal, that until that moment, I had thought your own criticisms upon music to be wholly subjective; I thought you projected your own feelings on the music, and that it was your excited fancy which made you think them expressed by the music. But the exact coincidence between the sentiment of the text, "I know," &c., and K.'s analysis of the air, convinced me of two things, that Handel could express definite shades of feeling by melody, and that K. could interpret the expression correctly. I tried him, on the same evening, with *Darwen*, from the Handel and Haydn collection. He defined its expression as "penitence bordering on despair." This was perhaps as striking as the other analysis, for only a few days previous a good judge of music (your Salieri correspondent, A. W. T.) had told me *Darwen* was the most truly penitential of psalm tunes, but that it was a little too sad; it had a sort of hopeless feeling like remorse. Now if A. W. T. had written *Darwen* with the design of expressing this, K.'s coincidence of judgment would have been even more striking than in the other case.

I have had no other opportunity, until this week, to experiment with K. The other evening he lay upon the sofa in my study, and I played the piano for him in the parlor. He could not see my face to read *my* feelings, and he had no tones of the voice to guide him. Nor did the

association of ideas help him, for I did not tell him the names of the airs, and he did not recollect having heard any of them before. I simply played a piece, and then he explained what had been the train of thought, succession of images, and states of feeling, produced by it. Then he summed up by telling what he thought the real expression of the piece.

The next day I took my flute and played to my friend F. most of the same pieces, and he gave me, in briefer terms, his opinion. I kept F., like K., in ignorance of the names, &c., of the airs, and he likewise recognized none of them, being almost as devoid of ear as K. Lest some musical sceptic doubt, let me add, that I have known both men for years, and they are above the possibility of any disingenuousness. Let me say, also, that they gave their opinions without clew, hint, or even question from me.

And, if you think it worth while, I wish, Mr. Editor, you would tell me as far as you can from which works of the great masters the fragments which I played were taken, and what were the original words. This may alter the value of the criticisms on some of the pieces.

First, I played a fragment by Beethoven, *Gracious Father*, from Gardner's Music of Nature. K. said it was "solemn, awful, but strong in faith; as if looking into the sepulchre with all the faith of the Christian." To F. I did not play the first three airs.

2. A fragment of a vesper hymn, called in "Carmina Sacra," Gorton. K. called it "Praise, subdued by penitent remembrance, yet sustained by clear consciousness of the Divine presence and aid."

3. Psalm tune of Zeuner, called in "American Harp," *Persecution*. K. said it was "fit for the funeral of a martyr; a confession of human suffering and trial, closing with a strong exhortation to faith in God." The words adapted to it by the composer are exactly of this character.

4. *Salisbury*, in "Handel and Haydn Collection." K. said, "Joy without excess; religious cheerfulness." F. said, "Peace with God; tranquil joy."

5. *South Street*, in the same book. K. "Sisters enjoying a vision of one recently lost, appearing as the bride of Christ. Tranquil joy, with a sense, also, of novelty, as of new revelations of God's love." F. "Tranquilizing; gentle invitation to praise God."

6. *Camden*, in the same. K. "No religion;

welcome of the great." F. Triumph; lacks all religious elements."

7. *Come ye disconsolate.* K. "Gratitude to God for his tenderness; congratulation of a fellow man on the forgiving and tender love of God." F. "Consolation and hope."

8. *Dead March in Saul.* K. "Deepest sense of human weakness, and serenest, loftiest repose on God. A tender lament over ruined greatness, combined with unshaken, almost triumphant hope in God." F. "Above all earthly emotion, and wholly indescribable."

9. *Christmas.* K. "Lofty aspirations, exalted hope." F. "Gratitude too lively for thanksgiving. The deliverer comes."

10. *Lyons.* K. "Sublime exhortation to god-like life." F. "The voice of free grace."

11. *I know that my Redeemer liveth.* K. "Joyful confidence." F. "Love and encouragement." It will be seen K. differed from his judgment five years before by simply one syllable.

12. *Darwen.* K. "Penitence, and some undefinable emotion beside." F. "The Savior's wounds, and my sins the cause." On telling K. what his judgment had been on the previous trial, he exclaimed, "Yes, that's it exactly."

13. *Hail Columbia.* K. "Is not that Yankee Doodle? it sounds like a triumphant march." F. "We shall conquer, but we feel the need of doing our duty faithfully."

14. *Maggie Lauder.* K. "Impudent, brazen-faced boldness. Cocksure recklessness. Benhadad, the Syrian king." F. "Reckless assurance of triumph."

15. *Carolans Farewell to Music.* F. "The funeral of all you had loved and admired." K. did not hear it.

16. I closed my experiments by playing an air in which I had supposed there could not be much meaning, as I had written it myself. I had written also for it two stanzas which I thought appropriate; as follows:

When the day's departing light
Leaves the world to shades of night,
Then will I raise my cheerful songs
To Him whose grace my life prolongs.

For as the day's departing light,
Tho' the world it leaves to-night,
Unveils the stars in order bright,
To heaven it lifts my raptured sight.

I quote these to show my own judgment of the melody which I played to them. K. said, "It is changeable; it begins with a pensive strain, passes into cheerful, and ends in adoration." F. said, "It begins with the memory of the past, and ends with hope."

Now when I repeat that in no one of these sixteen instances had K. or F. any clew to the intent of the music, except the music itself, and when it is remembered that they heard the airs on different instruments, K. on the piano, and F. on the flute, then the close coincidence of their criticisms, and its agreement in several instances with the known intention of the composer, demonstrate, I think, to the satisfaction of the most obstinate Sadducee, that distinct and definite shades of feeling can be conveyed by written notes of music. T. H.

"OLD FOLKS AT HOME," the last negro melody, is on every body's tongue, and consequently in everybody's mouth. Pianos and guitars groan with it, night and day; sentimental young ladies sing it; sentimental young gentlemen warble it

in midnight serenades; volatile young "bucks" hum it in the midst of their business and pleasures; boatmen roar it out stentorially at all times; all the bands play it; amateur flute blowers agonize over it at every spare moment; the street organs grind it out at every hour; the "singing stars" carol it on the theatrical boards, and at concerts; the chamber maid sweeps and dusts to the measured cadence of *Old Folks at Home*; the butcher's boy treats you to a strain or two of it as he hands in the steaks for dinner; the milk-man mixes it up strangely with the harsh ding-dong accompaniment of his tireless bell; there is not a "live darkey," young or old, but can whistle, sing, dance, and play it, and throw in "Ben Bolt" by way of seasoning; indeed at every hour, at every turn, we are forcibly impressed with the interesting fact, that—

"Way down upon de Swanee ribber
Far, far away,
Dere's whar my heart is turnin ebber
Dere's whar de old folks stay;"

while the pathetic—we may add, the soul-stirring—chorus breaks upon the sympathetic ear in the following strain;—

"All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebry where I roam,
Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

Albany State Register.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE EOLIAN HARP.

"O suoni dolci e grandi!"

There is a harp ne'er struck by mortal hand,
But spirit fingers wake its thrilling tone;—
Like voices floating from the fairy land,
What witchery from those strings is round us thrown!
When flow abroad the evening breezes bland,
How melting is this lyre's mysterious swell!
O changeful murmurs through my lattice fanned—
I marvel how the wind-god sweeps the chords so well!

When tempests fierce career along the sky,
And cloud-wrapt comes the dweller of the air
In all his stern magnificence, to try
How the slight strings his ruder touch will bear,—
With awe I list the weird and startling strain—
The tramp-call of the proud storm rushing by!
Heard o'er the loud blast and the driving rain,
Ring out the full, clear notes—then, echoing softly, die

In trembling, dirge-like wails,—as, far away
Upon the bosom of the lulled air, sail
The faltering sounds, with sweet and solemn sway—
Rising and sinking with the fitful gale!
Melodious wanderer of the trackless way—
Back to my harp return full soon again—
Nor let me miss thy wondrous, varied lay,—
With Summer's warbled trills or Winter's grand refrain!
Boston, Sept. 20, 1852. W. M. M.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Genesis of Musical Sounds.—(Continued.)

It will be observed that the major common chord, together with the whole major system whose substance and essence this chord is, has its origin in the natural series of harmonics which arise from the division of the string by the series of natural numbers. It will also be observed that the minor common chord together with the system which depends upon it, has its origin in the natural series of harmonics arising from the multiplication of the string by the same series. The one is an ascending series, the other a descending. The relations of each to the primary sound or Root, are in the same degree and of equal simplicity. Now to C, assumed as the origin of harmonics, all possible sounds with all possible chords, in both the major and minor modes, bear certain definite relations. Beginning with this C, we ascertain its derivations in each direction. They are E G upwards, and A flat F downward. Taking the sound most nearly re-

lated to C, viz, G, we have B D upwards and E flat C downwards. Next take D, and we have F A one way, and B flat G the other—and so on indefinitely.

The absolute pitch of C is purely conventional. But being once assumed it must remain fixed, and all sounds of whatever name that can be legitimately employed in music must have clearly defined ratios to C. The number of different sounds which are actually used, excluding octaves, is 58. At least, thirteen scales, major and minor cannot theoretically speaking, be constructed out of a less number. There are certain coincidences however among nominally differing tones, which enable us to get along with a somewhat smaller number.

The organ and other keyed instruments are able to produce but 12 different sounds; and the process by which these twelve are made to answer for the whole fifty-eight, is called Temperament.

I must observe however that the number of thirteen will hardly enumerate all the scales which are used in some schools of music. Probably Spohr's *Last Judgment* employs fifty or more which would be clearly defined by an accurate reading of that complicated harmony. I suppose that the number of possible scales is 53 of each mode. If so, 219 sounds would be demanded for their completion.

I defer to a future article a description of the different kinds of temperament. E. H.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Incident at Newport.

The reigning belle at the Ocean House has been so freely spoken of in the papers, that we can be guilty of no impropriety in relating what follows. The gallant "Germanians," appreciating the "eminent services" of such a magnet, in drawing crowds to their concerts, or, albeit, inspired by her resistless beauty, composed and dedicated to her a Polka during the summer of 1851, and denominated it "First Love." What a charming idea! tender-sly, pathetic-satirical, comico-deprecatory? What a history that significant title shadows forth—of desperate men and envious women, concealed bowie-knives less cruel than those eyes, of yearnings and longings, of growing hopes and conquests, 'hops' and aspirations, serenades and rheumatisms, drives, sighs and fogs! How imploringly it appeals to that ideal charity and mercy which triumphant belle-ism knows not how to realize. How tenderly it rebukes the nonpareille "over nature's shoulders," not daring to approach profanely nearer, and accuse her of conscious cruelty, seeming to say "why, oh why, hast Thou thus endowed her with charms she knows not how to control? Have pity yet, and save our sex by sacrificing her to one!"

Happily, nor broken limbs nor broken hearts can stop the great machinery of the universe—no, nor even disarrange the gear! The year 1851 came to an end:—past, the last strain of the last Polka, the last echo of the last adieux and "au revoir," the last scent from the last dinner, the last sigh from the last beau and—the "Ocean House" was closed. The intervening scenes concern us not.

We are again promenading in the great hall or entry of the "Ocean House." The "Germanians" are there,—Mary is there, and so

(need we say it) every body is there. Love is there, as usual; fanned, crackling, inspiring, consuming, infuriating, melting, intoxicating, crazing, destroying! All *souls* are attacked, all *souls* are subdued:—but—let posterity be thankful, let the archives of music hear, rejoice and be glad—"Corporations have no souls." So the "Germanians," though *individually* consumed, infuriated and killed outright, were *corporately* only inspired to a new composition and dedication. The season is near its end. The *débris* of the past year's havoc are cleared away, that is, to the careless observer. The walls of hotels, let us observe, have ceased to be the chosen archives of Cupid; they only occasionally record the achievements of Bacchus. We no longer hear the pensive, straight-haired youth exclaim, with a sigh, "those lines on the shutter were written by that exquisitely lovely Lotty —" (and his friend's reply "pho,—fancy! its the list of my linen I just sent to the wash!") But you may hear, instead, the dapper representative of "Young America" declare with a shout "You see that hole in the plaster?—well, that was made by a bottle of champagne which Sam B. threw at Jo H.'s head!"

To be sure, the nice and sentimental observer will discover traces of the past and even of the present year's mischief in Love's department, in the haggard and attenuated figure of that young man prematurely grey, who, like the moth, has come to be consumed in the flame that has "singed" him in his freshness of youth; and that other older man, who owns the fine horses, but now seldom drives, is seen to pass through the entry but once or twice, and then only when *she* is present; damns the champagne, and is particularly hard on the servants;—but then, all this escapes the vulgar eye.

But to return: the season of '52 is drawing to a close. The Dedication is all the talk. Its title is "Second Love." The spirit, you, see, is getting less sentimental and more satirical. It throws off all disguise; it comes down *de plan pied*, and "squares off." Our ancient of the horses takes courage, bestirs himself and even goes so far as to look over the manuscript; and it is further rumored that the slim and pensive moth was heard to ask M. Bergmann if he "believed in descriptive music."

But nobody has heard the new Polka yet. It is to be brought out at the next "concert and hop." The evening has come, the "Ocean Hall" is open; benches are arranged in the form of a huge ellipse, the outer edges touching the walls, several parallel ellipses within, and all closely packed with beaux and belles in ball array. "The Peerless" is not wanting. The concert commences and continues by programme and comes to an end. Now the hop is to begin. As yet no one stirs. The band plays a promenade—no movement! an undefined expectation pervades the room, it grows more nervous and exciting every minute; the promenade finishes; the excitement becomes intensely painful—a pause in the music—a strain; a polka? yes, a polka. The polka? yes, it can be none other. How was it recognized? Oh, by intuition! inspiration! All eyes are fastened on "the Peerless," but nobody moves. The first dozen bars are played, when a graceful and elegant form slowly rises, adroitly winds itself out from the labyrinth of benches, supported, polka-fashion, by the youth-

ful son of a distinguished Free-soiler, and takes the floor. They make one circuit of the entire room, to the admiring gaze of the assembled hundreds. No one ventures to profane the charmed circle devoted, for the nonce, to beauty and — belle-ism. Oh, naughty plain women!—Oh envious less-beautiful! Oh desperate men and snubbed boys! what wicked and silly speeches you did make, may God forgive you. How you did pervert and distort the fact with your green and yellow eye-glasses. But the young and generous of both sexes and the frank and unenvious, whether married or single, concurred in exclaiming—

"A pretty compliment—a pretty, modest and graceful acknowledgment!" E.

[From Cocks's Musical Miscellany.]

Johann Sebastian Bach and his Works.

BY DR. ADOLF MARX.

Amongst the nations who have helped to complete the culture of Europe, there have appeared from time to time spirits, who, like the prophets of old, shed the lustre of their existence and the fructifying power of their activity over centuries; to whom the succeeding generations look back with a feeling of veneration, in order to find out their own position, to measure by them their own standing point and capabilities, and, by the aid of their example, to raise themselves to the highest idea of the destiny of mankind. Such a spirit was Shakspeare, whose name, like an immovable polar star, shines on the horizon of the English nation, if not more brilliantly, certainly more beautifully, than any of the victories of her proud fleets.

To the German musician such a star was given in *Johann Sebastian Bach*, whose name, surrounded with a halo of holiness, shines radiantly through the darkness of a time of general degradation and humiliation. The Italians have not been able to understand him; the French have only learned to appreciate some of his smaller works, and the feeling they entertain for him is perhaps rather that of external respect than of real affection. It is only the British nation who, besides the German, may hope to penetrate into, and fully appreciate, the depth of this prophetic spirit, for whose reception it has already been prepared by his kindred contemporary, George Frederic Handel.

But, even in his own fatherland, it took a century before he was understood in all the depth and fullness of his being—and even now, this perception is confined to a narrow circle of brother artists and lovers of art. His contemporaries admired, in Bach, the greatest performer upon the harpsichord and organ; and although this instrument has undergone such great alterations and improvements, it has turned out that he still was the real founder of the proper style of piano forte playing, the teacher of all his successors. Both his contemporaries and the succeeding generations praised him as the most perfect and fertile harmonist and contrapuntist, as the master of fugue composition, as the artist who had at his command all the most ingenious and boldest combinations which the art of counterpoint offers to the thorough-bred musician. The historian, in fact, perceives that the whole contrapuntal school of the middle ages, which, after the nation that furnished its standard, is designated by the name of the Dutch Period, has found in Bach the perfecter of that form of composition to which it directed its chief attention; and that, up to the present day, his canon and fugue compositions—e. g. his "Art of Fugue," and his polymorphic fugues, in three and four parts,—which may be reversed, note for note, from the beginning to the end, and of which each part allows of being inverted—have not found anything equal to them. Whilst admiring this unexampled artistic skill, we cannot help feeling astonished at the almost endless number of his works, which testify

to his never-tiring industry. Besides many works for the organ, piano, and orchestra, masses, motetts, cantatas, (also two humorous secular ones,) anthems, &c., we have also, by him, four complete annual sets of services for all the Sundays and Festivals of the year; and our astonishment at such fertility of production increases, when we consider how much of his time was occupied in the fulfilment of his official duties, or devoted to teaching. But our astonishment and admiration assume the character of veneration, on perceiving that each and every one of his numberless works bear testimony of his conscientious endeavors to give them the highest possible finish, not only as a whole, but in their minutest details. In this respect, Bach unquestionably stands above all composers, and more especially above his great contemporary, Handel; who, it cannot be gainsaid,) in the consciousness of his power,—allied as it was with an aristocratic loftiness of mind, and often hurried on by personal impetuosity,—did not always find time and repose, or,—especially at a later time of his life, when apparently undeserved misfortunes must often have ruffled his excitable temper,—the inclination, to give to his works such a finish as he might have done.

During the first half of the century following upon Bach, Germany was either drawn away from all religion by the teaching of Voltaire, or gave a nominal adherence to a church which oscillated between infidelity on the one side, and the lame deism of Mendelssohn (in the Christian no less than the Jewish religion) on the other, and to which people confessed themselves, rather from habit and custom, than from a real internal longing for a faithful confidence in the communion of saints. In these times, Graun's "half opera, half Church Passion," as *der alte Fritz** used to call his "Death of Jesus" in ridicule, was considered to be the perfection of Church music; so much so, that Bach's chorales were declared to be unsuitable for the church; and Zelter, the insipid Berliner, armed with the fire-bucket of his Brandenburg muse, undertook to make the recitatives and solo pieces of Bach's Passion Music "singable and comprehensible;"—cutting the mantle of the prophet into a dressing gown.

When the political rise of the German nation became also a spiritual one, when science and religion awoke from their lethargy; then a new spirit also began to breathe in the art of music. Beethoven raised himself to perfection in his own sphere; Weber imparted a popular and national tone to the opera. A century after its creation, the sublimest work of the Evangelical Church, Seb. Bach's *Passion Music* could be published, every where performed, and, what is more, felt and understood by thousands. Now it was perceived that the spiritual depth and holiness of the Gospel, the sanctification and salvation of the Church, had never been conceived so fully, and sung so faithfully, so powerfully, so touchingly, and prophetically, as by the senior master (Altmeister) Bach; by him who had been praised so long, but whom now only we were able to comprehend. Soon after, several others of his works were published; and now, at last, a worthy society has started into life, under the name of the "Bach Society," with the object of bringing out a complete edition of all his works.

The first volume brings us the scores of ten of the above-mentioned services (*Kirchen musiken*.) which hitherto have only existed in manuscript. It would be superfluous to enlarge upon the rich treasure of art, the fullness of devotion, and deep religious feeling which is offered in these compositions. Two instances will suffice to show how the holy singer penetrates the mystery of Christianity, and the manner in which he reveals his spiritual visions.

One of these services commences in a tone of earnest longing, which, in accordance with Bach's idea of Christian belief, turns from the consciousness of its own helplessness to the compassion of a merciful Redeemer, with the chorus, "*Herr bleibe bei uns, denn es will Abend werden.*"

* "Old Fred," the pet name given by the Prussians to Frederick the Great.

(Lord, abide with us, for it is towards evening.) As evening gazes with a soft tremor of fear after the waning day, and with the sinking of the sun, a feeling of sorrow steals over the heart of every pious lover of nature; so there runs through Bach's chorus also a mingled feeling of fear and sorrow; the trembling of nature, the pulsations of evening, being represented, as it were in corporeal form, in the soft but incessant repetition of the lower *G* upon the violins and tenors—a form of accompaniment which continues throughout the chorus, and touches and softens the mind in the midst of the impetuous clamor of the voices. For the chorus, having taken up the idea that the evening of every day is a symbol of the last evening of life, has changed its tone of subdued sorrow in which it had commenced, into a loud call for help, and like the sounds of the last trumpet, the cry of anguish and helplessness: "Remain with us, for it is towards evening!" falls upon the ear, and penetrates the heart of the listener—till at last it returns to the idea in which it started, as the only one in which it can find consolation.

Again, in another Service, the chorus has to intone the words "*Liebster Gott, wann werd' ich sterben?*" (Beloved God, when shall I die?) Here the oboes begin their song in the clear key of E major, in lively 12-8 time, and mostly moving in semiquavers; violins and tenors throw in here and there a pizzicato arpeggio; unexpectedly a flute starts, in the highest region of its tones, with a semiquaver figure, which sounds, in the confusion of the harmonies below, like the tinkling of a little death-bell, such as is still to be heard in some of our old German towns; and now the chorus suddenly intones its song of death and eternity, (in a figured chorale,) in sounds full of anguish and pain, like a voice from the grave, interrupting the fantastic midnight gambols of some hobgoblins. Did not Bach live with heart and soul in his church? and has this church, or Luther himself, been able to conquer the belief in ghosts and demons? So may Bach's representations, indeed, give us an idea of the visions that hover around the bed of the dying believer, of the fears and doubts which, in the last hour of life, wrestle with the hopes and expectations of a pious heart.

Many instances might have been pointed out of Christian devotion and joyous belief, of prophetic grandeur—as, e. g. in the chorus, "*Christ unser Herr;*" (Christ our Lord,)—but I preferred to confine myself to the above two cases, in which one of the most frequent tasks of a Church composer had been solved by Bach in two similar and yet how different ways, and which prove how deeply the great master entered into every subject he undertook to treat, and how poetical and yet most truthful is his mode of conception.

Berlin.

A. B. MARX, Dr.

The Empress Catherine and Paesiello.

MICHAEL KELLY, in his "Reminiscences," gives the following anecdote related to him by the celebrated PAESIELLO, illustrative of the kindness of the Empress Catherine of Russia towards him:

She was his scholar; and while he was accompanying her one bitter cold morning, he shuddered with the cold. Her Majesty perceiving it, took off a beautiful cloak which she had on, ornamented with clasps of brilliants of great value, and threw it over his shoulders. Another mark of esteem for him, she evinced by her reply to Marshal Beloselsky. The Marshal, agitated, it is believed, by the "green-eyed monster," forgot himself so far as to give Paesiello a blow; Paesiello, who was a powerful athletic man, gave him a sound drubbing. In return, the Marshal laid his complaint before the Empress, and demanded from her Majesty the immediate dismissal of Paesiello from the Court, for having had the audacity to return a blow upon a Marshal of the Russian Empire. Catherine's reply was, "I neither can nor will attend to your request; you forgot your dignity when you gave an unoffending man and

a great artist a blow; are you surprised that he should have forgotten it too? and as to rank, it is in my power, Sir, to make filthy marshals, but not one Paesiello."

TO MIDSUMMER DAY.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Crown of the Year, how bright thou shinest!
How little in thy pride divinest
Inevitable fall! albeit
We who stand round about thee see it.
Shine on; shine bravely. There are near
Other bright children of the Year,
Almost as high, and much like thee
In features and infective glee;
Some happy to call forth the mower,
And hear his sharpened scythe sweep o'er
Rank after rank: then others wait
Before the grange's open gate,
And watch the nodding wain, or watch
The fretted domes beneath the thatch,
Till young and old at once take wing
And promise to return in Spring.
Yet I am sorry, I must own,
Crown of the Year! when thou art gone.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. III.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—*Omne ignotum pro magnifico.* I find in a Boston paper to-day, something about "everybody learning to read music—as in Germany." We must appoint the writer of that a committee to visit the next half dozen emigrant ships from Bremen and Hamburg, and get the musical statistics of their thousand or more passengers, natives of all parts of Germany. The committee may examine out of the last new psalm book.

The fact is, that nine-tenths of the talk about music in Germany is fudge, and is founded on ignorant (musically) travelers' humbug. When a really musical person speaks of the prevalence of musical taste and knowledge in Germany, he does not mean that every body from "Thick Fritz" to the wooden shoed peasant, can take up the "singing book," or "Negro Minstrel," and read "Luz," or "Old Dan Tucker," at sight; he means that the musical public is exceedingly great, and actually knows what music is.

"But music is taught in the schools there." So it is. It is taught also in the schools of most of the New England cities. And, as with us, part of the pupils have a genius for music, part can catch tunes (somewhat near right) from hearing them over and over again, and others are like Charles Lamb in respect to ears, and have no more conception of difference in tones than Mr. So and So has of difference in colors; precisely so it is there.

A hundred persons visit Germany. How many of them are capable of judging anything about the actual diffusion of musical knowledge? Of those who are capable, how many take pains to form a judgment? Perhaps—one; and the one is utterly confounded at the curious notions of the ninety and nine who went not into the matter.

As music is one of the "lions," they come home and astonish the natives with the wonderful musical experiences, which they have acquired—by hearsay. In Heidelberg, Bonn, Göttingen, they pass *Studenten Kneifes* and hear the jingle of glasses, half drowned by uproarious songs:—"Mem. German students, singers." They pass the barracks and hear a chorus of soldiers glorifying war, wine and women;—"Mem. German soldiers, singers." They meet a procession of Pilgrims on the Rhine, on their way to visit some old bone, or a bunch of rags, or a bit of decayed wood, and hear some old choral, which has come down for centuries traditionally like "Old Hundred," in England and America;—another "Mem. German peasants singers." They pass a school-house and happen to hear the children's voices in a morning or evening hymn, or perhaps drilling on the scale, and straightway—"Mem. German children, singers." I remember when I thought every Methodist was an inspired singer; I got the impression at a camp meeting. I was at the examination of a gymnasium in Berlin, the capital of Prussia, in April, 1851, and noted the musical performances particularly. I went for that purpose mostly.

It was a very large school of boys, ranging in age, say from eight to seventeen years. Their appearance in the examinations in history, geography, Latin, Greek, &c., was no better than that of the scholars of the Cambridge High School last spring, though different; but the best of their specimens of pencil and crayon drawing were good enough for a Boston exhibition, and their singing good enough for any American concert. But the singers were a *select class*: some twenty-five or thirty from the whole school-house full. The spectators were not bored with some hackneyed psalm tune or worn out negro melody, set to words "which will not offend the most delicate taste," dragged, dragged along a note or two behind the piano or the teacher's voice; they sang music,—motetts as splendid in their harmony and effects, as difficult in their execution. Those boys had learned to sing! From these select school classes the magnificent choir at the Dom draws its recruits. In our schools music is still regarded rather as by-play, and the musical genius gets no more instruction than the musical dunderhead. There it is different, and so are the results.

But as for every body's learning to read music,—you may as well believe in the correctness of the German notion that every American is a dead shot, and at a hundred yards can shoot off the tip of a mosquito's bill, and not hurt—merely disable—the "critter."

Sept. 18. I see that Dwight's Journal to-day has some Beethoven Anecdotes from Cocks's Miscellany, about as valuable in a historic point of view as the Beethoven death bed scenes, which caught my notice the other day, in another Journal.

Could Czerny really have written them? Perhaps the trouble may be in Mr. Cocks's translation, and faulty memory—he seems to hint this—but, there is queer work somewhere. Czerny was born in Vienna, one or two years only before Beethoven came there in 1792, and knew him personally as boy and man, from 1801 until the death of the great master. He was even employed by Beethoven as the instructor of his nephew. A glance, then, at the anecdotes attributed to Czerny.

"A Theme;" under this title is a story of old [aged 51] Pleyel and Beethoven, and the date given is 1808 or 9. Ries, who was the only really acknowledged pupil of Beethoven save some Archduke or other, who was something of a musician though an Archduke, tells the story circumstantially. Instead of *Pleyel*, he writes *Steibelt*; instead of *Prince Lobkowitz*, he writes *Count Fries*; for "the second violin part of Pleyel's Quartet," "the violoncello part of Steibelt's quintet, upside down." The story is translated in Schindler's (*Moschelles*) book, appendix, Vol. II, p. 288. Again, "The song of a bird which he chanced to hear in a wood gave the theme for his great Symphony in C minor." A chance which poor Beethoven would have wished often repeated; for when he composed that Symphony he had been—deaf five years. He once said to Schindler in respect to this theme, "*So pocht das Schicksal an die Pforte!*" "Thus Fate knocks upon the portal!"* The song of a bird!

"The scherzo of the ninth symphony occurred to him in a garden while the birds were singing." Perhaps it did, but he had been deaf twenty years.

In the next "anecdote" let the reader note the following errata: for "Sargino" read "Achilles." Omit, "was angry, and;" omit also, "on the death of a hero," which has nothing to do with the *Sonata*.

As to the third symphony, Mr. Cocks (or Mr. Czerny) may possibly be mistaken, as it was written some years after the battle of Aboukir, and the first MS. copy had at the very top of the title page the word *BONAPARTE*. This will do for this time.

"The character of Beethoven, as we formerly said, has been unfairly treated by the anecdote-mongers."

Well, it has, Mr. Cocks.

Was at Alboni's concert last night and heard "Souvernir Americana, fantasia for violin, composed and performed by Sig. Arditi."

A Paganini? Apage, Ninney!

Sept. 25th. The *New Yorker Abend Zeitung* of to-day

*See as above, p. 150. I wish our orchestra directors would read the entire passage; they play the opening of the symphony here faster than abroad, and make it more like the song of a bird, and less like Fate knocking at the portal.

has the following programme. The first two words are in English and in large letters, the rest is German, which I translate.

SACRED CONCERT

IN THE SHAKESPEARE HOTEL,
Under the direction of Herr NOLL,
Sunday, Sept. 26, 1852.

PROGRAMME.

FIRST PART.

1. Overture to Stradella, Flotow.
2. Toni Waltz, Labitzky.
3. Gipsy Song, Meyerbeer.
4. Spring Galop, Kaiser.
5. Duo Concertante for two violins, Duncle.

[Performed by Messrs. Noll and Beyer.]

SECOND PART.

6. Overture to Oberon, Weber.
7. Tone Stories—Waltzes, Gungl.
8. Finale from "Robert the Devil," Meyerbeer.
9. Haimonskinder—Quadrilles, Strauss.

N. B. It is requested for the ladies' sake, that smoking in the Hall will be forborne. The ante-chamber will be opened for smokers.

Admittance, 12 1-2 cents. To commence at 8 o'clock.

Sacred?! This, I take it, is, to use Dicken's polite phrase, originally, a Boston "dodge."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 2, 1852.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME. This number closes our first half-year. We mark here a division of our yearly issue for two reasons:

1. To accomodate those who prefer *thin* volumes.—Others have only to bind two volumes into one.

2. To indicate a good opportunity, now that the musical year is just commencing, for new subscribers to give in their names. Our Agents will please govern themselves accordingly.

☞ We can supply all numbers of the First Volume, now complete, from the beginning. Price one dollar.

POSTAGE. By the new law, which will go into effect on the 30th inst., the postage on the "Journal of Music," as we understand it, will be *twenty-six* cents a year to places within the State of Massachusetts, or *thirteen* cents if paid in advance; and double these rates to places without the State. To post-offices within the county (*i. e.* in Chelsea, North Chelsea, and Winthrop,) there will be, as at present, no charge for postage.

MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH."

(Concluded.)

The Second Part has for its subject-matter the reaction of the popular sentiment against Elijah, at the instigation of the queen, his sojourn in the wilderness, and his translation to heaven. This is prefaced by a song of warning to Israel: "*Hear ye, Israel,*" for a soprano voice, in B minor, 3-8 time:—one of these quaint little wild flowers of melody again, which seem to have dropped so often from another planet at the feet of Mendelssohn. The short-breathed, syncopated form of the accompaniment, and the continual cadence of the voice through a third give it an expression of singularly childlike innocence and seriousness. Then follows, in the major of the key, in statelier 3-4 measure, and with trumpet *obbligato*, a cheering air, which differs from the last as a bracing October morning from a soft summer Sabbath evening: "*Thus saith the Lord, I am he that comforteth,*" &c., leading into the very spirited chorus in G major: "*Be not afraid, saith God the Lord.*" This has a full, broad, generous, Handelian flow, like a great river "rolling rapidly;" and as your ear detects the mingling separate currents when you heed the river's general roar more closely, so, hurrying, pursuing, mingling, go the voices of the fugue: "*Though thousands languish,*" which gives the chorus a more thoughtful character for a moment, before

they are all merged again in the grand whole of that first strain, "*Be not afraid!*"

One cannot conceive how the scene which follows could have been wrought into music with a more dramatic effect. The prophet denounces Ahab; then the queen in the low tones of deepest excitement, in angry and emphatic sentences of recitative, demands: "*Hath he not prophesied against all Israel?*" "*Hath he not destroyed Baal's prophets?*" "*Hath he not closed the heavens?*" &c.; and to each question comes an ominous, brief choral response: "*We heard it with our ears,*" &c.; and finally the furious chorus: "*Woe to him, he shall perish,*" in which the quick, short, petulant notes of the orchestra seem to crackle and boil with rage.

Yielding to Ohadiah's friendly warning, the prophet journeys to the wilderness; and here we have the tenderest and deepest portions of all this music; here we approach Elijah in his solitary communings and his sufferings; here we feel a more human interest and sympathy for the mighty man of miracle; we forget the terrible denouncer of God's enemies, and love his human heart, all melting to the loveliness of justice, and mourning over Israel's insane separation of herself from God, more than over his own trials. Follow him there! genial guides stand ready to your imagination's bidding: first, the grand old words of the brief and simple Hebrew narrative; then the befitting and congenial music of this modern descendent of the Hebrews, this artist *son of Mendel*. Listen to that grand, deep song which he has put here into the mouth of Elijah: "*It is enough, O Lord; now take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers,*" &c. What resignation! His great soul, bowed to that unselfish sadness, gives you a nobler, more colossal image than the fallen Saturn in the "Hyperion" of Keats. The grave and measured movement of the orchestra marks well his weary, thoughtful, heavy steps. But his soul summons a new energy, the smouldering music blazes up, as he remembers: "*I have been very jealous for the Lord.*"

Follow him! Fatigue brings sleep, and sleep brings angel voices. Let that sweet tenor recitative interpret his wanderings and his whereabouts, and the angelic voices interpret the heaven in his heart. "*Under a juniper tree in the wilderness!*" Mark the quaint simplicity of the words, and how heartily the musical vein in Mendelssohn adapts itself to such child's narrative. And now hear, as the composer heard, the heavenly voices floating down. It is a scene almost as beautiful as that portrayed in Handel's music for the nativity of the Messiah. First a Trio (female voice) without accompaniments: "*Lift thine eyes to the mountains,*" pure and chaste as starlight; then the lovely chorus (for all four parts): "*He watching over Israel, slumbers not, nor sleeps.*" If the Trio was like heaven descending, this is like the peacefulness of earth encompassed with heaven; it has a gentle, soothing, pastoral character, like "There were shepherds watching their flocks by night." The universal bosom seems to heave with the serene feeling of protection, and the heart to throb most joyously, most gently, with the equal and continuous rise and fall of those softly modulated triplets in the accompaniments. Voice after voice breathes out the melody; and what unspeakable tenderness in the new theme which the tenors

introduce: "*Shouldst thou, walking in grief, languish, He will quicken thee.*"

Again follow him! *Forty days and forty nights*: so sings the angel (alto recitative); and again the noble recitative of the prophet, "wrestling with the Lord in prayer": "*O Lord, I have labored in vain; . . . O that I now might die!*" This is relieved by the profoundly beautiful alto song, in the natural key, four-fold measure: "*O rest in the Lord;*" and he resumes: "*Night falleth round me, O Lord! Be thou not far from me; my soul is thirsting for Thee, as a thirsty land;*" which last suggestion the instruments accompany with a reminiscence from that first chorus, descriptive of the drought: "*The harvest now is over,*" &c.

And now he stands upon the mount, and "*Behold! God, the Lord passed by!*" We are too weary with fruitless attempts to convey a notion of the different portions of this oratorio by words, to undertake the same thing with this most descriptive and effective chorus. One cannot but remark the multitude of subjects which the story of Elijah offers for every variety of musical effects. The orchestra preludes the coming of the "*mighty wind.*" Voices, accompanied in loud high unison, proclaim: "*The Lord passed by!*" the storm swells up amid the voices, wave on wave, with brief fury and subsides, and again the voices in whispered harmony pronounce: "*yet the Lord was not in the tempest.*" The same order of treatment is repeated with regard to the "earthquake," and with regard to the "fire." All this is in E minor; the key opens into the major, into the moist, mild, spring-like atmosphere of E major, and the voices in a very low, sweet chorus, in long notes, whisper the coming of the "*still, small voice,*" while the liquid, stroking divisions of the accompaniment seem "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiles." The Seraphim are heard in double chorus, chanting: "*Holy, holy,*" &c., marked by sublime simplicity. One more recitative from the prophet: "*I go on my way in the strength of the Lord,*" with the air: "*For the mountain shall depart,*" during which the instruments tread on with statefully, solid steps, in notes of uniform length, in 6-4 measure;—and we have the marvellously descriptive, awe-inspiring chorus which describes his ascent to heaven in the fiery chariot. There is no mistaking the sound of the swift revolving fiery wheels, suggested by the accompaniment.

Another beautiful tenor song: "*Then shall the righteous shine,*" and a fit conclusion to the whole is made by two grand choruses, foreshadowing the consummation of all prophecy in the God-Man, just leaving off where Handel's "Messiah," the oratorio of oratorios, began. The first: "*Behold, my servant, and mine elect,*" has much of the grandeur, but not the simplicity of Handel. It is separated from the last by an exquisite quartet: "*Come, every one that thirsteth,*" which is wholly in the vein of Mendelssohn. And the whole closes with a solid, massive fugue, in the grand old style: "*Lord, our Creator, how excellent thy name.*"

GOTTSCALK, THE AMERICAN PIANIST.—Our readers will be pleased to learn that this brilliant artist who, though still in the hey-day of youth, has achieved such remarkable success as a pianist among the most influential and intellectual European circles of art, will shortly return to this country, to make his first professional tour in

his native land. He is to leave Liverpool for New York on the 15th November. Gottschalk is a Louisianian by birth, New Orleans being his native city. He will be heartily greeted by all admirers of true genius. *

A Letter from the Publishers of Marx.

[We know nothing of the "attack" alleged in the following, and of course take no responsibility for the "reply." With the personal controversies, or business rivalries of musical professors and publishers a true Journal of Music has simply nothing to do. But as the volume which has been translated and adapted from the great work of Marx is really one of interest to our musical public, we willingly give some space to its publishers in which to state and to defend its merits. — Ed.]

New York, Sept. 20th, 1852.

J. S. DWIGHT, Esq.

Dear Sir:—We have just learned that at a recent musical convention held in your city, a public attack was made upon our edition of "Marx's Musical Composition," by one of the gentlemen who had charge of the convention. As we had no opportunity to reply to this unfounded statement there, will you permit us the favor to do so through your columns.

Without referring to the numerous testimonials of competent judges, it may be sufficient for us to suggest that in addition to the encomium of R. STORRS WILLIS Esq., who adds to a finished classical education, a thorough knowledge of the science of music, and the German language, acquired during years of constant and unremitting study in Germany, and who pronounces that "there can be but one opinion with regard to the manner in which Mr. Saroni has accomplished the translation," and that "it affords a singular instance of a foreigner's use and mastery of the English language," we have the written commendation of Dr MARX himself, who desires us under date of June 23d to "express his sincerest thanks to the translator for the practical and successful manner in which he has accomplished his task."

It would therefore seem that the unprovoked attack alluded to must have arisen from either malice or ignorance. As charity will not allow us to suppose that the former could have found place in the breast of the professor, we are obliged to ascribe his attack to the latter, and suppose that he lacks a sufficient knowledge of German to compare any translation from that language with the original. Under these circumstances we respectfully commend to his consideration the adage:

"Ne Sutor (furnarius) ultra crepidam (fornacem)."

Truly Yours, MASON & LAW.

A CARD.

To "MANY PATRONS." As the length of last Wednesday's programme did not permit of any addition, your request will be cordially complied with in next week's Concert. We also take this opportunity to state that any requests to have particular pieces performed must be handed in before Saturday, as the programmes go to press on that day, and are issued regularly Monday morning.

For the Germania Serenade Band, G. SCHNAPP.
Boston, Oct. 1, 1852.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

ALBONI COMES! Hope will not be so long deferred as we had feared. We have seen a letter from Mr. Brough, the gentlemanly agent of the great Contralto, directing the engagement of the Melodeon immediately on the expiration of Mr. Anderson's nights, which will be about the 16th of October. ALBONI will then feast us with three concerts, after which she will retire from Boston, until she can return and sing in the new Music Hall.

Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN, the young Danish *prima donna*, arrived in this city with her brother, Mr. William Lehmann, of the Quintet Club, on Wednesday in the Canada. She will soon give us a taste of her quality in a concert. Yet her success in dramatic music has been so great in her own land, that we regret the absence of

all prospect of an opera in Boston, or even in New York, this winter. Mlle. L. will combine the attraction of her talent with that of the fine Chamber music of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, in their approaching series of concerts; and we have seen testimony enough to make us sure that it will prove a great attraction.

One of her musical countrymen, in Lowell, hearing of her approach, writes thus, over the signature of J. G., in the *Literary Museum*:

"More than ten years have elapsed since I knew the bud that has blossomed into the rose of twenty-two summers, as a distinguished pupil in the Royal Conservatorio at Copenhagen; and many were the expressions of admiration then and there manifested by the public in her favor. At present, I can only judge of her merits from the weekly attestations of the Danish press which pronounce her the queen of song, as well as of the people, and in the possession of such qualities as enable her to sing the most difficult pieces in all their various shades of perfection."

The last AFTERNOON CONCERT seemed well attended and gave a great deal of genuine delight; yet it was not a paying audience. Are our musical friends aware what good things they are losing? The little orchestra plays admirably. The selections have been made to suit all tastes. The last programme but one was mostly light and brilliant, and the house was only half full. The last concluded with the E flat Symphony of Haydn, which was exquisitely rendered; yet was the audience too small. Must there be always novelty! Well, for the next time they announce the great Symphony by FRANZ SCHUBERT, never attempted yet in Boston. There should be curiosity to hear this, although but few will probably appreciate it in a single hearing. Let there be a fuller audience on Wednesday, lest one more loss discourage the musicians and suddenly cut short these pleasant opportunities.

MR. LEWIS JONES, who now has charge of Amory Hall, has been appointed Superintendent of the new Boston Music Hall.

The Hall is now leased to the "Handel and Haydn Society" for every Sunday evening for five years; to the "Musical Fund Society" and to the "Germanians" for their concerts; also to the "Mercantile Library Association," for thirty evenings, and to the religious society of the Rev. Theodore Parker for the Sunday forenoons.

New York.

MADAME SONTAG'S FIRST CONCERT, on Monday evening, was a triumphant and complete success. In numbers and character of audience, in the scale of liberality and completeness in which the whole thing was arranged, and in the enthusiasm kindled by her singing, it was analogous to the great Jenny Lind nights. Not a few of the Gotham newspaper critics hesitate not already to pronounce the Sontag the superior artist to the Lind; but we shall wait till we have heard her, at least several times, before we shall be convinced of that;—meanwhile not doubting that she is one of the world's very greatest artists. Waiting with patient faith until our own turn comes to hear her, we can only now quote briefly from the first impressions of the New Yorkers.

All write in praise of the glorious orchestra, numbering seventy-two of the best resident artists, under the perfect conductorship of Herr ECKERT, and of the unrivalled manner in which the overtures to *Der Freyschütz* and "Midsummer Night's Dream" were played. All of course were delighted with JAELE's brilliant piano forte execution (though some regretted that he did not honor the occasion by selecting from some more classic author than De Meyer); and with the violin solo of young master PAUL JULIEN, "whose performances have an intrinsic merit, entitling them to a place in these programmes, independent of his precocity, which is so genuine and extraordinary as to remind us of the youth of Mozart." Of POZZOLINI the tenor it is said, that he has a fine voice, sweet and flexible, though limited in power and compass, that he sings with tenderness and expression, but that his effort was quite ineffective on account of indisposition. Had he been Mario, his chance would have been small while all were waiting for the first notes of the Queen of the evening. It is as well to imagine the enthusiasm which burst forth at her first appearance, reluctantly subsiding only when she began to sing the first notes of the andante of *Come per me sereno*. This, and her second piece, "Rode's Variations," are both of the extremely florid order, in which all accounts agree that Sontag never is excelled. The *Tribune* says:

"The sparkling delicacy and beauty of her runs, trills and cadenzas, must be heard to be appreciated. It was delightful to hear a singer whose style thus perfectly embodied the traditions of the time anterior to Verdi and Meyerbeer, when screaming and singing were not regarded as identical. What pleasure to listen to the notes flowing pure and true, and polished like pearls and diamonds from her lips!"

She also sang an air from *Linda* and two little "songs for the million," of which the *Evening Post* speaks in the following terms:

"Sontag next gave, with a chorus accompaniment, a tender Swiss air, set for her expressly by Eckert, and, we think, on purpose to show that those remarkable ventriloquial effects, which made Jenny Lind's Echo Songs so famous, are within reach of any first-class singer. In delicacy, in refinement, in the sweet and simple charms of natural feeling, as well as in the accomplishment of difficulties, it was the gem of the concert, and, in our estimation, greatly surpassed the mountain song of the great Swede. The receding cadences were inexpressibly soft and exquisite, and vanished away like the stars that melt into the sky. They who have heard the groups of Italian *contadini*, or Swiss peasants, as they leave the cities in the twilight, and begin to ascend the mountains, singing as they go, their voices growing less and less with the distance, until they fade into the merest murmur, of which you are doubtful whether you hear it or not, will derive a double pleasure from this graceful and entrancing imitation of Sontag. . . . Her conception of 'Home' was different from Jenny Lind's, more in accordance with the popular idea, but less pleasing. A sombre, deep repose pervades her rendering, as if the soul, weary of the distractions of life, sank down to its home to an endless tranquility and rest; but in the conception of Jenny Lind, a cheerful serenity and happiness was the motive, and she sometimes gave the refrain with a sudden, almost exuberant gush of joy, like the cry of a prodigal who had found peace at last. For this reason, among others, we rather prefer the version of the latter, though Sontag's is full of solemn beauty."

The following from the *Tribune*, seems in unison with all that we have heard hitherto from the most calmly appreciative judges:

"Sontag's voice is a mezzo-soprano of good compass, reaching, we judge, from B flat, below the staff, to C above. The lower register has been least impaired by time, and is ringing and metallic; the upper notes, although clear in tone and perfect in intonation, have lost somewhat of their original power and sweetness, and have to be taken with perceptible caution. The shake is preserved in exquisite perfection, and in point of flexibility, there can nothing more wonderful be desired, although this quality is evidently rather an attainment than a gift. We are not sure but the predominate feeling last night was amazement at the infallible dexterity with which vocal difficulties were annihilated. The school in which Sontag sings is characterized by extraordinary execution and profuse embellishment. She revels in those *floriture* passages which display the utmost limit of vocal proficiency. Every phrase is elaborated to its highest finish, and we sometimes fancied the sentiment of the composer obscured by the improvised cadenzas of the *cantatrice*. One of the faults of this school is that the science of the singer is forced obtrusively into notice when a rigid adherence to the composer's text would interpret his idea with greater truth and beauty; and we think that in no portion of Sontag's performance is the *Artist* more clearly revealed than in those pure and classic passages, which occasionally flow from her lips, as if to show that in her inmost soul, is realized the highest conception of her subject. Alas, that Time should lay its ruthless touch, ever so lightly, upon one so nobly gifted! The listener will miss the incomparable charm of youth, but let him thank the gods, that so much remains of the rival of Pisaroni and Malibran."

(The musical correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* protests against even the "ever so light" qualification implied in the last two sentences.)

We presume all our readers have heard that the concert realized \$6,000. Of the second concert, which took place on Wednesday, we can only say that there was no abatement of audience or interest. Everything now promises a more splendid career in America, than was hitherto deemed credible, for the great German *prima donna*.

ALBONI'S CONCERT THAT WAS TO BE. All the upper portion of the city suffered a "total eclipse" last night, at about 7 1-2 o'clock, in consequence of a transient stoppage in the flow of gas. Metropolitan Hall having been included in the universal dispensation, the manager of Alboni's Concert did not try the effect of Job's patent remedy, but at once closed the doors and announced the concert postponed until some more auspicious occasion, which we since learn is to take place on Tuesday evening next.—*Tribune*.

Philadelphia.

MADAME ALBONI'S single concert here, on Monday evening, was the great event of the season, and exhausts the whole vocabulary of admiration in those who report of music in the newspapers.

ADELINA PATTI. Considerable interest has been created in the musical circles of Philadelphia by the performances of Adelina Patti, of New York, who possesses a wonderfully clear, powerful, flexible soprano voice, which, in its compass, reaches through two-and-a-half octaves. She is capable of singing Jenny Lind's Echo Song, difficult as it is, with a distinctness and precision truly wonderful. The age of this remarkable artist is but nine years. She is destined to become most distinguished in her profession, apparently treading in the path of the child Malibran and the child Sontag.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP'S English Opera Company is now, it seems, a settled fact, and will open here in Novem-

ber, with Von Flotow's opera called *Martha*. *Fitzgerald's City Item* thus enumerates the *personale* of the troupe:

"The talented and sprightly Miss Rosa Jacques, who created such a sensation at the Walnut some time past, in her spirited delineation of *La Fille du Regiment*, is to be the *mezzo soprano* and *contralto*, and indeed it will be a great treat to hear a duet between Anna Bishop and Miss Rosa. Mrs. Barton Hill has joined the company, and we have no doubt that her sweet and charming voice, added to her excellent acting, will be of great use to Bochsa, who, we hear, wishing that every part in an opera should be performed by efficient singers, and not merely by comedians, in order not to mutilate or destroy the effect of the concerted pieces, has enlisted an excellent corps of people of talent for second parts. Signor Guidi, the well known gentlemanly tenor, just returned from a tour through England, France and Italy, has been secured, and Bochsa could not do anything better, as Guidi has a sweet and powerful voice, an excellent method, a full knowledge of the stage, and speaks and sings English perfectly well. Signor Guidi belonged once to Maretzek's troupe, but at the request of many of his Boston friends he left the stage for concert singing, and he was appointed first tenor of the Handel and Haydn Societies. In his last continental tour, Guidi sang in England *La Sonnambula* and *Linda* in the English language, and in France he sang with great success the *Favorite* and *Lucia*, in French. Lench, the admirable Baritone, is engaged, as is also Signor Strini, a Bass of the greatest profundity, and who, it is said, takes the double F just as easily as if he had one more octave below to please his friends with. Henry Phillips is coming, who is to bring another Tenor, and perhaps another Soprano."

From Philadelphia, the Company will proceed to New York and Boston.

The MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY will revive their concerts this winter in the hall which bears their name, and which for its size is perhaps the best music hall in the country.

The HARMONIA SOCIETY is a new organization for the performance of Sacred Music, which has just erected a spacious building for its purposes on Chestnut Street, in which it will give one or two concerts during the winter. Mr. Stanbridge is building a splendid organ for the hall, which (as is said of almost all new organs) "will, without doubt, be the best, as well as the largest in this country."

England.

BIRMINGHAM. The London press teems with lengthy reports of the continuation of the Festival. We resume our abstract with the evening performance of the first day (Tuesday, Sept. 7th). This was a miscellaneous concert, consisting of the "First Walpurgis Night," and a selection from the favorite songs, duets, scenes, overtures, &c., of the last London season. Mendelssohn's wild and picturesque musical poem, though over an hour long, was listened to with profound attention. The *Times* says:

"The wonderful power of the stringed instruments in the band was fully shown in the opening instrumental movement in A minor, describing stormy weather in the Hartz mountains—in the spring chorus, 'Now May again'—and in the incantation, where the Druids frighten the Roman soldiers from the place of their religious ceremonies. We have seldom heard this last wild and magnificent scene given with more overpowering effect. It must be owned that the Birmingham sopranos and altos, in the passage in A minor, 'Come with torches,' threw into shade all the efforts we remember on the part of the lady-choristers of London in the *Walpurgis Night*, whether at Exeter-hall or at the Hanover-square Rooms. The entire performance, indeed, was worthy of Mendelssohn, and of this great festival, which he did so much to sustain and render prosperous. The sublime chorus at the end; 'Unclouded now the flame is bright,' when the Druids, having scared away their enemies, the Romans, chant their orisons to the god of nature, un molested, delivered with appropriate grandeur and solemnity, was a fitting and effective climax."

Of the lesser varieties in the programme the same authority remarks:

"The only encore of the evening was awarded to the overture of *Guillaume Tell*, which was played with extraordinary vigor and brilliancy. The *finale* to the third act of *Mosé* was spoiled by curtailments that reduced it to a mere skeleton. Nevertheless the magnificent voice of Signor Tamberlik in the concluding *allegro*, produced, as at the Royal Italian Opera, an effect not to be resisted. The other solo parts were taken by Madame Castellan, Mademoiselle Bertrand, Signors Belletti, Polonini, and Mr. Lockey. The *finale* from the third act of *Musaniello* would have been better without the noisy *coda* which follows the prayer, and, away from the stage, is devoid of meaning. Signor Tamberlik produced a highly favorable impression in the fine air from *Faust*. Mademoiselle Anna Zerr, in the variations of Proch, accomplished feats of vocalization which justified the reputation she

enjoys as one of the greatest of *bravura* singers. . . . Signor Belletti, an old and deserved favorite at Birmingham, in the air from the *Siege de Corinthe*, manifested those qualities which have justly gained him the title of one of the most perfect singers of Rossini's florid music. He experienced a highly flattering reception. The long duet from the *Prophète*, well as it was executed by Mesdames Viardot and Castellan, was wholly out of place in a concert-room, and produced little effect. . . . The *Martiri* duet (by Castellan and Tamberlik), with its animated *coda* 'O santa melodia'—the air of the page, from the *Huguenots* (by Miss Dolby)—the air, with chorus, of Sarastro, from the first *finale* in *Il Flauto Magico* (by Herr Formes)—the romance, 'Deh vieni,' from *Figaro* (by Madame Novello)—and last, not least, the duet for violin and violoncello, on themes from *Guillaume Tell* (by Sainton and Piatti), were among the gems of the concert. A line apart is due to Mlle. Bertrand, who sang the *Robert toi que j'aime* with more than common feeling, and richly merited the applause she obtained. Madame Castellan's 'O luce di quest'anima' was a brilliant and effective performance; and the splendid overture to *Jessonda* was played quite as well, and quite as well deserved an encore, as that to *Guillaume Tell*. To conclude, Madame Viardot's version of the *finale* from *Cenevntola*—*largo* and *rondo* (*Non piu mesta*)—was dexterous and finished to the last degree; but, for taste, brilliancy, and quality of voice, it was a very long way behind that of Alboni, who, in the execution of this singularly effective piece, has rendered competition impossible."

Wednesday, Second Day.—A bright sun, and the streets all animation. The morning programme included a Motet (for the first time) by Mendelssohn: "Savior of Sinners;" the same composer's Posthumous Oratorio: "Christus;" an Anthem by Dr. Wesley; and "The Creation." Up to this moment, the *Times* well says, it had been, strictly speaking, a Mendelssohn festival. But this seems to have afforded unanimous satisfaction, for really the English enthusiasm about Mendelssohn is unbounded.

"The motet of Mendelssohn, performed for the first time in this country, is an English Protestant version (by Mr. Bartholomew) of an 'Ave Maria,' in A major, composed many years ago. The score is for eight principal voices (two sopranos, two altos, two tenors, and two basses) with chorus, accompanied by two clarinets, two bassoons, and an organ. We have only time to say that it is a very elaborate, ingenious, and beautiful piece of writing. The public, however, was quite in the dark about its merits, since the performance this morning was anything but what it should have been.

"With the fragments from *Christus* the case was otherwise. It was, we believe, the intention of Mendelssohn to compose four oratorios, the subjects of two (*St. Paul* and *Christus*) from the New, and of two (*Elijah* and *Isaiah*) from the Old Testament. That only two of these were finished is well-known—*St. Paul* and *Elijah*, one from the New and one from the Old Testament. The third taken in hand was *Christus*; during the progress of which death snatched the great musician away. What was finished of *Christus* is provokingly little—the more provokingly since it raises unbounded anticipations of excellence and perfection. A trio in G, for tenor and two basses, ('Say where is He born, the King of Judea,' we give the titles after the English version of Mr. Bartholomew)—a chorus in E flat, 'There shall a star from Jacob come forth,' ending with a *chorale* in the same key—a scene, composed of recitatives and choruses, for Pontius Pilate and the Jews, the subject being the unwillingness of Pilate to deliver up Jesus, and the determination of the Jews to crucify him; a chorus in G minor, 'Daughters of Zion,' and a *chorale*, in C, 'He leaves His heavenly portals.' These, luckily individually finished and scored, are all that is left of the third oratorio of Mendelssohn. The trio, a piece of flowing and natural melody, and the chorus in E flat—a strain of transcendent beauty and freshness—have relation to the birth of the Savior, and belong to the epoch when the Wise Men of the East set out on their journey to do him homage. The scene with Pilate, incomplete as a scene, is nevertheless enough to show that it would have surpassed in terrible sublimity all the previous essays of the composer. The chorus, 'Crucify Him,' in C minor, though brief, is a tremendous picture of a blind and infuriate mob, giving loose to bigotry and all its most cruel and ignorant prejudices, while the other choruses of the people are in their way equally striking and impressive. The recitatives of Pilate are extremely fine, and forcibly convey the indecision that holds him in suspense—the wish to save an innocent man and the cowardice that renders him the abject slave of the mob. In plaintive and pathetic beauty even Mendelssohn has not surpassed the chorus in G minor, in which the daughters of Zion are admonished to 'weep for themselves.' The beauty of the melody, the novelty of the orchestral accompaniments, and the richness of the harmony are unparalleled. The expression of the passage, 'For surely the days are coming when they shall exclaim to the mountains, fall down upon us,' is terrific, the change of harmony on the last four words conveying a feeling quite as novel as it is profound. The last *chorale* having reference to another part of the history of the Savior, the chief incidents whereof were evidently intended to be embodied in the oratorio, is a noble and simple piece of harmony. At present we can say no more about the fragments of *Christus*, time and space pressing; but there can be little

doubt that we shall have other opportunities of alluding to them at greater length, for they represent the genius of Mendelssohn in the fullness of its strength and majesty. The impression they created was solemn and deep.

"The anthem (in E major) of Dr. Wesley was unfortunately placed between the *Christus* and the *Creation*. The sublimity of the first made it appear insignificant, while the *ad captandum* tune and brilliancy of the last made too favorable a contrast to the dry elaboration of the anthem to be agreeable to its admirers.

"The performance of Haydn's great work was throughout admirable. Mme. Novello and Mme. Castellan sang both so well that the friendly rivalry ended in a verdict which divided the palm of merit equally between them. With this light and popular oratorio restrictions against applause are difficult to enforce; and, as was to be expected, it broke out successively after 'With verdure clad' (Madame Novello), 'In native worth' (Mr. Sims Reeves), 'In splendor bright' (Mr. Lockey), and 'Rolling in foaming billows' (Herr Formes), all of which were given in first-rate style. In the last the scale of superb bass notes, through which Herr Formes descends to the double D, created an impression that threatened to put aside the edicts of committee-men and set decorum at defiance. The choruses went to perfection, and the band was irreproachable."

The second Evening Concert opened with Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, (one of the London critics has it "the splendid symphony from 'Jupiter'!") magnificently played; followed by morceaux of Italian opera, Schubert's "Wanderer," &c. But the great novelty was the *Finale* of Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, *Loreley*, concerning which we quote the *Chronicle*:

"*Loreley* was a subject to which Mendelssohn, wisely fastidious (like Meyerbeer, and unlike too many other composers) in his choice of a *libretto*, had, after much difficulty in obtaining what he desired, addressed himself with full satisfaction. The poem is from the pen of Geibel, a popular German poet. The story is one of the hundred romances of the Rhine, of which river *Loreley* is one of the spirits. We are introduced in the *finale* in question to what was probably intended for the end of the first act. *Leonora*, a young bride, has been deceived and abandoned, while her love was in its very bloom of freshness, and she burns for a terrible vengeance. She seeks the river and calls upon its spirits to help her. They respond to her cry, and promise her all she requires. She asks for fatal beauty, and powers of fascination that shall enchant the senses of all upon whom she may choose to make trial. The magic gifts are promised, and the price—for she avows herself willing to make any sacrifice in return—is, that she shall be wedded to the Rhine, and give her affection to its spirits. She instantly consents—tears her veil, in type of the rending of her love from all she loved before—and flings her bridal ring into the stream. The *finale* terminates with a reiterated pledge by the water spirits that *Leonora* shall have vengeance.

"The commencement of the fragment is where the groups of spirits assemble. It opens in E minor, and as fresh flights of fays arrive from the water and from the air, the music seems to represent the bubbles rising to the surface of the stream as the spirits ascend from its depths, and then again the whirling and waving of wings. Next there is a movement in A minor, in which their eager and mischievous tendencies are set forth; and then you are hurried along in a perfect storm, as the spirits describe their rush over land and deep. . . .

"The revelling spirits are interrupted by the entrance of *Leonora*, who bewails her fate, in an *andante* in F sharp minor. She vehemently demands 'where tarries the justice of Heaven,' and the spirit chorus twice echoes her indignant words. This passage is full of lyrical passion and power. She makes her demand, and the least educated ear can hear the spirits gathering up around her. They bid her tell her desire. Her solo in answer is a fiery, hasty piece of indignant and womanly utterance, exceedingly effective. The music in which the dread stipulation is made is very strange and ghastly, and the low, slow, and fiendish tone of the spirits thrills through the auditor. There is a fine solemnity about the passage, 'To the Rhine thou shalt be wedded,' and *Leonora's* long drawn notes on 'Agreed! Thus!' as she reads her veil, introduce a beautiful and most affecting written passage, in which she resigns all her earthly love. The conclusion of the scene is heightened with a burst of wild revengeful exultation.

"The whole scene is full of beauty, and its markedly dramatic character is another evidence of Mendelssohn's perfect knowledge of the requirements of the lyrical drama. It occupied but a very brief portion of the evening; but the impression it created will not easily be obliterated."

"Its execution, (the *Times* says) presented much that was commendable, but left quite as much to be desired. Mme. Novello has not enough of passion and dramatic fire for the principal part, with which, nevertheless, she took infinite pains.

"A few words must dismiss the second part of the concert. The overture to *Der Freischütz* was encored in a tumult of applause, and not less genuine was the unanimous call for a repetition of the *bravura* air of the Queen of Night (*Zauberflöte*), which Mlle. Anna Zerr sang with wonderful power and unerring certainty in the extreme high notes. Mr. Lockey gave the true expression to the devotional song of Beethoven; and Miss Dol-

by was equally at home in the quaint old air of Rossi, which she has been mainly instrumental in making popular. The trio from *Guillaume Tell* was confined to the *adagio*, in which the resonant voice of Tamberlik told with superb effect. Mr. Frank Mori's very clever and dramatic *scena*, admirably sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, was received with great favor. *Fridolin* will be remembered as the *cantata*, with chorus, founded on Schiller's well-known poem, which produced so great an effect last year at the Worcester Festival. The music of Gluck gave Mme. Viardot an opportunity of exhibiting her fine powers of declamation to the highest advantage; the duet from the *Huguenots*, by Mme. Castellan and Formes, long and essentially theatrical as it is, was listened to with pleasure; Tamberlik sang the 'Re del Ciel' superbly; and Mlle. Bertrandi again attracted favorable notice by her careful execution of the *aria* of Elvira, one of the most difficult of the vocal compositions of Mozart. In the *finale* to the second act of Rossini's masterpiece, the solo parts were sung with great effect by Tamberlik, Polonini, and Formes.

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VOL. II.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1852.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Carl Czerny on his Relations to Beethoven, 1801 to 1826.

[DEAR DWIGHT:—Some anecdotes which you quoted from *Cocks's Musical Miscellany*, attributed to Carl Czerny, lead me to translate for you the following letter by Czerny, which I copied with my own hand last year in Vienna. In none of the many English publications, which I have examined, has any translation of this appeared.

Czerny was born February 21, 1791, at Vienna, and was therefore 20 years younger than Beethoven.

In this translation no attempt has been made at elegance, especially in the letters of the mighty master. Beethoven's defective early education is exhibited in all his letters, and adds to the difficulty of making a translation both literal, characteristic and intelligible.

New York, Sept. 25, 1852.

A. W. T.]

During the first ten years my relation to him was that of a scholar to his master. In later years, from about 1810 onward, the relation, on my side, became that of the deepest reverence for and the most heartfelt love to the great Master, whose works I always studied with peculiar satisfaction and in preference to others; and on his, that of the most sincere, kindly feelings, which—with him a rare thing—were never disturbed by any caprice. For the most part he was pleased with my style of performing his compositions, and often gave utterance to his satisfaction. I also believe that, through my long acquaintance with him, and my constant attendance upon the Schuppanzigh concerts, I acquired a right understanding of the spirit of his works, of the time in

which they should be played, their nice shades of expression [*humoristischen Nuancirungen*], &c., at that time when he was understood by few. Still he reproofed every mistake with a salutary frankness, which will ever remain unforgotten by me.

As I, for instance, once (in 1812) at one of the meetings at Schuppanzigh's played in the quintet with wind instruments, I allowed myself, with youthful indiscretion, to make various changes—adding to the difficulty of the transition passages, employing the upper octaves, &c.,—Beethoven rightly upbraided me for this in the presence of Schuppanzigh, Linke and the other accompanists. The next day I received from him the following note, which I here copy exactly after the original, now lying before me.

"DEAR CZERNY:—I cannot see you to-day. To-morrow I will come myself to speak with you. I broke out yesterday so—I was very sorry when it was over, but you must forgive this in an author, who would rather have heard his work precisely as it was written, however beautifully you played in other respects. I shall, however, *openly* make that all good again, with the violoncello Sonata.*

"Be assured that I cherish the most kindly feelings toward you as an artist, and shall take pains ever to prove[it] to you. Your true friend,
BEETHOVEN."

This letter did more than all else to cure me, in performing his works, of the passion to allow myself to make any change whatsoever, and I wish that it might prove of equal influence upon all pianists.

In the year 1815, I began, at his request, the instruction of his nephew Carl, whom he had just then adopted, and from that time forth, I saw him almost daily, as he usually came to my house with the little fellow. I am also in the possession of many letters of his of that period, of which I impart one, as musically noteworthy, and like the other exactly copied from the original.

"MY DEAR CZERNY:—I pray you to handle Carl with as much patience as possible, even though things do not yet go as you and I may wish; otherwise he will accomplish still less; for (one must not let him know it) for he is by the bad arrangement of his lessons put too much on the stretch.† Unfortunately this cannot be immediately changed; therefore treat him as much

* The next week I had his violoncello Sonata to perform with Linke.

† His nephew was at the time in a boarding school.

as possible with love, nevertheless be in *earnest*. Better results will then follow for Carl under these really unfavorable circumstances.

"As to his practising, when with you, I pray you after he has once caught the proper fingering, and can play in time, and also the notes pretty correctly, then first to call his attention to the matter of execution; and when he is once so far forward, not let him stop for *slight errors*, but call his attention to them at the end of the piece. Although I have given but few lessons, I have always pursued this method. It soon forms *musicians*, which in fact is one of the noblest objects of art, and is less wearying to both master and pupil. In certain passages, such as



I wished occasionally to have all the fingers employed; also in such as these:



So that the player may glide over them [*damit man dergleichen schleifen könne*]. True enough, such passages sound, as they say, "pearl played" or "like a pearl," with fewer fingers, but one wishes occasionally a different workmanship (*geschmiede*)—At another time more. I wish you to receive all this with the love, with which only I have said or thought it, at all events I am and shall ever remain your debtor. May my sincerity moreover serve as a pledge to you of the future discharge of what I owe you, so far as it is possible. . . . Your sincere friend,

BEETHOVEN."

Well worthy of note in this interesting letter, is the very correct opinion, that one must not weary the talent of a scholar, by being too particular in trifles—(in regard to which, much, I grant, depends upon the character of the pupil)—as well as the characteristic finger exercises and their influence upon execution.

Still more valuable, by far, were B.'s oral remarks upon musical matters of all kinds, upon other composers, etc., concerning whom he always expressed himself with the greatest decision,

pointed and often caustic wit, and ever from that lofty point of view, on which his genius placed him, and from which he surveyed the Art. His judgment, therefore, even in regard to classic names, was for the most part severe, and was uttered with the feeling of his equality to them. At a lesson, which I once gave to his nephew, he said to me:

"You must not think that you are doing me a pleasure, when you give him pieces of *mine* to practice. I am not so childish as to wish anything of the sort. Give him what you think will be for his good."

I mentioned Clementi.

"Yes, yes," said he, "Clementi is right good," and added, laughing, "Give Carl, for the present, that which is according to rule, until he at length comes to that which is irregular."

After such odd fancies, which he contrived to bring into almost every speech, he was in the habit of bursting out into a shout of laughter. The critics having at a former period often reproached him with his disregard of the rules, he was in the habit of joking about it with great humor.

At that time (1816) I began to have music meetings on Sundays at my house for the benefit of my numerous pupils, in the presence of a very select circle of friends, which were continued for several years. Beethoven was almost always present, and extemporized several times with friendly willingness, and with all that richness of ideas, which distinguished his improvisations as much as, yes, often more than, his written works.

Since on these occasions his works were for the most part performed and he gave the time, I believe that on this point I am fully acquainted with the master's will in relation to his works—even the Symphonies, which were often performed arranged for two pianos.*

Having become compelled (about 1820) to add the labors of a composer to those of instruction, to which until that time I had exclusively devoted myself, I was compelled to give up these music parties, as every minute of my time now became employed.

Still, I continued to see Beethoven very often, especially at Baden,† where he, as well as I with my parents, was in the habit of spending each summer, and where I often went with him to walk, sometimes dined, etc. Two days before his death I visited him once more for the last time, with Haslinger, Pieringer, and some others, and received for the last time the pressure of his hand.

Some weeks afterward I was a member of the commission, which looked through his musical effects, and sorted them for the approaching auction.

CARL CZERNY.

Sept. 16th, 1845.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Piano-Forte.

MR. EDITOR:—As the Piano-Forte is now an instrument so widely and generally used, a sketch of its origin and history may not be amiss to the readers of your valuable journal.

The piano undoubtedly takes its form from a

* About the time this letter was written, Schindler had excited a violent controversy in Germany as to the proper time in which B.'s works should be played. He had, in a very ungentlemanly manner at least, found fault with the time given to a Symphony at a great festival on the Rhine.—T.

† A watering place near Vienna, not Baden-Baden.—T.

harp, inserted in a case, whose strings were first set in motion by goosequills, and afterwards by hammers by means of the keys as we see it now. The name piano-forte (soft-loud) was given to it from the facility with which it could be played soft or loud.

Until the middle of the 18th century the *Clavecin* alone was used; and before this the *Spinnette*, *Clavicembalo*, etc., whose strings were pinched by parts of goosequills on account of their elasticity, resembling much a toothpick. Silbermann, an organ manufacturer in Germany, perfected the old Clavecin, which was utterly incapable of being used with any degree of *piano* or *forte*, into the piano as we know it now, and it was on those pianos that John Sebastian Bach played in Berlin before the music-loving Frederic the Great. Silbermann died in 1756, the year of Mozart's birth. The color of the keys on those instruments was exactly the reverse of what it is in these days, and all old organs in Germany, France and Italy, have the under keys black and the upper ones white.

The Grand Piano, or *Flügel*, also, as the Germans call it, did not take its present form until it had been built with the strings running upwards in a perpendicular line, resembling in shape somewhat a giraffe, from which animal it received its name; but its shape and action being not very desirable, Streicher, in Vienna, changed it to the present form. In France, Sebastian Erard was one of the first to make grand pianos (*piano à queue*), and in England, Broadwood. The Vienna pianos have a much lighter touch than either English or French, and not so much volume of sound as the two last mentioned. The founder of a school of pianists is Muzio Clementi, born in Rome 1752; he settled in London and had amongst others, Hummel, T. B. Cramer and John Field, as pupils. Charles Meyer, pupil of Field, sustains in Russia the reputation of Clementi's school; but his best scholar, Hummel, was destined to surpass by far his master and to found a school of German pianists in Vienna. Clementi's *Gradus ad Parnassum* is the basis of all later studies for the piano, as Cramer's, Bertini's, &c., and ought to be well known by all who profess to study the piano thoroughly and expect to attain a masterly execution. His *Gradus* is as valuable for the pianist as Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord" for the organist in the severe style. Clementi's school is remarkable for its *legato* style, its beautiful method, and its elegance and purity.

Hummel's school in Germany is essentially the same, only carried farther and more difficult; his principal scholars are Ries, Moscheles, Pixis, Mendelssohn, Hiller, Benedict, etc. Hummel's finest compositions are: the Septuor, op. 74, the masterwork of all piano compositions with other instruments; his Concertos in A and B minor, and A flat; his Trios, principally the one dedicated to Cramer, in E major; his brilliant Rondos with orchestral accompaniment; his Sonatas op. 13 and 81; his Fantasia op. 18; and the famous Sonata for four hands, op. 92. Hummel was one of the greatest improvisators on the piano, and as Mozart's favorite pupil in harmony and the management of the orchestra may be ranked equal with Beethoven. It is only to be regretted that he lived in the same period with Beethoven, otherwise he would have given Symphonies to the world; but his modesty prevented him from rivaling Beethoven in this field of art and directed

his genius mostly to piano works, with and without orchestra. In these he is unrivalled. Take his A minor Concerto for example, what a unity of form, what a treatment of the orchestra! truly, it is worthy of Mozart himself.

Amongst all musicians the pianist ought to regard himself as privileged, because independently of their especial compositions, the greatest men, as Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Onslow, etc., have written for the piano. These eminent artists have not considered the piano under the same point of view as the pianists; the piano was for them a *means*, while for the latter it is their *end*. We have from Mozart seventeen volumes of piano music; about twenty Concertos, two of which are for two pianos; those Concertos with orchestra *obligato* are the *ne plus ultra* of beauty.

Beethoven has composed about one hundred works for the piano. Nothing can be finer than his Concertos in E flat and G major; the orchestra is there treated as one ought to expect from the author of the immortal Symphonies. His Trios, Sonatas with violin and 'cello, are models of their kind; his Symphonies have been arranged for the piano by Hummel and Kalkbrenner, and for two performers by Czerny, as those of Haydn and Mozart likewise.

The four-hand Sonatas by Onslow contain beauties of the first order. What richness! and this is not yet all, because the works for the theatre and church can be reproduced on the piano. What an admirable instrument, on which one can with his ten fingers interpret the sublime creations of so many masters! This is an orchestra which you have under your hands; you can conduct it with such an *ensemble* and expression, that it doubles the effect of the execution. The division of the octave with its black keys contains the whole harmonic system under your hand, and seems to me a real wonder of intelligence.

Let us hear now what Hummel says in his celebrated Instruction Book on the art of learning and teaching the piano: "The piano forte is, at present, more generally used than any other musical instrument, and with reason; for it is less likely than any other to prove injurious to the health of even the feeblest individual, and has, besides, this important advantage: that the performer does not require the coöperation of any other instrument to produce the fullest and most perfect harmony. These valuable qualities, added to the extensive compass which it has acquired within the last twenty years, have contributed to introduce it into universal favor and use, and have given birth to that high degree of execution upon it, now so generally diffused.

"Since the whole edifice of instruction depends upon the *first principles* laid down as a foundation, parents, in the choice of a master, should direct their attention less towards *cheapness* of instruction, than to ascertain that he possesses the following qualifications: 1. That he is thoroughly conversant with the principles of his art, and one who has, himself, received the best instructions; because evil habits, arising in the commencement, through neglect, are not to be laid aside at a later period without great difficulty, and sometimes continue altogether incurable. 2. That his method of instruction is good and intelligible; that he conducts himself towards children with patience and kindness, etc. For the first half year, and, if possible, for even the first entire year,

every beginner requires one hour's daily instruction; because the pupil is, as yet, incapable of assisting himself, and if left too long alone, it is to be feared that, by contracting bad habits, he will rather injure than benefit himself."

We hope these words addressed by such a master to parents and teachers, will not be spoken in vain. Hummel's method has been translated and re-published here in Boston, by David Paine, some years ago. P.

Theatrical Statistics of Paris.

There are five-and-twenty theatres in Paris. Those now open contain about 34,000 places. The number of persons who attend these theatres is reckoned at about 20,000 every evening. Three-quarters of these pay the full price; a quarter enter gratuitously, or at a reduced scale of admission.

Besides these five-and-twenty theatres, there are, in Paris, 156 other places of public amusement, such as *cafés spectacles*, *cafés lyriques*, public balls, &c., visited, on an average, by 24,000 persons daily.

During the last forty years, the gross receipts of all the establishments comprised in both these categories have varied from 11 to 15 millions of francs a year. With regard to the theatres more particularly, the receipts, which amounted to 4,800,000 francs in 1810, rose to 9,864,000 francs in 1849. It does not follow from this, however, that the financial position of each theatre was better in the latter year than in the former, for, in the first case, the sum mentioned was only divided among ten theatres, while in the last it was shared among five-and-twenty; but of course a greater number of individuals subsisted upon the public taste for amusement.

The number of actors in all France is about 6,000, of whom Paris alone supports 2,043. These are divided into 1,142 men and 901 women, for all kinds of dramatic representations. They are sub-divided into 893 actors and actresses, 552 choristers or figurantes, and 698 supernumeraries.

It has been reckoned that the actors and actresses receive annually 3,002,340 francs, the choristers 377,450 francs, and the supernumeraries 155,200 francs.

The musicians employed in the orchestras of the five-and-twenty theatres form a total of 639 persons. Their annual salaries are 601,050 francs.

Besides the persons already mentioned, there are a great number employed in the internal service of the theatres; such are the box-office keepers, the check-takers, the hall-porters, the wardrobe-keepers, cleaners, &c. Their number is reckoned at 575, namely, 520 men and 55 women. Their salaries amount to 350,000 francs a-year.

We must not, in our list, omit an interesting class, namely, the women who open the boxes, all the box-keepers in Paris being females. There are 467 of them employed in the five-and-twenty theatres. The greater portion of them receive nothing for their services save what they obtain in the shape of voluntary donations on the part of the public. It is a singular fact that there are only two theatres, and those two theatres placed at the two opposite ends of the dramatic ladder, which form an exception to this rule. These two theatres are the *Comédie Française* and the *Petit Lazar*, where the box openers are paid so much a year. Everywhere else the only hope they have of obtaining a dinner on the morrow is founded upon their receipts for taking care of the bonnets and cloaks, and for furnishing the ladies with little footstools to rest their feet on.

The administration of the various theatres gives employment to 125 persons, namely, managers, stage-managers, inspectors, treasurers, secretaries, copyists, &c. If we add to these the prompters and the musical copyists, who are 55 in number, we obtain a total of 180 persons employed, and receiving 390,000 francs a-year.

Such is a list of those, more or less directly

gaining their livelihood, either on the stage itself or in the administration. We have now to consider the work-people, of whom there are 630; 470 men, and 160 women, who may be divided as follows:—140 tailors, costumiers, &c., 160 machinists, 80 carpenters, 25 blacksmiths, 30 carpetmen, 35 scene painters, 150 dressmakers for women's dresses, and 10 women to sew carpets. The sum total of the salaries of these work-people is 589,000 francs a-year; most of them are paid annually.

The number of hairdressers and wigmakers in the different theatres of Paris is 70; 80 persons gain their subsistence by taking care of the cloak-rooms. In this account we have not mentioned a number of individuals who are employed only occasionally.

THE NEW ITALIAN ORATORIO. A London paper translates the following passage from the *Gazette Musicale*, regarding *Il Mäestro Raimondi's* oratorio, just produced at Rome:

"The first part, entitled *Potiphar*, includes the incidents of that episode, and the imprisonment of Joseph. The second part, entitled *Joseph*, comprehends the history of his triumph and of his power. The third and last part, entitled *Jacob*, and comprising the death of the patriarch, forms the completion of the poem. The execution demands three orchestras, and as many choruses, entirely distinct. Thus, when the first part is terminated, orchestra and chorus become spectators, and so, too, with the second part. It is only at the end of the third oratorio that is developed the principal idea of the composer, in the simultaneous execution by the several orchestras and choruses of the three oratorios, already heard separately, and written in different *tempi*. The wonder is, that these distinct works, executed at one and the same time, harmonize entirely. The entire mass of executants is three hundred and fifty in number, about seventy singers to each chorus and fifty to each orchestra. One mass is placed in the usual theatrical orchestra, the other two on the stage of the *Teatro Argentino*, separated with some interval. Great admiration, in particular, is excited by a chorus of female voices, accompanied by five harps, and supported by the three orchestras. The *solo* of the tenor in the first oratorio, and that of the *basso* in the third, sung by Collini, are especially admired." The paragraph whence the above details are paraphrased mentions other peculiarities in this strange work. The execution of it lasted six hours, and the choruses are sung by amateurs. We had hoped that the *mäestro* might possibly prove to be a young composer. The reverse, however, is the case. The *Chevalier Raimondi* is the same who has been long known as among the minor celebrities of musical Italy, being now, say the journals, in his sixty-sixth year.

MUSIC IN ENGLAND. The organ-builders of England may be taken at 400 in number, and putting their gross returns at £500 per annum each, we have £200,000 a year in this branch alone. The materials used by them are pine, mahogany, tin and lead. The materials employed by the piano forte maker are oak, deal, pine, mahogany, and beech, besides fancy woods; baize, felt, cloth, and leather, brass, steel, and iron. Of the two leading houses in this branch, the Messrs. Collard sell annually 1600 instruments, and the Messrs. Broadwood 2300, which, at the very low average of 60 guineas, gives, as the annual business of these two firms only, about £250,000. If the whole number of piano forte makers of London, about 200, is taken into account, the annual return in this trade cannot be less than £1,000,000. Violins, and instruments of that class, are almost entirely imported, the prejudice being in favor of the foreign makers. The annual import duty on them is probably not less than £45,000. The cost of the wind instruments required for a regimental band, exclusive of drums and fifes, was said to be £224, and as there are in all about 400 regiments, the capital represented by these is nearly £100,000. The number of workmen

employed by Messrs. Broadwood and Collard respectively is 575 and 400; these are all more or less skilled workmen, some of them to a very high degree. It is probable that the wages of the artisans employed in this trade do not amount to less than £500,000 per annum. The great power exerted by music is evidenced by the large number of musical and choral societies, both instrumental and vocal, which exist, as well as by the large and increasing audiences which are attracted to their public performances. There can be no doubt that this influence is in a right direction, and that by it the social and moral condition of the people is being elevated and improved. In the fifteen years during which the Sacred Harmonic Society has been established, 271 concerts have been given, attended by more than 610,000 persons.—*London Musical World*.

The lovers of Mozart's memory — and who can be otherwise? — are now gratified with an engraving by Breitkopf and Hartel, from the original portrait of the great *mäestro* by Henry Tischbein, done when Mozart resided at Mannheim in 1777-8. The original portrait came by accident into the possession of M. André, the music-seller, at Frankfurt, and was said by two or three friends of Mozart, still living in 1851, to be a perfect likeness.

A congress of German stenographers has just been held at Munich, which was attended by sixty members of the profession. One of the members, M. Baumgartner, of Vienna, describes a system of musical stenography invented by him, by means of which, as he said, the most complicated musical compositions can be written down during their execution. Trials of the system were made in presence of the members and of many musical artists, and they are said to have succeeded perfectly.

The Latin Words of the Requiem, with a Translation.

A recent number of the *National Intelligencer* has an instructive article upon the old Latin rhymed verses of the Catholic Church, prompted by the appearance in London of a work entitled: "*Sacred Latin Poetry, chiefly lyrical, selected and arranged for use; with Notes and Introduction: by RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, M. A.*" Those of our readers who have ever felt the solemn thrill and heavenly fascination of the inspired strains of Mozart's Requiem, will be interested in the following:

We pass, in conclusion, to notice as briefly as possible the literary history and fortunes of one of the choicest specimens of this mediæval Latin verse, and for this purpose select the *Prosa*, which is doubtless the best known to the widest circle of readers; we mean the *Dies Iræ* of Thomas de Celano; for to him we do not hesitate to ascribe its authorship, without at present entering into the controversy which has been waged on this subject, deeming it sufficient merely to state that the claims of Thomas de Celano have been vindicated by those whose research and scholarship best entitle them to pronounce a judgment on this vexed question—by Lisco, and Mohnike, and Geiseler. Neither do our limits permit us to discuss the three rival lectures of this celebrated hymn, that of the Mantuan marble, the text of Hæmmerlin, or the Roman missal, though we rather incline with Daniel to believe that the last contains it in the shape which it bore on first leaving the hands of its composer, instead of being the residuum of two successive revisions.

Of this majestic hymn Daniel has forcibly said, "*quot sunt verba tot pondera, immo tonitrua*," and justly ranks it as the highest ornament of sacred poetry, and a most valuable heir-loom of the Latin church: for even they, he adds, to whom the Latin hymns of the church are wholly unknown, at least know of this, and if any are

found so destitute of taste and culture as not at all to appreciate the sweetness of sacred melody, he thinks even these must be charmed by its thrilling strains. It is not difficult to understand or explain the wide and general popularity which it has enjoyed. The metre or rhythm so grandly devised, of which Mr. Trench remembers no other example; the solemn effect of the triple assonances having been well likened by Guericke to blow following blow of hammer on the anvil; the aptness of the cadence to the subject-matter; the deep and mighty flow of the verse, like tidal waves in a swelling sea; and, above all, the inimitable dignity, gravity, and condensation of the Latin tongue, have all conspired to give the *Dies Iræ* a high place—indeed, one of the highest in the world of sacred song.

The first mention of this *prosa*, or *sequentia*, as it is convertibly and technically called, is in a work of Bartholomew of Pisa, who died in 1401. It is found by Daniel in all the Italian missals, but from their date it is evident that it did not come into general use as a part of the church service earlier than the 16th century: and, as its author was a minorite friar, it doubtless obtained its currency throughout Europe from the missals of the Franciscan order, as did also the *STABAT MATER*.

"It is not wonderful," says Mr. Trench, in a note on this hymn, "that a poem such as this should have continually allured and continually defied translators. We have several versions in English, beginning with one by Crashaw, in his *Steps to the Temple*, London, 1648; it is in quatrains, and rather a reproduction than a translation."

It was also rendered into English by the Earl of Roscommon, and Johnson tells us, in his *Lives of the Poets*, that the dying Earl uttered in his last moments with great energy two lines of his own version. Sir Walter Scott has also introduced an English version of a few of its opening stanzas into the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and in his correspondence, writing to a brother poet, Crabbe, he holds the following language:

"To my Gothic ear, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Dies Iræ*, and some of the other hymns of the Catholic Church, are more solemn and affecting than the fine classical poetry of Buchanan; the one has the gloomy dignity of a Gothic church, and reminds us constantly of the worship to which it was dedicated; the other is more like a pagan temple, recalling to our memory the classical and fabulous deities."

Mrs. Piozzi, we may state in this connection, records of Dr. Johnson, that "when he would try to repeat that celebrated *Prosa ecclesiastica pro mortuis*, as it is called, beginning *Dies Iræ, dies illa*, he could never pass the stanza ending thus, *Tantus labor non sit cassus*, without bursting into a flood of tears." Among later English writers who have tested their strength on this Pandar's bow of sacred verse, we may mention the names of Caswall, Irons, Trench, Lord Lindsay, Isaac Williams, and in our own country, of J. N. Brown, Dr. W. R. Williams, and Dr. A. Coles, which last named gentleman has given two versions, one of surpassing merit.

In Germany the translations have been still more abundant, and many of them executed by eminent hands, such as Knapp, Aug. Wm. Schlegel, Herder, J. G. Fichte, Von Meyer, the Chevalier Bunsen, Dr. Daniel, &c. Dr. Frederic G. Lisco, in a monograph which he has published on this celebrated *Prosa*, enumerates forty-four German versions. A single poet, Robert Lecke, in 1842, published twelve several translations of his own. Since that time the number has grown, as appears from a subsequent publication of Lisco's, to sixty or seventy, among which is also given one in modern Greek, executed by the Rev. Mr. Hildner, an English missionary at Syra, and to which we may add still another, composed in Hebrew, by Lewis Splieth, an oriental scholar of Germany. We need but allude to the sublime use which Goethe makes of snatches of this hymn in his "Faust."

In France there have also appeared several renderings from time to time, though none possessing great merit.

We need scarcely add that it was upon the *Dies Iræ* that Mozart founded his celebrated Requiem, in the composition of which his excitement became so great as to hasten his death before he had finished his task. Among the other great musical celebrities who "have sought to marry its poetry to immortal melody" may be enumerated, Cherubini, Pergolesi, Haydn, Jomelli, and Palæstrina.

As this remarkable poem, whose literary history we have briefly sketched, may not be accessible to all of our readers, we append below the original, accompanied by the translation of Dr. Abraham Coles, of Newark, N. Jersey:

THE ORIGINAL.

I.
Dies Iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæculum in favilla;
Teste David cum Sybilla.

II.
Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Juxta est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

III.
Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

IV.
Mors stupebit et Natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

V.
Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

VI.
Juxta ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

VII.
Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

VIII.
Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salve me, fons pietatis.

IX.
Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tue viæ,
Ne me perdas illa die.

X.
Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redimisti crucem passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

XI.
Iuste Juxta ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

XII.
Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus;
Supplicanti parce, Deus.

XIII.
Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

XIV.
Preces meæ non sunt dignæ
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne peream in cremor igne.

XV.
Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hoedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

XVI.
Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acerbis addictis
Voca me cum benedictis.

XVII.
Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

XVIII.
Lachrymosa dies illa,
Quæ resurget ex favilla,
Judicandus homo reus,
Huic ergo parce Deus.

TRANSLATION.

I.
Day of wrath, that day of burning
All shall melt, to ashes turning,
As foretold by Seers discerning.

II.
Oh what fear shall it engender
When the Judge shall come in splendor,
Strict to mark and just to render.

III.
Trumpet scattering sounds of wonder,
Rending sepulchres asunder,
Shall resistless summons thunder.

IV.
All aghast then Death shall shiver,
And great Nature's frame shall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.

V.
Book where every act's recorded,
All events all time afforded,
Shall be brought, and dooms awarded.

VI.
When shall sit the Judge unerring,
He'll unfold all here occurring,
No just vengeance then deferring.

VII.
What shall I say that time pending?
Ask what Advocate's befriending,
When the just man needs defending?

VIII.
King almighty and all-knowing,
Grace to sinners freely showing,
Save me, Fount of good o'erflowing.

IX.
Think, Oh Jesus, for what reason
Thou endured'st earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season.

X.
Seeking me Thy worn feet hasted,
On the cross Thy soul death tasted,
Let such labor not be wasted.

XI.
Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant me perfect absolution,
Ere that day of execution.

XII.
Culprit-like, I—heart all broken,
On my cheek shame's crimson token—
Plead the pardoning word be spoken.

XIII.
Thou who Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying Thief's petition,
Cheered'st with hope my lost condition.

XIV.
Though my prayers do nothing merit,
What is needful, Thou confer it—
Lest I endless fire inherit.

XV.
Mid the sheep a place decide me,
And from goats on left divide me,
Standing on the right beside Thee.

XVI.
When th' accurs'd away are driven,
To eternal burnings given,
Call me with the bless'd to Heav'n.

XVII.
I beseech Thee, prostrate lying,
Heart as ashes contrite, sighing,
Care for me when I am dying.

XVIII.
On that awful day of wailing,
Human destinies unveiling,
When man rising, stands before Thee,
Spare the culprit, God of glory!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 9, 1852.

POSTAGE. By the new law which went into effect on the 30th ult., the postage on the "Journal of Music," as we understand it, is *twenty-six* cents a year to places within the State of Massachusetts, or *thirteen* cents if paid in advance; and double these rates to places without the State. To post-offices within the county (*i. e.* in Chelsea, North Chelsea, and Winthrop,) there will be, as at present, no charge for postage.

☞ We can supply all numbers of the First Volume, now complete, from the beginning. Price, *one dollar*.

GERMANO-PHOBIA.

We are not in the habit of noticing anonymous communications, nor do we know whether the following was designed for publication as well as for our own private reproof. But it is altogether too rich to be withheld any longer from our readers. So extreme is its expression of distaste at our own peculiar tastes in music, that we were at first inclined to take it as a joke, de-

signed to "call us out" upon the hacknied issue between the so-called German and Italian parties in the tone-world. But on the whole we think that the anonymous complaint and the anonymous advice are serious, and we accept them as a good text for a few comments, such as we have perhaps too steadily forborne to make, upon our own editorial course and purpose.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20th, 1852.

MR. JOHN S. DWIGHT.

My Dear Sir: When you first announced your intention of editing a musical journal, I put my name down as a subscriber. I was pleased that so able hands should have taken up the work, but I must confess, doubted the result. My anticipations have been realized. I feared that an absurd devotion to *German metaphysics* would close one ear of the musical critic when German harmony was put in the question. I can hardly read your journal now, growing worse and worse as it is every day. From page 1 to page 192 what is there besides about 50 pages of advertisements? German music, German composers, German artists. The greatest artist the world ever saw, Alboni, is and has been giving concerts here and you have scarcely noticed them; why? Because she is Italian. And Jenny Lind (that musical charlatan) claimed the undisputed possession of at least three pages for every week of her singing here. I think honestly, Mr. Dwight, that you can scarcely look back upon the contents of your paper and feel that you have acted fairly and impartially, and hope that you will take a hint from an unknown friend, and banish German mysticism and Boston transcendentalism from your paper. So shall you see it increase in circulation, and so shall it benefit the reading population of our country, and put an equivalent in shining ore into your pocket.

Yours, truly,

GIUSTIZIA.

COMMENTS.

I. "*An absurd devotion to German metaphysics*."—This is mere *slang*. So is the talk in a later sentence about "*German mysticism*," and "*Boston transcendentalism*." Vulgar catch-words! prompted by an ignorant prejudice, entirely based on hearsay, about the metaphysical subtlety and cloudiness of all things German. If the writer has indeed read our journal, and if he knows what the word *Metaphysics* means, he knows that there has been very little in our pages that could interest the metaphysician as such. We have no philosophical system to set forth, and we have hinted none. That the writer must know, if he has read us. It is only his mystical and metaphysical way of intimating his disgust at our interest in German music. This is the whole head and front of our offending.

II. "*From page 1 to 192 what is there?*" &c.—Not fifty pages, as you say, of advertisements:—would there were! it would go not a little way towards enabling us to make a better paper. But "*German music, German composers, German artists*." Well, to this we have two things to say:

1. We confess we are partial to German music. We find more food for thought, more inspiration of the higher sentiments, more outlet of emotion, more enduring satisfaction, in the works of Handel, Mozart and Beethoven than in the operas of Donizetti and of Verdi;—always admitting that the latter have their peculiar merits and thankfully remembering many glowing experiences of their charm. We have our preferences, and cannot help them. We set out in our very first number with confessing them. If we say much of German music, if we notice and encourage its performance in our country, it is

because we love it and believe it one of heaven's best blessings to all who have learned in any good degree to appreciate it.

2. But we started fairly. We can only write and write well what we feel and think. We are of most use in the advocacy of what we appreciate and know. We wished our paper to be no one-sided record of the Art of our day. And therefore we held out a formal invitation to all those of different taste from ours, to give it fit expression in our columns. We tell our love of German, and ask you in our own columns to tell your love of Italian music. Why has not the invitation been accepted? Could we do more?

III. But ALBONI—"the greatest artist the world ever saw." That is making an extreme case of it indeed. We certainly could not come up to the mark of our friend's enthusiasm about the great Contralto, since having never heard her with our own ears, we had only the traditions and reports of others to rely on, and these, though warmly in her praise, have never to our knowledge gone the whole length of "*Giustizia*." But it is not true that we have taken no notice of Alboni. In the anticipation of hearing and admiring and reporting, whenever she should sing within our reach (which the gods grant may soon be,) we have done our best to prepare our readers for her by concocting several articles about her history and the impressions she has made, and by almost weekly quotations from the best, even the most enthusiastic critiques in the New York papers. Moreover we have been at the pains of translating and publishing in this paper—and we were the first to do it—a long analysis, by Scudo, of her vocal and artistic qualities,—by far the fullest that has yet appeared,—together with an account of the great contralti who have reigned before her, and of whose glory hers is regarded as the climax.

So of Italian art and artists generally. Necessarily we have written of the German music more, because the German appeals more to the intellect, and admits and requires more comment and interpretation; but principally because we have had more German music publicly performed during the last six months. Since we commenced our paper, there has not been an opera, nor scarcely an Italian singer of note heard in Boston. In New York even it has not been greatly otherwise. A journalist must take things as they come, must fly at what is nearest, and serve it up impartially and fairly. Yet we have written warmly of Italian music; of Rossini we omit no opportunity to express our delight in him, at the same time that candor bids us rank his music not in the very *highest* element. To Signora Bosio and others of our popular prime donne, we have dipped into memories of the past, to pay the tribute of our admiration. And we rejoice in every opportunity to recognize and to point out the beauties of Italian music and performance. It has its beauties and its weaknesses, its points of superiority and inferiority to other schools; and we are anxious to do justice to them both. The best way we can devise to that end, is to invite the sincere and devout admirers of that music, even the partial ones, to offset our partiality with theirs and let our readers hear the matter also from *their* stand-point. Not that we will have personal, or petty controversy in our columns; but we believe it takes many minds to mirror the whole truth, and the most of universality a

modest man can claim is the willingness to compare candidly his notes with those of others. In this way it were entirely practical for the devoutest German to discuss with the devoutest Italian their respective preferences in music, in a spirit large and liberal and courteous, so that the reader may be much the gainer by the friendly collision of their opposite opinions. But, by all means, let no one think he must not read or esteem of the smallest profit all that he may not swallow as pure absolute law and gospel. Let our dissenting readers be as frank with us, as we have been and always mean to be with them, and truth will be the gainer by us all.

The New York Concerts.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6, 1852.

MR. EDITOR:—My brief stay here has given me an opportunity to note in a hasty manner some musical matters which may interest your readers. Two of the greatest living vocalists are now laying the foundation of their American fame and fortune; and understanding well the necessity of making it broad and deep, or in other words to produce a decided impression in the metropolis, they are leaving nothing undone which money and management can effect to produce this result.

The arrangements of these concerts are very complete, the orchestras large and effective, the assisting artists all respectable, and some of them, as little PAUL JULLIEN, the violinist, and our old friend BADIALI, truly admirable.

As I entered Metropolitan Hall last Monday evening just at the opening of Mme. SONTAG's fourth concert, the effect of so much gas light and glitter, such a host of well-dressed people, was extremely brilliant. Being afterwards packed in a space so small that it was impossible to stand up at the end of the first part, my admiration was much diminished. And here I may as well say that the Hall seems to me by no means a good one for music when filled with people. There is a want of resonance, a stifled effect, quite as great as in our old Tremont Temple. To the eye it is brilliant, but to the ear decidedly dull.

An overture by Spontini having been extremely well played by a band of seventy performers who seemed to be nearly all young Germans, the great *prima donna* appeared. Mme. SONTAG has the advantage of being a real countess and a beautiful woman. There is also in her history, as with JENNY LIND, much to excite a personal interest.

She is a decided blonde, with a sweet expression, which one almost recognizes as that of a familiar friend, and a simple and charming, yet thorough-bred manner, which secures the sympathy of her audience from the very first. Her voice is by no means strong or of much breadth, but of the purest and most limpid quality. Like the eye of the widow Wadman, there is neither mote nor speck in it. Sontag's style of singing corresponds in elegance and grace with her appearance. She does not attempt to rouse her hearers, like our Italian *prime donne*, with sudden bursts of passion; indeed I doubt if her voice has any reserved power for such emergencies, but with faultless method, and an execution which cannot be surpassed, her voice flows on, captivating all within its influence. Like SALVI, whom in style she resembles, she sings much à

demí voix and one must listen attentively to catch it all.

Besides the usual selections from Donizetti and Bellini, she gave "With verdure clad" better than I ever heard it. It produced, however, but little effect on the audience.

Mme. ALBONI I heard on the following evening. The arrangements of her concert were hardly as complete as those of the previous night, and the orchestra by no means as good or as well led, but the great contralto triumphed over everything. She is an orchestra in herself. ALBONI possesses none of the personal advantages of her rival. The admiration she excites is due to her voice alone, which is truly superb. I know of none to which it can be compared except perhaps the middle tones of Tedesco. But, unlike her, Alboni preserves the same full diapason through at least two octaves. To this volume and equality of tone is superadded a facility of execution which carries her triumphant over passages of amazing difficulty. Let it not be supposed that these wonderful gifts are too freely used; on the contrary, her *mezza voce* passages are given with exquisite grace, but one is conscious all the time of the power which lies behind it. Of the extent of this power I can form no idea, for every note was taken without apparent effort of any sort. Everything she sang was received with great applause. While the genius of SONTAG takes a wider range, and may perhaps leave a more enduring impression, the natural gifts of ALBONI, with her perfect knowledge of the Italian School, must always secure for her unbounded success. Both these great artistes will soon visit Boston.

X.

[Extract from a private letter.]

Sontag — Alboni — Paul Jullien.

[The impressions of intelligent and genial persons, who profess no knowledge of music, are not mean aids sometimes in forming our conceptions of great artists. At all events the following is readable, even if it be not critical.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 2, 1852.

Sontag warbles away here delightfully. I don't myself like her style as much as that of Alboni, nor does her power seem half so genuine as that of this solid honest creature. Still her mode of singing "The last rose of summer" the other evening, was as tender and pathetic as autumn itself. One would like to die to that music. The gem of the entertainment, however, to my untutored ear, was Master Paul Jullien's violin. I don't see any difference between this child and Sivioli or Miska Hauser. Never did the violin seem more magical than in the hands of this sincere and scrupulous little soul. And when Sontag came upon the scene after him with her cultivated airs and graces, it appeared that we had suddenly tumbled out of Paradise into Beacon Street and the Fifth Avenue. Not that Sontag is in any obvious degree tawdry however. Jenny Lind was so in coming on the stage, but Madame S. is simply elegant. Or if she has any consciousness, it is in her eyes only, which she plays with a little unnecessarily perhaps. But such polished singing was never heard. It is enough to make Alboni pout for a week, just as a solid mahogany block might turn pale at sight of an exquisite bit of veneering. But this is only *my* opinion, and I suspect you will contrive to despise it when you hear her. One of the first things I shall ask of the good Lord when I go to heaven — if I think of

it — will be, that he multiply second and third rate singers on the earth, so that fourth and fifth rate judges of music may be kept in countenance, nor ever be expected to appreciate things so far above them. *Item* — that he multiply dollar seats, so that fourth and fifth rate men and women may sit within hearing of the music without wicked waste of bread-money. *

FRANZ SCHUBERT'S "ONLY" (?) SYMPHONY. The success attending the bold experiment by Mr. Suck's little orchestra, of producing this very long, very difficult, very novel, complex and profound composition, for the first time in Boston, may be counted among the good signs of the times. The audience was considerably larger than on previous Wednesdays, and the great majority not only heard it through attentively, (after the lighter miscellany of Labitzky waltzes, Figaro overture, and the finely executed *Scena and Prayer* from *Freyschütz*, by Mr. Schnapp's brass department), but manifested every sign of satisfaction. Even enthusiastic was the interest of the more strictly amateur and professional part of the audience, who came out this time in unusual numbers.

Some no doubt, even of our most thoroughly baptized classical music-lovers, missed the clear, concise, well-rounded and at once intelligible form of those perfect models of style, the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart. To such this gigantic effort of Schubert naturally seemed over-labored, forced, ambitious. Such too was the *first* impression of a symphony of Beethoven upon minds of the same class and culture; yet he has slowly won his way into their hearts. Schubert belongs to the new era, which Beethoven opened. Both were mighty geniuses, creative minds, true spirits of *this* age, and it was not possible for them, like lesser minds, to imitate and simply continue the ways of Haydn and Mozart, however admirable. We shall not be so rash as to pronounce upon a great symphony, after a single hearing. But we can truly say that it impressed us deeply. It was most exciting music, — exciting to the end, although it was almost an hour in length. The multitude of exquisite themes, strikingly contrasted, beautifully distributed among the different instruments; the depth of sentiment, often impassioned; the gigantic vigor with which every thought seemed carried out; the utter absence of anything in the least degree commonplace or hacknied; and the evident fervor into which it kindled the musicians themselves, — were strong assurances, in addition to our own intense interest and emotion, that this was really great and uncommon music, — that there was a great deal in it, whether it were all clear or not. Certainly no listener, at all sympathetic, could fail to recognize the genuine heavings and aspirings of a large and earnest soul in those strange, — beautifully strange, harmonies.

We liked the first movement best, perhaps only because we came to it fresher and understood it more. The slow introduction, the all-pervading theme of which, a solemn and religious *canto fermo* strain, is first *intoned*, as it were, by an unaccompanied French horn, is of the most grand and impressive character, and the Allegro full of fire and dignity. The second movement (*Andante con Moto*) is the only piece of music we have ever heard that seemed to us in some sense analogous to the mysterious second movement in Bee-

thoven's seventh symphony. This was very long, as were the Scherzo and the Finale, though both rioting in a splendid originality and liberty of fancy. These are only first impressions and very vague and general, of course.

It was a bold attempt, as we said before, for the little orchestra, at so short notice, and with its poverty in certain instruments. But the place of bassoons had been supplied by two extra violoncellos, the first violins increased to four, and a second oboe added; and they had submitted *con amore* to the drill under one who well understood the music; and the result showed what good things may be realized, with small means, by proper will and management. We trust this Symphony will be again and again repeated until it be fairly known whether its interest can be exhausted. Not to the neglect, however, of the sparkling waltzes, overtures, &c., which we need for graceful recreation.

☞ The initials appended to the verses in our last should have been W. W. M., instead of "W. M. M."

☞ The London *Musical World* copies entire, but *without credit*, the imaginary dialogue between Mozart and Da Ponte, which was translated for and published in an early number of this Journal.

BEETHOVEN AND CZERNY. We offer our readers this week an original document respecting the great symphonist, which we believe has never before been published, at least never in English. Our thanks are due for it to the kind friend, who is perhaps better informed about every thing pertaining to Beethoven's history, than any other man, seeing that he has spent two years and a half in Germany on a devout pilgrimage, gathering materials for his Life.

We fitly left it to *him*, too, to comment, as he did so satisfactorily in our last paper, on those Beethoven "anecdotes" from Cocks' *Miscellany*, which we had before copied, not for their intrinsic value or because we were so green as to accept them without the *grano salis*, but simply as belonging to the "Curiosities of (musical) Literature."

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

Mlle. LEHMANN'S CONCERT. Let all our real music-lovers throng to the Melodeon to-night. Gratitude to the "Mendelssohn Quintette Club," under whose auspices this lady comes to us, as well as the repeated and well-authenticated rumors of her fame, entitle her to a warm welcome at this her first American *début*. The pupil of the great composer, GADE, by whom her artistic merit is endorsed; the admired prima donna of the opera in her native city, Copenhagen, and in Stockholm; and fresh from new triumphs in the musical city of Hamburg, Mlle. LEHMANN will, we doubt not, confirm all that our correspondents hitherto have written in her praise.

The programme is excellent. She appears in a wide range and in great heights of song. Rossini's gorgeous *Bel Raggio*, Schubert's *Serenade*, the *Scena* from *Der Freyschütz*, and the *Cavatina* from *La Favorita*: — the one who can sing all these worthily, must indeed be an artist.

Little CAMILLE URSO, the girl violinist, but 11 years old, announced a concert at the Masonic Temple for last evening, just too late for notice in this paper. But we had the pleasure, — and a choice one it was — of hearing her the other evening in a company of some forty invited guests, in Mr. Chickering's saloon. Her playing is not only truly wonderful, but wonderfully true; — true in style, expression, feeling, as it is true in intonation

and all mechanical respects. She played Artot's *Souvenirs de Bellini*, and never have we listened to a long fantasia of several themes, worked up in all manner of variations, with a purer pleasure. It was masterly; the firm and graceful bowing, the rich, pure, refined tone, the light and shade, the easy control of *arpeggio*, *staccato*, *double-stops*, &c., were all such as we could only have expected from the maturest masters we have heard. We could scarcely credit our own eyes and ears.

The little maiden is plain, with strong arms and hands enlarged by practice of her instrument; yet her appearance is most interesting; a face full of intellectual and sedate expression, a large forehead wearing the "pale cast of thought," &c. Pity only that such fine life must be lived out so fast, and always in the blaze of too much sun for plants so young and tender!

The vocal contributions to the entertainment were also very pleasant. We have no room to say more.

NEW YORK. SONTAG has sung her last for the present and goes to Philadelphia. — ALBONI consents to two more concerts next week. Then it will be our turn! — A company of Italian artists, consisting of Mme. PICO, (contralto,) Sig. VIETTI, (tenor,) Sig. COLETTI, (baritone,) a distinguished pianist and others, will proceed in a few days on a professional tour through the New England States. They intend giving a series of concerts, consisting of Italian and English operatic selections, songs, ballads, duets, &c. — Sig. MARINI, the basso, has returned from Europe and will soon appear. — Mr. ALFRED BUNN, the celebrated manager and librettist, has arrived from London.

England.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL. *Third Day*, Sept. 9th. Thursday was the great day. Handel's "Messiah," beloved of Englishmen, drew so vast a crowd to the Town Hall, that there was scarcely standing room. The *Birmingham Journal*, (which by the way devotes eight long, close columns to the festival), says of the performance:

"Mr. Reeves sang the opening recitative and air with great care and good effect. The recitative and air that followed, written, we may remark, for a bass voice, was given as it is usually given, by Miss Dolby. The first movement of the air was sung with great pathos. Passing over the intervening solos, we come to Mme. Novello's air, 'Rejoice greatly.' In giving her all praise for her easy and effective reading of a difficult piece of music, we must say that one of her notes, well sustained — and she can sustain them — would be a more correct and pleasing termination of a strain than an indifferently conceived cadence, which Handel never wrote, and which no correct ear will tolerate. The plaintive air, 'He shall feed his flock,' was charmingly given by Miss M. Williams. In the second part, the air, 'He was despised,' again afforded Miss Dolby an opportunity of displaying her finished execution and deep feeling. Mme. Castellan sang the air, 'But thou didst not leave,' and 'How beautiful,' with much grace and sweetness. Mr. Weiss was entrusted with the bass air, 'Why do the nations,' and, considering the somewhat limited and inflexible quality of his voice, the performance was excellent. Tambrlik took the tenor air, Brahms's famous part, 'Thou shalt break them.' We believe this is his first essay in English, and it was not, therefore, surprising that he should manifest a degree of nervousness. He sang it admirably, the high note on the word 'dash' was like the precession of a trumpet. Mme. Novello achieved a triumph in the delightful air, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' and Formes delivered the closing recitative and air with telling effect; a result not diminished by the fine trumpet accompaniment of Mr. Harper, junior.

"The choruses were splendidly delivered; and we merely name one or two, not for special commendation when all were excellent, but as noting their effect. The pianissimo with which the chorus 'For unto us' begins, was most delicately sung, and led with matchless effect to the crescendo and the crash upon the word 'councillor.' 'All we like sheep,' and 'Lift up your heads,' were also thrillingly given. The Hallelujah chorus was of course one of those embodiments of sublime grandeur which are never forgotten, and was redemanded, the only encore of the morning, and in this respect the President has set an example which we hope to see followed. The overture, pastoral symphony, and accompaniments, were played to perfection.

"We cannot help remarking here on the modern, the very novel practice of standing up at several of the choruses, in addition to that which closes the second part, and is always so honored. The practice is like a multiplicity of dashes in a lady's letter; it detracts from the effect of emphasis by making it all emphatic together. The Hallelujah chorus is the grandest emanation of human genius, and should be honored, not so the secondary and subordinate pieces."

The *Chronicle* seems to have been absolutely shocked by the same thing and holds forth in a drolly sanctimonious style, as follows:

"We would remind those who set this 'fashion' (as Lord Kinnoul properly calls it), that audiences do not assemble at these performances for an act of a religious character. They come to hear music, to criticise, and to applaud it. We do not accept the unauthorized and unrecognized collocation of a series of scriptural passages (!) arranged into a species of narrative, as anything more than a contrivance by which a musician produces certain grand effects. Everybody is solicited to come and pay his money, and to hear Handel. It is only by a confusion of ideas, therefore, that any person can justify a formal demonstration of reverence, of the kind we speak of, in an assembly which does not meet for reverence, but for criticism and plaudit."

Evening. The third and last miscellaneous concert was better attended than either of the others, the hall being completely filled. And yet, strange to say, the great feature of the programme, was Beethoven's Ninth or "Choral" Symphony. Thirty years ago this most elaborate and profound was pronounced unintelligible and crazy by the "Philharmonic Society," for whom it was written. The *Times* says:

"The symphony lasts one hour and a quarter in performance, and was quite new to the Birmingham public. Its reception justifies what was remarked yesterday about the progress of musical taste in this country. There must have been nearly two thousand persons in the hall, the majority of whom were, of course, not sufficiently informed to be able to enter into the plan and extraordinary merits of the composition. The attention was nevertheless unflinching. The first movement — too serious to be thoroughly relished in one hearing, and likely to be better understood another time — was heard with breathless interest, and received at the conclusion with respectful silence; the audience seemed hardly to know what impression the music had made upon them. The fantastic and playful *scherzo*, however, with its exquisitely melodious trio, produced a more decided sensation, and the termination was followed by a hearty round of applause. At the end of the slow movement, which was beautifully played (although, as we have suggested, too fast), the applause was still more unanimous; and after the choral movement which brings the symphony to a close, with a grandeur which would rouse the most apathetic hearer from his lethargy, it was enthusiastic. It required no small courage and resolution on the part of Mr. Costa to insist upon the choral symphony as a part of the general scheme; but the result has proved him right. A full belief in the willingness of the public to respect, if not in its power immediately to appreciate, great and elaborate works, is one of the secrets of this gentleman's influence; and never was it more significantly declared than on the present occasion. The reception of the choral symphony, indeed, must be pronounced a remarkable event in the most successful meeting since the Birmingham festival has been instituted."

But contrast this "remarkable event" with what followed next, as opening the second part of the concert, namely, an encore of the noisy, hacknied overture to *Zampa*. It showed a catholic taste, however, and was in fact a very natural reaction from the long tension of the listening and reflective faculties. This second part was mostly light, miscellaneous, and familiar.

"A similar compliment was paid to Herr Formes in the well-known air from *Zauberflöte* (the song of Sarastro in the second act), and to Mlle. Anna Zerr in the brilliant air of Haas, a display of florid execution quite as graceful as it was astonishing. One of the great 'hits' of the evening was made by Tambrlik, in the celebrated *Suarez moi* from *Guillaume Tell*, the andante of which was sung to perfection, while in the *allegro* the famous *ul de polirine* (highest C with the chest voice) was given with all the power and sonority of Duprez, and with less apparent effort. Duprez used to arrest the band and chorus when he made his famous climax; but Tambrlik adhered to the text of the composer. The ballads of Miss Williams and Mr. Lockey, both well sung, acted as a grateful relief to the more noisy and florid pieces in which the programme abounded. The madrigal of Festa, the finest ever written, had not been rehearsed, and, although the fresh and beautiful voices of the Birmingham chorus could not fail to elicit admiration, some of the modulations were not exactly in tune, and the *encore* which almost invariably follows this charming specimen of early choral music was successfully opposed on this occasion. The double-bass solo of Bottesini, a prodigious display of mechanical dexterity, created a *furor*. The *finale* of *Sonnambula* is hardly suited to Mme. Viardot, who, nevertheless, exhibited extraordinary cleverness, and made up for physical deficiencies by energy of will and consummate artistic skill. There was much to admire in Mme. Novello's *Bel raggio*, which, however, came too late in the evening. The same drawback militated against the effect of Macfarren's bold and vigorous *Anacreontic*, from *Don Quixote*, which Mr. Weiss sang extremely well. In the splendid *finale* from Rossini's *Siege de Corinthe*, which terminated the concert, Sig. Belletti gave the solos in a highly efficient manner."

Fourth and last Day. "Handel's 'Samson' was performed in a much less satisfactory manner than the other oratorios. They say that some fatality has always spoiled the performance of this work in England. This

time the principal singers did not seem at home in the music, although the ladies were less uncertain than the gentlemen, and Miss Dolby especially left nothing to be desired. Some of the choruses were splendidly executed, others not so well. The organ was too flat all throughout the performance, and a variety of minor matters served to deteriorate from the general effect. The only incident of the morning was the repetition of 'Let the bright Seraphim,' sung by Mme. Novello."

The oratorio was followed by the National Anthem, Mme. Novello singing the solos, and this closed the musical festival proper. The total proceeds of the four days are set down at £10, 751. In the evening there was a ball, and on the next night (Saturday) an operatic performance at the theatre, in which Grisi, Mario, Castellan, Tambrlik, Mlle. Bertrand, Polonini, F. Lablache, &c., sang in *Lucia* and *Lucrezia Borgia*.

HEREFORD FESTIVAL. The 129th anniversary of the three choirs of Hereford, Gloucester and Worcester commenced Tuesday, 14th. These meetings were established for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy within the three dioceses. Mr. Townshend Smith, cathedral organist, conducted.

The cathedral is never full on the first day. Only 250 tickets, it appears, were sold. The festival was inaugurated with full cathedral service, the musical part of which included Handel's "Dettingen *Te Deum*," the "Old Hundredth," responses, &c., by Tallis, an Anthem by the conductor, Handel's *Gloria Patri*, &c., &c. The principal singers were Clara Novello, Mrs. Endersohn, Miss Williams, Messrs. Simms Reeves, Lockey, Hobbs, Barnby, Phillips, and Herr Formes.

There was a miscellaneous concert in the evening, of operatic selections, Glee, Madrigals, Overtures (to *Zauberflöte* and *Oberon*), &c.

"Among the gems of the concert were the plaintive duet, 'Greeting,' of Mendelssohn, and two of the most beautiful of the set of 'Six Songs,' by Mr. Sterndale Bennett — 'To Chloe in sickness' (Burns), and 'Maydew,' the former was sung by Mrs. Endersohn and Miss Williams, the latter by Mrs. Endersohn. Mr. Phillips gave Purcell's fine song, 'Return, reviving rebels,' with true English energy; and last, not least, two of the masterpieces of dramatic music — the air of Mephistopheles in the last act of *Faust*, and 'Madamina,' from *Don Giovanni*, were sung by Herr Formes in his best manner; the former, as an example of powerful declamation, could not easily be surpassed."

Second Day. — A great crowd in the cathedral. The Duke of Wellington's death had just been announced, and the Dead March from Handel's "Saul" was first played in his honor. Then came the "Creation," a Sacred Cantata, by Spohr, and portions of Beethoven's first Mass, in C. Also the recitative and air from *Judas Maccabaeus*: "Sound an alarm," sung with great power by Mr. Simms Reeves.

The rain poured incessantly throughout the day and almost ruined the second evening concert. Yet over three hundred persons listened to a grand performance of Beethoven's Second Symphony, and to a new overture, by one of the promising young native composers, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

SWEDEN. A Malmö journal states that Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has deposited 400,000 rix-thalers (\$100,000) in the hands of Provost Thomaner and Dr. Weisgelgren, of the Cathedral, for the purpose of founding free schools for girls in Sweden.

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The Overture to Don Giovanni.

As this splendid orchestral *chef-d'œuvre* has been so much performed among us recently, (a tantalizing reminiscence indeed of the entire opera!) we cannot doubt that many of our readers will be interested in the following analysis, which we translate from the Russian biographer and amateur, from whom we have before borrowed several good things. If those who can read a piano-forte arrangement will consult the notes and just identify the *two little figures* or phrases, which he points out in the Allegro, they will listen to the overture henceforth always with an increased pleasure.

"What is most striking in a legend or poetic fable, like 'Don Juan,' is the catastrophe. It is quite natural and to the purpose then that we allude to it at the beginning of our report. Accordingly I will commence with the adventures and the fearful end of this desperate sinner, who fearing neither God nor man, sees the shadow of the old man he has murdered, walk in, and is cast alive by demons into a flaming grave. The fable might well begin with this, and this is precisely the Introduction which MOZART has chosen.

"Hark! lend us your ears!" call out to us those first accords of the overture, attacked with energy by the entire orchestra. The rhythm, divided in two equal halves, trembles with the shocks of the mysterious modulation, which it

leads; half-notes, echoing in terrific octaves, emerge on every side, like spectral faces, which direct a long and heavy gaze upon you, then vanish and make room for other forms. From time to time the drums are heard in muffled tones, like subterranean thunder. But what would these complaining syncopated notes of the first violins say? and that other voice, that whimpers so feebly in the second violins, and twists itself about like a trodden worm, that would fain lift itself, but cannot? That is a human voice, a dying voice. The phantom answers it, and when this has finished its terrible harangue, you see a black gigantic arm reach out of the earth and grasp the sinner. The brass instruments complete the deadly conflict in those decisive chords of the *superfluous sixth*, and the tremolo of the violins has indicated the final spasms.

"After this sublime introduction, which reminds one of Don Juan's death, comes the narrative proper, the Allegro of the overture, which explains the action, that is, the course of life of the hero of the piece. In analyzing the poetic character of Giovanni, we have ascribed to him the position or life-purpose, expressed in the following words: 'Every day to try the strength of my capacities against the innumerable obstacles which human society opposes to a being of my stamp,' &c. This proposition, drawn from the spirit of the overture, becomes the exactest programme that we could devise. At the very beginning of the Allegro, the D sharp of the violins, against the D of the bass, indicates the hostile attitude of Don Juan toward the human race, or rather toward the male sex. The rabid wolf comes creeping slyly on; with one bound he has snatched the lamb, and the trumpets hail the successful stroke with their triumphant fanfare.* The news of the stolen lamb gets abroad and spreads more and more; the alarm is given; the people gather to annihilate the wolf (from the 16th to the 48th measure.) At this point begins the series of magical illusions, which make this a unique work in its kind, like the opera itself, from which MOZART has made it inseparable, inasmuch as he has joined it to the Introduction.

How has this illusion been effected? By means not much more now in use:—by two little figures, which our great men of this day would not have deigned to pick up, had they found them in their path. Figure No. 1 has something pe-

remptory and threatening about it; it is supported by the unison of the whole orchestra. Figure No. 2 is jeering and defiant; a single instrument, the first violin, is charged with it. This is Don Juan on the one side; on the other it is the fathers, brothers, husbands, lovers, cousins and *Cicisbei*, the holy brotherhood and their *shirri*, the excited multitude, who all sing from one tone. Twice this mass bands itself together to pursue the robber, who slips through their hauds and mocks them in his flight. Now they deem it expedient to divide their forces. The quartet (of strings) begins the measure; the oboes and bassoons follow in the third quarter; the flutes in the following measure. During this movement, number One, divided in this way, remains none the less identical; number Two has disappeared. They hasten after it. All goes well at first; the strategic *canon* movements are executed with the most perfect precision and regularity; but here the violins get perplexed; instead of a G sharp they take G, which upsets the modulation and gives altogether a new turn to matters. Full of shame at their miscarriage, the violins break off the part; the rest, deserted by their officers, observe no longer any order or discipline; each repeats the passage in its own way, and the whole attack, at first so well conducted, resolves itself into a minor cadence admirably effective. The foe has received the prize of his boldness, the sweet prize of love, jubilee and triumph, intoxicating and joyous music.

In the middle sentence (*Satze*) the contrapuntal game is renewed, but differently, with more alternation and still more art. This time the warring figures are united in such a manner that you hear them both at once; the attack is renewed, strengthened by an auxiliary corps, namely the clarinets; and number Two divides itself between the first and second violins. This gives rise to very various combinations; the rapidity of the modulatory movements of number Two no longer permits number One to follow the canon sequence in unison and octave; it is compelled to answer in the Second, Third, Sixth, Seventh, both in the minor and the major, to attack the enemy at every point; but everywhere the defence makes front against the attack. You seem to see a sword whose sparks flash in all directions, or an *ignis fatuus*, dancing a fantastic waltz about you. The ear, confused in this harmonic labyrinth, and unable to hold the complicated threads, resigns itself with rapture to the total

* An idea imitated from HOFFMANN.

impression. This wonderful overture has no closing period. After the second part has reproduced in the Tonic, what the first part had led us hear in the Dominant, the modulation passes over into F major; the orchestra becomes more tranquil; a pleasant drowsiness succeeds to the most stirring energy; the overture dies away, as it were, just where the Introduction commences. Did not MOZART mean in this way to unite the imitative forms of pure music with those of concrete music, and lead us imperceptibly from the instrumental narrative style into dramatic action; just as the thoughts of a man in the act of waking connect and mingle gradually with the images of a beautiful dream?

"The curtain rustles up," &c. . . .

A Complaint and an Apology.

I. [From the Boston Atlas of Oct. 4th.]

"FROM MY DIARY."

It is amusing to see the bitterness with which the votaries of one school of painting, music, literature, and art will inveigh against another. No good can come out of the Nazareth where their neighbors abide. The musical world, in particular, has been for some time divided by a yawning gulf, on one side of which stand the votaries of "the old masters," and, on the other, those who love the music of their own day. The ancients call the moderns light; and the moderns call the ancients heavy; and inasmuch as the scales which measure both are submitted to no legal sealing, their respective weights will forever remain a question of dispute.

A New York gentleman, who, it seems, is in the habit of recording his daily thoughts, sends to *Dwight's Journal*, from time to time, extracts from his "Diary." And very strong extracts they are too—absolutely bitter with the quintessence of classicism. The gentleman is evidently an "ancient" of the most thorough and inexorable kind, for the most intense classicism flows literally from his fingers' ends. No. 2 of his extracts appeared a few days ago, and so strong a dose is it, that we are apprehensive for the safety of the unfortunate authors and performers and hearers who may be led into swallowing the potent draught. But as the drugs of the present day are very much adulterated, it may be as well to challenge the purity of this one as it passes.

Rossini's overture to *William Tell* receives the first attention of our erudite friend. It is "a capital piece to begin with in a fashionable concert." Indeed! Well, that concert would be a fine one indeed, which would lead off with such a composition!—particularly if it went on improving. Poor Rossini! After having amused and delighted the whole world for a quarter of a century, to have one of his finest creations styled *fashionable music*! There is one consolation for him, at least; several individuals in Boston and elsewhere, really think it a clever thing. Our writer proceeds to find fault with the Germanians, because they played Mendelssohn's *Wedding March*, and did not play the "overture" and "scherzo." They were probably not aware that all the while there was a classicist up in New York watching their movements, or they would have played the whole "Dream" without mutilation. They will do well to consult him about the very next programme which they offer, as to what to omit and what not.

Now it is surprising how tastes will differ. Many would suppose that at a concert at which the GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY should perform Rossini's *Overture*, "*William Tell*"—Mendelssohn's "*Wedding March*"—the duet from Spohr's *Jessonda*—a set of Strauss Waltzes—and where JAEHL should perform "*Mendelssohn's Fantasia*," a *Fantasia* of Thalberg, and his own "*Rigoletto*," would be a very fair concert—a concert such as, until a year or two, it would have been impossible to get up in these United States. But it is our ignorance alone which allows of such an opinion; for our New York

classicist, a man who has travelled, a man who evidently knows all about it, says: "What is there worth hearing in all these various performances, for its intrinsic merit?" and he proceeds to discourse thus:

Now among all the rich and cultivated—the elite of all our cities—from Madawaska to the Sabine—could not musical taste enough be found to demand, not request, at a dollar concert, a concert given too by men worthy the name of artists, at least a specimen of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven?

Bear it in mind, henceforth, you concert givers, that no entertainment is worthy of a silver dollar, but one which shall be spiced with a sprinkling of the triumvirate mentioned. Painters!—exhibit nothing which shall not be Raphael, Titian, Guido! Poets!—print nothing which is not Chaucer, Spencer, Milton! Sculptors!—mould nothing which is not Phidias, Michael Angelo, Cellini! Lovers of art of all kinds!—frown on the creations of the great minds and skilful hands of your own day, and admire nothing, endure nothing, which is not at least a century old. Antiquity does wonders for you! You are safe in admiring anything which emanates from the obscurity of the past; but commit not the gross error of being pleased with the efforts of your contemporaries. There is a class of men, of whom the New York writer is a type, who worship the productions of the great minds of past ages, but can find no admiration for those of the present day. The classicists can scarce find terms of praise wherewith to extol the writings of those composers who have been the pioneers—and mighty ones, too—into the realms of music. No one is inclined to dissent from the admiration which they express for those great men; no one is desirous of interfering with their full and entire relish of the creations of these master minds. But many are inclined to dislike and to rebel against the law which these classicists seek to put upon the creations of later birth, which,—say what they choose—are in keeping with, and are the creatures of the times in which they are born. They have no right to claim for themselves a superiority of judgment, and to say that what they admire is heavenly, while what others equally relish, is wretched. While the merits of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Handel, &c., are acknowledged and admired by all who know anything of music whatever, it is at the same time true that the persecuted Italian composers are loved in every country where music has as yet become a study or a pleasure. In the heart of Germany, in the home of the great old masters, the creations of Donizetti, of Rossini, of Bellini,—yes, and even of the despised Verdi himself, are played and sung to the delight of applauding audiences; and this is not of yesterday or to-day, but always has been and always will be. Music is a science only as far as its structure is concerned. The educated musician is gratified, professionally, with the way a work is builded up, of changing chords and varying harmonies; but the hearer, the one who indulges in music merely as a recreation from the more serious pursuits of life, looks to the effect of the structure alone. Great works have been written, scientific, learned, wonderful in their combinations, which fail to arouse one warmer throb in the hearts of those who hear them. Many such works are extant. The classicists may pore over their profundity, may find learning in their construction, may admire the mind which can conceive such changes; but the unlearned hearer seeks in vain for the genius, the warmth, the naturalness which must exist in the composition of a great work. We do not hesitate to say that the music generally termed "light" by the "ancients" has given as much real happiness—we will not say more—to the world, as the more recondite and abstruse creations of bygone years. The taste for music must change with everything else. We cannot always play Mozart and Beethoven, any more than we can always read Milton and Spencer. We cannot always feel in the mood for the grand and lofty. We want, in these days of busy thought and action, a fair proportion of the style which belongs peculiarly to them. We want to read Burns and Scott, and Dickens, and Thackeray in literature; we want to see Buckstone, and Morton, and

Planche on the stage, and we want to hear Donizetti, and Bellini, and Rossini, in opera and concert, because they harmonize with the natural sentiments and feelings of the people of our day; because they speak plainly and naturally to our hearts. But we do not inveigh against others, who can see no beauty in what is to us beautiful. We accord to their heroes a lofty merit, and do not sneer and jeer at what our idiosyncrasies do not permit us to entirely relish.

The New York diarist is a man who has seen the world. He has made the "grand tour." He asks about the Germanians:

Are they not bound to give our Western and Northern friends, at least one specimen at each concert of music of a higher grade than the 6-14 cent concert music of German beer saloons? . . . I do not pay \$1 to hear music which one hears abroad either for nothing in the open air, or for seven cents in the beer saloon.

Now if the Germans can hear such music as we spoke of, for seven cents, they are certainly to be envied, for it is far cheaper than we can procure the same; but does the gentleman suppose that we are to refrain from going to hear fine music in America because the Germans can hear it at a tenth price? What do we know or care about prices in Germany? Ask any one of these admirable musicians if they do not find in America a relish for good music, as warm as in their own country. He might as well say that he will not eat oranges here at half a dime, because they can be bought in Havana for a few cents a dozen, or refuse any luxury which is cheap in its native land. If he is so much disgusted, he had better emigrate to the favored country, and leave us to our Strauss waltzes, if we like them. He also says:

One reason why the really musical public sustains and encourages the Germanians is, that it is hoped through their instrumentality (no pun intended) to awaken and cultivate a true taste in music. They are regarded in some sense as musical missionaries.

This is, we imagine, a great mistake. The musical public sustains the Germanians, because it likes to hear them play—because they are the best to be got; and the musical public cares no more for cultivating a true taste in music, than it does about the success or non-success of the Germanians themselves. They play admirably—they play Strauss waltzes admirably, and polkas, and every thing they undertake, from Beethoven's greatest work to their own leader's polkas, and for that reason they succeed here, and not because of any imaginary mission in regard to our improvement. We have never before heard the great orchestral pieces played so well, and it is for this, that we relish them more. Their advent has started us up to enjoy a beauty never before presented; but their mission is, we imagine, to thrive in the world by the use of their excellent abilities, and at the same time gather a few laurels.

One more quotation and we are done. Speaking of a company of Indian vocalists, he says:

If they ever come within hail, I'll go and hear them, for I do think, that they cannot yet have learned to screech the arias, which every great or would-be great singer, thinks herself bound to inflict upon us in return for our hard dollars—"Robert, Robert," "Qui la voce," et id omne genus, until they are so hacknied that one had rather listen to Yankee Doodle on a hand organ.

As to the "screeching," some screech and some do not. It is not particularly necessary to screech in either of the fine compositions he has mentioned; but we would respectfully inquire, whether there can be any greater chance for screeching than is to be found in the scores of Mozart's operas? If music, which in some instances maintains a constant altitude of G to F in alt, is not a fair chance for "screeching" it will be difficult to find any. We imagine that it is the singer, and not the music which will decide the necessity of "screeching."

However, it is needless to pursue the question farther. There are two styles of music, the harmonic and melodic. Some are charmed by simple melody—yes! even the most learned and profound may be moved to tears by a simple strain of beauty. This susceptibility is the natural one of the heart. It belongs alike to the uneducated and best instructed. It is the found-

ation upon which is builded the modern romantic school, which appeals to the simple sentiments of humanity, clothed more or less fully in the garb of harmony. Without more or less of this melody, harmony becomes unintelligible. The "ancients" are satisfied with but little of its influence in their favorite works. The "moderns" are not satisfied without a large admixture of its flow and its grace. Of course there is much poor music, but it should be judged by other music of its own class. All styles are, as styles, worthy of each other. Because some writers perpetrate poor stuff, their class, their *genus* should not be put under ban. Much may be written on this subject, but we will leave it here with the hope that few men may be found to put forth such bigotted, narrow, flippant, self-satisfied articles as this "Diary" one. It is not the sense of our community in general, and we think that few, even of the most ardent lovers of the "old masters" would be inclined thus to speak of the Germania Musical Society Concerts. C.

II. *The humble apology and plea for mercy of the "Diarist," in a note to his honored Mentor, "C." of the Boston Atlas.*

DEARLY BELOVED:—A friend has sent me your kind and friendly notice of No. 2, else I had not seen it. You "dome proud" by the learning which you attribute to the writer of No. 2. He is not scientific, and he finds he did not know what he thought he knew. But he knows now—he has read "C.'s" communication in the *Atlas*. Gratitude swells his heart, that a stranger so charitably has come forward and, reasoning from that lofty position on which he stands and surveys the whole world of music, condescended to enlighten him—"the Diarist"—as to the true character of his bigotted, narrow, flippant, self-satisfied articles. In view of the great goodness of his unknown benefactor, "the Diarist" feels compelled to say "thank you" and "much obliged."

Will "C." lend a listening ear to one who has been guilty of "making the grand tour," and not despise the words of one who would explain how he has fallen into his grave errors, at the same time that he apologizes for them in all humility? "C.", no doubt, in the kindness of his heart, will.

"The Diarist" years ago undertook the pursuit of musical knowledge "under difficulties." Then came the glorious era when the Boston Concerts, and the vast collections of American Musical Literature in the Harvard Musical Association Library, the Harvard College Library, and some private collections, came within reach. He heard the first and he read the second. The treasures of the American Musical periodical press of that day were opened to him. He devoured all. But what excited the highest delight, what satisfied his cravings for farther information, perhaps beyond all else, were the profound critical analyses, the deep thoughts, and ponderous strength of the musical papers in the Boston Daily press. Here was richness! Sometimes they were too deep for him, and he mourned. Perhaps one of your remarks, dear "C.", partakes a little of this character,—this one—I do not take it to be superficial—only too profound: "There are two styles of music, the harmonic," &c., (See above).

This by the way.

And so in course of time, even "the Diarist" began to get a glimpse of the idea, which you have stated so admirably, and which is no doubt as original as it is deep:

"The educated musician is gratified, professionally, with the way a work is builded up, of

changing chords and varying harmonies; but the hearer, the one who indulges in music merely as a recreation from the more serious pursuits of life, looks to the effect of the structure alone."

He was simply a "hearer," and he noticed that different compositions affected him variously. He attended the Opera, so magnificently brought upon the stage at "the Howard," with that noble chorus, splendid orchestra, and singers of world-wide fame, and he felt a pleasurable excitement, a sensual delight, caused—with all due deference to a higher judgement, be it said—by its influence on the ear. When the heroes and heroines were in difficulties—taking poison, for instance—he had no doubt that the music took poison too:—it made oftentimes horrible wailings on such occasions—and he felt the next morning that the critics did not half do the singers and musicians justice. When he heard Miss Anna Stone pleading: "Return, Oh God of Hosts;" when he heard the chorus joining in the "Hallelujah;" when the orchestra played a March, as Samson's dead body was supposed to be brought by; when in that "classic" Beethoven's C minor Symphony, he followed the doubt and agitation of the first movement, the majestic and sublime depths of sorrow of the second, the revulsion of feeling into the extravagant merriment of the condemned who thus covers his despair, of the third, until that mighty hymn of joy and infinite happiness at the close;—when, even, he heard some of the fine glees and madrigals of living, as well as dead, composers, in all these and many more—in Zeuner's psalm tunes—not in Russel's songs—he thought not of singers and performers, he had only felt the music, and in his ignorance and folly had only wept. The "effect" was different.

In the course of his reading he had learned that certain composers were called "classics"—unhappy word! and found that in England, France and Germany, they were placed at the head of all composers because their works produced certain effects upon all truly cultivated hearers—such as you, my Mentor—far beyond those of all others. He found that certain compositions took hold of his feeling, let who would sing them—provided they were sung correctly—that others would not though sung by Tedesco herself, and sung in a way to ravish one with—the performance. [Do you see the intended distinction?]

Now, my dear "C.", you see how the foundation of all the bigotry, narrowness, &c., of "the Diarist" was laid. He had made the mistake of thinking that music in its highest sense was a language—that of the heart.

He found that certain composers, some of whom actually lived—though not so long ago as Raphael and Titian—still before our day, had acquired that mastery over the language of the heart, which a certain Shakspeare and a certain Burke, and a certain Webster, have attained over the language in which intellectual ideas are expressed—at least so it seemed to him. All these great masters affected him alike; they made him weep; they made him laugh; they made his bosom swell, and the hot blood pour through his veins—Donizetti did not—Bellini did not. It was a pleasure to hear their music, but a different one.

In this unfortunate condition the Diarist did go where he might have opportunity to hear in all their grandeur the works of those, who in Boston had so moved him. And could he only have the approbation of "C.", with what pleasure would

he remember such a concert as that by the royal orchestra at Berlin, where he, with W. and J., and two thousand other persons, all alike enraptured, entranced,—not a sound—no whisper, no drumming with heel or toe, no criticism of ladies' dresses,—all intent on the music—listened to that magnificent orchestra as they played three symphonies—one by Mozart, one by Haydn, and the First of Beethoven.

How wrong it was for "the Diarist" and his friends to follow the multitude to the Royal Opera where they played Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Mozart's, Gluck's, Meyerbeer's, Weber's works, almost to the entire exclusion of Bellini, Rossini, Donizetti, etc., while the Italians were playing these latter down at the Koenigstaedisches to empty benches. I apologize for it all!

You will perceive, kind Mentor, that "the Diarist" writes more in sorrow than in anger, and that he has been led into error for the want of proper early culture. May your children have it!

"The Diarist" would rather like to have the Germanians consult him as to the programme of one of their concerts, just to see how the "old-fogey" music, which so delighted him once, would seem under the new light which has arisen upon him.

Now receive the overflowings of a thankful heart, unknown friend, for another favor, no doubt unconsciously conferred. From your article at length the inquiring mind can draw a never-failing canon of criticism. Hereafter "the Diarist" will make no mistakes. He needs but to ask, is it popular, does the multitude like it—if so he will know it is good. When the "Messiah" is performed, he can go to Christie's. When Beethoven *et id genus omne* are played, he can save his money and his credit, by waiting for the "Sacred Concert" at the Shakspeare Hotel.

As in one art so in others.

In sculpture, "Jarley's wax-work" shall be preferred to the Athenæum Gallery; in painting, the faces of that holy, unearthly Madonna and that divine child—every feature glowing with omniscience, and of that Magdalen, reclining in the shade, so full of penitence and woe, tempered by hope of mercy, the glories of the Dresden gallery, shall give way to the Dollies, and the Mollies, which are popular and hang in every cottage; in poetry, he will no longer belong to the "ancients"—the one idea class; the "Buccaneers," the "snake of Springfield Mountain," shall supplant the Albatross of the dark sea, and the treasured pamphlet containing Sprague's "Curiosity" shall be exchanged for the most popular Negro Melodist.

After this humble apology and explanation, it is to be hoped that "C." will now forgive the strange but unintentional errors of

THE DIARIST.

An Incident in the Life of Madame Sontag.

Let not every singing mistress, however great her ability, anticipate such good fortune at St. Petersburg as that which Madame Czeca met with. She was indebted for her favorable reception to the gratitude of the amiable ambassadress, her former pupil, who not only recommended her, but sang at a public concert for her benefit. This would have been nothing for Mademoiselle Sontag; for the Countess Rossi, in the midst of the high Russian aristocracy, and of their haughty preju-

dices, it was an incredible deal. The concert was the most brilliant of the season, and its net proceeds were 14,000 rubles. The day after the concert, Madame Czecca showed the countess the cash account of its results. "Ah! Henriette," said she, "what have you done for me!" "For you?" cried the countess, and threw herself, sobbing aloud, into her arms. "For you? no, for myself! Ah! once more, after many years, have I enjoyed an hour of the purest and most complete happiness. . . . But you will divine my feelings; the element of my existence is wanting. The sight of a theatre saddens me; the triumph of a singer humbles me; the sound of the organ, which summons others to devotion, drives me from the sanctuary. I am a fallen priestess, who has broken her vow. Art, which I have betrayed, now spurns me, and her angry spirit follows me like an avenging spectre." Bathed in tears, she sank upon the sofa. . . . A servant entered and announced a stranger, who earnestly insisted to speak with the countess. A denial had no other result than to produce an urgent repetition of the request. "Impossible!" cried the countess; "I can see no one, thus agitated, and with my eyes red from weeping." "Never mind that," said Madame Czecca, "you are not the less handsome; and perhaps, it is some unfortunate person whom you can assist." The last argument prevailed. Madame Czecca left the room, and the stranger was shown in. He was a tall figure, in Armenian costume. His grey beard flowed down to his girdle; his large sparkling eyes were ardent and expressive. For a few moments he stood in silent contemplation of the countess; and only on her repeated inquiry of the motive of his visit did he seem to collect his thoughts; and then, in a somewhat unconnected manner, explained his errand. "I am a merchant from Charkow," he said, "and my life is entirely engrossed by my business and my family. Beyond those I have only one passion, namely, for music and song. The great fame which the countess formerly enjoyed in the artistic world reached even to our remote town, and my most ardent wish has ever been to have one opportunity of hearing and admiring her. Your retirement from the stage seemed to have frustrated this wish forever, when suddenly we learned that, out of gratitude to your former teacher, you had resolved to appear once more before the public, and sing at her concert. Unable to resist my desire to hear you, I left business, wife, and children, and hastened hither. I arrived yesterday, and had no sooner alighted than I sent for tickets. It was in vain; at no price was one to be obtained. Countess, I cannot return home without hearing you. You are so good; yesterday, for love of a friend, you sang in public; make an old man happy, and rejoice his heart with half a verse of a song; I shall then have heard you, and shall not have made this long journey in vain." As the dewdrops of night are absorbed by the bright rays of the morning sun, so did the last traces of tears disappear from the smiling countenance of the charming woman. With that amiable grace which is peculiarly her own, she drew an arm chair near the piano for the old man, and, seating herself at the instrument, abandoned herself to the inspirations of her genius. Her rosy fingers flew over the keys, the prelude echoed through the spacious saloon; the countess had disappeared, Henrietta Sontag was herself again; or, rather, she was Desdemona in person. The song was at an end; the musician, transported for the moment into higher regions, returned gradually to earth and to consciousness. She looked round at her audience. The old Armenian was upon his knees beside her, pressing the folds of her dress to his brow. After the pause which followed the song, he raised his countenance; its expression was of indescribable delight, mingled, however, with a trace of sadness. He would have risen, would have spoken, but could not. The singer's little hand came to his assistance. He pressed it convulsively to his lips, rose to his feet, and, in so doing, slipped a costly ring from his finger to hers. Then he tottered to the door. There he stopped, turned round, and fixed a long and penetrating gaze upon the singer. "Alas!" he exclaimed, in tones of deepest melan-

choly, "how great the pity!" And, with the last word upon his lips, he disappeared. Henrietta Sontag returned to her piano: she would have continued singing, but her voice failed her. Deeply affected, she rested her head upon the music stand, and in mournful accents, repeated the Armenian's words. Yes, she said, aloud, "the pity is great indeed." And, sadly pondering, she sank upon the sofa. — *Jermann's Pictures from St. Petersburg.*

A Tragical Ballad.

[The following is from our friend Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS, of Newport, R. I., from whom we are happy to hear always.]

DEAR DWIGHT,—The article on the "Dies Irae" in your last Journal, (Oct. 9th,) reminds me of a piece which I translated some time ago from Justus Kerner; and unless the *Germano-phobia* forbids, you may care to have it for your columns. It appears to me to have something to do with a very striking picture in an old illustrated edition of that quaint and charming old poet and humorist, Matthias Claudius, which I have, and which represents four lank and cadaverous madmen, with a strong family likeness to each other, sitting in a room that opens out into a court where a woman, who is pumping, seems to be watching them over her shoulders. One of them, the tallest and oldest, sits bolt upright with his feet crossed and hands folded with a vacant look of resigned despair; the next, with his hands clasped on his knees, hends forward and looks hard at the roots of his forelock; of the two opposite, the one, apparently the youngest of all, sits rubbing his knees with the palms of his hands, fixing a stolid sensual look at the old brother over against him, while the other, at his side, with dishevelled hair, knees drawn up and his chin supported by his hands, is wrestling like a Laocöon with the internal serpents of remorse. Claudius says they are four sons of a musician, that "they sit silent all day long; only when a patient dies in the hospital, and it is announced by the usual three strokes from the tower, they strike up a verse from a dirge. They are therefore called in the house the death-cocks." Did this suggest Kerner's poem of

THE FOUR CRAZY BROTHERS?

In yon mad-house, lean and bony,
Each a living skeleton,
Sit four men; — with pale and stony
Lips, from which all breath seems gone,
Face to face, in staring sadness,
Sit they in the house of madness.

But when midnight strikes the hour,
All their hair stands up on end;
Then those lips, with ghostly power,
Forth the dismal chorus send:

"*Dies Irae—dies illa*
Solvat sæculum in favillâ!"

These were once four wicked brothers,
Drinking, cursing, all night long,
Each contending with the others
For the palm of graceless song;
Friendship's kindly counsel scorning,
Heedless of a father's warning.

Still the old man spake, when dying,
To the wicked brothers four:

"Think! ye too shall soon be lying,
Pale and cold at death's dark door;

"*Dies Irae—dies illa*
Solvat sæculum in favillâ!"

So he spake, and then departed,
But his words touched not their breast;
God took home the broken-hearted
To his everlasting rest;
They, like damned sprites are driven
On towards hell—far—far from Heaven.

Wilder grew these wicked brothers

Year by year, without a care

For the wants or woes of others,

Tender cheek or hoary hair.

Merry brothers, fear no evil!

There is neither God nor devil!

Once, as midnight saw them reeling

Home from drunken revelry—

Hark! a holy hymn comes pealing

From the house of God near by;

With satanic fury swelling,

"Stop," they cried, "ye hounds, your yelling!"

And they rushed with oaths infernal,
Storming through the holy door,
When, as if to announce the eternal
Judgment, sounds that strain once more:
"*Dies Irae—dies illa*
Solvat sæculum in favillâ!"

And their lips stand widely parted,
But there comes no word nor tone,
God hath struck the guilty-hearted
Stiff as images of stone.
Pallid cheek and hair all hoary
Tell the melancholy story.

In the mad-house, lean and bony
Each a living skeleton,
Now they sit, with pale and stony
Lips, from which all breath seems gone,
Face to face, in staring sadness,
Sit they in the house of madness.

But when midnight strikes the hour,
All their hair stands up on end;
Then those lips, with ghostly power,
Forth the dismal chorus send:

"*Dies Irae—dies illa*
Solvat sæculum in favillâ!"

C. T. B.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

LOWELL MASON, in a letter to the *Musical World and Times*, thus describes the enthusiasm with which he listened to this great work at the recent festival at Birmingham.

"We are entirely incompetent to give any description of this composition;—*first*, because we did not know it, and *secondly*, because we have not sufficient musical knowledge to do it. Suffice it to say, that whatever can be suggested to an awakened imagination, by the whole range of sounds which the vibrating atmosphere is capable of producing, or man's perceptive powers are capable of appreciating, is here brought to view, portrayed, delineated, exhibited, expressed. Handel has done nothing like this; great and unapproachable as he is, here is something in the world of sounds that is far in advance of anything that he has left recorded. We believe Handel to have been as great a genius as Beethoven; but it was reserved for Beethoven to go down into the deep, and explore more thoroughly the works of the Infinite, in this department. God is not yet fully known in his works; yet science is gradually revealing him; and in the kingdom of sounds, as well as in that of plants, and minerals, in living things, and in surrounding worlds, he is manifesting himself in the researches and investigations of him whom he made in his own image. Beethoven is the great modern revealer of truth, as it exists in the region of sounds. He has extended the boundaries of science; and from their combinations and their successions, he has given to the world new views as to the variety and power of tones; so that modern musical science now rests essentially upon his works. We do not mean to exclude the Bachs, Mozarts, or even Mendelssohns, from the honored catalogue; but we only speak of Beethoven in this connection, and in this point of view, as him who stands pre-eminently great.

A gentleman near to us, a learned musician, and a distinguished writer on music, who spoke to us of the first production of the Choral Symphony in England, said: 'It was long before it could be understood, or appreciated, and even now there are parts of it which are not understood.' True, indeed; neither are the sun and the moon and the stars understood; but they shed down upon us their light and heat, and give life and bliss. Our own frame, how little it is understood, but yet it answers our purpose. Electricity is not understood, and probably never will be; yet something of it has been revealed by modern investigations, and we are beginning to know some of the laws by which it may be made subservient to him who is Lord of all below. Who understands the ocean, a tempest, or the everlasting hills? yet these things have great moral power

over man, and may be made to minister to his happiness. Who comprehends immensity and eternity? But does it follow that, therefore, these may not fill the mind with aspirations after the Infinite, the source of all perfection and happiness? We may not understand, and yet may derive great pleasure and good from the musical forms of truth, which Beethoven or others have discovered. If God can be seen in his works; if ideas of beauty and sublimity can bring up any proper conceptions to the imagination of the good and true; then Beethoven has, in part, lifted the veil; but yet we may not fully understand; Beethoven himself might not have understood his own productions, for even human nature restored, purified, and raised to its highest degree of intellectual and moral greatness, can only appreciate in part the wonderful works of its own creation.

"The Choral Symphony is in a key which has wrought wonders in the hands of many masters, viz.: D minor. It is divided in three parts. The first part comprises three movements, viz.:

- I. — *Allegro ma non troppo, un poco maestoso.*
- II. — *Scherzo molto vivace.*
- III. — *Adagio molto e cantabile.*

"The third movement leads to the second or choral part of the Symphony, as follows:

- I. — Tenor Recitative — "Companions! be wise."
- II. — Solo and chorus, bass — "Welcome, ye who pious in sadness."
- III. — Quartet — Sweet content, our hope inviting."
- IV. — Quartet and chorus — "Oh! may he whose soul is despairing."
- V. — Tenor solo, and chorus — "Oh! thou bright fire!"
- VI. — Quartet and chorus — "Oh! ye sons of earth!"

"As we have already intimated, we dare not attempt any description of this music. We repeat, we have heard it but once; but if we may judge of it by the feelings it produced in us, then it is certainly to be classed with the most powerful of all musical compositions. We do not know but, in years past, we have been as much moved and delighted with music, and if so, it was at the performance of Handel's *Messiah*, in the same Hall, in 1837. But this can hardly be regarded as a proper comparison, since the *Messiah* is not merely musical, or does not rest so much on musical power, but brings to its aid the wonders of man's redemption, as drawn from the divine word; it tells of the birth, sufferings, and death of the Saviour, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world; of the progress and universal triumph of His kingdom, and of the hallelujahs of the redeemed. But if we were as much moved on that occasion, and in part certainly by music, we did not suppose it possible ever again to feel its influence in so high a degree. We were almost foolish enough that so far as it related to our own experience, the powers of the art and been exhausted. Beethoven's Ninth reproved us for this folly and unbelief, and carried us away we know whither. And not we alone, for the feelings of the whole audience were aroused, and such an enthusiasm was manifested as we had hardly seen before. But we have said enough of this great work, for our present purpose. We shall hear it ere long in New York or Boston; but stay ye, who lead in these things, and do not attempt it until orchestra, solo, and chorus are fully prepared for the mighty task of its performance."

WEIMAR. On the occasion of the solemnity of the 15th ult. Liszt directed in the Catholic chapel the performance of a new mass, written by himself, the style of which is characterized by grandeur and dramatic animation.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. IV.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29. Noteworthy in the history of American criticism, that though Alboni's concert last night was put out as well as the gas lights, the Daily — this morning, speaks of her singing as having been superb, and the whole performance of a very high order.

Sept. 30. Dropped in a few minutes in the evening to hear another wonder, the little girl Urso, on the violin. Must jot down one occurrence. During her performances she stands on a small moveable platform three or

four feet square, which raises her from the stage a foot or so. After the song from Mr. Feitlinger, the proper person came out to place the platform in its proper position. Somebody clapped—as they do at the shilling theatres on such occasions—and the moment after the joke took, and Mr. Nameless was greeted with an immense round of applause; the gallery actually shook. Then little Urso appeared, and —

"Well, what?" from the impatient reader.

Oh, nothing, only the musical public applauded her also.

Oct. 1. Was present at Sontag's concert. Have nothing special to remark upon it, only that when she was singing her first piece, from the opera of *Der Freischütz*, "*Wie nahte mir der Schlummer*," notwithstanding the principal melody was long since manufactured into a psalm tune "by Weber," I cried like a great baby all the time.

Oct. 5. How splendidly Sontag did sing last night! And Badiali, and what a wonder that little boy Jullien is!—By the way, how is it that directors of concerts so soon learn that the more noisy the overtures given, the better they take? Last night we had Spontini's "*Vestalin*" overture—one of his finest compositions—but such a racket! The other was Flotow's overture to *Martha*. Years ago Weber wrote the music to a Melodrama on the same subject, which Longfellow has chosen for his "*Spanish Student*," and in the beautiful overture you have the dancing girl's tamborine introduced, or something of the kind. Flotow has imitated this and, like all imitators, makes nothing of it. Poor stuff enough. The opera is "*Martha, or the Richmond Fair*," and he introduces into the overture a tamborine, while the orchestra imitates a—hurdygurdy! This piece was encored! The director however began back only far enough to give us the tamborine and hurdygurdy.

Oct. 6. "The Germania Serenade Band will perform F. Schubert's grand and noble Symphony, which is a masterpiece."—*Boston paper*.

As a note on the word only, which I find in italics, the following passages from Schilling's *Encyclopædie der Musikalischen Wissenschaften*, article "Schubert, Franz," will answer very well.

"After his voice changed he left the institution and lived by turns in his father's house or hired lodgings; studied the works of his favorite Triumvirate, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven; gave lessons, and devoted all his leisure hours entirely to original composition, to which he was impelled by a burning enthusiasm, and which rendered possible an almost inconceivable facility in production. Already in his boyhood, without instruction, [*Anleitung*] he had brought to paper quartets, symphonies, piano-forte pieces, and the like; now he tried his powers in all branches of the art, and what he accomplished in spite of all hindrances both in quantity and quality, surpasses almost all belief. Operas, Symphonies, Choruses, Overtures, Cantatas, Psalms, Masses, Graduales, Offertories, Stabat Mater, Allelujahs, numerous Sonatas, Trios, Variations, Fantasias, Rondos, Impromptus, Dances, Marches, vocal and string Quartets, Italian Arias, a grand Octet, and many other works prove indeed a rare fertility."

Again in a notice of his brother Ferdinand, Schilling says:

"Of the rich stores which the deceased (Franz) left behind him, he (Ferdinand) possesses in manuscript, 6 Masses, 12 Symphonies, and 9 Operas."

Oct. 7. A private letter from Europe, by the last steamer, gives the following information:

"The success of Jenny Lind, in our favored land, has excited all the dramatic and operatic artists—all want to partake in the glorious American harvest."

A paper states that some \$600,000 was divided between Barnum and Jenny Lind—and Barnum is not satisfied with such a report. What, only six hundred and odd thousand dollars for singing a certain number of songs! Oh humbug! much more than that. So come on, old and young, men, women and children, here's the harvest—the glorious American harvest—and the reapers are few. We are too poor to support an opera, so come on, sing us a few operatic airs, and you shall carry more money home with you, than the whole Opera over which Goethe did, and Liszt does, preside, costs the Government and the people of Weimar.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 16, 1852.

POSTAGE. By the new law which went into effect on the 30th ult., the postage on the "*Journal of Music*," as we understand it, is *twenty-six* cents a year to places within the State of Massachusetts, or *thirteen* cents if paid in advance; and double these rates to places without the State. To post-offices within the county (i. e. in Chelsea, North Chelsea, and Winthrop,) there will be, as at present, no charge for postage.

We can supply all numbers of the First Volume, now complete, from the beginning. Price, one dollar.

Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN.

It was one of our best audiences, though not so numerous as the next will surely be, that greeted the young Danish *prima donna* last Saturday evening. Most of the *habitués* and amateurs had thronged of course to the Melodeon, eager to see and hear the singer of such fair report, who, it has been hoped, may fill the vacant *prima-donna*-ship of Boston. On the part of the very great majority, at all events, there was all pre-disposition to be pleased, and none were disappointed, who had come with reasonable expectations; always allowing of course for a certain few in every audience, everywhere, who are critical in specialties and who maintain the unbelieving attitude as long as they can find a plea for it. We give our impression of her singing, stage by stage as it grew upon us, subject of course to the safer tests of repeated future hearings.

After a fine performance of the magic overture to *Oberon*, by a well-selected orchestra of some four and twenty from the Musical Fund Society, conducted by AUGUST FRIES, the lady was led on amid hearty and protracted plaudits. Her appearance was entirely prepossessing: a blonde, of large and noble figure, with a good, kindly, sincere Northern face, a rather aristocratic carriage of the head, graceful, modest, lady-like in manner, she had at once the sympathy, respect and confidence of her audience. All exclaimed: "a noble figure for the lyric stage!" The first piece, the queenly, florid melody of *Bel raggio*, from Rossini's *Semiramide*, brought out the large, sonorous, pure and sympathetic quality of her voice, a *mezzo soprano* singularly even throughout its whole scale which terminates downwards in some rich and strong contralto tones. But it was not the piece to show her finest power. The tone was firm, the intonation true, the execution bold and ample and impressive. There was much to admire, more to hope; yet there was somewhat wanting, something that is best suggested perhaps by recalling such a singer as Mme. BOSIO;—that fine fluidity of outline, that *netteté*, that light and shade &c., which melted away all heavy uniformity and made it as a whole vital and complete. Not that the two were ever destined to be alike. Yet there was so much truth and power in this singing, so much of the good, solid soul of music behind the singing, that it was only after reflection and some mental comparison with other models that we slowly became aware of these deductions. If it has taken some words scrupulously to note these reservations, yet was the total effect on us one of real and rare pleasure, and we were in spirit part and parcel of the very warm applause which followed Mlle. Lehmann's noble, interest-

ing, if not faultless, rendering of the Rossini cavatina. Not without some nervousness and some of the weakening effects of suffering from home-sickness in a strange land, had the lady braved this *debut*, now no longer formidable.

A pretty compliment was paid her, and the public, in the selection of the clarinet fantasia, played next by Mr. RYAN, which bore the title of *'L attente et l' arrivée* (the expectation and the arrival), an expressive composition by Reissiger, in which we could trace some allusions, at an humble distance, to Beethoven's piano-forte Sonata: *Les Adieux, l' Absence et le Retour*. Then she sang Schubert's "Serenade";—German music!—in which she has been baptized and bred; and here we thought to find more of her real, her peculiar power, but we found less. It was the least satisfactory of her several efforts,—why, we were at a loss to comprehend. But, reader, wait! we have not heard her yet. We have got to hear first a noisy, rattling concert duo for violin and violoncello, the joint work of Schubert (could it be Franz?) and Kummer, and played, perhaps as well as it deserved, by the brothers FRIES, who were unfortunate in their selection. Then comes the intermission, during which we all compare notes, finding ourselves already warm friends of the lady, even if we make our special criticisms and own our disappointment in the "Serenade." Trust those who were favored yesterday at her rehearsal, and be persuaded that you have not heard her, till we have the *Scena* from "Der Freyschütz."

If the First Part collapsed in a sorry fashion in that "Duo Concertante," Part Second opens with a triumph. The glorious overture to *Don Giovanni* heralds the greatest effort of the singer. And now those rich, deep, thoughtful orchestral accords, and the pensive tones of the recitative: *Wie nahte mir der Schlummer*, steal from her lips in much the same musing and subdued manner in which Mme. GOLDSCHMIDT sang it. It was beautifully done, that Recitative; in the true style and spirit of the music. So too was the religious strain: *Leise, leise, fromme Weise*, to which the instruments breath a low wind-harp accompaniment; and the transition to the quicker, measured recitative, in which she catches with eager, love-sick ear the midnight sounds that tell the stillness of the forest;—it was all fine,—artistically, feelingly expressed. And the rapturous *Er ist!* ('Tis he!) with the glorious Allegro, and the alternations of bliss and foreboding, were all given with a genuine dramatic fire. This was indeed a triumph. In the *greatest* music she has succeeded greatly: all the rest we can set down now as accidental. The audience were transported, and to imperative encores she answered with a sweet, wild little Northern melody, one of the Swedish composer, Lindblad's, songs, if we mistake not, in which she accompanied herself at the piano. This was very fresh and charming and revived our wonder that such music is so little sung at concerts. The songs of Lindblad, while artistically perfect in their forms, both of melody and accompaniment, are as fresh and *naïve* as the popular melodies of oldest date.

Mr. EDWARD LEHMANN, the well-known brother of the *cantatrice*, was warmly greeted and applauded after his fantasia on the flute; but the audience were especially and justly delighted with the orchestral arrangement and execution of one of Mendelssohn's two-part songs ("I would

that my love, &c."), in which the voice parts were deliciously rendered by the trumpets *obligato* of Messrs. Schnapp and Rimbach.

In the cavatina from "La Favorita": *Oh, Mon Fernand*, which she sang in French, Mlle. Lehmann was highly effective. The abiding impression of the whole is that we are to be favored this winter with a singer, qualified by voice, talent, character and true, deep culture amid the masters and the music of Germany and Northern Europe, to sustain worthily the higher kinds of song in our select and classic concerts; and we are confident that Mlle. Lehmann will prove a most valuable acquisition to the musical material of Boston and its vicinity, and will add vastly to the attractiveness of the already very choice and delightful concerts of our "Mendelssohn Quintette Club."

From our Leipsic Correspondent.

Mlle. LEHMANN — DAVID'S NEW OPERA — FLOTOW'S "MARTHA" — WEBER'S "PRECIOSA" — ORGAN MUSIC — THE GEWANDHAUS CONCERTS.

LEIPSIK, Sept. 25th, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR, — Although it is too early in the season for much musical news, perhaps you will not be sorry to hear what is going on in this part of the world. And first, I must mention the short visit which Mlle. Lehmann, (who is now far on her way to Boston,) paid Leipsic about a fortnight since. She had been singing in Hamburgh with much success, I am told, on her way from Denmark, and hoped to have sung at the theatre here; but unfortunately the Director had already several engagements with singers, and besides, was very busy in preparing David's new opera for representation. So that this was impossible, and I had only the opportunity of hearing and admiring her very remarkable talent the day that she sang to Professor Moscheles. He accompanied her in a grand *Scena* and *Aria* from the *Prophète*, and also in Schubert's *Wanderer*, and *Erl King*, and expressed himself highly delighted and impressed with the great dramatic talent and feeling, and fine quality of voice which she displayed. Boston people may well congratulate themselves upon such an acquisition. We have certainly never had a singer settled amongst us who could compare with her, in beauty and compass of voice, in style and feeling. But you will soon hear her more than I ever have, and can judge of the truth of what I say concerning her great capabilities.

A week ago, David's new opera, *Hans Wachs*, was brought out, under his direction, at the Leipsic Opera House. The audience was very large and applauded warmly, though at the second representation there were but few people, and they, coldly disposed. The reason of the want of success of this, the first opera of the distinguished violinist, is principally, the diffuse, disconnected, and uninteresting style of libretto which his poet composed for him. The hero, Hans Wachs, is a perfect nullity throughout the piece, until he suddenly finds himself the brave and solitary defender of his native town, just before the curtain drops, and hastens to marry his daughter to one of the enemy, with whom she has been in love during the siege. The music is pleasing—never striking—admirably written and scored. A duet for Tenor and Soprano in the first act, and a Fugue in the last, cleverly introduced in a scene where the affrighted magistrates are assembled

together, deliberating upon the quickest and surest means of running away from the besieging enemy, struck me most. Generally, the music is so agreeable, that if the libretto had been better, it might have obtained a much greater success.

We have had *Fidelio*, the head and front of master-pieces, "Robert the Devil," the *Freischütz*, *Preciosa*, and Flotow's very charming opera of "Martha," given, since I came here, about four weeks since. I heard "Martha" in Munich this summer; and this, my second hearing, confirmed the agreeable impression it left upon me. It would certainly be extremely popular in America, being full of melodies which stay easily in the memory, not too noisy, and full of delicious accompaniments, and some really original and striking effects.

Weber's *Preciosa*, which I never heard before, is a melo-drama, with very little music. What there is, is worthy of the great *maestro*. All the world knows the March, which constantly recurs throughout the piece. Besides this, there is an echo chorus, sung by the Gipsies at night, in a wood, which is of singular beauty.

This morning we had a concert in the Thomas Kirche, given by a Leipsic organist named Schellenberg, assisted by the Choristers of the Thomas Schule, and Herr Behr, a singer from the opera. The programme was made up of compositions by Bach, Mendelssohn, and Hauptmann. Among other works of Bach, we had an aria with flute and organ accompaniment, sung by Herr Behr; and a Cantata for solo and chorus with organ; also a fantasia and fugue for the organ, given with grand effect. In the second part a most exquisitely beautiful motette of Mendelssohn, and a *Geistliches Lied* (spiritual song) of Hauptmann's, with which I was much impressed. Herr Schellenberg plays with great execution, and the concert was highly interesting to me. Next week the Gewandhaus concerts begin. The first ten are to be led by David; the rest by the celebrated composer, Niels W. Gade. I am looking forward to them with great anticipations of enjoyment, and shall not fail to write you sometimes of the music performed. P.

ALBONI IN BOSTON. The great Contralto will arrive this evening from New York; and for our concert-goers next week will be all a feast, as rich, to say the least, as we may hope for *this* year. She will have sung twice to us before we write again,—on Tuesday and on Thursday. And what do we expect? A voice, for richness, sweetness, power, and even tearful quality of tone, unequalled in the world. A delivery as natural and perfect as the flow of water. A style, the truest living type of the true, the best Italian school,—the school before Verdi and the screamers. Sonorous beauty, possessed and bestowed with most kindly and luxurious nonchalance. In a word we expect the experience of a new *sensation*, as if we were promised something better than the smell of new-mown hay. We have not heard her; it is all conjecture; but the testimonies of thousands, who have heard, point (when well sifted) to the one distinct *sphere* of Elysium in which we shall be lapped. We have not yet experienced it; but we know that she is the living voice of Rossini's music, and we know what Rossini's music is, and therefore know that a sensation, hitherto imagined or but half experienced, is to be made wholly real to us. The

sensuous music of ROSSINI—we use the word in its harmonic and best sense—the wholesome, bright, luxuriant music of that happy type of sensibilities and senses all in tune with one another and with nature;—that is what ALBONI shall present to us, and that was worthy of an Alboni to present it.

Go and listen, and fling away all preconceived comparisons or intentions of comparison with Lind or Sontag; for, depend upon it, such comparisons are idle, measuring perhaps the foolish brains of those who make them, but measuring not at all the angles at which these three great singers stand related to each other.

THE "HUMBLE APOLOGY" of our friend, the "Diarist," came last week, but too late for insertion then. We give it this time with "C.'s" article entire, which is a well-written statement of its side of the matter. Had "C." sent his piece to us, instead of to the *Atlas*, it should have found welcome place in our columns; for we delight in representing both sides of an honest difference.

As to the "Diary" we think "C." makes too much of it,—takes it too seriously. We publish it precisely for its quaint spice of individuality. We would publish too the opposite quaintness of any other individuality as genuine. The "Diarist" is eccentric, strong in his partialities, opinionated it may be; but in the sincere jottings of a private journal he gives many wholesome truths and criticisms, (albeit mingled with odd notions), which are too apt to be trimmed down until they lose their point in a more formal article. Come, who will offset the note-book of this "ancient" with an equally readable and genuine note-book of a modern, who is ultra-Italian and "nothing else."

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

CAMILLE URSO. Two concerts have confirmed all we said of this wonderful girl violinist. Two concerts, attended by an intelligent, nay an exacting audience, delighted almost to tears,—and yet not money enough in the house to pay expenses! Indifference to flaming advertisements of precocity is well; but it was not well, not worthy of the taste of Boston thus to neglect one of the purest manifestations of genius that ever seemed to come to us so straight from heaven. It was one of the most beautiful, most touching experiences of our whole musical life, to see and hear that charming little maiden, so natural and childlike, so full of sentiment and thought, so self-possessed and graceful in her whole bearing and in every motion, handle her instrument there like a master, drawing forth tones of purest and most feeling quality; with an infallible truth of intonation, unattained by many an orchestra leader; reproducing perfectly, as if by the heart's own direct magnetic agency, an entire Concerto of Viotti or De Beriot, wooing forth the gentler melodies with a fine and caressing delicacy, and giving out strong passages in chords (double-stopping) with even thrilling grandeur. There is something in that, which may not be regarded lightly; it sets the reverential chords to vibrating quite as strongly, and far more finely, than "rapping spirits," &c.

And she is gone! We had hoped that she might be heard at Mme. Alboni's concerts. Better still would be a union with that other wonder, little Paul Jullien, and perhaps also with little Patti, who sings Jenny Lind's songs!

THE MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY continue their public rehearsals with great vigor, in spite of the sound-stifling effect of Herr Anderson's paraphernalia, limiting their stage room. After this week their rich symphonic vibrations will find more air. Last Friday afternoon, Beethoven's Eighth Symphony and several good overtures were got out with a degree of unity, precision, and clearness that awakens high hopes of the winter's concerts. In some instances the distribution of instruments had been improved, much to the satisfaction of the general audience, who find the proof of the pudding in the eating.

In these rehearsals of the whole Fund Society, and in the playing of the selected orchestra at Miss Lehmann's concert the other evening, we recognized the wholesome effects of the extra stimulus and extra practice secured to most of the musicians by the separate organization of the smaller orchestra, which has gradually accreted round the Germania Serenade Band. By all means let there be the friendliest understanding between these societies, which have common claims upon so many members; for the quality of every orchestra in Boston is improved by it.

We must not forget, however, one unquestionable spring of the Musical Fund revival:—namely, the strictly private rehearsals which they hold on Monday afternoons.

GERMANIA SERENADE BAND. The thirteenth Afternoon Concert, on Wednesday, opened with Schubert's Symphony in C, for the second time. Still the impression that we carry from it, is of rich, deep, sad, original music, in which deep feelings and experiences struggle for utterance. But the struggle, unlike the greater case of Beethoven, does not with heroic strength resolve itself into serene splendor in the end and triumph in expression. With no abatement of the interest, our sense of the undue length of the movements we found rather aggravated; it did seem as if weakness, as well as earnestness, was answerable for so much repetition of each separate theme. No! Schubert's Symphony will not compare with Beethoven, although it is profoundly interesting, beautiful, and in passages sublime, and we trust we are to have many more chances of getting more familiar with it.

The second part of the concert was well selected. It included an Introduction from *Belshazzar*, a Duo Concertante for clarinets, by Messrs. Guenther and Vanstaë, a Labitsky Waltz, and Reissiger's Overture to "Yelva."

To-day the Serenade Band hold a social festival, to celebrate their second anniversary.

THE Antiphonal mode of performing the Choral service has been adopted at the "Church of the Advent," in Green Street, and has thus far proved quite acceptable. Lovers of English Cathedral Music will find something to interest them in our advertising columns.

BATH, ME. A sacred concert was given here on the 16th ult., under the direction of Mr. I. K. Salomonski, the well-known tenor and teacher late of Boston. The programme, for any place out of the principal musical cities, was so excellent that we record it as a good sign of the times. Such a programme would have been impossible a few years since.

PART I.

1. Introduction, (Stabat Mater,) Rossini.
2. Aria, "Waft her, angels," Handel.
3. Duetto, "Quis est Homo," Stabat Mater.
4. Prayer, "Softly, slowly," Weber.
5. Pro peccatis, Stabat Mater.
6. O, Sanctissima, (Quartet for four gentlemen,)
7. Ave Maria, Schubert.
8. Solo and Chorus, "Eia Mater," Stabat Mater.
9. Angels ever Bright, Handel.
10. Quintetto, (by five ladies,) Donizetti.

PART II.

1. Quartet, Chorus, "Vesper Hymn," Beethoven.
2. Motet, "O Lord, have mercy," Pergolesi.
3. Cavatina, Stabat Mater.
4. Duetto, "O Death, where is thy sting," Messiah.
5. Aria, "Cujus Animam," Stabat Mater.
6. Arioso, "But the Lord is mindful," &c. Mendelssohn.
7. I know that my Redeemer liveth, Messiah.
8. Quartet, Prayer, Rossini.
9. Aria and Chorus, "Inflammatus," Stabat Mater.
10. Prayer, from "Moses in Egypt."

Mr. Salomonski must be doing a good work in Maine. A few weeks since we noticed similar doings in another part of that State, by Mr. Frenzel, another teacher from this city. Good taste and knowledge of true music, in the place of Yankee psalmody and negro minstrelsy, may be greatly promoted in the country towns, by artistic teachers from the city making their residences in such places during the summer months. Mr. Salomonski and Mr. Frenzel have set a good example to their brethren against another summer.

New York.

MME. ALBONI (so writes to us one who knows) "was received last night (Tuesday) with an honest enthusiasm that has scarcely been paralleled in this city. SONTAG, who sat in a private box, was fairly drawn to its front to applaud the greatest of contraltos. After singing *Casta Diva*, she was called out three times; and the same on

finishing *Non credea*. All this was done by an audience of about 2500, all of whom paid but the Press, numbering about 200 tickets."

The critics seem unanimous about that concert. The *Tribune* says:

"We owe to Mme. Alboni our acknowledgments for a new pleasure. She sang *Casta Diva* for the first time, in this country at least, and we can but echo the enthusiastic satisfaction with which it was received by the brilliant and intelligent audience. Those critics who pronounce her inanimate and undramatic, can never have heard her in this, or in that other majestic and passionate air of Bellini, the *Ah non credea*. To our thinking no bustling energy of action, no external demonstration of feeling could so touch the soul, and so affect it with the very essence of dramatic interest, as the simple singing of these pieces by this incomparable Italian. The heart-throbs of tragedy mark every cadence of her voice in that delicious music, and her tones and modulations convey the idea of a deeper emotion, a more inward and real sentiment, such as the accessories of acting could not render more impressive, but might detract from. . . . We after all, among the great mass of riches in which she lets herself revel in triumph, prefer nothing to the *Ah non credea*. That is truly perfect and incomparable."

From another report we clip the following:

"Alboni came forward, as ever, the epitome of artless, merry nonchalance, the quiet humor of her joyous nature playing in the twinkle of her mischievous eye, and sporting on the laughing curves of her rosy mouth."

"Her *Casta Diva* was gloriously given. We have heard no interpretation of this gem—not even Lind's—equal to Alboni's. She breathed out its deep, passionate trust in notes of supplication that an angel might envy. Her next effort, Rhode's brilliant variations, a violin composition, first sung by Catalani, and considered, twenty-five years ago, Sontag's master effort, was the perfection of vocalization. . . . In these variations she rises to the height of soprano excellence, while all who have analyzed voice know how she transcends all rivalry as a contralto."

"Alboni's *Ah non Credea*, the superb *Rondo* from 'Somnabula,' and the *Brindisi*, the celebrated drinking song from 'Lucrezia,' were rendered with the same magnificent ease and effect with which she has heretofore sang them. These are Alboni's songs and no one can equal her interpretation of them."

PHILADELPHIA. This evening the Sontag concerts commence. The orchestra is to be the "Germania Musical Society," considerably augmented by Philadelphia resident talent.

The Musical Fund, the Philharmonic, the German Musical, and six German vocal societies, combined to receive her at Burlington, yesterday afternoon. They invited the members of the press, the city authorities, and some four or five hundred ladies and gentlemen to join in the escort. A steamboat would leave Philadelphia at 3 P. M., and proceed to Burlington. Madame Sontag left New York at 3 P. M., by the Camden and Amboy line, escorted to Amboy by the New York Musical Fund Society and the German United Saengerbund. On arriving at Burlington she was to be escorted from the cars to the boat provided by the Philadelphia Musical Fund Society, handsomely decorated with banners, flowers, &c. On the passage down the river, the company was to partake of a collation provided by the Musical Fund Society in the large saloon, and in the course of it there would be music from two fine bands on board, and several choruses by the German vocal societies. Addresses of welcome to Madame Sontag were then to be delivered.—*N. Y. Express* of Thursday.

Advertisements.

MELODEON.

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MME. MARIETTA ALBONI
IN BOSTON.

MADAME M. ALBONI most respectfully announces that she will have the honor of giving her FIRST CONCERT here on

Tuesday next, October 19th,

upon which occasion she will be assisted by

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SIG. ROVERE, BUFFO BARITONE.
SIG. ARDITI, MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

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Ushers will be in attendance to conduct parties to their seats. Doors open at 6 1-2 o'clock precisely.

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Oct. 16.

3m

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ACOUSTIC ARCHITECTURE,

OR, THE CONSTRUCTION OF BUILDINGS WITH
REFERENCE TO SOUND AND THE BEST MU-
SICAL EFFECT.

I.

Architecture, unlike its kindred branches, Painting and Sculpture, has no abstract perfection of its own, but varies in its phases with every age and climate. Says Thomas Hope in his well-known Historical Essay: "It is essentially an art of direct utility." It more than all others adapts itself to the tastes and habits and occupations of the people. Whether viewed in its wild grandeur among the forests of Central America, or in the modern abodes of refinement and luxury, this fitness for a definite object and adaptation of means to the end is apparent. It is an art, too, that keeps pace with the progress of the world and deigns to accept whatever aids Science and Philosophy may offer for its improvement.

We are aware that the terms, acoustic or musical, as applied to Architecture, are neither of them in acknowledged use, but we will venture to adopt the expression here, to suggest our idea of a somewhat closer alliance than is commonly allowed between the two departments of Art. The connection which Music has with Architecture is analogous to that between the mind and the body. As the former requires for its due exercise the perfection of the latter, so music, when confined within the walls of a building, is depen-

dent, for its full power and expression, upon a certain fitness and adaptation of form and construction. This fitness results, in part, from the associations naturally connected with some styles of architecture. Thus the forms of the ancient cathedrals are most befitting the majestic movements of the oratorio and the solemn mass. We there experience the most sublime effects of music, although this is a result to which the primary design of the architecture did not look. But we also find the deductions from modern science to correspond, in great measure, with these accidental relations; for the forms and proportions of the cathedral partake of those we should now suggest in structures designed for musical effect. May we not look, then, at no distant day, for a distinctive architecture, appropriated to the service of music, which shall be founded upon immutable laws, and show more clearly the existence of that bond which binds so mysteriously each department with the other in the great sphere of Art?

The subject, in this view, has not yet received from the Profession that attention its interest and importance demand. Throughout the Continent of Europe, and especially in those portions of it we have been accustomed to regard as the home of the arts, this assertion will be found to hold true. While religion, as it should, has received most homage, and the receptacles for paintings and statuary (in latter years more particularly) are arranged with strict regard to their full and proper effect, music has rarely found a fitting abode. If we turn to our own country, this truth is still more apparent. Here, until within the present season, no building of this nature has been erected which has any claim to the observance of correct principles in its construction. England has, it is true, furnished some noble exceptions in this particular. The Birmingham Town Hall and the Philharmonic Hall at Liverpool are still, without doubt, the finest structures of the kind in existence, and come very near the realization of perfect success. Our Boston Music Hall is now, also, nearly brought to completion, and will, when finished, confer honor alike upon its accomplished architect, and upon the city. It is an enterprise in which we have long felt a deep interest and whose progress we have watched with solicitude, from the period of its first germ to that of its full growth and maturity. The result of a few experimental trials realizes all, and more, than could be expected, and, it is believed, justifies, in this Hall, a claim to excellence inferior to none in the world.

ties, in this Hall, a claim to excellence inferior to none in the world.

It is not our design in the present discussion to encroach at all upon the province of the professional architect, nor to attempt to put forth a theory which shall stand unscathed, in every point, the ordeal of a practical test. We are aware the subject is one beset with peculiar difficulties. Our knowledge of sound and of the laws of acoustics must still be reckoned as very imperfect. Many collateral circumstances, too, come in to complicate and disturb the best contrived theories of acoustic effect.

Within a few years past, several committees have been appointed by the English Parliament to consider, practically and scientifically, the whole matter, who have summoned before them the most eminent architects of the day, and after profiting by the learning and experience of all, have found their conclusions sadly at variance with each other. They found, too, that facts did not confirm the most plausible doctrines, and were almost led to question the truth of the fixed and immutable laws of science. Where the best authorities thus differ, and science and learning have failed to arrive at satisfactory results, it would be presumption in us to expect to point out a plan to overcome all previous defects, or to hope to arrive, at once, to the point of perfection. This, if done at all, can only be acquired after much severe and patient investigation, aided by a series of costly experiments. All we can hope to do here, is to consider candidly what has already been said and written on this subject, and by careful comparison of facts, and the use of whatever further aids philosophy and research may have afforded us, endeavor to reconcile contradictory opinions, and, possibly, suggest a few additional influences which may prove of practical utility.

We shall commence with a consideration of some of the facts and phenomena connected with the modern approved doctrine of sound, which have a practical bearing upon our subject.

Says Mr Herschell, sounds of all kinds agree in these particulars:

1. The excitement of a motion in the sounding body.
2. The communication of this motion to the air or other intermedium which is interposed between the sounding body and our ears.
3. The propagation of such motion from particle to particle of such intermedium in due succession.
4. Its communication from the particles of the intermedium adjacent to the ear itself.

5. Its conveyance in the ear by a certain mechanism to the auditory nerves.

6. The excitement of sensation.

Mr. Herschell's idea (as set forth in his celebrated treatise in the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*.) plainly is that sound, when once produced, is governed by laws almost wholly analogous to those of light, and on this theory alone can its various phenomena be satisfactorily explained and made of practical value.

The propagation of the original impulse in air and other elastic fluid media, is best illustrated by the motion of waves upon the surface of a placid lake. If we drop a stone into a pool of water, a series of elevations and depressions chase each other rapidly along the surface, extending, with equal velocity in every direction, till they gradually subside and mingle in the general level.

The movement, in the water, thus produced, is apparent only. It is the impulse, communicated from particle to particle in the water, of which the wave consists, not the motion of the water itself. Precisely analogous to this is the communication of sound in air, except, in this latter case, the impression being produced in, rather than upon, the surface of an elastic medium, it spreads equally everywhere, and would form, instead of concentric circles, concentric spherical laminae.

The velocity of sound, as also its intensity, varies according to the nature and condition of the medium through which it is transmitted. In a dry atmosphere and at the freezing temperature, sound travels at the rate of three hundred and sixty-three yards, or one thousand and ninety feet in a second. For every additional degree of Fahrenheit this velocity is increased about one thousandth part.

In the different gasses this result is found to vary very considerably, the velocity in hydrogen being nearly three times greater, and in carbonic and sulphuric acid gasses much less than in common air. Through liquids the velocity is greatly increased, moving in water, at the temperature of 46° 6' Fahrenheit, at the rate of four thousand seven hundred and eight feet per second.

The propagation or conduction of sound through solid bodies, presents many interesting points of consideration. Solids are good conductors in proportion to their hardness and elasticity, and uniformity of structure; and the better the conducting power of the material the more perfect will be its *resonance*, by which is here understood the power of aiding or increasing the intensity of the original sound. A series of experiments on the conveyance of sound along the cast iron pipes of Paris, instituted by MM. Biot, Bouvard, Malus and Martin, determined its velocity, in that metal, to be about 11090 feet in a second, or ten and a half times greater than in air.

According to Chladni, the relative velocities of sound in different solids are as in the following table:

	Velocity, in feet, per second.
Tin,	7,800
Silver,	9,300
Brass,	11,800
Baked Clay,	10,000 to 12,000
Copper,	12,500
Glass,	17,500
Iron,	17,500
Woods of various kinds,	11,000 to 18,000

Of the woods, fir appears to be among the best conductors, sound being conveyed through it at the rate of 17,300 feet per second.

We shall see more clearly the practical value of

a knowledge of this branch of acoustics, when we come to consider the nature and make of the walls, in a building properly constructed for musical effect, a subject which is reserved for a future chapter.

A Word from "C." of the "Atlas."

MY DEAR MR. DWIGHT:—As you have published my "complaint" and "The Diarist's" "apology," perhaps you will give place to a rejoinder, with the certainty that it will end the matter so far as it lies with Your friend, C.

"FROM MY DIARY."

The New York gentleman has replied to our remarks upon his potent extracts. We say *our*, because it is more agreeable than the first person singular, and because we feel that we are speaking the sentiments of many besides ourselves. "The Diarist" has put forth an "apology," which we may style, controversially, Pecksniffian. It breathes the same genial, kind-hearted, expansive spirit which characterizes the aforesaid extracts. We have no question that, when he rounded off that facetious and very argumentative production, he smiled benignantly as he thought how very finely he had pulverized the individual who had presumed to question the orthodoxy of the extracts as aforesaid. It was so cutting, so sarcastic, so witty! To be sure, it might be somewhat overdone!—he might have lost sight of the real question, to display how cunningly he could right himself with ridicule! Still, 'twas a pretty smart thing. Now there are some things which, when thoroughly pulverized, can be made, by certain means, to reconsolidate into tough and sturdy matter. Perhaps we may be able to re-unite our annihilated form. We have heard that the best policy is to attack one's enemy with his own weapons; and therefore we will assault our foe (in the Pickwickian sense) with our own experience in musical education.

We began our "pursuit" with the same limited means which lay at his command. We went to the concerts of the Boston Academy of Music; we attended the operatic performances of the Woods and the Seguin; we were fortunate enough to have musical friends who sang and played the piano; and the new publications of the day we passed in review at our little coterie. The worthy and accomplished editor of the *Journal of Music* was one of the leading spirits in our musical circle. We heard all that was to be heard, and saw what was to be seen in those days. In fact, we imagine that our initiation in music was very much the same as that of the greater portion of Bostonians who have lived at home all their lives. Then came the Havana Opera Troupe, giving us the first real idea of what an Italian Opera was; and since that time, we have heard vocalists, violinists, orchestras, companies, all admirable, in every school and style of music. We have not made the "grand tour"; we have not heard seven cent music in German Beer shops; nor can we speak knowingly of the "Koenigstaedisches"; we are sorry, but we can't.

Now with all the rest that we heard, was much Italian music. It was sung and played and loved by all. Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini were three household names. Their beautiful melodies became familiar as the ballads of our childish days. They have been sung in every tongue of the civilized world and played upon every instrument

which has the scope of an octave. All nations have enjoyed the beauty which the Italian composers have sent forth. Not those three only, but older writers, whose creations their vigor and pathos and brilliancy have surpassed. We have heard German music also, and loved much. We have heard with great pleasure the prayer from *Der Freyschütz*—(without "crying like a baby," we are forced to acknowledge;) we have listened with delight to Beethoven's C minor Symphony; the blood has thrilled through our veins at the "March" in Sampson; we have been charmed with the *chef d'œuvres* of Beethoven, Mozart and Handel; but we found that much as we loved these, we could also listen with delight to those Italian composers we spoke of. We found that vocal music gratified us as much, if not more, than instrumental; and that the Italian composers, with their national fondness for melody and their characteristic warmth and ardor of expression, produced an effect upon us more lively, more direct than the German. We looked around the world and found that *everywhere* these composers were loved. That in fact they were cosmopolitan in their influences. And we were *told* that in Germany, at the grand concerts, in the grand theatres, Italian music was as much played, as much loved, and as as worthily thought of as the German music itself. We were told this by musical Germans. We felt that we were neither singular in our preference, nor low in our tastes; for musicians, educated men of all countries, high and low, rich and poor, admired Italian music in every land, interpreted in every language. By and by there springs up in our Northern States a class of individuals who claim for the German music—not a great excellence, a mighty excellence alone, but a superiority over everything else. A German song, a German sonata, a German opera—anything German—must of course be good; and to question the agreeableness of anything German was downright heresy—nay, worse, folly! At least such was the spirit of their sayings and doings. They were not contented with the admiration which was given to those great compositions which all, even the heretics, admired; but claimed total and entire devotion to the "German school" as the title of admission into the sanctuary. Others might like *Der Freyschütz* as much as they chose; but if they could not also run mad over *Don Giovanni*, they were the veriest nobodies. Others might revere Beethoven, but if they could not revel in Spohr, they were cast out. They out-Germaned the Germans themselves, and there was an "I am holier than thou" sentiment in their writings particularly disagreeable.

And then appeared a "Diarist," who sent his lucubrations to a weekly journal. He belonged to this school, and could not abide anything that smacked of the Italian—judging from his diary. He was not willing to allow others to enjoy what they fancied, but brought to bear upon them that effective weapon, ridicule. Uncalled upon and unprovoked, he took the programmes of the best orchestra in the country and jeered at them, because they contained music he did not fancy. Indeed, nine tenths of all he said was a fault-finding with what he did not like. He mentions a concert of Alboni, only to make a wretched pun on an Italian violinist. He refers to the wonderful little Camille Urso, only to speak of a ridiculous incident in the concert. He attends a

concert where Sontag sings; and, scarcely mentioning her, gives a paragraph to fault finding with the overture to "Martha." In fact, the Diary was only a series of sneering, supercilious animadversions. Now when we heard music we loved styled "fashionable"; when we took up our weekly paper to read a constant tirade against what thousands besides ourselves consider beautiful, we said that it was not true, it was not orthodox, it was not kind. We heard many others express the same dissatisfaction — not to say disgust — at what they considered the ebullitions of a narrow-minded predilection; and we were impelled to say a word in defence of our assaulted opinions. We repeat what we have before written. We do not complain of the "Diarist" for preferring any one school of music. He has a perfect right, as we have, to enjoy his own fancies. But we do complain, with many others, of his unnecessarily attempting to ridicule what he cannot feel. He does not find his preferences scorned, jeered at, despised! — and we cannot understand how a man, who has the extreme sensitiveness to weep in public at a piece of music he has heard hundreds of times before, can thus deal in a wholesale ridicule of what others equally admire, and at which they are similarly moved.

As regards the "Jarley's Wax Work" and "Negro Melodies," if he is willing to associate an admiration for *Norma*, *Lucia*, *Cenerentola*, *Lucrezia*, with them, he is entirely welcome; but we conceive that even in jest the argument will scarcely hold. "The Diarist" may think that the supremacy of his favorite music is so great as to render any other school beneath comparison. He is welcome to his opinions. But we have not been willing to hear our own favorites decried without saying one word in their defence. c.

The Career of Paul Jullien.

PAUL JULLIEN was born in France, at the town of Crest, in the department of La Drome, in the year 1841. His grandfather was a poor shepherd residing near the little village of Lamothé, but having a talent for mechanical invention, he removed to the manufacturing town of Vienne, where he became first a workman in a cloth factory, and, afterwards, the master of a small establishment of his own. The father of Paul was bred to the same business, and followed it for several years in the capacity of journeyman. Prevented from enjoying educational advantages, by the narrow circumstances of his father, he was accustomed to say, that if it should please Providence to bestow a child upon him, and that child should possess a spark of genius, "he would make a man of him." In due time Providence did so please — the child manifested superior talent, and the father has striven to keep his word.

At the age of five years, the boy began to display the usual signs of a quick ear for music. The father, who was a tolerable player upon the clarinet and violin, belonged to an amateur band, and frequently took his little son with him to rehearsal. There the boy was observed to beat time, and to show a remarkable understanding and enjoyment of the music. He sang ballads in a pleasing manner, and in a very short time acquired much skill in playing upon a little hunting horn, which his father had given him as a toy. He took delight in collecting the children of the neighborhood, and making them march to lively airs which he, at the head of the troop, played upon his horn. His father laid these things to heart, and conceived the idea of giving the boy regular lessons upon the violin, the clarinet being, as yet, beyond the little fellow's strength. But how to procure an instrument suited to the short arm and tiny fingers of the child? There

was none such in the town, nor could M. Jullien's purse have afforded the money to buy it, if there had been. In this exigency, the father had recourse to an old fiddler of the neighborhood, of whom he borrowed an instrument of the usual size, which, by ingenious alterations, he managed so to reduce that his son could use it. This difficulty overcome, the lessons were begun, and all the leisure moments of day and evening were zealously spent upon them. The child was all eagerness to learn, the father as eager to teach, and the boy's progress was, consequently, rapid beyond belief. The incessant practising, however, was by no means agreeable to the neighbors; and little Paul was once excessively frightened when one of them threatened to break his violin over his head — not that he feared for his head, but for his instrument, which seemed literally to be dearer to him than life. At length, the owner of the violin came to claim his property. When he saw the liberties which the enthusiastic father had taken with it, he was disposed to be very indignant; but M. Jullien, with genuine French adroitness, summoned the boy, and told him to play Weber's beautiful "Dream," which he executed with such unexpected and extraordinary expression, precision and spirit, that the old man's anger was changed at once into affectionate admiration. At this time Paul was in his sixth year.

M. Jullien now became anxious to procure for his son better instruction than he could impart himself. For this purpose, against the vehement remonstrances of his friends, he took the boy to Marseilles, confident that he should find some professor willing to assist, without charge, the development of so promising a genius. Disappointment followed his repeated applications, he was unable to procure employment, and he soon found himself, in that populous city, without friends, and without a sou in his purse. Agonized to see his little son shivering with cold and pinched with hunger, he went, as a last resort, to the proprietor of a large café near by, and obtained permission to bring the boy in the evening to play to the company. The anxious father ran back to his lodgings, and spent the rest of the day in hearing Paul rehearse, over and over again, the pieces he was to perform at the café. In the evening they found a large company assembled, and among the rest several musicians of eminence. The young artist took his position, and began to play. Every eye was fixed upon his pale, engaging countenance, and every ear was soon astonished and charmed at the power, correctness and sweetness of his playing. At the conclusion of the piece he was overwhelmed with applause. The musicians gathered round, and congratulated both father and son with the enthusiasm which is so natural to Frenchmen and artists. Late in the evening the father and son returned to their humble residence with their pockets and their hearts overflowing.

Paul now found instructors, and occasional opportunities for the display of his talents in public. He played at grand concerts in many of the large towns in the south of France, and always with marked success. But his father, determined to give him every possible advantage for improvement, was not satisfied till he had procured him admission to the *Conservatoire National* at Paris. He remained a member of that unequalled establishment for some years, during which the father maintained an arduous struggle with circumstances in procuring the means of subsistence; until, in July, 1850, the boy gained the first prize against seventeen competitors. He had then attained the age of nine years and a half, and the instrument upon which he had played at the final examination was one of the commonest quality, having cost but twelve francs. Paul now appeared frequently at concerts in Paris and London, where his playing excited unbounded astonishment and applause. "We were sitting," wrote a noted musical critic of Paris, "beside some artists who play the same instrument, and who play it with distinction. In their astonishment, in their stupor, in their gestures, in their every attitude, we read but this one sentence: 'There remains for us only to break our violins.'"

The career of Paul Jullien in this country is sufficiently well known. Those who have heard him perform at the concerts of Madame Sontag will agree with us that he is the most remarkable of the juvenile wonders that has visited our shores. His playing is not merely wonderful as a display of juvenile talent, but possesses, as the *Tribune* well observed, *an intrinsic merit*. If a man were to play as he does, it would make his reputation as an accomplished violinist. Paul Jullien's devotion to his art and his instrument is as ardent to-day as it was when he received his early lessons in his father's cottage at Crest. He practices daily from four to seven hours, and his improvement, from month to month, is distinctly observable. His engagement with Madame Sontag, we believe, terminates in a few weeks, when perhaps the public will have an opportunity of hearing him again. — *Home Journal*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE MUSICAL SCALE.

V.

TRANSPPOSITION.

Every transposition of the scale to the fifth higher, as from C to G—to the fourth higher, as from C to F—to the relative minor, as from C to A minor, calls for two sounds which are not found in the scale of C. All diatonic major scales are alike in respect to their several steps. They differ only in regard to pitch.

Let us adopt the nomenclature of Mr. H. W. Poole and call the several sounds of the natural scale, respectively—

C² D² E² F² G² A² B² C²
9 com. 8 com. 5 com. 9 com. 8 com. 9 com. 5 com.

Observe the dimensions in commas of the several steps.

Construct a scale upon G². If we employ the same A which belongs in the natural scale, it is obvious that the very first step will be wrong by being a comma too small, and the second step will be too large by the same interval. Hence it is necessary to have a different A, namely, one higher by a comma. This A, Mr. Poole would distinguish by the index 3, thus, A³. The F of the old scale will not do either, but we need one four commas higher, commonly called F sharp and distinguished by the index 2, thus, F^{#2}. These two new sounds make the G scale precisely like the natural scale with the exception of the pitch. The next scale in order of fifths is D². In this we must have an E higher by the comma, called E³, also C^{#2}. Going on by fifths to E³ (four sharps) we need a new F sharp higher than the first by the comma and distinguished as F^{#3}, and it seems that there is no sound common to the scales of C² and E³, the latter consisting of E³, F^{#3}, G^{#2}, A³, B³, C^{#2}, D^{#2}, E³.

Transposing to the fourth, as C to F, it becomes necessary to have a new D, lower by the comma, than in the natural scale, which we call D¹. We must also have a new B, four commas lower, called B^{b2}. In the scale founded upon B^{b2}, a new G is called for, one comma lower and designated by the index 1. Also an E^{b2}. In the scale of A^{b2} it occurs that all the sounds of the natural scale have disappeared, there being besides those distinguished by the flats C¹, G¹, F¹; all three lower by the comma.

Transposing or modulating to the relative minor, viz; from C² to A² minor, a new D is demanded, called D¹; also a G^{b1} which is three commas above G² and one comma lower than that G^{#2} which we meet with in the major of A³, (three sharps.)

Assuming what has been stated in a former article, that a diatonic scale, whether major or minor, is an arrangement into a progressive series of the natural harmonics of three simply related roots, it will be easy to show by mathematical calculations, that all scales of the same class are alike in their several steps, and that each new one embraces two sounds not found in its predecessor. We may then easily determine the number of sounds requisite to the construction of the scales usually employed. Thirteen keys, including on the one hand, 6 sharps, and on the other, 6 flats, will require for their accurate intonation 31 sounds. The thirteen minors of the same signature make a demand for twenty-six more. The perfect dominant seventh, in constant use as it is, without which the chord of the ninth and seventh is a very offensive dissonance, makes a call for at least one to each signature—thirteen. So that for music in thirteen keys major and as many minor, with perfect dominant sevenths, there are demanded no less than *seventy* sounds within the limits of one octave. The human voice is capable of producing and does actually produce all of these sounds. Some of the instruments, as the Viol family, the Trombone &c., may give them also. The Organ and Piano-forte provide for only twelve sounds and, strangely enough, do not give but one sound correctly; each pipe and each string standing for three or four different uses, correctly fulfilling no one of them. The process of tuning a keyed instrument so as to make twelve pipes or strings serve seventy different purposes, is called

TEMPERAMENT.

There are but two kinds, the equal and the mean-tone Temperaments. To be sure, there are modifications of these two introduced by the fancy, the taste or the whims of tuners and players.

1. The equal proposes to make twelve intervals exactly alike within the octave, and is at present generally recommended for the Piano, and by some for the Organ.

2. The mean-tone makes eight keys or scales better than the equal, but sacrifices the rest entirely. This has been until of late years generally approved for the Organ.

If we begin at middle C, and tune up a perfect fifth, and then an octave down, a fifth up &c., in the ordinary manner, keeping between F \sharp , fourth line in the bass, and concert C, making our fifths exactly perfect, it will result that concert C will overreach a true octave to middle C, the point of departure, by a considerable interval. This interval is called the Pythagorean comma, and is a trifle larger than the comma of which I have before spoken. Every chord will be grossly out of tune, and quite intolerable to the ear. But where is the wrong step? Certainly a fifth has as good a claim to be correctly tuned as any other chord. It is called eminently one of the *perfect* *concord*s. Why should it not then be such in fact? "Why, the thirds are shockingly bad." So they are. But that is no reason why the fifths should be made bad instead. The difficulty lies in this: that our instrument, organ or piano-forte, does not furnish us with fifths and thirds both. We can only have one sort perfect with twelve pipes or strings. Hence if necessity compels us to get along with such limited means, we must contrive some way to average and divide the jargon between the two chords, so that each, though bad enough, will by habit come to be endurable.

The equal temperament is effected by making each fifth $\frac{1}{12}$ of a comma too small. The influence of this departure from correct tune upon the other intervals is this, that

The fourth is . . .	1-12 of a comma too large
major third is . . .	2-3 " too large
minor third is . . .	3-4 " too small
large tone is . . .	1-6 " too small
small tone is . . .	5-6 " too large
diatonic semi-tone is . . .	7-12 " too large
chromatic semi-tone is . . .	5-12 " too large
grave chromatic semi-tone	1 5-12 " too large

The mean-tone system of Temperament makes

The fifths . . .	1-4 of a comma too small
fourths . . .	1-4 " too large
major thirds . . .	perfect
minor thirds . . .	1-4 " too small
large tone . . .	1-2 " too small
small tone . . .	1-2 " too large
diatonic semi-tone, . . .	1-4 " too large

But this system, it will be recollected, provides only for eight keys. In B, F \sharp , A \flat and D \flat the intervals are a comma worse out of tune than in C, G, &c. These last keys cannot be used at all.

The mean-tone is the more agreeable as far as it allows us to go in modulation, but the equal imposes no restrictions upon the player or composer, all keys being alike offensive.

Some unsophisticated individual might likely enough exclaim here, "Why are we treated to such jargon under the name of music!" The answer is, that it is simply because keyed instruments are as yet rude and imperfect, that they are in fact in the infancy of their construction. It is not, as some have imagined, that Nature is to blame for the rudeness of our music, but that her rich stores of melody and harmony have not yet found an articulate voice in instruments of man's devising. As for the Organ, he is no true prophet, no trust-worthy oracle of Apollo, but a great, big, blustering wind-bag, speaking lies, contradicting and blaspheming, knowing nothing whereof he affirms with such clamorous vehemence. Our household god, the piano forte, is another deceiver, though in truth somewhat more modest, and willing at times to yield a little to the cause of peace and harmony.

The practicability of perfect intonation in musical instruments may be worthy of discussion at another time.

E. H.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Beethoven and Boston.

MR. EDITOR.—The following extract from Beethoven's conversation books, translated from a new edition of Schindler's *Life of Beethoven*, was printed in the *Transcript* some months since, with the request that the circumstance alluded to might be explained; but it elicited no reply. Hoping for better success in gaining the desired information, it is now sent to you by

Yours, &c.,

"1823. From a conversation with his friend Bühler, who was connected with an extensive mercantile house. (Beethoven, some time before this meeting, had received a proposition to write an oratorio for Boston in North America, and indeed at any price.) Bühler asked: The oratorio for Boston? Beethoven answered: I do not write that which I should most gladly, but for the sake of money what I must. This is not saying that I write *only* for money. When this period is past, I hope at last to write what for me and for Art is above all." — FAUST.

It is a musical fact that every orchestra contains at least two musicians with moustaches,

one in spectacles, three with bald heads, and one very modest man in a white cravat, who from force of circumstances, you will observe, plays on a brass instrument.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. V.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12. Finding the upper gallery unbearable for heat last night at Sontag's concert, I went down, and occupied my reserved seat in the parquette. It was fortunate, for I found myself immediately in front of my old acquaintance, Mr. Wyzaker. Mr. W. is a great concert-goer, and I seldom miss seeing him at all the great concerts. The other night he was in the gallery with two young men, to whom he was imparting the benefits of his knowledge and experience throughout the performance—very much to the edification of those near him. I entered last evening just before the concert began, and on the appearance of the conductor, which was greeted with some applause, I heard the remark in a voice of considerable pomp and circumstance behind me, "That is Mr. Eckert!" I knew at once that Mr. Wyzaker was behind, and glancing round saw his pleasant countenance, between those of two ladies—one of whom had a squeaking fan. Mr. Wyzaker's conversation at concerts is what Mr. Weller would call "very interestin' and improv'in'," and I shall record some of it in my Diary.

During the performance of Weber's *Euryanthe* Overture, Mr. W. imparted a vast deal of information upon musical and other topics, particularly in the exquisitely soft passage, with the muted violins; but I was unfortunately too much engaged with the music to catch much of it. I have reason to think however that the piece meets his approbation; which is a matter of congratulation—to Weber.

Badiali is a favorite with me, and it gave me great pleasure to hear Mr. Wyzaker greet him on his appearance to sing the Aria from *Lucia*, with hearty applause. The first notes of his sonorous voice called out audible expressions of satisfaction, after which, particularly in the gentle passages, the lady with the fan fanned with extra vigor.

Now appeared Madame Sontag, whom Mr. Wyzaker pronounced a prodigiously fine woman. Whether he enjoyed the recitative portions—cannot say; but where the Songstress utters the words "leise, leise," just above her breath, with an accompaniment like an æolian harp, so soft and delicate, he was evidently delighted—and the *trio* at this passage was very fine. Possibly types will express it:

Mad. Sontag. *Lei*—se, — *Lei*—se,
Lady with the Fan. Squeak—squeak—squeak—squeak.
Wyzaker. Fine—very good—very well—really clever.

During the Prayer he remarked that *Der Freyschütz* was his first opera, and at that time he had been carried away with it. Towards the close, where the Allegro comes in, Mr. Wyzaker beat time for us—very much to our gratification, it might have been, had he not unfortunately taken his time a shade or two different from that of Herr Eckert. But that was not Wyzaker's fault.

Mr. Wyzaker was hugely pleased with little Jullien's playing; thought it very creditable—believed he would grow up a great player—and fully concurred in the oft repeated "beautiful," "sweet little creature," "dear little fellow," of his lady companions.

In the vocal gymnastics of the "Spanish Bolero," sung by Sontag, I was too much occupied with wondering how human thought could play such antics, to attend to Mr. Wyzaker.

Part II. began with Flotow's *Martha* overture, during the performance of which Mr. Wyzaker informed his neighbors that "Flotow was one of the new composers;" a definite and comprehensive statement of a fact of considerable importance to those fond of collecting items of musical history and biography. In the tamborine and hurdy-gurdy passages, I heard the exclamation "beautiful" several times, and at the end he applauded lustily.

When Sontag next appeared he referred to his programme and announced that she was to sing the Styrian Song, but unluckily did not explain that term. The echoes, he let us know—somewhat to the disadvantage it is true, of the delicate intonations—were imitations of

Jenny Lind; which is a noteworthy fact, considering that Sontag was not in the prime and glory of her fame, in the very home of this kind of music, until some two or three years after Jenny's birth. The parallel which he drew between the two queens of song I do not record, as other Wyzakers have done it perhaps equally well.

Then came the "*Largo al Factotum*" by Badiali. This made Mr. Wyzaker laugh, and he pronounced it well sung "and a very good thing, too!" He judged it equal to what he had heard in Paris.

"'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' Town" came next, sung by Sontag. Mr. Wyzaker rightly judged that we should be able to appreciate this without assistance, it being in English, and only remarked that *he*, Wyzaker, would prefer to hear it from Catherine Hayes. I was somewhat surprised to hear him applaud vehemently at its close, and judge that this was in compliment to the lady with the fan, as that had squeaked gloriously through the whole piece. During the singing of *Wie nahte mir der Schlummer*—the "*leise leise*" piece—it was unanimously agreed by Wyzaker and his companions, that Sontag would sing some better songs than that, and this was apparently one of them.

During the performance of the last two pieces, a Fantasia by Artot, performed by Jullien, and a Duet from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, by Sontag and Badiali, we had also the benefit of Mr. Wyzaker's comments throughout, but I do not recollect them now.

What renders Wyzaker's profound remarks of peculiar value is that they come just in the nick of time. For instance, when Madame Sontag sings,

Yet still she blush'd, and frowning, cry'd, "No, it will not do,
I cannot, wounot, wounot, buckle too."

And at the end of the next stanza,

At Church she no more frowning cry'd, "No, it will not do,
I cannot, wounot, wounot, buckle too."

The first she sings pontingly with a strong voice; the second blushing and in hardly audible tones. Now, here, one who is not initiated might suppose her strength was giving out, and think she was breaking down; but when Wyzaker says "bravo!" and "clever!" two or three times in one's ears, it at once removes all fear; for who should know so well as Wyzaker? The running accompaniment of commentary by my old acquaintance is an excellent thing at a concert, and being made during the performance of the music, when other people, who do not know so much, are still, makes a lasting impression upon the hearers; but where Wyzaker *shines*, is the opera! There he is in the habit—as all the music is an old story to him since he went to Paris—of taking the text-book (with the English translation) and explaining to his neighbors the meaning of the text which at the moment is singing on the stage, which adds greatly to the charm of the music, besides showing his familiarity with the Italian.

It is to be hoped that this page of the Diary will not get out, for as the relatives of Wyzaker are numerous, some other member of the family than my old friend might possibly take the praise to himself.

Oct. 15. Must jot down a few dates for the benefit of my friend, who seems to suffer from a confusion of ideas in relation to "old" and new, ancient and modern composers; ranking Beethoven with the former and Rossini with the latter.

1813. Rossini composed *Tancredi*, which laid the foundation of his fame. Beethoven gave final touches to *Fidelio*, produced his "Battle of Vittoria" and the Seventh Symphony.

1816. Rossini's *Otello*. 1817, his *Armida*, Beethoven's Eighth Symphony.

1818. Rossini's "Moses in Egypt," and between this time and 1822, "The Barber of Seville," *La Gazza Ladra*, &c.

1821. Weber's *Der Freyschütz*.

1822. Beethoven's gigantic "Second Mass," in which Sontag sang at its first partial performance. Since that date Rossini has written but two great works, "Tell" in 1829, "Stabat Mater" in —.

1823. Weber's *Euryanthe*. Beethoven's *Fidelio* came upon the stage again, and was *appreciated*; since that time it stands with *Don Juan* and the *Zauberflöte* in the universal German estimation. The success was such that he was employed to write another, and chose Grillparzer's text, "Melusina." It was never finished! Wor-

thy of note, that the principal part was to be written for Sontag's voice.

1824. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

1826. Weber's "Oberon," — and his death.

1827. Beethoven's death. Mendelssohn's "Marriage of Camacho," Bellini's *Il Pirata*, and within three years after, *La Sonnambula*, *Norma*, &c.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 23, 1852.

POSTAGE. By the new law which went into effect on the 30th ult., the postage on the "Journal of Music," as we understand it, is *twenty-six* cents a year to places within the State of Massachusetts, or *thirteen* cents if paid in advance; and double these rates to places without the State. To post-offices within the county (*i. e.* in Chelsea, North Chelsea, and Winthrop,) there will be, as at present, no charge for postage.

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First Concert of Mme. Alboni.

The assemblage at the Melodeon, on Tuesday evening, was of the most brilliant, most intelligent, most eagerly expectant, and filled every seat. The great Contralto, — physically as well as musically great — was greeted with the warmest welcome. Indeed her whole appearance, so fresh and youthful, so calm and nonchalant, — yet anything but sluggishly, inanely calm, — was decidedly agreeable. The fair complexion, the honest, generous, beaming face, the rich, sparkling, slightly roguish eyes, and the remarkably broad forehead, — all lit with a certain quiet, happy consciousness of power, — made up a general impression of beauty, at least at the distance where we sat.

In the first notes of *Casta Diva*, those low, sustained, prayerful notes, we did not find the counterpart to that image that had been given to us of her voice. Some slight shade of embarrassment, to be sure, could well be imagined at that moment. But the voice grew and grew upon us; and the stream of music became rich and full and glorious. We think we *have* heard *Casta Diva* better sung, at least to our taste, but this time it was surprisingly, admirably well sung. There was something original in the style of it; in the turning of each melodic period, in the marvellous finish of each well-placed and well-contrived cadenza, there was something that at once and peculiarly stamped ALBONI. There certainly was nothing common-place about it; it had the vitality of an artistic spirit and a certain air of genius, although not precisely in its own most genial sphere. The difference between Alboni and the great singers with whom there is such temptation to compare her, is a difference of *spheres*, and not of more or less of power or mastery within one sphere. With her rare compass of voice, talent and skill of execution she can render to you things from *their* spheres with a rare felicity; yet there is one vein of song in which she is herself and alone. We have supposed, we have always heard that to be, the rich, luxurious Rossini vein. And hence it rather marred the perfectness of a first hearing of Alboni, that she should commence with a piece which, well as she might and did do it, was still exceptional for her, instead of with some piece of that music which has made her fame. A soprano song too! for which she has the advantage of large, clear head tones up to C in alt, which

are as native too, as her low tones, but not as distinctively *her's* and as unlike all others. Singularly enough, she sang not a note of Rossini all that evening, so that we were beginning the acquaintance, not with the traditional Alboni, but with Alboni in her newer and as it were more foreign explorations in the airy fields of song. Not that we complain at all of the programme in itself, which was a singularly good one, as it was triumphantly fulfilled; but we should have preferred first to have heard Alboni in the music which was always her's and in which she grew so suddenly world-famous.

Her second piece again was exceptional; — a trial piece of executive skill, a wonderfully clever trick of using the voice like an instrument; — in short a vocal plaything: — Hummel's "Variations," florid, graceful, as Hummel always writes, and exceedingly difficult. It was well enough that the great Contralto should sport with her superabundant power in this wise; it was very well to give us a dazzling sample of her skill, and show us how obedient and subtle an instrument the voice of such an artist has become. All the great singers do so. Lind and Sontag have flung in such glittering fancies incidentally, amid the serious efforts of their art, — "echoes," "variations," &c., and great has been the outcry about tricks, ventriloquism, *ad captandum* charlatantry, and all that. It was unfair then, and would be unfair now to repeat the same cry of Alboni. All we intend to say is, that in the "Variations," the real Alboni is still kept in reserve; this is not she, but only shows what she can do. And now it only remains to say that that voice executed those variations, as no known instrument in the best virtuoso's hands *could* execute them; it was the human voice appearing in its simple quality of the instrument of instruments. So clear, so liquid, so distinct, so elegantly turned and graduated as to force, so luxuriously perfect were those melodic passages, that sense and imagination revelled in them, as if it were birds turned artists without ceasing to be birds. Plaything as it was, it delighted us even more than the *Casta Diva*; — and still the beauty, the integrity and soundness of that voice were growing upon us and more and more possessing sense and soul. There was perceptible, sure enough, that "bridge of sighs," as Scudò has it, that little transition region of several dull and less completely luscious middle tones between the chest and the head voice; but it was most delicately and deftly crossed, with an artistic certainty that supplied the solid charm of all the other tones, as it were borrowing from them, and making it all substantially one voice.

Next came the drinking song from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and with it the true power and genius of Alboni. The fine vinous enthusiasm of that song, all its fervor and all its delicate aroma, were perfectly palpable to sense. It was the poetry of sensation, the harmonic expression and vindication of the senses. A Titian-like luxury of coloring, whose beauty proves its divine right to a fair share of man's devotion; for in its perfection sensuous beauty blends into the spiritual. No other singer, whom we have heard, has approached Alboni in the rendering of this *Brindisi*. Here the wonderful contralto tones came out in most delicious contrast with the high ones; they were not forced out, not meretriciously and coarsely used as in the case of Carolina Vietti, but always in luxurious harmony with the brighter tints of the

picture. The spirit of the song was *perfectly* embodied. That shake, so large and full and true and even, and prolonged till all the audience were breathless, was ended as easily as it begun, and seemed like the passive oozing out of the superabundance of blissful melody from the lips of one entranced and steeped in it. The first time, the suspense of the hearer was a little painful; the second time, relying on her perfect power, the pleasure was without alloy. But imitate it not, ye lesser stars, to whom such ornaments are painful efforts! The *Brindisi* was rapturously encored, as were the "Variations," and in both cases the repetition seemed an improvement on what had seemed already perfect.

Passing the exquisite little duet from *Don Pasquale*, which she sang so delicately and so expressively with Sangiovanni, as if tempering her larger to his sweet and gentle organ, — decidedly a gem of the concert, — we come to her last and greatest effort, the *Ah! non credea*, and *Ah! non giunge* from the "Sonnambula." These surpassed all before in the higher and varied qualities of style and expression, and brought out more completely the resources of her voice. The introductory Andante was delivered with a melting, tremulous, and yet chaste pathos, in which there was no sentimental weakness, but a sustained purity of style, and a complete realization of that tearful quality of natural tone which we have heard ascribed to her. Nothing could be more finely finished or more truly in the spirit of the tender Bellini melody. The chaste embellishments were still original, and every period brought to such shapely and felicitous close, that one almost murmured: "It is *just right*, we would not have it any otherwise;" — and this indeed occurred all through the evening. But in the rapturous finale we had really a new revelation of vocal wealth and beauty. We have heard it sung equally satisfactorily, but never *so* sung. It was a creation of her own, of admirable beauty, and yet wholly faithful to the first intention of the music. The manner in which she would catch up, as it were with rapid, delicate, invisible fingers, those luscious, large low tones and interweave them with the brighter high ones, was to us entirely a new melodic experience, and imparted a new richness to the music. It was the wronged maiden's bliss, restored with interest, and waking blissful, sympathetic response in every heart and every object high and low.

Evidently the charm of this singing will grow upon us all. It may not satisfy *all* that *all* souls want of Art. We have been more excited, more interiorly reached by other singers; and have carried away from them that that wrought more permanently and deeply in us ever afterwards; precisely as Beethoven or Mozart influence us permanently more than Rossini, in whose music we *do* find, as we had anticipated, a very perfect correspondence with Alboni's voice. Their geniuses are certainly akin; and that inventive, happy, Anacreontic composer never felt more happy than when he discovered this Alboni voice to sing what he alone could write. Her singing is in harmony with her whole being. It is large, luxurious, easy, quiet, sympathetic, genial; but neither very passionate, nor very intellectual, nor yet surcharged with the heat-lightnings of a humorous brain. Excitement goes not with it. It is the perfect luxury of beautiful, delicious sound, and you are lapped in it and enjoy it,

without wound or denial to any of your deeper sensibilities or aspirations, and at the same time without any main appeal to them. We know a large class of genial natures, in whom we fancy that it must almost exhaust their possibility of enthusiasm; but these must not expect all the demands of human life to lie in just the one sphere which is home and heaven to them, nor deem it "mysticism" or "affectation" if one who can enjoy this richly, should also prize as much or more another order of enjoyment derived from another singer.

We have hardly left a corner for the accessories of the concert. The orchestra numbered some forty picked men from the Musical Fund, with FRIES and SUCK heading the violins; and under Sig. ARDITI's vigorous *baton* they played the overtures to *La Gazza Ladra* and *Der Freyschütz* with more spirit than delicacy. Indeed the accompaniment sinned often on the side of noisiness. Sig. SANGIOVANNI has a singularly sweet, fresh and delicate tenor voice, which he uses with grace and expression; but it is altogether in the *cantabile* vein, and has slight power to sing against such an orchestra. His voice is much of Guidi's quality, and he impressed us as a pleasing, graceful artist. Sig. ROVERE is a baritone buffo, of rich voice, and a large and easy comic manner, lacking the fineness of Belletti. In the Baron's dream from *Cenerentola*, and in the duet with Sangiovanni from "the Barber," he excited much mirth, while the delicious Rossini accompaniment played around the voices with as fresh a charm as ever.

SECOND CONCERT.

Thursday Night. — The ink of the above hurried notes was hardly dry, when we were again summoned to a renewal of the impression of the living notes. To-night the programme was Rossinian, and we heard this luxury of voice at home in the most luxurious music. First the *Una voce poco fa*, from "The Barber" (which the bills, abominably printed, like those of the first night, set down to Bellini!) Here she opens at once from the deep fountains of her pure contralto; — how unlike the husky, mannish, coarse sounds with which other contraltos have been wont to astonish the groundlings! how rich and round and mellow! what a passionate expression is thrown into them! and what consummate art in phrasing and in distribution of accent and force! With what proud ease and elasticity the voice bounds away again from each well-planted step! We have heard the *Una voce* from all sorts of singers and yet we never fairly heard it till to-night. The fiery Allegro was equally perfect. To Alboni this triumph was the easiest matter in the world, as one would twirl his watch key round his thumb.

We heard, too, what our Parisian critic has pronounced her greatest triumph [that is, two or three years ago], the brilliant finale to "Cinderella": *Non piu mesta*, with the lovely slow introduction, which she sang with warm and delicate expression. The rest was all blaze of diamonds; the first notes of the air stood out like so many separate, central, bright points, and the liquid lustre was exquisitely diffused through the variation, which was given with more rapidity than we should suppose an instrument could play it, yet with faultless precision and symmetry of outline. We began to doubt our first conclusion, and to

suspect that Mme. Alboni is peculiarly herself in this fine vocal jewelry of variation singing. Still more so, when she sang Rhode's "Variations" for the violin, in which Catalani first and lately Sontag have been famous. There the melodic efflorescence was also touched with not a little of sentiment; it was not mere mechanical ingenuity of form; and the marvel was that Alboni's voice somehow reproduced the peculiar *violin-ity* of the music, giving it that nervous accent and thrilling, searching edge of tone peculiar to the strings.

Not the least pleasant item in the list was the familiar trio from *Belisario*, in which all three parts were finely blended. And the pleasantest part of it was to see how Alboni (as in all concerted pieces) made not her own voice too prominent, but rather studied (though with no conscious effort) to let tenor and bass tell to advantage. The finale to *La Sonnambula* again formed the glorious close, and Bellini's spirit must have heard and owned the pathos of the introduction and the rapture of the Allegro.

Sig. SANGIOVANNI sang a fine aria, with orchestra, by Rossini, new to us. His sweet, flexible tenor, and smooth execution were still agreeable, but the lack of power was more and more apparent. Sig. ROVERE sang the barber's song: *Largo al Factotum*, capitably; and the duet of the two from *Cinderella*: *Zitto, zitto*, was a very pleasant, graceful opening, after the sparkling French overture, save that the voices some of the time were nearly put out by the strong blaze of the orchestra. Sig. Ardit's violin fantasia was eminently ingenious and fantastic.

Saturday night is positively Alboni's last for this time. Are Boston ears half satisfied?

TOPICS THIS WEEK. We present our readers with the first of a series of articles, written for us by a scientific gentleman, upon "Acoustic Architecture." At a time when there is so much inquiry about what constitutes a good hall for music, with such perplexed uncertainty about scientific principles, many will read with interest the suggestions of one who has both thoroughly compared all that has hitherto been contributed towards a possible science of the matter, and whose mind has for years past been attracted *con amore* to the subject.

"C" of the *Atlas* takes us at our word and frankly sends us his rejoinder to the "Diarist." We shall make a pleasant matter of it in the end, if all parties will avail themselves of our catholic propensity to afford them all a hearing.

The papers on the genesis and structure of the "Musical Scale," by our esteemed "E. H.," may perhaps bristle with scientific thorns to some. But the scientific as well as the *dilettante* reader has claims on a true Journal of Music. Besides, these papers are a clear and concise statement of the grounds on which rest all such efforts as those of Messrs. Alley and Poole, to do away with "Temperament" and establish perfect intonation in the construction of organs and pianos. It is a great question, which cannot be evaded, and we in our journalizing capacity have a duty to the musical world in this matter. Read "E. H." from the beginning, and you will surely find yourself instructed.

Of ALBONI we have written too many words, because we wrote hurriedly and amid interruption. Our argument has labored from our very anxiety to represent our feeling truly. But there

is one comfort: our *unknown* friend "Giustizia," will not again accuse us of utterly neglecting "the greatest artist the world ever saw," and may perhaps forgive our unrepenting allegiance to that other Queen of Song whom he is pleased to set down as a "musical charlatan."

Again our batch of foreign intelligence, reviews of new music, &c., is unavoidably crowded out.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY have ont their proposals for a series of six oratorio performances: three of Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus*, and three of "Engeddi," the anglicized version of Beethoven's "Mount of Olives." Since we were a boy the latter has reposed upon the Handel and Haydn shelf, and we shall rejoice to hear it revived. The *Judas* is undergoing faithful rehearsal, under the able conductorship of Mr. Webb, with Mr. Mueller at the organ, both greatly to the satisfaction of the singers. Mr. Frost is to be the tenor, and Miss Anna Stone the soprano.

THE MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY, with the same conductor and organist, are engaged upon the "Messiah" and "St. Paul." So says a contemporary. Shall we not also have "Elijah?"

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, assisted by Mlle. LEHMANN, have been doing a brisk business, since that lady's successful debut here, in several of the neighboring towns, lighting up little local fires of true musical enthusiasm.

We trust no lover of the quiet, intimate communion with the great tone-masters, in their choice chamber compositions, will neglect to subscribe early to their approaching series of concerts and afternoon rehearsals in this city. Boston has no sense or soul of good music, if it fails to cherish this select little club of excellent interpreters of some of the best, the most eternal thoughts ever written down in music.

THE GERMANIA SERENADE BAND, we regret to say, give us their last orchestral concert next Wednesday afternoon. The little orchestra which has gathered about them, under the efficient lead of Mr. Suck, has endeared itself to the best musical appreciation of the city; and though a summer plant, we trust its roots live deep and warm within the ground, and will shoot forth greener and fairer signs of life another summer. As we have before said, all the orchestra playing in Boston has taken a new impulse from this happy little model of right organization.

The Concert of last week was postponed to gain time to make this last one richer. That two-part song of Mendelssohn, which gave such pleasure at Mlle. Lehmann's concert, has been expressly arranged for orchestra, by Mr. Suck, for this occasion.

MADAME SONTAG (we are requested to say), has finally determined to postpone her visit to Boston until after the opening of the Music Hall.

New York.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. We have read with interest the Tenth Annual Report of this noble association, the finest body of classical musicians in this country. No society has done so much to raise the standard of orchestral performances, both as to matter and to manner, in America. It comprises the cream of the instrumental artists, who reside in New York; and to its existence is owing in a great measure the possibility of rallying at short notice such orchestras as have accompanied Lind and Sontag, whenever a Benedict or an Eckert appear to lead them. The tone of this fraternity—(we may so call it since it embodies, like the Philharmonic Societies of the old world and like the Musical Fund Societies of Philadelphia and Boston, the element of mutual benefit)—has been always high; nor could it well be otherwise in a society where men like U. C. Hill and Timm and Scharfenberg have been leading spirits.

The Report opens with a brief history of the Society. Originally, ten years ago, it numbered thirty-seven members, of whom sixteen still continue. The first concert was given Dec. 7th, 1842, when were performed

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, conducted by Mr. Hill; Weber's overture to *Oberon*, conducted by D. G. Etienne; and Kalliwoda's overture in D, conducted by Mr. Timm. This alternation of several conductors was for some years a feature. The orchestra the past season numbered sixty-six instruments, with Mr. Eisfeld as conductor, and the removal from the cramped limits of "the Apollo" to Niblo's spacious Concert Room, has given a new impulse to the Society. Four public concerts are given each winter, besides rehearsals once in two weeks open to subscribers. The present condition is highly promising, and the next concert season (for which subscription lists are open) bids fair to surpass those that have already made the name of "Philharmonic" honored. The "Actual Performing Members" comprise 27 violins, 9 violas, 5 violoncellos, 8 double basses, 2 flutes, 3 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 2 trumpets, 4 horns, 3 trombones, drums, &c. Besides these there is a list of sixteen non-performing members, many of whom however *do* perform, as occasion calls, in the way of artistic solos, or with cheerful merging of the individual in the general good, volunteering (as several of the best artists have done) at the humblest posts of drum and cymbals. In the roll of honorary Members we find the names of Vieuxtemps, Ole Bull, Leopold De Meyer, Burke, Dr. Spohr, Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Herz, Sivori, Bottesini, Mme. Goldschmidt and Benedict.

The government for the eleventh season is composed of H. C. Timm, *President*; U. C. Hill, *Vice President*; J. L. Ensign, *Secretary*; W. Scharfenberg, *Treasurer*; T. Goodwin, *Librarian*; T. Eisfeld and G. F. Hansen, *Assistants*.

Long life to the New York "Philharmonics!" together with more frequent and more crowded concerts!

EISFELD'S CLASSICAL QUARTET SOIREES.—These, says the *Home Journal*, will be as usual, six in number, and the first will take place on the thirtieth of this month, at Niblo's upper saloon. We recommend all the true lovers of music, all who can discern, or wish to learn how to discern the difference between excellence and clap-trap, all who like to enjoy music in a quiet, drawing-room manner—to become subscribers.

MRS. BOSTWICK.—The next treat in store for us is the entertainment to which some eight hundred and twenty-five of our fellow citizens invite us, for the evening of the 26th instant, at Metropolitan Hall, with our some years' favorite, Mrs. Emma Gillingham Bostwick, as *prima donna* of the occasion. She is about making a distant professional tour, and it was a worthy thought.

MADRIGAL PRACTICE.—Messrs. Nash and Curtis have commenced a class for the practice of this fine old music. Handel's "Acis and Galatea" also will be studied. This is a department of music too good to be neglected, and which needs some special provision to keep the musical community alive to its charm.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP'S NEW ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE.—Madame Bishop, of the *Directrice*, and Bochs, with music, copyists, &c., left on Tuesday for New York, where rehearsals of the opening opera, "Martha," will commence immediately. The Madame has taken almost all the spacious Battery Hotel, near Castle Garden, for the concentration of her large forces, for the purposes of rehearsal, and there will be fine musical doings there. Besides the excellent principal artists, whose names we have given, a numerous chorus and select orchestra have been organized to travel with the company, which will secure in every city where the troupe appears, a full and perfect performance. To the rich repertoire Bochs has selected, will be added, we hear, the master opera of the celebrated BUNN, the Napoleon of English managers. The name of the opera (the music of which is Balfe's best) is "The Devil's In It." The troupe begins at Niblo's, New York, on the 1st of November, and will be here at the Walnut in December, *en route*, for Baltimore, Washington, Richmond and Charleston. The first six months of the company are already taken up by engagements.—*Fitzgerald's City Item*.

NEW ORLEANS. CONCERT OF CLASSICAL MUSIC. The lovers of the music of Hummel, Mendelssohn and Beethoven will be glad to learn that Messrs. Paulsackel and Wohlien, of this city, propose giving, in the latter part of this month, a concert comprising concerted pieces for two or more performers from the works of those celebrated composers, such as the *Quartetto* in C minor by Beethoven, the *Otello* by Mendelssohn for eight instruments. Little is known in New Orleans by other than the German population of the rich stores of harmony and melody contained in the works of the above composers, and it is with infinite pleasure that we see an effort made to render them familiar to us. Mr. Paulsackel we know to be a pianist of genuine talent.—*Picayune*.

MILWAUKEE. From a Report made at the annual meeting of the "Milwaukee Musical Society," we glean the following facts, which show that Music is laying the foundations of a new empire in the West.

"The Society completed the second year of its existence on the third of May last. During this short period it had overcome all the difficulties that usually attend the infancy of such associations; had given to its members more than twenty superior concerts; had accumulated in furniture, music, and musical instruments, property of the value of at least twelve hundred dollars; had matured and repeatedly, and in the most successful manner, performed two complete Oratorios—"the Creation" and "the Seasons" by Haydn, and had won and established for our fair young city the enviable fame of the third city in the Union in the scale of Musical talent, refinement and taste. Besides this it had become so popular with its members and friends that the loss of nearly half its property by a most disastrous fire was not permitted to interrupt its activity for a single day."

That is right; form societies for the study of the great works, with the best means you can command. The Opera, and the great singers and violinists and orchestras from Europe, are things to thank God for; but nothing so helps to make a people musical, as to become familiar in *any* way—perhaps the best of all ways is their *own* way—with really *good music* by great masters. We congratulate the "third musical city in the Union"! (1) at this rate it will soon outstrip us all.

California.

SIGNORA BISCACCANTI. An exchange paper gives the following:

"We learn by a private letter received in this city from our talented townswoman, Signora Eliza Biscaccanti, that her success in California has been unparalleled. Her concerts given for charitable purposes have amounted \$8,000.00; the last one of which, for the Washington Monument Association, cleared the handsome sum of \$550.00; which being the largest private donation, entitles her to have her name engraved on one of the blocks. These numerous charities have endeared her to the people, and they lately tendered her a complimentary benefit which netted \$2500.00. Signor B. has arrived by the Ohio, for the purpose of making arrangements for the establishment of a Piano-forte agency in San Francisco—one being much needed there."

Advertisements.

MELODEON.

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Respectfully announces her third and

LAST CONCERT

On SATURDAY EVENING, Oct. 23d, 1852,

ASSISTED BY

Signor Rovere,
Signor Sangiovanni,
Signor Arditi,

AND A

GRAND ORCHESTRA.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR, SIGNOR ARDITI

PROGRAMME.

Part First.

1. Overture, Full Orchestra.
2. Duetto, Spanish—"I Mulattieri"—sung by Signor SANGIOVANNI and Signor ROVERE, Masson.
3. Cavatina—from La Gazza Ladra—"Una Voce Poco Fa"—sung by Mme. ALBONI, Rossini.
4. Aria—"Madamina"—sung by Signor ROVERE, Donizetti.
5. Canzone—"L'Orfanello"—sung by Sig. SANGIOVANNI, Arditi.
6. Grand Variations—composed expressly for Mme. Alboni by Sig. Arditi, called "Musical Difficulties Solved"—sung by Mme. ALBONI.

Part Second.

7. Overture, Full Orchestra.
8. Cavatina—from Norma—[by particular desire] "Casta Diva"—sung by Mme. ALBONI, Bellini.
9. Terzettino—from the Barber—"Ah! Quel Colpa," sung by Mme. ALBONI, Sigs. SANGIOVANNI and ROVERE, Rossini.
10. Romanza—"In Terra ci Divissero" sung by Sig. SANGIOVANNI, Mercadante.
11. Grand Rondo—Cenerentola—"Non Più Mesta"—sung by Mme. ALBONI, Rossini.

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TEACHER OF MUSIC,
265 Washington Street, Boston.

Oct. 16.

3m

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24 tf J. S. N. PIERCE, Sec'y.

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A Paper of Art and Literature.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1852.

NO. 4.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ACOUSTIC ARCHITECTURE,

OR, THE CONSTRUCTION OF BUILDINGS WITH
REFERENCE TO SOUND AND THE BEST MU-
SICAL EFFECT.

II.

In the preceding number our attention was directed to the manner in which sound is propagated in various media, and to the consideration of its velocity in fluids, liquids and solids.

The intensity, also, of sound differs in media of different chemical and mechanical natures. It varies in atmospheric air with its density or specific gravity. Hawksbee, in his experiments detailed in the London Philosophical Transactions, with an atmosphere in the usual state, heard a bell at the distance of 30 yards.
With a force of two atmospheres at 60 "
With a force of three atmospheres at 90 "
But did not notice a corresponding increase of sound at greater densities.

Priestley ascertained by experiment that the sound of a bell in hydrogen gas was scarcely louder than in a vacuum, whereas both in oxygen and in carbonic acid gases it was louder than in air. M. Perrolle found that a sound, which ceased to be heard in atmospheric air at the distance of 56 feet, ceased to be heard in oxygen at 63 feet, in carbonic acid gas at 48 feet, and in hydrogen at 11 feet. Chladni also found that the sound of hydrogen gas in an organ pipe was feeble and difficult to distinguish, while that of oxygen was

stronger than that of common air. If hydrogen gas be breathed for a few moments, the effect upon the voice is precisely the same as that noticed by travellers in ascending very high mountains; the vocal tones, in both instances, becoming enfeebled and raised in pitch.

In certain states of the atmosphere sounds are conveyed over water or a surface of frozen snow or ice with remarkable distinctness, and to an almost incredible distance. Instances are well authenticated, in which, under these circumstances, and in the clear, still air of a winter's morning, a conversation has been carried on at distances greater than a mile.

In the morning, before sunrise, the voice, and occasionally the laugh of the sailors on board of an English man-of-war at anchor off Spithead, have been heard at a place at Portsmouth, distant two and a half miles in a direct line. On the authority of Derham*, the human voice has been heard across the straits of Gibraltar, more than ten miles. The sound of a military band, at the hour of roll-call, has been heard at a distance of twenty-one miles from Edinburg castle.

The effect of sound propagated through mixed media is exceedingly curious and instructive, and, in connection here, deserves our careful consideration. We have already seen the facility with which an impulse is transmitted through a solid substance which is homogeneous and uniform in structure. But if the material or substance has different densities, or consists of different bodies imperfectly mixed, or is interrupted by empty spaces, the sound will either be greatly diminished or entirely destroyed.

As an analogous illustration of this, witness the difficulty with which light is transmitted through a glass filled with cracks, imperfections and impurities.

So, also, when the medium is a mixture of gasses, vapors or liquids, or a combination of the one with the other, the effect, on both the velocity and intensity of the sound, is still more striking.

Mr. Leslie found by experiment that, when the air of a receiver was only half exhausted and the deficiency supplied with hydrogen gas, the sound of an enclosed bell was thereby diminished so as to become scarcely audible. Recognizing, again, the analogy of light and sound, in this respect, Mr. Herschell thus illustrates its imperfect transmission through a mixture of different densities.

* Philosophical Transactions. 1708.

When we add syrup to water, or brandy to water, and look through the glass at a candle before they have combined, the candle will appear like a cloud, or as if we had viewed it through a piece of ground glass. When the light passes from a portion of the water to the brandy, or from the brandy to the water, a part of it suffers reflection, and, as the separating surface can seldom be perpendicular to the ray, a part of the light will also suffer refraction. Now, as this must take place many hundred times while the light is passing through a large glass of these imperfectly blended liquids, it is not difficult to understand how we are unable to see objects distinctly through the mixture. With sound the effect is precisely the same, but if the two media are of very different characters, the one a gas and the other a fluid, as in the case of falling rain, or the one a gas and the other a solid, as in the case of falling or newly fallen snow, the scattering and deadening of the sound is still more complete.

The effects here produced are attributed, as in solids, to a want of homogeneity in the medium or substance through which the sound is passed. The explanation given by Mr. Herschell is as follows:

The sonorous pulses, in their passage through the mixture, are, at every instant, changing their medium. Now at every change of medium two things happen; first, a portion of the wave is reflected and the intensity of the transmitted part is thereby diminished; secondly, the direction of propagation of the transmitted part is changed, and the sonorous rays, like those of light, are turned aside from their direct course. Thus the general wave is broken up into a multitude of non-coincident waves, emanating from different origins, and crossing and interfering with each other in all directions. Now, whenever this takes place, a mutual destruction of the waves, to a greater or less extent, arises, and the sound is stifled or obstructed. But of all causes which obstruct the propagation of sound, one of the most effective is, the want of perfect adhesion at the juncture of the parts, of which such medium consists. The effect of this may be conceived, by regarding the superficial strata of molecules of each medium, when in contact, as forming, together, a thin film of less elasticity than either, at which, therefore, a proportionally greater reflection of the wave will take place, than if the cohesion were perfect; just as light is much more obstructed by a tissue of cracks pervading a piece of glass than it would be by any irregularity in the composition of the glass itself. Further yet; as the parts of a non-homogeneous medium differ in elasticity, the velocities with which they are traversed by the sonorous pulses also differ, and thus, among the waves which do ultimately arrive at the same destination, in the same direction, some will arrive sooner, some later.

This will account for the phenomena of double sounds, sometimes heard in particular states of the atmosphere, and (it seems to us,) also, for the peculiar harshness and discordant nature of musical tones, when heard in similar circumstances. Every military band, who have attempted to play

in the early morning, when the air was loaded with vapors, and the earth reeking with fogs and exhalations, are conscious of the unusual difficulty attending their efforts, and the listener, under such conditions, cannot but have remarked the unsatisfactory nature of the music. Hence we can understand the importance of measures to preserve the contained air of a concert room in a uniform state.

On the other hand, it is a curious fact, that, in their passage through a bland and pure atmosphere, inharmonious sounds even, will amalgamate and strike upon the ear with a pleasant accent. Space or distance, in this case, seems to act as a purifier of sound, sifting out and absorbing the discordant portions, and allowing those without alloy only, to pass through. Mr. William Gardiner, author of "Music of Nature," appears to have first called attention to this peculiar fact. Its explanation may be found, in part, perhaps, in the greater permeating power of musical or harmonious sounds over mere noise (for such all discord may be termed) of the same intensity; but it must still be regarded, in great part, as one of the unexplained mysteries of nature. We shall have occasion, also, to refer to this principle, when we speak of the capacity of an apartment requisite to give to music its best effect.

A familiar illustration of the imperfections and alterations which occur in the communication of vibrations from one medium to another in immediate contact, when its homogeneity is disturbed, is obtained in the experiment originally made by Chladni:

If we pour sparkling champagne into a tall glass till it is half full, the glass cannot be made to ring by a stroke upon its edge, but emits a dull, disagreeable sound. This effect continues as long as the effervescence lasts, and while the wine is filled with air bubbles. But as the effervescence subsides, the sound becomes clearer and clearer till, at last, the glass rings as usual, when the air bubbles have disappeared. By reproducing the effervescence, the sound is again deadened as before. The cause of the result obtained by M. Chladni is, says Mr. Herschell, that the glass and the contained liquid, in order to give a musical tone, must vibrate regularly in unison as a system, and if any considerable part of a system is unsuceptible of regular vibration, the whole must be so.

In the case just mentioned, the sound is excited in a solid and transmitted to a fluid medium. The converse of this must also be true, i. e. when a sound passes from a fluid to a solid, which is in contact, if this latter medium be not uniform and homogeneous in its structure. Thus every musical performance is modified essentially in its quality by the character of the structure in which it is given; and hence the importance of attention, in this particular, in the choice of materials, and manner of constructing the walls of an apartment built for musical effect.

On some of the principles just stated can, also, be explained many facts and phenomena in the natural world.

The deep and awful silence which reigns in the elevated regions of the globe is owing, not only to the lack of the ordinary sounds of animated nature, but to the diminished density of the air acting, as we have seen, both to enfeeble and modify the powers of speech, and deaden the force of such sounds as actually exist.

The period of night seems peculiarly adapted to the formation and transmission of sound, especially musical sounds. If we may credit the

reports of travellers, the tones of those birds in the equatorial regions which sing at night are singularly plaintive and melodious, as we know to be the case with the mocking bird, the whippoorwill and the nightingale. To certain sensitive minds almost all sounds, at this season, partake of a musical character; to such there is melody in the running waters of a brook; the hum of insects is a song;—the voice of falling water mingles with the rising wind and the distant surging of the ocean to form a mighty chorus. The hush of nature, even, in the silent eloquence of night, is woven into harmony, and

"The mute still air

Is music slumbering on her instrument."

But the attention of the most unimaginative cannot fail, at such time, to be arrested by the prevalence of sounds of which they took no cognizance during the day. In the pure atmosphere that often prevails at night in tropical climates, such phenomena are particularly striking.

Humboldt was of opinion that the noise of the great cataract of the Orinoco, when heard at night, in the plains which surround the mission of Apures, was three times louder than during the day. The explanation given by this eminent traveller, and repeated by Mr. Herschell, is as follows:

In a hot day, when a warm current of air ascends from the heated ground and mingles with the cold air above of a different density, the transparency of the atmosphere is so much affected that every object seen through it appears to be in motion, just as when we look at any distant object over a fire or flame of a candle. The air is, therefore, during the day, a mixed medium, in which the sounds are reflected and scattered in passing through streams and strata of different densities, as in the experiment of mixing atmospheric air and hydrogen. At midnight, on the contrary, when the air is transparent and of a uniform density, as may be seen by the brilliancy and number of the stars, the slightest sound reaches the ear without interruption.

In this greater distinctness of sounds by night, doubtless, something must be attributed to the absence of the usual noises of the day, and the consequent greater sensibility of the auditory apparatus to impressions; but the reasoning above given is philosophically correct.

From the facts first stated, some important maxims may be gained in reference to the system of ventilation and warming to be employed in Halls devoted to music.

[Translated for this Journal.]

The Overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute."

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

In the catalogue in the composer's own hand, the "Magic Flute" (*Die Zauberflöte*) bears date June 17th, 1791. But the overture was first composed toward the end of September, that is, after the *Clemenza di Tito*. Still it is not the chronological ground especially, which has induced us to divide the overture from the opera in our analysis. Far weightier reasons have required a special article upon the work, which we propose now to examine.

In the first place, it is not necessary to consider the overture to the *Zauberflöte* as an integral part of the drama which it opens. For reasons, which I shall adduce, it cannot for a moment be so regarded. A musician, who is in earnest with his work, always seeks to establish obvious relations between the leading thoughts of the libretto and

the introductory symphony. He endeavors to prepare the audience for the contents of the piece, to familiarize them beforehand, through a series of purely musical impressions, with the sphere of feeling or of feelings that predominate:—such is the end of the dramatic overture. It is the same for all. Although the means of execution naturally admit of infinite variety, both as to idea and form, yet they may be all reduced to one single distinction. Either the subject of the opera is taken as a whole, or in its details. In the first case the instrumental music limits itself to reproducing the main character of the drama; or it imitates the drama, in its way, ideally, with perfect freedom, without regard to the progress of the action, and without borrowing from the body of the work. An instrumentist of science and genius will even avoid too plain resemblances with the forms of the vocal melody; he will build his analogous structure upon independent thoughts, upon themes, whose developments and modifications will universalize the connections or conflicts of the drama and show the characteristic types of persons and situations without the admixture of accidents and individualities. In our view this form of the overture, which might be called the *dramatic-thematic*, is the most excellent, but also the most difficult of all. Few besides Mozart have excelled in it. Moreover we have other works, of a less strict unity and less learned execution, than Mozart's overtures, which likewise correspond to the abstract universality of the drama and which are also masterpieces. We need only point to Cherubini's overtures, perhaps the finest which our century has produced, to those of Beethoven, to some of those of Mehul, of Winter, of Spontini, of Spohr, and of some other less renowned or younger masters.

As to dramatic overtures of the second category, those namely which embrace and follow the libretto in its scenic details, their use is rather modern. They are made up of extracts from the score, of motives from the opera, which they commonly select from the most striking passages of the piece and then weave the whole together with some accessory thoughts. To these, I think, undoubtedly belongs the epithet of *programme-overture*. The Andante of the overture to "Don Juan," which however is nothing but the introduction of the symphony, belongs to this class; so too the Andante of the overture to *Così fan tutte*. The finest, most complete and most dexterously executed dramatic programme is the overture to *Der Freyschütz*.

There are operas, which have no proper overture, but only a short instrumental introduction, which is connected with the first scene. *Robert le Diable* is an instance. Such overtures in little may be introduced sometimes with much effect in the interacts, as for example in "Joseph" and in the *Wasserträger*.

If we pursue the inquiry, we find still a fourth mode of opening an opera. That is with no overture at all. Rossini in his "Moses" has chosen this form, which is unquestionably the most expeditious, if it be not also the most difficult and the best.

All dramatic symphonies, (of course I mean good ones,) have consequently this in common, that, springing from the inspirations of the subject, they must be regarded as integral parts of the operas for which their composers have written them. The question now arises, in which of the

four above-named classes should we rank the overture to the *Zauberflöte*? what are its general or special relations to the libretto? It has none at all, and for the reason that nothing cannot sustain relations to nothing. Even supposing Schikaneder's piece to have had some meaning, still the overture, as it is, would in no case have reproduced either the thoughts or specialities. It is a Fugue, and a Fugue is always too indefinite in its analogical expression to be subordinated in a clear and positive manner to the sense of any drama whatsoever. O incalculable might of chance! We cast ourselves at thy feet and worship thee. When Mozart came home from Prague and saw himself compelled to end an opera, which only waited for an overture, to be brought out, he reflected how he had to make this overture. He finds that none of the existing and customary musical forms for works of this kind are suited for a piece so destitute of all poetic form. In his despair he chooses an antiquated form, long since abandoned for the very reason that it opposed an insurmountable obstacle to the demands of theatre music. He applies all his immeasurable genius and his contrapuntal learning to renovate this obsolete and refractory form, and lo! out of this extremity of need arises the most extraordinary and most brilliant of all masterworks, and that for the very reason that the poem of the *Zauberflöte* has neither head nor feet. The reader will not doubt this, if he will read the following passage, which I take from *Koch's Musical Lexicon*, article "Overture."

"In general this word means every instrumental piece of some extent, which serves as the opening or introduction to an Opera, a Cantata, a Ballet, &c. In a stricter sense it means a peculiar kind of Symphony, which is of French origin, and which owes especially to Lulli, the characteristic form which distinguishes it. The Overture, as a genus, begins with a not too long Grave, in 4-4 measure, of majestic, solemn, animated character, followed by a Fugue, of which the tempo is rapid and the rhythm proportioned to the daring of the composer. Commonly it is a free Fugue, interrupted now and then by several side-thoughts, which do not all spring immediately out of the theme and counter-theme,* and which the orchestral parts frequently deliver in the manner of a solo."

This description contains word for word the technical plan of our overture. Koch further adds:

"During the last twenty-five years of the seventeenth century this class of compositions was introduced into Germany, where Telemann developed it with great industry and care. Hasse, Graun and other composers, who were famous about the middle of the last century,† also employed this form in their operas. About the year 1760 they began more and more to abandon it, so that to-day (1802) works executed after this pattern may be reckoned among antiquated compositions. Among the moderns, Mozart, (in his overture to *Zauberflöte*) has completely rescued this form from the unjust contempt into which it seemed to have fallen."

This seeming contempt, however, was not so unjust, since out of this countless multitude of Introductions, not one has been found worthy to

preserve the memory of this class for posterity. Did the musical public of Germany, in the year 1791, know many overtures of Lulli? Was it any better acquainted with those of Telemann, a much later musician, and who, as Gerber declares, has made more than six hundred of them? Do we even speak of Handel's overtures? I believe not. Why then should Mozart, the boldest and most fruitful of the moderns, he, who has brought the true style of the dramatic symphony to the highest degree of perfection, — why should he, I say, go back a century and take up an invention of Lulli's, a Gothic form, which excludes the Drama, unless he has perceived that Schikaneder's libretto, a mere nothing in itself, on its side rejects the means of a universal expression, whereby alone the orchestra can and must indicate beforehand the nature of the play? Mozart could certainly have made a programme overture; but this means he would surely have despised, if he had found or known it. The incompatibility of this style with the spirit of his instrumental works is too apparent.

Nevertheless a writer in the *Musikalische Zeitung* of Leipzig has seemed to discover that direct relation between the overture and the opera of the *Zauberflöte*, which has always escaped me. He says: "that Mozart, when he composed a Fugue, had in mind *all that belonged to the temple*, and that accordingly the theme alludes to the babble of the bird-catcher." With all the respect due to this writer, I must still remark that there is here an obvious contradiction. If the Fugue is to remind us of the temple, how could the subject, the very essence of this Fugue, remind us at the same time of the babble of a miserable buffoon, such as Papageno is? The truth is, nothing is less like church music than our overture, much as it is a Fugue. Just as little does it refer to the bird-catcher, whose dramatic importance is about the same with that of the music-loving apes and lions in the opera. By what inconceivable distraction could the composer have forgotten Tamino and Pamina, the hero and heroine of the drama, whose love and adventures form its subject, if indeed we can speak of a subject here? In the overture to *Le Nozze* does not the crafty Figaro dance about before the audience and mock them? Do we not find the seducer of so many fair ones, the murderer of the commander, who enchants us by his heroic feats of gallantry and freezes us with terror by his tragic end, in the overture to "Don Juan"? Do we not see the fluttering lovers hover about in the overture to *Così fan tutte*? And finally in the overture to "Titus," what hear we thundering in our ears but the great warlike deeds of the Roman general? The principle, which requires that the sense of the overture should refer to the hero of the piece or to the main action of the drama is so natural, so reasonable, that one cannot imagine why Mozart, who had always observed it until then, should have departed from it in the *Zauberflöte*. But he did not depart from it, since he had already beforehand renounced every positive analogy. I say positive, for should we seek one, not proceeding from any of those arbitrary interpretations, which the musical sense of every hearer instantly pronounces false, we should indeed find one; but it would be so vague and general that the right of property of the piece in the overture would be little strengthened by it. The Marvellous forms the

basis of the opera; it also forms the character of the symphony; and that is the only relation that exists between the two. It is very broad, we repeat it; so broad, that the overture to the *Zauberflöte* might serve for any other opera founded upon rose-colored miracle.

I have thought I could not give attention and room enough to the proof of this striking fact, that, had there lain a shadow of sound human understanding in Schikaneder's piece, the most astonishing masterpiece of Mozart would not have existed and one of the most authentic titles of his earthly mission would be lost.

(Conclusion next week.)

[From the New York Tribune.]

MUSINGS IN THE MOONLIGHT.

BY C. F. CRANCH.

In the clear September moonlight
Dark the eastern mountains rise,
And the River, calm as ever
One broad lake of silver lies.

Like a frame the leafy garden
Clasps the dreamy picture round,
And I gaze and gaze forever
By the spell of beauty bound.

O'er the water's burnished mirror
Darkly glide the shadowed ships,
So the glowing Past is shaded
By our gliding thought's eclipse.

Bright, broad River — flow forever
In the moonlight to the sea.
But those joyous days thou never,
Never can'st bring back to me.

See! the frame the leafy garden
Arches round the pictured scene,
Like a cypress wreath is growing
Dark — too dark for this — I ween.

One, who wreathed the lovely landscape
With these green and shady bowers,
Past away — away forever
With his fleeting garden flowers.

And the lawn beneath the linden,
And the shrubs and vines so green,
And the fragrant beds of roses,
And the winding paths between;

And the house in beauty howered,
Rare in beauty of its own —
Ne'er again may hear the music
Of those days forever flown;

Ne'er again shall hear the murmur
Of the joyous company
Whom those festal days of summer
Crowned with mirth and melody.

Silent River — sadly flowing!
Shadowed sails like thoughts of pain
Slowly cross thy gleaming silver,
But they catch the light again.

Darkly bend the mountains o'er thee,
Dim and dusky in the night,
But their summits woo the moonbeams,
And are touched with heavenly light.

Life is rich and Nature lavish,
Providence is large as Fate.
Many a joy they hide in secret
For the lone and desolate.

After sunset clouds of crimson,
After twilight comes the moon,
After moon-set still the starlight,
Still the morning's daily boon.

And the cloud that lowers the darkest
Holds the blessing of the rain —
And the grief that stuns the deepest
Hath another touch than pain.

NEWBURN, Sept. 28, 1852.

MEN METAMORPHOSED INTO INSTRUMENTS.
The London *Times* thus describes the "Organophonic Band," which has been performing at St. James's Theatre:

* Frequently these side-thoughts were dance melodies.

† The author of this article ought to have named Handel above all others.

The old anecdote of the Greek philosopher, who, when asked to applaud a singer for his skilful imitation of the notes of a nightingale, answered that he was quite satisfied with hearing the nightingale itself, does not seem to produce any moral result, if we may judge from the crowd that last night attended and applauded the performance of a body of substantial-looking foreigners, who took pride in converting themselves not only into fiddles, violoncelli, and bassoons, but even into drums and cymbals. Nay, one more ambitious than the rest actually made of himself a musical snuff-box. Had Ovid been alive, here was something towards a 16th book of the *Metamorphoses*.

Altogether the "Organophonic Band," who, without instruments, can, by the voice alone, imitate all the brass, wood, and catgut in a regular orchestra, possess a certain talent which may possibly please a certain portion of the public. The imitation of a drum by a strange motion of mouth, of the trumpet by a forced action of the facial muscles, of the pizzicato of harp or violin by what, for want of a classical word, we must call the "pop-pop-popping" of the lips; of the piccolo by whistling, and of the cymbal and musical snuff-box by some vocal contrivance we cannot venture to describe, is close enough to amuse those happy folks who have an hour or two to wile away; and perhaps a gentleman who had swallowed three bottles of heavy port, and whose imagination was stronger than his memory, might fancy himself in the presence of a real band of instrumentalists. Moreover, the artists are handsomely attired in the military undress of Hungary, and have a solemnity and earnestness of deportment which inspire a feeling of respect for their vocation. A mustachioed Magyar, six feet high and stout in proportion, uttering the notes of the "wry-necked fife," is a sight not to be seen every day. Nor should we forget the opportunity which this exhibition affords of studying the human countenance under very peculiar circumstances. Our uninitiated readers have no conception of the pretty face which a man makes when he produces the sound of a cymbal, by twitching up the corner of his mouth and a puff of one cheek.

The repertoire is very large, comprising solos, overtures, dances, in great variety, which are all played in the singular manner above described, and are occasionally relieved by a little regular singing, which is not of first-rate excellence.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE MUSICAL SCALE.

VI.

COINCIDENCES.

It seems from what has been set forth, that perfect intonation requires 70 sounds within the octave. Theory is satisfied with no less. Practically, however, there will be found certain coincidences in nominally differing sounds, which will reduce the number very considerably.

I recommend to such of your readers as are interested in this subject to procure a piece of paper which is ruled both ways, so as to be divided into small squares, say the eighth of an inch in size. Making the distance from line to line the measure of the comma, lay off 106 upon one line for the extent of two octaves (fifty-three being the number of commas in one octave). Write the letters of the natural scale, C², D², E², &c., through two octaves, placing them so as to have the proper measure in commas, viz.: 9, 8, 5, 9, 8, 9, 5, 9, 8, 5, 9, 8, 9, 5.

Lay off the scale of G² underneath, beginning at the G of the natural scale, placing the A at 9 commas from G² and the F² at 9 commas from E². Proceed in the same manner to mark off the scales, going on by fifths to six sharps, viz.: C², G², D², A², E², B², F².

Construct the scale of F², making the D a comma lower or farther to the left, which will be

D¹, and placing the B^b at the distance of 5 commas above A². Go on to the key of G^b.

It will be found that certain sounds which have different names are in fact identical in pitch. The following are the ones referred to:

F ²	is the same as	G ^b
C ²	"	D ^b
G ²	"	A ^b
D ²	"	E ^b
A ²	"	B ^b
E ²	"	F ²

This disposes of 6 sounds.

The fourth of the minor scale is the same sound as the sixth of that major scale which lies next towards the flat signatures. For example the D¹ which belongs in A minor is identical with the D¹ of the scale of F. Likewise the G¹ in D¹ minor is the same with the G¹ of the scale of B^b.

This does away with 12 sounds more.

The leading note or seventh in the minor of D² is the same sound as D¹. This disposes of one more. In all, now, we have eliminated 19 sounds, leaving us 51 which are indispensable to perfect harmony in thirteen scales major and thirteen minor.

We have here assumed twenty-six scales, including both modes, as the utmost that need to be provided for in the organ. But for some purposes a larger number of scales may be required and for other purposes less. For the common uses of a church organ, I suppose eleven major and nine minor would be amply sufficient. For an organ to be placed in a music hall, where Bach's Fugues and Handel's Oratorios would claim a hearing, more would be demanded.

The number of pipes in the octave for the few scales used in common church music would not exceed thirty-six.

Whether it be practicable to construct an organ capable of being played with ease in all these keys, is not an open question. It has been decided affirmatively and triumphantly by Messrs. Alley and Poole of Newburyport. These enterprising and scientific gentlemen have actually built and exhibited an instrument, called the "Euharmonic Organ," which gives music with absolute perfection of intonation in eleven scales of each mode. I shall give some account of it in a future article.

E. H.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Temperament.

I sympathize most heartily with the mathematics of "E. H.," but I conceive that his application of them is mistaken, if he wishes to show that the purest harmony is in all cases best. I think that a careful examination of the practice of good violinists, &c., will show that superiority of those instruments which can give all shades of sound, consists not in their ability to make perfect chords, but in their ability to vary the temperaments. I think that practical violinists sharp the major third in cheerful music and flat it in sombre passages; and I believe that if all music were in perfect harmony, it would lack much of its best expression. This is not a question to be decided by formulas or authorities, but, like the question between the German and Italian schools, to be decided by the ears of good judges. T. H.

ARCHITECTURE, says Madame De Stael, is frozen music.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. VI.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13. In the *New York Quarterly*, No. III. for this month, is an article on Music, in which near the close is the following sentence:

"The gloomy Beethoven, shrouded in a malady from all the charm of German society, grappling alone, in silence, with the profound mysteries of life, and hurling at the world the wild and wonderful results, is no purveyor of comforts for sentimentality."

True enough that Beethoven was no manufacturer of musical sugar plums; but the epithet "gloomy," so commonly applied to him, is objected to. It implies too much.

Take some parallel cases.

It is premised that the artist, be he painter, sculptor or musician, throws more or less of his own individuality into his works. You see in the works of Rubens, the grand, powerful, mighty spirit of their immortal painter; in those of Raphael, judging from some ten or twelve specimens, the gentle and divine spirit of that greatest of artists; in the pictures of the Dutch School,—even in Scriptural scenes—*Dutchmen*. In music this is still more manifest. Handel loved pomp and show; he moved among the great as of them and belonging to them. Both physically and mentally he was cast in a grand mould, and this character is impressed upon his music. Of all choruses his are the most majestic. What majesty breathes forth from every chord of that hackneyed "See the conquering hero comes!" from the Dead March in *Saul* and *Sampson*,—from every part of the *Messiah*, the *Israel in Egypt*—even when sacrificing to the absurd fashions of his day, in his Arias, with their long divisions, and in passages where the object is plainly to please the learned by exhibiting his wonderful power over the mysteries of counterpoint; so also from the Dettinger *Te Deum*, the *Acis and Galatea*,—with all its delicious tenderness—and of course from his organ music—from all comes forth and enters the heart of the hearer that same spirit of majesty. It was ingrain, it belonged to the nature of the composer—and he is properly called—none so worthily—the majestic Handel.

Haydn was cast in a different mould. A sleek, handsome, dark little man, always happy and joyous, cheerful as the day is long, petted by his emperor, and paying him with his heart, never knowing any deep sorrow—except in the misfortunes of his "kaiser,"—and this only when he had begun to sing: "*Ille ist alle meine Kraft*"—(gone is all my strength),—what should characterize his music but cheerfulness and true religious joy? A German critic truly says:

"Haydn had from the first and forever the vocation to make music; for this vocation he rejoiced; in this vocation he was true, happy and pious, and that which he was, he imprinted upon all his works."

So completely was this the case, that whenever he will plunge into the depths of human feelings and emotions, he generally fails. He may employ all the means and appliances of the art to awaken horror, to thrill with awe, but the hearer will not be horrified, his bosom will not thrill—he sees father Haydn's pleasant face peeping out from behind the mask to see what effect he has produced. The composer is describing something he cannot feel, and of course the hearer does not feel it.

The chaos, which forms the overture to the *Creation*, is, in its form, its chords, discords and progressions, and in its choice of instruments, meant to depict the deepest gloom—when as yet the cheering influences of light were not. But it does not make the listener gloomy. One marvels at it, watches the tones of the various instruments struggling upward from the rude mass of sound, and curiously marks the spell with which the clouds of tones separate and combine and at length become changed into the order and harmony of sweet music. How different the effect of the bald and thin instrumentation of the overture to the *Messiah*! He who has a heart really to be touched by the "concord of sweet sounds," may, in these days of Beethoven instrumentation, think little at first of the quaint, old fashioned strains. But there is a power in them. Mankind is all gone astray, is in danger of the judgment and is comfortless! and all this is told in those wailing and sobbing chords. I know of nothing of higher dramatic effect, upon him, who enters into the spirit of music, who gives his heartstrings into the leading hand of the composer,

than the consoling, peace-speaking "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," following those tones of despairing sadness, which close that overture, whose apparent poverty of invention, as Rochlitz says, *must* have been intentional.

Now Haydn attempted to produce a similar effect by following the "rapid fall" of his rebellious angels, with "a new created world." How exquisitely beautiful this is, needs no word of remark—but has he produced the effect? In none of his symphonies which I have heard, neither in his "Seasons," does he succeed in reaching the depths of sadness and gloom. The joyous Haydn—was there ever a more appropriate epithet?

So with the tenderness and *humanity* of Mozart—universal in his works. Yet what horror in the famous scene in "Don Juan!" Grown men feel when hearing it like children awed by a ghost story, when they cling to each other in the chimney corner. Mozart knew every human emotion, he painted them all, and this is just as evident in the mighty "Requiem" as in the *Così fan Tutti*. So with the exquisite taste and refinement of Mendelssohn. In the most delicate "Song without Words," and in the awfully sublime scene where the prophet stands upon Horeb, the mount of God, and the Lord passed by, every where that same exquisite taste and refinement is the marked characteristic. It was so with the man himself. Those who knew him speak of him yet with tears.

Now can the epithet "gloomy" with equal propriety be applied to Beethoven? During the first years of his residence at Vienna, no one could be in a position more to his mind than he was. Petted by princes, discomfiting the sticklers for rules by his audacious innovations, and rubbing his hands with glee when he had called down upon his head the anathemas of all the contrapuntists by some new stroke wilder and more incomprehensible than ever; going to Prague and taking the whole musical public by storm; journeying to Berlin and playing before the king, and receiving "a gold snuff box filled with gold pieces, such as are usually given to ambassadors;" and coming back to the caresses of prince Lichnowsky and *papa* von Swieten—here was nothing to make him gloomy. Nor do the works of that period exhibit it.

But now comes that malady, which for a time drove him to the borders of despair, and an epoch of wretchedness followed such as no other composer has known. But by degrees he became reconciled to his hard fate, and when not persecuted by other physical ills than his deafness, we find him cheerful and contented among the small circle of his intimates, ever ready with his joke and his gibe, now cracking some merry jest upon the devoted head of poor Toby Haslinger, the music seller; now sitting in the back room of the "Krone" or "Jägerhorn," reading the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and talking republican politics with his seidel of beer on the table before him, the constables winking at the treason because it was *Beethoven*; now tearing over the lulls of Baden and wearing poor Kuhlau's legs off to keep up with him; now poring over Handel and Mozart, and now discussing the Greek tragedies (which he read in translations) with Schindler; at one time trifling with a set of baguettes, and firing up with indignation, when written to by Peters of Leipsic, that they are unworthy of him; at another forgetting all else and working away for dear life upon variations to a simple waltz, until poor Artaria had three and thirty to print, and begged him for heaven's sake to stop;—no, when such a man pours forth all his individuality in his compositions, gloom cannot be his prevailing, ever-pervading characteristic.

Glance for a moment at the Symphonies. The First full of Mozart and Haydn, written in the prime of manhood, a beautiful composition, but giving little earnest of its successors. The Second, in D, grand, noble, inspiring. The Third, the *Eroica*, mighty, triumphant, glorious, all but the second movement, and this the outpouring of the wo and despair of tyrant-crushed millions. The Fourth, an outpouring of joy and happiness. The Fifth, the history of those awful conflicts of the soul, at the time when he says himself: "It wanted little, that I myself had taken my life." Here truly is gloom, thick darkness which knows no light,—but oh, what a morning rises triumphant over that gloom, when in the closing movement that sublime song bursts in of triumph and unspeakable joy! The Sixth, the Pastoral, pure hap-

piness; the dance of the peasants so *comic* that none other could have introduced it without marring the perfect beauty of the whole. The Seventh, the principal theme of the first movement light and sparkling as a fountain of crystal, then the very depths of melancholy, and finally a theme of almost extravagant joyousness. The Eighth, one uninterrupted flow of spring and summer. The Ninth, joy so great that it finds *vent in tears*; written in *D minor*, and when even he, Beethoven, finds all the powers of instrumentation too feeble to express his emotions fully, he calls in the aid of the human voice and adds recitative, solo, chorus, with a text from Schiller's immortal "Ode to Joy."

And yet Beethoven *could* be gloomy! No other man ever so explored the darkest regions of harmony. At the same time I know no instance, where another has so depicted in music happiness too great for utterance. I think no one will deny that it is an invariable rule with the operatic composers best known in this country, to express joy and happiness by the free use of all the instruments in the orchestra. The greater the joy the greater the noise. Look at Rossini, the greatest of the Italians, closing an aria with more braying of trumpets than Mozart or Beethoven need in bringing a Symphony to a conclusion. A certain succession of huge chords being as much a characteristic of an Italian cadence, as the *jerk* from the second or the seventh into the tonic is of those of Handel.

In "Fidelio," the excitement and sympathy of the auditor is wound up actually to a painful height, in the scene where the devoted wife finds Florestan starving in the lowest dungeon of the fortress, and Pizarro comes with his dagger to put an end to the captive's sufferings. At this point, a pin dropped might be heard throughout the house. Pizarro raises his weapon for the blow—Leonora rushes between the ruffian and her husband. The blow is suspended for an instant. "Who are you that dares arrest my hand?"—"His wife!" Pizarro seizes her, tears her away again, raises the dagger—no earthly power can save poor Florestan—hark! in the distance the sound of the signal trumpet—the prime minister has arrived, Florestan is saved. The husband and wife rush into each other's arms. Not a word, not a sound for a moment—but calm, still, perfectly heavenly music steals out from the orchestra—'tis happiness too great for utterance. And now it swells and deepens, and Florestan and Leonora find words, and all that human heart has felt of the fruition of earthly happiness finds utterance in that wonderful finale of Beethoven's only Opera!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 30, 1852.

POSTAGE. By the new law which went into effect on the 30th ult., the postage on the "Journal of Music," as we understand it, is *twenty-six* cents a year to places within the State of Massachusetts, or *thirteen* cents if paid in advance; and double these rates to places without the State. To post-offices within the county (*i. e.* in Chelsea, North Chelsea, and Winthrop,) there will be, as at present, no charge for postage.

☞ We can supply all numbers of the First Volume, now complete, from the beginning. Price, *one dollar*.

The Fourteenth and Last Afternoon Concert.

We deem the closing concert of the "Germania Serenade Band" worthy of especial notice. It proved more triumphantly than ever what can be realized in the performance of the higher order of orchestral music, by a right organization and discipline of the resident material. We are by no means alone in the opinion that on Wednesday afternoon we listened to the best that ever yet has been accomplished by a Boston orchestra;—we mean of course in the quality of the performance, and not in the scale of magnitude. It was so far our most encouraging sample of domestic manufacture. And as it was the last ap-

pearance for the present,—and there is some cause to fear, forever—of the little orchestra which seems so accidentally and happily to have grown into its present shape, having commenced with merely eking out the summer concert force of Mr. Selnapp's serenade brass band, we wish to make as permanent as we can the impression of its last rich strains, in the hope that the recollection thereof may yet rescue the little orchestra from its ephemeral doom.

The programme, though it contained no Symphony, was rich and sound and varied. It *had* been arranged to open with a light piece, mainly by way of prelude to ensure perfect tune and temper in the *Oberon* overture. But the mournful event of the week dictated the substitution of something more solemn, and a more fitting tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead could not have been rendered by the musicians, than the short requiem piece, for four trombones, the *Amplius*, which was first played at Beethoven's funeral. Its deep, dark, massive chords were impressively rendered by those unearthly brass tones, and reached the hearts of all that crowded audience. Such music was Beethoven-like and Webster-like.

The overture to *Oberon* was more delicately and spiritedly rendered than on the occasion already noted by a white line, at Miss Fairfield's concert. This performance was fully equal to the "Germanians"; and it is no mean triumph to have reached their level in a few instances, although the younger orchestra is as yet by no means so well armed for all emergencies as its older model. Mr. Suck's Andante for violin was a composition of substantial character, full of force and beauty, richly instrumented for the orchestra, with a predominance of mellow sunset tints from the reed instruments, and worthy to be mentioned as in happy contrast with the mechanical *tours de force* so often inflicted on our patience in the shape of violin fantasias. Donizetti was represented in a favorable light by the deeply tragic finale to *Lucia*, rendered with almost incredible truth and beauty, and indeed pathos, by the brass instruments.

The second part opened with an overture new to Boston ears, *Les deux Journées*, by Germans called *Die Wasserträger*, by Cherubini. It is truly an overture of the first class, one of the grand overtures, fit to be mentioned with *Fidelio* and *Egmont* and *Iphigenia* and *Don Juan*. And it was grandly played. Its impression was extremely solemn, as indeed a good part of the music had been so far, and therefore fortunately in harmony with the general key of feeling throughout the community just now. Then came that Two-Part Song of Mendelssohn, newly arranged by Mr. Suck for orchestra. In the first verse the voice parts were represented, (as in the other arrangement so admired at Mlle. Lehmann's concert) by the two trumpets of Messrs. Schnapp and Rimbach; in the other verses they were taken up by reeds. The whole effect was fully as fine as before.

Quite a novelty now followed in the Concertino for four violins, (Messrs. Suck, Weinz, Eichler and A. Endres), with orchestral accompaniment, composed by L. Maurer. The long orchestral introduction was rich and impressive, and there was great beauty and wealth of invention in the several movements and variations which succeeded by the quartet. Only the jocose rondo toward

the end, seemed as if it never *would* end, the theme starting up again and again to renew discussion long after it seemed logically settled. The Waltz piece, which came last, *Harmonie Tanze*, by J. Pfeiffer, was bright and vigorous, and as felicitous a fancy as ever came from Strauss, or Lanner, or Labitzky.

Besides the excellence which this orchestra has acquired in playing, with its salutary stimulus to other orchestras, it has introduced to us in these fourteen concerts a goodly number of new pieces of the higher kinds of music. New to *us*, we mean. To it we owe Gluck's overture to *Iphigenia*, as well as this of Cherubini; also the noble Symphony of Franz Schubert and one of the best of Haydn's, besides arrangements from Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, &c. This was good fruit from so modest a beginning.

Mme. Alboni's Third Concert.

The last was the most brilliant of the three, and was attended by a crowded audience. The new pieces of ALBONI were the *Di Piacere* from *La Gazza Ladra*, admirably sung, as she sings all of the Rossini music; and a piece of variations, written expressly for her, by Sig. Ardit, called "Musical Difficulties Solved;" an astonishingly difficult piece, and calculated to bring out all the peculiarities of her voice and power. Truly we had not believed that human voice could make its way rejoicingly and rapidly and safely through such labyrinths and leaps of melody. It was all done with the ease and freshness of nature, and with the perfectness of art. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore." She wore this vocal jewelry as if it were a part of her, as much so as the costly diamonds on her breast. Not having yet heard Sontag, we know no equal and no rival to Alboni in such variation singing.

In the second part we heard the *Casta Diva* with about the same feeling as before; that is, with more admiration that she could so sing it than feeling of the music newly kindled by her. Her part was elegantly given in the *Zitti, zitti* trio from "The Barber"; Sangiovanni's part was well too; but as a whole the thing was nearly spoiled by the coarse, buffoonish imitations of her melodic phrases by the buffo, ROVERE. The summer night's glow and soft sparkle of the music itself was what saved it. The *Non piu mesta* was again splendidly sung, and in answer to the enthusiastic *encore*, nothing could have been more welcome than the Brindisi: *Il Segreto*, so suited to her epicurean and voluptuous voice and style. In this she was gracefully accompanied by Sangiovanni at the piano. Her liquid trill again was sensuous ecstasy itself.

The overtures, (too unimportant a matter, it would seem, to be named in the programme,) were of the most nondescript and forcible-feeble character, and allowed Sig. Ardit full swing in his propensity to lay on the lash. One of them, we are told, was by Flotow, and ended with a noisy brass passage much in the "Hail Columbia" vein. The Spanish duet: "The Mulateers," between Sangiovanni and Rovere was a very pretty, humorous thing, almost as quaint in its way as the dance called Jota Arragonese. Of the other songs, tenor and buffo, we do not retain any very particular impression.

Albani's singing is of the *dum vivimus vivamus* order, the joy of the present moment, the harmo-

nious luxury of sense fresh to all that there is bright and beautiful. There is, to be sure, "a tear in her voice." It is eminently expressive, and seems to express with perfect ease and smoothness all and even more than the singer seems to yearn to utter. If anything, she sings too easily, too smoothly; it would be more interesting did the feeling and the aspiration seem to struggle somewhat for expression, as in Beethoven's music, (to go to that analogy instead of to another singer). With Albani's singing all seems accomplished, and nothing left behind, nothing in reserve, as in the sensuous completeness of Rossini's music. No wonder therefore that the spell haunts you not much after you have left the concert room. You have not been profoundly moved, excited to new aspiration, made to feel the Infinite within you and impressed by the great mystery of life. You have had an exquisite enjoyment, but have not carried home a spiritual influence. We marvel how it is that certain critics call this singing warm, while that of Jenny Lind, for instance, was to them so intellectually cold and uninspired with feeling. But, as we have long been convinced, comparisons of this sort are idle. Either singer is of course warmest to the ears that happen to be most congenial; and there are two experiences of lack of warmth; one in those who demand less, and one in those who demand more. The character that has most and deepest feeling will often seem the coldest and the most reserved to those who ask but little feeling and to have that little always openly and unreservedly expressed.

With this confession we can still admire ALBONI as a great singer, one of the greatest. Perhaps she is more perfect in her kind, than either Lind or Sontag are in theirs. But the mistake of common criticism is in measuring difference of spheres by difference of degrees. At all events, the privilege of hearing such an artist as ALBONI is one which we would never willingly forego.

NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN.—By the advertisement in another column it will be seen that this excellent institution is already prepared to take orders for Lithography and Wood-cuts, to be executed by its pupils. The Annual Report, now before us, shows that the first year's progress fully equals the anticipations of its founders. The number of pupils has averaged seventy throughout the year, and want of room (now remedied) has prevented the receiving of a larger number. Regretting that we cannot give the whole Report, we extract the following passages.

"To extend the sphere of employment for Women, by opening to them a new and profitable occupation fitted to develop their minds and talents, was the first object which the founders of this institution proposed. To aid the manufactures of the country, by furnishing new and valuable designs for all fabrics to which design is applicable, is a hardly less important purpose intimately connected with the former; while the elevation of taste, through a more thorough study of nature, and a more skilful use of forms and colors, is a result so inevitable from the means employed to ensure success in our other aims, as to render our enterprise as interesting to the artist as to the manufacturer and philanthropist."

"The large pecuniary assistance furnished at the outset by manufacturers, proves their sense of the importance of the project, and more extended inquiries show the almost unlimited demand which exists for designs in various styles.

So rapidly have the manufacturers of New England increased that it is difficult for the fancy to keep pace with them. As Dr. Franklin's mother regretted that her son should enter the overcrowded business of printing, because there was already one newspaper in America, so, many ask now, 'Will not a very few designers soon overstock the market?' We would mention, in answer to this question, that one single house in Boston employs four designers constantly, sending two fresh designs to their mills every day. When we remember the immense amount of printed calicoes and lawns, mousseline de laines, gingham, shawls, table cloths, paper hanging, oil cloth for floors and ear linings, coach lace, &c., which are constantly manufactured and whose value is greatly dependent on the excellence of the design, to say nothing of designs for furniture, china and glass ware, jewelry, stucco work, iron railings and ornaments, we see that in fitting a woman for a designer we ensure to her an ample field and a sure reward for talent and industry."

"All the pupils on entering will devote several months to a thorough elementary course of outline geometric drawing, followed by drawing from nature and casts, instructions in botany, &c., until the pupils themselves and their instructors can judge of their capacities for higher branches. They will then select the peculiar department they wish to enter and follow a course of instruction especially adapted to it. In their present instructors the Committee have thus far found their hopes fully realized; they propose to retain them, and to procure the best practical talent in the specific branches, which the means placed at their disposal will allow."

"Up to this time the training of the pupils has been altogether elementary, but the School begins to be in a position to advertise for undertaking work of various kinds; such as wood engraving and lithography, designing for paper hangings, ear linings, table cloths, and other manufactures; and the best instruction that can be procured will be given in designing for calicoes and de laines, the most important and difficult branches. The demand for this labor is very great and constantly increasing; the only problem is to educate artists who can meet it."

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Redding and Co. for a pleasing lithograph of HENRIETTE SONTAG. Copies may be purchased at their counter for the low price of 25 cents.

Musical Review.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. *Album for young Pianists*. Nos. 2 and 3. Reprint by Geo. P. Reed & Co. Boston.

It is a remarkable fact, as proving the desire in our community to make acquaintance with music that has new and real meaning, that some 250 copies of the first number of the Album, as reprinted here, were sold in the first week. Mr. Reed's edition is an exact facsimile of the German, vignette and all; the only blemish is that the division of what was originally one into four parts is made too permanent by repeating each time the vignette on the back side of a page of music. But never mind, the music is all there! We have already told what charming, characteristic little poems these short pieces are. The first number contained the simplest of them; these last two sets increase in difficulty, yet the hardest are so easy and so short as to ensure the contempt of the finger magicians of the fashionable school of piano-playing. It is for style, and meaning and real artistic beauty that they claim regard, and not for any *ad captandum* qualities, or for teaching any new slight of hand to the aforesaid virtuosos. These are modest little pieces to enrich the home of any young pianist, who would command some of the real influence of select music, without mastering great mechanical difficulties.

In these two sections of the Album we find the delicate, warm, blithe "Spring Song;" the exquisitely simple and sad "First Loss;" the "Reaper's Song," which Mr. Suck so appropriately arranged for the reed instruments of his summer orchestra; then the *Reiterstück*

(horseback piece) in which the distant tramp, swelling nearer and louder, is full of the marvellous, as is that other wild, ballad-like piece, called the "Stranger Man," in which the terror of children seems depicted. There is the "Harvest Song," too, and "Recollection," and the "War Song," and the "Vintage Song," graceful as the tendrils of the vine itself; and "Sheherazade" and "Mignon" embalm recollections of Arabian Nights and Goethe; and choicest of all, the pieces whose only titles are three stars, as indicating some more private, sacred meaning.

The Tuner's Guide. A complete treatise on tuning the Piano-Forte, Organ, &c. Boston: O. Ditson. New York: Gould & Berry. 72 pages, 16 mo.

This very useful little volume does not belie nor fall short of the profession of its title page. It does contain clear and complete instructions in the art of tuning, so far as our present keyed instruments are capable of perfect tune; that is, upon the accepted principle of *temperament*. Of course, it is not for the more conscientious ears of our Correspondent "E. H.," and the inventors of the "Eulharmonic Organ." The object of the book is practical, and simply suited to the present requirements of a musical life, without anticipating the mathematically perfect era of our friends. It "conveys, in the simplest and most intelligible manner, the knowledge, both theoretical and practical, necessary to enable any one to tune his own instrument." The only science presupposed in the reader is an understanding of the terms, *unison, octave, perfect fifths, major thirds, &c.*

The system explained and reduced to practice is that of *Equal Temperament*, which is mathematically demonstrated in the second part of the work. Other modes of temperament, as that of the Earl of Stanhope, are also more or less explained. The book is anonymous, but its materials have been carefully collated and harmonized from the standard treatises of Hamilton and others.

To the theoretic part are appended copious exercises and examples in tuning; a minute list of the causes of defects in pianos (such as *keys sticking, wires jingling, &c.*) with their remedies; and the application of the same principles to the tuning of melodeons, seraphines and reed organs.

As a sample of the style of the book, take the following description of the starting point in the process, which is the tuning the two strings of the same note in *unison*:

"Supposing the instrument to be in tune, let the student place his tuning hammer upon one of the *pegs*, or *pins*, round which the strings are coiled—say, upon one of the strings belonging to the note C, and turn the hammer a little towards the left, so as to relax the string, and thereby depress or flatten its pitch. If we now strike the note C, the collision of the two dissimilar notes will produce that harsh and jarring effect which we are sensible of when we touch a note that is much out of tune. Let him then turn the hammer to the right, gently and by almost imperceptible degrees; and if he listen attentively, he will observe that, as the pitch of the two strings approaches more and more nearly towards coincidence, he will at first hear a number of strong and rapid pulsations or *beats*, which, as the coincidence becomes greater, will succeed each other more and more slowly, till they degenerate into mere gentle undulations or *waves*; and these, as we proceed, will at length disappear, and give place to one steady, pure, and continuous sound, when the two strings will be perfectly in *unison* to each other. This progression from a mere confused and jarring sound to strong beats, first quicker and then slower, and from these again to smooth and gentle wavings, and, ultimately, to one pure and uninterrupted sound, must be thoroughly impressed upon the ear and mind of the student; as these gradations are the *mechanical means* upon which the art of tuning depends, and, without a distinct perception of them through their various degrees, it is morally impossible, even with the finest musical ear, to tune a piano-forte tolerably."

Take, too, the following definition of "Temperament":

"In the usual acceptance of the term, *temperament* denotes a small, and, to the ear, almost imperceptible, deviation from the absolute purity of intervals, which is rendered necessary in practice by the various relations in which musical sounds may be employed both in harmony and melody."

"In a more limited sense, *temperament* denotes that arrangement of a system of musical sounds, in which a minute quantity is abstracted from the original purity or magnitude of some or most of the intervals which may be formed by them, in order that all the sounds of the system may be so connected, that each one may not only form serviceable intervals with all the rest, but also that each one may be employed as the root of a major or minor scale, every note of which shall preserve the due relation of intervals with regard to each root."

B. F. BAKER AND L. H. SOUTHARD. *The Union Glee Book: consisting of Glees, Quartets and Part Songs.* Boston: Henry Tolman. pp. 104.

This is a nice little collection, in which you may find

"treasures old and new." Many of the pieces are designed for social, family use, and consist of favorite songs well harmonized, such as the *Io preghero per te* from *Lucia*, Spohr's "Minona," &c. Others may be sung either with a mere quartet of voices, or in full chorus, like that noble Glee, of Mr. Southard's, to words from Ossian: "When thou, O Stone," Kreutzer's "Chapel," or the lighter "Bacchante," by Mr. Southard, "When o'er lake and forest streaming, by Mr. Baker, &c., &c. There is an agreeable mixture of old and new, of Italian Opera, German Part Song, and English Glee, as well as of gravity and gaiety, sentiment and simple love of life and nature. For the multiplication both of pieces and of collections of this character, there is more good cause than for the multiplication of Psalm tunes; and we trust that this pleasant little addition to the stock of social music will be appreciated. Both the words and notes are clearly and handsomely printed.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN, our readers will be pleased to see, announces her second concert at the Melodeon this evening. The programme is a fine one and will exhibit the Danish (now our own) *cantatrice* in a variety of styles of music, including her great piece, the Prayer and Scene from "Der Freyschütz," which is made the closing piece. Besides this, she is to sing a Scene and Aria from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, Rossini's *Una voce poco fa*, and an air from Donizetti's "Crusaders." The overtures, by the same well-selected orchestra as before, are those to *Egmont* and to *Fra Diavolo*. Mr. PERABEAU will play Weber's *Concert-Stück*, and Mr. RIHA part of one of David's violin concertos.

A tribute of respect to the memory of DANIEL WEBSTER will be introduced between the two parts of the concert—namely, Beethoven's Dirge, for four trombones, the same referred to in our notice of the concert of last Wednesday afternoon.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL will be inaugurated on the evening of Saturday, Nov. 20th, by a brilliant concert. Mme. ALBONI has been engaged for that occasion at an expense of \$1200. She will sing three times, in music of her three great countrymen, Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti. On the other hand, the four great German Oratorio composers, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, are to be represented in a chorus each, including of course the sublime "Hallelujah," performed by our oratorio societies. Overtures of Mozart and Weber, parts of Symphonies by Beethoven and Mozart, by the Musical Fund orchestra; German part-singing by the "Liedertafel," under Mr. Kreissmann, and other items not yet fully settled, will add to the variety, and the whole feast will illustrate a goodly number of the greater lights among composers, as well as bring out the force of all our principal societies. We hope next week to be able to announce the bill entire.

The staging from the inside of the Hall was taken down this week, and the effect to the eye has been one of unexampled harmony of form and color. A trial of its acoustic virtues by a few voices with piano has shown that it is easy to sing in, and that sounds come out with great richness and fulness; but the reverberation between floor and ceiling, unavoidable in all large empty halls, without seats, made this of course anything but a true trial.

We had designed to give a full description of the hall, and history of the enterprise now crowned with such beautiful result; but for want of room we must postpone it till next week.

With great pleasure we announce the arrival from Germany of Mr. OTTO DRESEL, a pianist and composer of the higher order, who formerly in New York held rank with Timm, Rackemann and Scharfenberg. We have truly needed such an artist and such a teacher among us. Those who have read the papers upon CROPIN in our columns, will rejoice in the opportunity of hearing his most delicate and deep music from the hands of an authentic, passionate interpreter. Mr. Dresel, too, is equally at home in the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Robert Franz, &c., which, as well as his own tone-poems, he possesses in his mind and fingers. Mr. D. is a gentleman of superior general

culture and refinement. He is not a mere finger virtuoso, but one who makes the piano a means and not an end. His intention is to reside in Boston and give instruction; and to no one can we more confidently commend those who would become initiated into the genuine and enduring classics, old and new, that have been written for our common parlor instrument.

MR. LOUIS RACKEMANN, we are sorry to learn, has renounced his plan of leaving England to reside in Boston.

MR. TRENKLE, whose Card may be found in another column, is eminently worthy of the patronage of our musical public as a teacher of the piano. He has attained great skill as a pianist, both in the classical and new school music, is a modest and refined gentleman, and has that true musical and moral sensibility that distinguish an artist.

MME. ANNA THILLON has been drawing crowds again for two weeks at the Howard. Her charm of person and of manner, making up one whole with her slender, but graceful singing, seems to be always popular. Her pieces so far have been the *Domino Noir* and *La Fille de Regiment*. She is soon to appear in the "Enchantress."

Advertisements.

MELODEON.

Mademoiselle CAROLINE LEHMANN HAS the honor of announcing to the citizens of Boston that her
SECOND GRAND CONCERT
will take place

This (Saturday) Evening, October 30th, assisted by a GRAND ORCHESTRA, selected from the Musical Fund Society, Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and other resident artists.

Mr. PERABEAU will perform the brilliant "Concert-Stück" of Weber, for Piano-Forte, with Orchestra.

Director, Mr. AUGUST FRIES.

Tickets, 50 cents each, to be obtained at the Music Stores and principal Hotels.

Doors open at 7; Concert to commence at 8 precisely.

AUGUST & WULF FRIES,
TEACHERS OF MUSIC,
17 Franklin Place, Boston.

oct30

tf

MR. J. TRENKLE, RECENTLY ARRIVED FROM GERMANY, has the pleasure to inform the public of Boston and vicinity, that he will give INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO-FORTE. For terms and particulars, inquire at Chickering's and Reed's music-stores. 4 tf

LESSONS IN SINGING.
J. K. SALOMONSKI has the honor to announce that, having returned to the city, he will resume his profession, and receive pupils in Singing and the Cultivation of the Voice. Application may be made at the United States Hotel, or at Mr. Salomonski's rooms, No. 36 Oxford Street. 4 tf

LITHOGRAPHY & WOOD ENGRAVING
EXECUTED at the NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN, E. Thorndike's Building, Summer Street. Specimens of work may be seen at the School. Boston, Oct. 25, 1852. 4 3t

MADemoiselle BAUMANN
INFORMS her friends and the public that she has returned to Boston, and is prepared to give lessons in SINGING and ON THE PIANO. She may be found at No. 4 Winter Place, between the hours of 9 and 1, A. M.
Mlle. BAUMANN has permission to refer to
Mrs. GEORGE TICKNOR, Dr. GEORGE DERBY,
Mrs. THEO. CHASE, Dr. CHAS. G. PUTNAM,
Mons. ISNARD, P. T. JACKSON, Esq.
1 4t

Pianos and Melodeons to Let.

OLIVER DITSON,
Music Dealer, 115 Washington St., Boston,
HAS a good variety of Piano Fortes, Melodeons, Seraphines, and Reed Organs, to let, for city or country, on low terms. If, within one year from the time of hiring, the party should conclude to purchase the instrument, no charge will be made for rent of it, except the interest on its value. 25 tf

HEWS' PATENT
AMERICAN ACTION PIANO-FORTE.
THE MANUFACTURER is in possession of numerous testimonials from distinguished Musical Professors, who have used the greatly improved ACTION PIANO, commending it in high terms. The attention of purchasers and amateurs of Music to an examination of its superiority, is solicited.
GEO. HEWS, 365 Washington St., Boston.
Apr. 10. tf

MRS. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS,
TEACHER OF THE
PIANOFORTE, SINGING & GUITAR,
2 Seneca St., corner Harrison Avenue.

MR. De RIBAS will give instruction on the Oboe and Flute. Also MUSIC ARRANGED, TRANSPOSED, &c. Boston, July 31. 3m

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

GEO. P. REED & CO. have just issued a new edition of the "BOSTON ACADEMY COLLECTION OF CHORUSES," price reduced from \$24 to \$14 a dozen.

PERGOLESI's celebrated STABAT MATER for two female voices, newly translated by J. S. DWIGHT, Esq., a welcome work to lovers of good music.

The *Nightingale's Nest*, a Cantata by the eminent German composer, REICHHART, translated by Mr. THAYER of Cambridge. A beautiful piece, suitable for concerts, taking about forty minutes to perform it; consisting of Solos for bass, tenor, and soprano voices, with Choruses. Price, \$6 the dozen.

Also BEYER's *New Instructions for the Piano; Materials for Piano Forte Playing*, by JULIUS KNORR, a work highly approved by the best teachers. Price, \$2.

G. P. R. & CO. have also received a further supply of the valuable publications of J. ALFRED NOVELLO of London, for whom they act as agents—consisting of the ORATORIOS of HANDEL, HAYDN, and MENDELSSOHN, and the complete MASSES of MOZART, HAYDN, BEETHOVEN, S. WEBB, VON WEBER, and others, with the finest collection of BACH'S FUGUES, and music generally for the organ, that has ever been seen in Boston. Apr. 10. 1f

"The Last Singing Book."

THE MELODIA SACRA.

By E. F. BAKER AND A. N. JOHNSON.

THIS work will be ready about the first of August, and it is believed will meet the real wants of Music Teachers, Music Societies, and Choirs, better than any work ever published. Besides an unsurpassed collection of

METER TUNES AND SET PIECES, it will contain the

"ORATORIO OF DAVID,"

simplified for the use of Musical Societies and Conventions, with an ORGAN or PIANO FORTE ACCOMPANIMENT. Also,

FIFTY-FOUR ORGAN INTERLUDES,

by GEORGE F. BRISTOW, Organist and Musical Director at St. John's Church, New York, and a

Protestant Episcopal Church Service,

by H. S. CUTLER, Organist at the Church of the Advent, Boston.

No pains have been spared to make this Collection of Sacred Music SUPERIOR to any thing of the kind ever published in this country. To secure a copy of the first edition, orders should be sent, as early as possible, to

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[Translated for this Journal.]

The Overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute."

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued.)

Great in all things, in counterpoint as in melody, Mozart must naturally have preferred to the strict Fugue that which is termed the *free*, and which, admitting of a blending of the two opposite styles, opened an unlimited field to the universality of his genius. His finest work in this kind had been the finale to the Symphony in C (the "Jupiter"). Many amateurs find all fugues alike. But surely no one will maintain that of the finale to the Symphony, nor of our overture; for these two works no more resemble one another than they do the thousands of fugues, which have preceded them or followed them, and they can only be compared together to bring out their absolute contrast all the more. The finale rests upon four rival themes, whose combinations irresistibly and above all call up the image of a gigantic conflict. The severe taste, the original harshness of the counterpoint is felt in many passages, and the harmonic fermentation, which arises from the collision of these hostile elements, and which is so very grateful to the ear of the connoisseur, is for the majority of dilettanti but a senseless discord, as I have had occasion enough to convince myself personally. There is no easy ear-tickling in that music. The work seems to address itself as much to the critical intelligence

as to the fancy of the hearer; and if there are few compositions which so seize upon one by their grandeur and their power, there are perhaps none which for their right appreciation require a more cultivated musical insight.

Imagine now the opposite of what has just been said, and you will have a pretty good idea of the overture. This has but one theme, and even in the development of this one theme the science of the composer appears still more wonderful, if possible, than it has been in the most prodigious movements of the finale. Between the theme and the counter-theme there exists no appearance of conflict, not once a single shadow of opposition. All is pure and clear. All is heavenly in the harmony of this fugue, all streams in most melodious splendor, all is euphonious enjoyment, rapture, inexpressible charm, alike for the learned musician and for the common music-lover, in short for all musical ears. Mozart wished that the introduction to the piece should bespeak attention with an at once solemn and mystical authority, and with the most *éclatant* euphony, as if the slow tempo should say to one: "Prepare yourself to be apprised of something which you never heard before, and which no one will ever let you hear again."

It were an error to believe, that the unique euphony and magic charm, which make of the Allegro such a ravishing music to everybody, merely affect us more, because the conditions of the fugued style here are mitigated; in other words, because the work is not a strict and regular fugue. It is as learned a work as ever proceeded from a head, that would know of nothing short of Double Counterpoint and Canon. To the main laws of the genus Mozart has added furthermore the unity of thought. Although this fugue is free, it is still almost without interruption; it is formed in the mere subject; that subject never leaves you for a moment. In the fugue you hear it as the *Dux* and *Comes* (leader and companion); in the melodic portion of the overture it accompanies the song passages, which come in like solos; and it is its image again, which is reproduced more or less in fragments by the *tutti* of the orchestra. Without the subject the least particulars of the work were inconceivable! This theme is a veritable enchanter; it possesses the gift of infinite self-transformation. It assumes all forms; it flies off in sparks, it dissolves in shimmering rose-colored drops, it rounds itself into a globe, it sprinkles itself in pearly rain, it

flashes in diamonds and overflows the green lap of the fields like an enamelled flowery carpet; or it rises like a gentle mist into the upper regions. But various as the splendor is of these fantastical creations, perpetually interweaving, still it is not given to it to divest itself of its original form. Whether it appear as a Jack-o'-lantern or as a thundering meteor, we, the clairvoyant spectators, always recognize it. When its figure is but little or not at all disguised (that is to say, so long as the composition continues a fugue), it constantly regenerates itself from itself, flings itself back and re-unites in *infinitum*; it creeps in everywhere in the accompaniment to another subordinate form (the counter-subject), which, like the gossip, or to speak more reverently, the *famulus* of the magician, transforms itself as dexterously as he does. Suddenly the chase disperses itself in a multitude of little parcels. An enchanting, shining apparition steps into its place. Verily, this is it no longer! Nevertheless it is it; examine it closely and you will see the fragments of its original form, flung off in all directions, quivering in space and gathering like a halo round the apparition, into which it has transformed a portion of its substance. (The solos, accompanied by fragments of the fugue.)

Suddenly all has vanished. A serious and solemn summons, thrice repeated in the same expressions, a peremptory will, before which the necromancer's might must bow, has scattered the enchantment. Is the magic spectacle all over? No, only the first act. Our hobgoblin of a theme must know the principle of progression of interest; but how enhance the miracle already wrought? We shall see. The Allegro begins again and the subject comes back, this time however under a wholly different physiognomy, transposed into B flat minor. The counter-theme takes also a new form and a new gait; here begins the middle period and we penetrate into the sanctum of the enchanter, which one might fancy to be lighted by the soft and pallid fire of a moonlight rainbow. Whence come all these syren voices, singing unknown words? In what firmament shine those stars, that group themselves in melodious and mystic constellations in the flute and fagotto, which whisper in the strings and stream out in the oboës like a long train of light? The bliss of an inextinguishable supernatural contentment permeates the soul, caressingly, from all sides. Soon clearest day illumines the scene. The theme gathers itself into a bright focus, and the counter-

subject, darting its beams to all parts of the world, lets off fireworks, whose petards, rockets, bomb-shells, Roman candles start off one by one, mount into the air, hiss, crackle, dazzle, go out and rain sparks upon you as they fall, so that you know not where to turn. The variations of the theme fly every way, intermingling with the pieces of those magic fireworks, or if you prefer, those gleaming northern lights. Again some fragments of the first half of the overture present themselves, yet, be it understood, with transformations, since, as little as it lies in the nature of the subject wholly to conceal itself, past finding out, so little can it for an instant remain altogether like itself.

The concluding sentence, in melodic style and beginning with a *crescendo*, is of a grandiose and original effect, full of reverberation and of majesty. Here something comes along, something, which is little in the outset, but which swells more and more and soon attains to an enormous volume, and waves its gigantic wings, with the roar of the hurricane, over the hearer's head. In the midst of the heaviest storm resounds a reminiscence of the theme towards the close, through the stunning *unisons* of the entire orchestra.

In this way has the overture to the *Zauberflöte* become the crown of all instrumental music, *nunc et in sæcula*.

(Conclusion next week.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ACOUSTIC ARCHITECTURE,

OR, THE CONSTRUCTION OF BUILDINGS WITH REFERENCE TO SOUND AND THE BEST MUSICAL EFFECT.

III.

It is a well known law, and one on which rests the entire fabric of music, as a pleasing Art, that sounds of whatever intensity move with the same velocity. Whether the original impulse be derived from the discharge of a cannon or the most delicate tones of the human voice—whatever be the quantity, pitch or quality of the original impulse, the sonorous wave reaches the ear in equal intervals of time. It would need but the slightest infringement of this law to change our highest enjoyment into the intensest suffering.

A general idea of the divergence and decay of sound is obtained from the illustration before given of dropping a pebble into an unruffled pool; if not interrupted by the surface of a wall or other obstacle, the wave thus produced spreads from its common centre, diminishing gradually in height till, at length, it sinks into the general level. So sounds in empty space, as ordinarily produced, diverge in all directions from the sonorous centre till their energy is lost in the distance. The intensity of sound decays in receding from its origin as the square of the distance increases.

The sympathy of sound and motion is exceedingly curious. Every fundamental note has its complimentary or harmonic adjunct, which an experienced ear can detect along with the original sound; and here the analogy with the phenomena of accidental or harmonic colors holds good. By a sympathetic communication of vibrations, the harmonic sounds can readily be produced.

If two cords of the same material and equal tension be taken, the one being only one third the length of the other, and the shorter string be sounded, the vibrations will be communicated to the other by the interven-

tion of the air, which latter will vibrate in three parts each equal to the shorter string and each performing the same number of vibrations in a given time.

This tendency of one vibrating body to throw another into the same state of vibration, is well illustrated in the motion of two or more clocks fixed to the same support. For a long time it has been known, clocks and watches in such situation will modify each other's motions, and compel a perfect coincidence of action. So two chords or organ pipes, placed in each other's vicinity, and sounded together, will often be found in unison, though their respective notes differ a little when sounded separately. In this way, in a powerful orchestra, one or more refractory instruments are oftentimes compelled to play in tune. It is on the same principle we would explain the requirement of harmonic relations in the proportions of a building constructed for musical purposes.

The subject of Catacoustics, or the doctrine of reflected sound, is, perhaps, the most unsatisfactory in its results of any branch of physical science; and, yet, upon its due appreciation depends, in very great measure, our hope of success in the attempt to make the laws of sound of any practical value in their application to the question under consideration.

This part of acoustics may be subdivided into reflection proper (which includes echo) and reverberation. Much indistinctness appears to have prevailed in the treatment of this subject by authors, as well as a singular want of discrimination as to the precise cause and effect, in the case of many phenomena which are commonly referred to the principle of reflection of sound, and many ingenious theories have been offered to explain the same result. Keeping in mind, however, the strict analogy heretofore observed in the laws of light and sound, it does not seem to us necessary to depart from the idea of this intimate connection here.

If an obstacle, as a blank wall, be interposed between the source of sound and the ear, the sonorous wave is thereby arrested in its direct course, and the indirect pulses only take effect.

Could any contrivance be adopted which would mark the track of sound, the space behind such obstacle interposed would be left in shadow; and if water be the medium through which the sound is passed, the occlusion is still more complete, and would, in this case, be equivalent to a total eclipse, as we are taught by experiments actually made.

But if the point of the original sound and the hearer be on the same side of the wall, and the ear in a favorable position, both the direct sound and the reflection from the surface of the wall will be heard, producing a reinforcement and slight prolonging of the original note, or its distinct repetition, according as the hearer is nearer or more remote from the reflecting surface. These effects have often been confounded with resonance. By *resonance*, however, is intended something entirely distinct from reflection, depending, as we have previously seen, on a wholly different principle. By the former a musical tone is sustained and intensified, and, in this way, often improved, but reflection can never otherwise than mar the genuine musical effect, unless, indeed, the hearer is in such close proximity to the reflecting surface that the original note and its reflection are received as one and the same sound. Of course, we must not be understood

as speaking here of a single musical note sustained, but of the succession and combination of tones that go to form a musical idea. Resonance is well exemplified in the sounding-board of a piano-forte or the body of a viol, and is, in effect, *synchronous* with the original impulse, while reflection implies some interval between the primary and secondary or reflected sound. Now, in reality, this latter can never happen without some injury to the perfection of a sequence of musical sounds, though, practically, as above suggested, in a room of small dimensions the ear will scarcely be sensible of any confusion from this cause alone. It is in large apartments, (and such we have seen are, on other grounds, essential to the perfection of musical effect) that we experience the disturbing effect of reflection, which therefore we must study to counteract and obviate by all the means which science has afforded us.

The laws which govern the reflection of sound are, as stated by Mr. Herschell, essentially the same as in the case of light; the angle of incidence, or the inclination at which the sound falls upon the wall, is equal to the angle of reflection or the inclination at which it is returned from the wall.

When the nature of the reflection is such as to cause a distinct repetition of the original sound, one or more times, it is called echo. As regards the nature of echo, and the conditions requisite for its formation, there exists still much uncertainty; it would seem to be but a modification of reflection, as first stated, but it also appears to possess some peculiar laws of its own. By some, it is supposed to be caused by unequal reflections of sound, as well as by conduction, and to require a free space beyond the reflecting surface. At the Marquis Simonetta's villa, near Milan, is a famous echo, where the voice is repeated forty times and the report of a pistol fifty-six times. It has been described by Addison and Reysler, according to the latter of whom it is occasioned by reflection of the sound between the opposite parallel wings of the building, which are fifty-eight paces from each other, and at right angles to the main body of the structure; and yet the Jesuits erected a precisely similar edifice at Prague, but failed to produce an echo there. Doubtless the state of the atmosphere has something to do with the formation of echo, upon the principles stated in a previous paragraph. At the place first mentioned, according to Addison, the repetitions were more distinct and numerous in a fog. Saunders also states that a house in Lambeth Marsh produces echo in winter, but none in summer.

Very many remarkable echos have been found in our own country. The region of the White Mountains, as almost every one knows, abounds in them. As the writer was journeying in the northern parts of Vermont, in the autumn of 1851, a singularly beautiful echo was noticed on the borders of a small lake, known as Island Pond. The voice, pitched on a high key, was answered distinctly thirty-six times, and the discharge of a fowling piece was followed by a prolonged roar which lasted for several seconds. This experiment was made of an evening following a balmy day in October. A dense forest skirted the opposite edge of the lake, from whose level a series of lofty hills rose in the form of an amphitheatre. The atmosphere had been hazy during the day. The sky was, at this time, partially overcast, and

the air moist and warm. Rain followed the next day.

We shall consider the question of reverberation, in its relation to our subject, in another chapter.

U.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. VII.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24. Heard the singing at the Tabernacle. Good, as I had been told; but where I sat the effect was most wretched. I was back near the doors, and there seemed to be two distinct choirs; one of female, and another of male voices; the latter of which seemed to crush the former, so that the Soprano and Alto appeared for the most part to be struggling to free themselves from a weight, which they were utterly incapable of sustaining. And yet there was none too much Bass or Tenor. The theory of four-part singing is, that the men's voices form a pedestal on which the statue—the melody—is to stand out light and airy to view; they are the foundations, solid and heavy, on which the light superstructure is to be reared; yet the effect here was that of the pinnacles and towers and Gothic tracery, struggling up and forced to bear the huge unpolished masses from the quarry, on which they should have rested. The whole trouble rises from the unfortunate arrangement of the seats in the singers' gallery. They are too steep—those behind rise too much; so much so, that, as above said, the gentlemen above and behind, and the ladies below, in front, seem by the sound, when heard at a little distance, to be two distinct bodies of singers, and thus all unity, all blending of parts, is lost. In certain parts of the house it would no doubt be otherwise.

This is a topic which I have never seen touched upon; but in these days of new music halls, is worthy of at least some consideration. Possibly my own experience may be of some little value, or if printed might even call out somebody for or against the ideas advanced.

Some of the best instances of the blending of the four parts into one rounded, united whole, which I have ever heard, have been in country singing-schools, when the pupils happen to have sung at the end of some long hall. Some winters since the Italian opera troupe gave a concert or two on Sunday evenings, at the Melodeon. People spoke in raptures of the effect of the choruses, and attributed it entirely to the superior cultivation of the singers. Comparisons were made very much to the disadvantage of the Handel and Haydn Society. It is perfectly true, that they did sing better than our Boston chorus—it was a matter of course. Singing was their business. But increase their number to two hundred, and perch all their men in those lofty seats far above the heads of the Sopranos and Altos, and it would be found that the difference between the two choruses would be lessened surprisingly. One good reason why a chorus on the stage is so effective is that the singers are grouped together and *sing into one another*. All the voices operate, so to speak, on the same stratum of air, and the vibrations imparted to it come in a single body to the ear.

One reason why a large orchestra produces a better effect in the theatre—the brass instruments, and those of percussion, not standing out so prominently above all the rest—than in a concert room, is that in general, the noisy instruments at the theatre are off at one side, or even sometimes down in some obscure corner, the stringed and wood instruments forming a compact body in the centre, sometimes slightly elevated—while in the concert room the orchestra generally rises from the front, and the trombones, trumpets, &c., are above every thing else, and bray their sonorous sounds into a stratum of air not immediately influenced by the strings below. In the hall of the *Sing-Akademie*, at Berlin, the platform for the performances rises but little, comparatively speaking, just enough so that to nearly the whole audience, the heads of the various rows of vocalists are nearly in a plane. Behind the choir the orchestra is arranged from side to side on a level platform. The "Messiah," Haydn's "Seasons," "Samson," "Creation," &c., as performed there by the *Akademie*, assisted by the Royal Orchestra, were perhaps the most perfect performances that the little band of Americans, who made it a

point to be there, ever heard. We always chose the gallery at the opposite end of the hall, and here all the parts, from choruses and orchestra, came up as one integral whole. On one occasion, some brass instruments were crowded into the corner and elevated above the others, and through the whole performance, they stood out, apart from, apparently disconnected with, all the rest. The effect was distressing. The same society gave several concerts in the garrison church. When they required the organ, they took their places in the organ loft; otherwise they occupied the gallery opposite. Around the organ the seats rise steeply, and the bad effects attributed to this cause in this article, were exceedingly conspicuous; little blending of the different classes of instruments,—very imperfect that of orchestra and chorus. When in the other gallery, the orchestra occupied a level platform, to the great improvement of the musical effect. At the symphony soirees given by that magnificent orchestra the performers stood upon a level, or at all events very nearly a level stage. The tones of the noisy instruments had to pass through the orchestra instead of over every body's head. I recollect well that some of the choruses in "Elijah" were injured in their effect at Exeter Hall, by the want of a proper mingling of the masses of tone from the male and female singers, and this I also venture to attribute to a too great rise in the rows of seats.

At Sontag's concerts here, recently, the ill effects caused by raising the brass instruments, drums, &c., above the rest of the orchestra were very conspicuous, to all seated beyond a certain limit. Query, whether one cause of the want of a good effect to symphonic performances in the old Tremont Temple, was not the bad construction of the platform.

I notice in descriptions given in English and German periodicals of some of the best recently built music halls, where the science of "Acoustic Architecture"—to use the term of the new writer in *Dwight's Journal*—has been most conspicuously brought into use, that the platforms are built larger and with much less rise, than was formerly the case.

One other remark (if my friend "H." will allow me to refer to "the grand tour" again,) occurs, viz: that no cathedral recurs to memory in which the chorists were ranged on steps rising in ranks one above another.

Now is not this a matter worthy of consideration? I hope the writer on "Acoustic Architecture" will think it so.

Oct. 26. Chuckled hugely over an anecdote in Hoffmann's writings to-day, which is worth a translation.

An old music teacher was looking at a lady who was playing the piano-forte with great execution, but without feeling and soul. "Heavens!" said he, "if that lady could only have a pair of hands grow within that pair of gloves, which are travelling at such a rate over the keys!"

Bryan's Gallery of Christian Art.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27, 1852.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music.

PUISSANT EDITOR: Would that "Hafiz" were here! His easy but brilliant pen is needed,—his taste, judgment and experience. There is a topic for him, on which to discourse to you as he can discourse. How can I fill his place? I can only try.

Do you remember years ago, when you first heard the old church tones, perhaps intoned by some kneeling priest with little skill in sounds, the quaint, almost ludicrous effect which they produced? How by degrees and after oft hearing they began to assume character and comeliness? How the Catholic chant antiphonal gradually unfolded its beauties to your musical sense? And how after much hearing you could trace the steps of advancement, from the rude unpolished strains of the Gregorian Era, to the sublime and all-beautiful expressions of every human, religious emotion in the grand Masses of Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini? And now, when you listen to the Catholic ritual and feel to the very heart, that

those quaint old tones, which from some intrinsic merit of their own have survived the gnawing tooth of time, are indeed music, true music, because they are the expression of the religious feeling of their age, do you not wonder that they ever could have excited an emotion akin to contempt? Perhaps with *you* the case may have been different—but with most of us, on first hearing, there is little to admire. Yet how solemn, how grand, in spite of the monotony, is the effect of an antiphonal psalm chanted by a choir of priests to the notes which have guided the voices of monk and priest, their predecessors, through the long lapse of a thousand years!

So it is with other arts; more especially with painting. You enter the gallery at Antwerp, or Paris, or Dresden, or Munich, and for the first time behold the master-pieces, whose acknowledged excellence has saved them when multitudes of their contemporaries have sunk into oblivion—banished to obscure parish churches, or left a prey to the worms and mould. Quaint, awkward figures, strange unnatural coloring, perspective disregarded, groupings without art, staring faces, hands and feet which in life could be of no earthly use to their owners, and the strangest sins against chronology and historic accuracy,—popes kneeling by the Roman soldiers at the crucifixion—the soldiers themselves in the armor of feudal knights, angels playing on modern guitars and violins, Marys and Magdalens in the dress of Dutch women of Charles V.'s era,—all these, and many other such like blemishes, make you smile, and wonder alike that these things can be considered as master-pieces, and that your friend, who is familiar with galleries, can stand and view them with such deep delight. You feel in your wisdom that all this is affectation on his part, and a secret contempt for his pedantry, when he speaks of their effects and their excellences, arises in your breast. A Claude, a Rubens, a Teniers, a Correggio, a Van Dyck—these all speak to you—it requires no guide book to point out *their* beauties and excellencies—no eye could be blind to them—but why *does* the catalogue, the Guide-book, the History of Painting, which you have with you, waste page on page in description of those rude efforts of the infancy of the art?

There, for instance, is a Christ by Quintin Matsys, the blacksmith of Antwerp. A rude, staring, sign-painter's face, daubed with blood—with a lugubrious expression which makes you smile—or shudder.

Stop, my friend, says your companion. Wait. Time passes away. You find that all those, whom you know best to appreciate those paintings which you already feel to be worthy of their fame, are precisely the persons, who love best to sit and contemplate, hour by hour, time and again, those quaint works—the objects of your ridicule and disgust. You visit other galleries; you enter churches to examine works, which gold cannot purchase—which kings have coveted, and which, when carried off by hostile armies, have been made subjects of national negotiations. You smile at them no more. You forget all those points of imperfection, which so struck you at first. You find yourself involuntarily drawn towards them. They begin in "a still small voice" to speak to you. They excite a new and indefinable emotion in your breast. You, yourself, at length begin to understand them, for you

feel them. They utter a new language. The heart responds to it as to the majestic tones of that millennial ritual, which like these pictures is imbued, flooded with the faith and hope and religious awe of long forgotten generations. You no longer find affectation or pedantry in your friend's expressions of admiration. You sympathize with him, and when you view your last gallery for the last time, you linger, and turn back again, and it is with a bitter pang that you finally bid them farewell.

One result of your experience strikes you singularly;—that just in proportion as you have learned to appreciate and admire this class of works, your power of appreciating the masters of all masters has in like manner increased. Have you once learned to feel the greatness of Perugino, you can better understand and open your heart to his mighty pupil, Raphael. Have you learned what Matsys and Durer really were, the power and force of the School of Rubens break upon you with redoubled splendor.

When once you have properly seen, and felt, and thought,—you are a convert. You, the contemptuous disbeliever! You go to Dresden. You hasten to the gallery; pass through the ante-chambers with hardly a look, and enter that room in which hang the noblest works the world, out of Italy, possesses. There is that heavenly Madonna with the God-child in her arms; there the *di Notte* of Correggio, the mother in her serene beauty looking steadfastly on the wondrous child in the manger, while the shepherd covers his eyes before the splendor with which that infant form illuminates the scene; there too is that Magdalen, reclining in a recess of the forest and reading, "with soul enwrapped," the words of forgiveness and life. And of the crowd passing and repassing how few, how very few, of them all, stop and linger by those wonderful works of the highest genius! For most some battle scene, some huge architectural display, some flaring piece of recent coloring offers far higher charms. They are in their tastes where you were—but where you are—and you thank God—no longer.

And to what, you are ready to ask, may you attribute this rhapsody? What its object and end?

Easily answered. A friend handed me some time since a little card with the simple inscription:

"BRYAN'S GALLERY."

And what of Bryan's Gallery? I knew nothing, and so day after day passed and the ticket still rested in the vest pocket. I had forgotten it. Another object, than that of seeing the pictures, called me to the "Society Library," so I ascended the long flights of stairs and entered the room. Judge of my astonishment. I found myself in a collection of master-pieces! In the first room a series of Flemish, Dutch and German paintings—*originals*—from Durer, and Lucas Cranach and Quintin Matsys, to Rubens, and Van Dyck, and later masters. There are quaint old specimens of the early schools, just such as we referred to above, odd, out-of-the-way, possibly things to be smiled at by him who sees them for the first time,—pictures by old Jean Hemling and Jean de Mabuse,—a fine Ostade, half a dozen from the comic hands of the two Teniers, a pair of Wouvermans, as many Rubenses, one most splendid specimen of that master, a Jan Steen, a Van der Velde, Van Dycks, *cum multis aliis*. In the next room is a collection of specimens of the French

school—several of them recently purchased at the sales of Louis Philippe's and Marshal Soult's collections. In the third room, besides the curious and priceless relics of the remote antiquity of Modern Art, which are described in the extract from the French amateur Michiels, which I send with this, is a head of St. John by Leonardo da Vinci, two specimens of Giorgione, one real Titian, and two excellent specimens of his, a Sebastian del Piombo, two Correggios, two works of Annibale Caracci, a Salvator Rosa, two specimens of Velasquez, and three of Murillo. And these are to be seen West of the Atlantic—for twenty-five cents!

Mr. Bryan has named his collection, the "Gallery of Christian Art," for reasons stated in the article below.

Come to New York and experience for yourself, and wonder not that this fine collection has excited the enthusiasm of yours, PEGAN.

Translation of part of an article published in the Gazette de France, by Mr. A. Michiels, a gentleman employed by the Belgian Government, and who passed three years in Flanders, in collecting materials for a History of Flemish Art, now the best and most authentic known.

Mr. Bryan has been guided in the selection of his Gallery by historical considerations. He has sought less to acquire several interesting paintings from the same artist, than to procure a subject from each master, that would make known his peculiar manner to persons but slightly familiar with the different styles. We find in his collection, some twenty pieces from the primitive Italian painters, which form a series from Guido of Sienna, to Perugino. We will only notice the most important.

First, a Virgin, by Guido, (of Sienna,) who holds upon her knees the infant Christ, adored by four saints. The attitudes are somewhat stiff, but still display considerable observation of nature. The fine and deep coloring, though sensibly clearer, resembles that of the school of Bruges. We could not explain the beauty of the draperies, were we not aware that the Byzantine Artists preserved, through all the middle ages, the ancient traditions concerning the treatment of costumes. This painting belonged formerly to Mr. Artaud de Monton; it is cited, by Gault de Saint Germain, as one of the works which best characterize the style of the master.

Of Giotto, Mr. Bryan possesses a curious work, which denotes the preparations for a tournament. In the centre, Glory, standing upon a sphere, holds in one hand a sword, and in the other, a statue of Love darting an arrow, Trumpets issue from the globe, noisy symbols of renown. Around the fickle Goddess, chevaliers, mounted, raise their hands and take the oath; they represent the different populations of Italy, wearing their various coiffures and costumes. This picture, somewhat rudely painted, and destitute of harmony, is still one of those cited by Gault St. Germain, as displaying the type of the master. The horses show that the artist did not study nature very closely; the landscape, besides, is more fantastic than real.

Italian art, however, approached, little by little, to perfection; it only required one more step in advance. Then appeared one of those precursors, who announce great genius. Perugino was certainly gifted with no feeble resources; he possessed true originality, and soared high into the regions of the ideal; his disciple, Raphael, owes him so many obligations that he can reflect back a portion of his glory. Mr. Bryan has had the good fortune to find a capital piece by this master, so skilful in forming so great a scholar.

It bears the date of 1509, and represents the adoration of the infant Jesus. The mother of our Savior, St. John the Baptist, St. Jerome, St. Joseph, St. Michael, and the Pope Julius II, are

kneeling before the Messiah. Three small angels, also kneeling, carry the nails and the cross, emblems of the torture which the new-born should suffer. The Christ is charming; the head, at once naive and intelligent, bears a striking resemblance to that of the little Jesus, so much admired in a painting of the same artist, now placed in the Louvre, after having decorated the gallery of the king of Holland. St. Michael strikes the beholder by his noble *tournure* and his martial type. St. John is the lean prophet of the desert, the ascetic, and the eater of locusts and wild honey. At the top of the picture, three angels play on different instruments. What adds to the importance of this work, is its great dimensions, on the one part, and on the other its state of perfect preservation. In the back ground are seen the Capitol, the image of Roman power, and the vast ruins of the Coliseum.

Two paintings, which Mr. Bryan believes to have been painted by Raphael during his youth, introduce us to the grand epoch. One represents the Birth of Christ, the other his Resurrection. A pious mildness and an elegant *naïvete* recall the style of the famous master.

One of the happiest works of this skilful connoisseur is a sketch, in which burns in all its grace the talent of Correggio. It is, *en petit*, the celebrated painting of Christ on the knees of his mother, adored by St. Magdalen and by St. Jerome;—a painting now at Parma, and which Annibale Caracci and Robert Strange have engraved in a superior manner. The Magdalen kisses the foot of Christ with a profound emotion that communicates itself to the spectator. Never has the ecstasy of piety, nor the fervor of religious affection, been better rendered.

The face of the Magdalen appears to me more expressive still in the small than in the large painting, which will not astonish any one, since the vivacity as well as the truth of sentiment, generally distinguish the first form which artists give to their thoughts. The divine child has the sweet benevolence, St. Jerome the noble attitude, the grave head, the athletic form of the painting at Parma; the absence of the lion, and some other slight variations, permit us to follow the thought of the master from its origin to its development: a copyist would not have wished to modify the composition. Mr. Bryan purchased it at the sale of the Marshal Sebastiani.

By the side of this little *chef-d'œuvre* we may place the *St. Paul carried to Heaven*, a magnificent painting by Domenichino. Three angels bear aloft the interpreter of the divine will; one has the form of infancy, another of youth, the third of adolescence. The minister of our Lord raises his hands to heaven, on which he gazes with an expression of burning hope. How he seeks to discover the first rays of the eternal light! How he longs for the moment in which he shall appear before the Almighty! What enthusiasm animates his countenance!

I doubt if the ardor of faith could be better shown. The little angel has those brilliant eyes, and that expressive visage, which this master knew so well how to paint; it is certainly not inferior to those which we admire in the grand saloon of the Louvre. The angel of the second age charms the view by a grace and an easiness of attitude extremely remarkable; upon his countenance burn the veneration and the love with which the Apostle inspires him. The entire group seems actually to mount in the air. Mr. Bryan had the good taste to purchase it at the sale of Mr. Forbin-Janson.

We will close by citing a Diana Hunting, by Langillhere; a portrait, by Van Dyck, representing a lady caressed by a Cupid; a portrait by Sir Peter Lely, several Teniers and a Hobbema. The latter represents a rustic mill; large hanging trees shade the edges of the water, where a villager is fishing. This rural scene makes us dream of solitude. Lastly, Mr. Bryan has just purchased four pieces at the sale of Mr. Quedeville. The two landscapes by the brothers Valkenburgh, are really curiosities, so rare have the works of these artists become; they were pre-

ensors of the great school of Holland, which has eclipsed them. The historian should not be as ungrateful as the public towards them. Let us hope that the Americans will appreciate, in its entire extent, the service which one of their countrymen is about to render them, after ten years of fatigue, expense and research.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music.

Will "T. H." inform another "sympathizer in the mathematics of music," how much he would have us "sharp a major third in cheerful music, and flat it in sombre passages"?

Will "T. H." also inform us what system of temperament admits of a flat major third?

W. R.

Musical Review.

H. S. SARONI. *Musical Vade Mecum*. New York: Mason & Law. 16 mo. pp. 273.

The student or amateur of music needs his *Come with me*, or pocket companion, as well as the student of law or medicine. Nothing indeed has been more needed in the general growing interest in this divine art, than some simple, concise, complete and well-ordered manual,—something between a mere dictionary of technicalities on the one hand and a full scientific treatise on the other,—to which one may quickly turn for satisfaction when he meets with terms or subjects which he does not understand. How many a music-lover and *habitué* of operas and concerts, for example, has wondered what was meant by "Double Counterpoint," or "theme and Countertheme," or "Fugue" and "Canon," and a dozen other terms continually occurring when the larger compositions are discussed. In this *Vade Mecum*, (prepared by the American translator of Marx's Theory), he can readily find light. He has only to look out the term in the Alphabetical Index, which refers him to the page where it is explained in orderly connection with its kindred subjects. There he will find what "Counterpoint" is, how it originates among the musical necessities, and what are its varieties. So with the term "Fugue;" and brief examples of the things defined are given in notes.

The various forms of musical composition, too, the characteristic structure of a Sonata, a Symphony, an Overture, a Rondo, &c., &c., are a puzzle with the uninitiated. Let him look the terms out here, and he will find each in its appropriate chapter, very briefly treated in the matter of a *catalogue raisonné*, but still so that he may get at least a general notion of what constitutes them what they are.

The book, as we have said, takes the form of an orderly development of subjects. It is a sort of skeleton treatise, beginning at the beginning, with the Scale or Tone-system; then Melody; Rhythm; Organology, or the various descriptions of Instruments; Harmony; Modulation; the *Æsthetic* forms; the Artistic Execution, and finally a condensed History of Music. Such order makes the definitions clearer, while for speedy reference the Index answers every purpose.

The plan is certainly good, and though perhaps not quite so well filled out in all departments as could be desired, is on the whole well executed, and will prove of great utility. At all events, the guide is an intelligent one, so far as he goes with us and has time to talk. Mr. Saroni makes no claim to originality in his materials; but it is a recommendation to his work to say that he has done, what he could scarcely have helped doing, transfused into it the spirit of the admirable "Theory" of Dr. Marx, for which greater study he intends this as in some degree a preparation.

ANDREAS ROMBERG: *Two Cantatas*: 1. *The Harmony of the Spheres: a Hymn*, translated from the German of Kosegarten by J. S. Dwight. pp. 28.—2. *The Power of Song*. Words from Schiller, by the same. pp. 40.—Boston: Geo. P. Reed & Co.

We are glad to see revived these pleasing compositions, consisting of choruses, solos, duets, &c., whilome quite popular in the old Boston Academy Concerts, where they were brought out under the direction of Mr. Lowell

Mason. The subjects are eminently musical, and although Romberg, compared with the Beethovens and Mendelssohns with whom we are more familiar, belongs rather to the *Dis minorum gentium* in the German tone-pantheon, he has written here, as elsewhere, what may be sung and heard with pleasure and with profit. The orchestral parts to both may be had of the publishers. Thus they would form a desirable part of the repertoire of musical societies, especially in the country, who require music of but moderate difficulty.

FERDINAND RIES. *The Morning: a Cantata in four Vocal Parts, with accompaniment for Piano, Organ, or Orchestra*. pp. 23. G. P. Reed & Co.

Another of the same series last mentioned, to which in general the same remarks apply. It sings the emotions of sunrise.

J. HAYDN. *The Seasons. (Part I. Spring.)* From the German Copy. pp. 48. G. P. Reed & Co.

This too is uniform with the above. A very clearly printed and convenient edition of the First Part of one of the most felicitous and exquisitely Haydn-ish specimens of descriptive chorus music, interspersed with charming songs and duets; music, which is like a cup brimming over with the sparkling and refreshing draughts of nature. The publishers, having brushed up the old plates, cannot do less now than complete the work, and let us have the "Seasons" four.

GEORGE F. BRISTOW. *Spring Time is coming: Poetry by J. R. Wainwright. Springfield: Sables and Adey.*

This song was written for Mrs. Bostwick, and contains trills and cadenzas suited to her voice, but so arranged that they may be omitted by less finished singers. There is much delicate charm in the melody, and the accompaniment is picturesque and graceful. It here and there reminds one slightly of a song of Spohr's, published in the "Gems of German Song," to English words of Robert Herriek: "The Shepherd to his Fair One." It is quite above the common run of American compositions and shows a practised pen and a style formed by communion with the true masters of song.

This Song is beautifully printed, and has one of the most charming vignettes we have ever seen upon a piece of music.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 6, 1852.

We are compelled, by press of matter, to withhold the next of "E. H.'s" interesting papers, on the "Euharmonic Organ," until next week.

Madame Sontag in Boston.

It can need but a simple announcement to fill the Melodeon, even to overflowing, Tuesday night. The greatest German singer, by many absolutely esteemed the first of living vocal artists; the admirable interpreter of what is cherished as most classical in German and Italian song; the beautiful and refined lady, who more than twenty years ago, forsook the proud scenes of her maiden triumphs to adorn the highest private circles of the European capitals, as the Countess Rossi, wife of the Italian ambassador; and who now for two years past, to repair reverses, has been conquering Europe anew with the still undiminished splendor of her voice and art; the mother of a large family, yet in the fullness of her beauty and artistic faculties; admired, respected, loved by all who come within her sphere; adding the moral charm of the pure, high-souled, charitable woman to that of the artist; and being thus perhaps the only other

living woman who could follow with any hope of great success so closely in the wake which JENNY LIND leaves still so palpable upon this Western sea of popular enthusiasm:—she is of course sure of her welcome everywhere. Humbug and puffery, seen through, cannot harm one whom we know beforehand to be genuine; nor will we on the other hand, for the honor of human nature, believe that she can need those too officious (because heretofore too much encouraged) vehicles for access to the ears and hearts of the true music-loving public in our country.

We shall hear her,—those of us whom the Melodeon can hold—to the best advantage. The Hall is a good one for sound, especially so for a voice more distinguished for fineness than for volume, and which did not quite satisfactorily penetrate to the remotest ears in Metropolitan Hall. Yet we cannot but regret that we are not to hear her in our new and splendid Music Hall. We are sure she cannot stand within it and survey its ample and harmonious proportions, without feeling inspired with a desire to sing in it; the voice will fill it far more easily than the New York hall; whereas, according to all signs and reasonable calculations, her audiences will so much more than fill the Melodeon as to require it.

The orchestra and other artistic aid are such as a great German singer knows not how to dispense with; true and worthy complements of her own part in the artistic whole which every concert is to form. No third-rate singing, or clap-trap fiddling variations, or overtures not worth the naming in the programme. Mme. Sontag is to be accompanied by the Germania Society, largely reinforced by the best local talent, and under the conductorship of ECKERT, who has held that place in the Italian Opera of the fastidious Parisians. Sig. BADIALI we all know and wish to know him all we can. Sig. ROCCO, the buffo, who joined the troupe in Philadelphia, has passed the ordeal of criticism well. Sig. POZZOLINI has been tenor in the opera at St. Petersburg. JAELL, too, we all know;—may we know him more, and in new pieces, for he is easily master of any number of such. For little JULLEN, the young Mozart of the violin, we have already prepared our readers.

We have seen an outline of Tuesday's programme, which is liable to some revision, and therefore not yet given out entire. But we may mention that Mme. SONTAG will probably sing the florid *Come per me sereno* from the "Sonnambula," a piece finely suited to all the qualities of her art, as they have been described:—if it but rival the Lind's singing of it, as we remember it in Tremont Temple and in the Melodeon, it will be worth going far to hear. She will also sing the Variations, by Adam, with flute, referred to in our Philadelphia correspondence below; "Sweet Home," Eckert's "Swiss Song," and in the duet from *Il Barbiere*, with BADIALI. The overtures to *Der Freyschütz* and *William Tell* are to be played.

Mme. Sontag is expected to arrive at the Revere House this afternoon. She declines public demonstrations; but we apprehend there can be no objection to such a German greeting as the "Liedertafel," under Mr. Kreissmann, together with the "Germania Serenade Band," intend giving her to-night, opening with their national: *Wo ist des Deutschen Vaterland?*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

NEW BEDFORD, Oct. 30, 1852.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you allow a constant reader to suggest through the columns of your excellent paper that *all* of the best musical performances of the coming season should not take place on Saturday evening. There are many ardent lovers of classical music residing out of Boston, to whom the concerts of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club and other orchestral associations would afford a rare treat, but to whom the fact of their invariably taking place on the above evening presents an effectual bar to their enjoyment of them, by involving the unpleasant necessity of a Sunday (the home day of all) spent if not among strangers, away from the home circle. The writer has frequently been obliged to forego most reluctantly entertainments of the highest character, the recollection of which would have been a joy and a blessing to think of, simply on this account. He would therefore most respectfully submit to the consideration of your musical artists, that as a matter of profit, an occasional deviation, at least, from the prescribed routine might be desirable, and open a rich avenue of pleasure and instruction to many who have been hitherto deprived of it. A SUBSCRIBER.

Our musicians would doubtless be most happy to meet the wishes of all such earnest music-lovers as our subscriber, *if they could*. Unfortunately we have not yet reached that point when many of our resident artists are supported by their art alone. Concerts are quite uncertain pay, and that the bread may hold out, most of the members of our orchestras are compelled to drudge night after night in theatres or ball-rooms, so that only on Saturday evenings are all the elements of a grand symphony orchestra available.

But the case is not quite so bad as our friend supposes. The Quintette Club have always had their Chamber Concerts in the middle of the week. Then as for the Musical Fund and the Germanians, their public afternoon rehearsals contain all the solid music of their concerts, if not more.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

SONTAG IN PHILADELPHIA — THE GERMANIANS — PAUL JULLIEN — MUSICAL FUND HALL.

DEAR DWIGHT:—It was a brilliant audience, that which graced the third concert of Madame SONTAG in Philadelphia. The pieces selected for the prima donna, on this occasion, were the aria, *Deh non tardar* from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Variations, *Quand dirai je Maman*, with flute *obligato*, Eckert's new Styrian song, "Sweet Home," and a part in the Duet from *L'Elisir d'Amore*—a programme not in all respects satisfactory, but well calculated to exhibit the powers of the great songstress.

I am no critic, my dear Dwight, in all the nice points and the delicate distinctions of light, shade and color of a musical performance, but have a faculty (thank heaven) to receive with enjoyment whatever revelations of the Divine Art are vouchsafed to us here, without great regard to the conventionalities of the schools. In my estimation, however, Sontag appeared to greatest advantage in the aria from *Figaro*. The style of Mozart befits her better than the lighter music of Donizetti or even Rossini. Her execution of the variations by Adam, with flute *obligato*, showed the wonderful preservation of her voice, and was a miracle of success. Here Mme. Sontag's voice and the flute of Carl Zerrahn alternate the theme and the accompaniment, and vie with each other in brilliancy and rapidity of execution. "Sweet

Home" was given in a style different from that adopted by Jenny Lind and, it seemed to me, better; the trill at the close was the only ornament permitted. This was as it should be. In the duet with BADIALI, from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, I was less pleased. Sontag's forte is not in comedy. She lacks the archness, the simplicity, the easy, natural playfulness of Jenny Lind.

And here I will say I could not help, throughout the evening, comparing, in my own case, the effects produced by Sontag's singing with those I experienced from the voice of Jenny Lind, heard under the same circumstances, a couple of years since. In quality of tone and the general management of voice there seemed a close resemblance. So in the truthful delineation and exact expression of the themes they sang, they were alike good. Both sought to interpret the mind of the composer by similar means, in similar ways and with equal success. Wherein, then, does the one differ from the other? Not in natural or acquired quality of voice, or faultless intonation, or felicitous expression or power of execution; but, in my humble opinion, in amount of *genius*, in a something which, superadded to the perfection of art, makes our feelings assent to that which the judgment has pronounced good. In this the German must yield to the Swedish Child of Song. If there is the whole excellence of Art in the one, there is somewhat of Divinity in the other. Sontag captivates and delights. The Lind moves our hearts to better thoughts and deeds. The voice of the former is the voice of a sweet instrument, played upon with exquisite finish and grace, and is the perfection of its kind—that of the latter breathes, in addition, an æolian spirit, that lingers long in memory and haunts us in dreams.

But, in drawing a comparison between these two great artists, we must not forget their present disparity in years. The smoothness and flexibility of Sontag's voice is, in a measure, lost. In the nature of things, this must be so. The efforts to overcome which obstacles are evident in the straining of the muscles of the face and neck and an unpleasant motion of the head from side to side in the execution of rapid and difficult passages. This by many is mistaken for affectation in the woman. We had the Lind in her prime; Sontag has passed the meridian of her fame.

The "GERMANIANS," always good, played never better. How exquisite the blending of the mellifluous horns in the opening scene of *Der Freyschütz*! How thrilling, at the close, those electric passages given with such precision and power by the full band! And, throughout, what earnestness of feeling and accuracy of movement has each and every instrument under the magic baton of Carl Bergmann! It is this unity of purpose and action pervading all, that makes this orchestra so excellent above every other we have had the fortune to hear.

But what shall I say of PAUL JULLIEN? I am not prepossessed in favor of the infant phenomena, but look upon them, mostly, as abnormal growths, whose early maturity indicates disease and premature decay. But it is not so in the little Jullien. He is just what he seems to be, a child of eleven or twelve years in age, and differs in nothing, mind or body, apparently, from other children of that age. At the first stroke of the bow you feel that he has genius of a high order. He executes the difficult pieces of De Beriot with

ease. His intonation is pure and firm, and his enunciation of rapid passages clear and distinct. He plays the most common melody with a pathos and delicacy of expression peculiarly his own. Already he has finished some compositions of acknowledged merit. If, on this basis, he grows up and matures, then will the predictions of those who believe the mantle of the gentle Mozart to have fallen upon him, be indeed fulfilled.

A word as to the merits of this Musical Fund Hall. Hitherto it has been deemed the best the country could boast, and it still holds an enviable rank when compared with Metropolitan Hall in New York. But all this is not saying much in its favor, for the latter structure has very little claim to excellence as a music room; indeed it resembles, in its acoustic qualities, the old Tremont Temple more than any building of which I have knowledge. The Philadelphia Hall has its merits and its glaring defects. Its intonation, as Dr. Reid would say, is good. It lends a certain brilliancy to the music, and is well calculated to exhibit the powers of a single voice or instrument. But it is ill suited for an orchestra or chorus; its reverberation, although filled with people, is very considerable, so much so as to confuse the sounds and render the distinct utterance of passages of even moderate rapidity, impossible. The louder sounds of the orchestra are driven with an unpleasant shock upon the ear, attributable, as I believe, in great measure to the lowness of the ceiling, it being but 23½ feet above the floor, or a little less than one-fifth the length of the room. Moreover, the method of warming and lighting adopted are such as to injure the acoustic effect. This hall will seat comfortably 1200 persons, exclusive of the space occupied by the stage.

Very truly yours, OMEGA.

MR. ARTHURSON. We have often wondered why either of our oratorio societies should rely upon amateurs for that most difficult of solo parts, the tenor, when this gentleman is still among us, who gave so much satisfaction in the "St. Paul," as produced last year by the Musical Education Society. Doubtless, we have fresher, stronger voices; but it is in the recitatives that we most need an experienced, refined tenor, and in these Mr. Arthurson is eminently at home. Melodies speak for themselves even with ordinary singing; but the recitatives are nothing, worse than nothing, when not well sung. We are not in the secrets of the Handel and Haydn Society, know nothing of their economies, and have no right to criticize them; but we should look forward with more pleasure to their oratorios this winter, were we certain that the tenor recitatives were in such good hands as we have indicated.

A CARD.

Whereas a report has been industriously circulated that the Germania Serenade Band was about being dissolved, the members thereof deem it a duty to themselves and the public, to declare any and all such statements entirely unfounded, and concocted by interested individuals. The Band would embrace this opportunity to state that, so far from being on the eve of dissolution, they are determined to deserve, by their labor, even a higher degree of patronage in future than that which has heretofore been so liberally bestowed, as will be seen by referring to their advertisement in another column.

For the Germania Serenade Band.

G. SCHNAPP, Leader,
264 Tremont Street.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL is rapidly arraying itself for the night of the opening (Saturday, the 20th.) The seats (just 2750 in number) have been all this week fling into their places on the floor and balconies; and right easy, comfortable seats they are too, as well as pleasant to the eye, each with its round back, stuffed like the seat itself, covered with figured damask, blue and grey, and connected into long settees, with an arm between every two. The organ from the Melodeon is decently buried in the recess of the choir,—a temporary provision—there with enfeebled tones to plead for more means and more room to admit, as soon as may be, one much larger and more worthy of the noble hall.

On Monday night a partial trial was made of the novel mode of lighting. This is entirely from above, by means of gas-burners, planted on the cornice just beneath the ceiling, which surrounds the hall. About a fourth part of this circuit was lit, and the room was so light that one upon the floor could read a newspaper. This success is most encouraging, for there can now be no dazzling interference of chandeliers hung right before our eyes; the light comes softened from above. The heat too of this strong belt of light so near the ceiling, will promote the action of the nineteen ventilators just above.

The programme of the opening is still not wholly settled; but we hope next week to announce it with a description of the hall.

Mlle. LEHMANN had a most miserable, muddy, drizzly evening last Saturday for her second concert, and the audience was small, but well repaid for coming out. The favorable impression of her singing deepens. She is much the most effective in the German music, like the scena from *Der Freyschütz*, which she again sang admirably. In her Italian pieces, in spite of many excellencies, her execution is comparatively heavy and inflexible, nor does she pronounce the Italian well. *Una voce* was quite another voice so soon after Alboni. Yet we must thank Mlle. L. for that sweet little melody of Mercadante's: *Soave immagine*. The scene from *Le Prophète* revealed good dramatic power, along with strong contralto notes. We like to hear her sing those little Swedish songs at the piano, such as that "Mountaineer's Song" of Jenny Lind's, with which she answered an encore, and which has a charm even without the dying notes which only Jenny Lind could lengthen out with such mysterious effect. Miss Lehmann was suffering, we are told, with a severe inflammation of the throat, and yet so acquitted herself that few would have suspected the fact.

Mr. PERABEAU played a Rondo of his favorite Hummel, in place of Weber's *Concert-Stück*, which the orchestra were unable to rehearse, and Czerny's variations (not improvements) upon *Le Desir*. The overtures, to *Egmont* and *Fra Diavolo*, were well played by Mr. Fries's orchestra; and the funeral piece by Beethoven, for four trombones, was so acceptable that a repetition was required in the middle of the second part.

To-night Mlle. LEHMANN gives a Chamber Concert at the Masonic Temple, when she will sing choice songs of Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn (see advertisement), in alternation with the good things of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

Mme. THILLON, at the Howard, has been all the "Enchantress," in Balle's new opera this week. The play has a fine melo-dramatic effect, and is produced with splendid scenery. The music, essentially Balfian, is full of graceful, piquant melodies; and a light, rich, warm embroidery of instrumentation runs throughout. Madame has some very florid vocalization to perform, which she achieves at least gracefully. Several of the male choruses are very taking, by their unique rhythm, and were in general well sung. But some went very badly. We could hardly conceive of more execrable discord than was made in that opening chorale of male and female voices, where they all knelt to the image of "our lady of the forest." There was a fine trio or two between Mme. Thillon, Mr. Hudson and Herr Meyer. The baritone solos for the latter seemed well composed, but they require a voice less worn.

Madame de Terenezzy, one of the patriotic Hungarian ladies, and well known in Austria, Germany and Hungary, as an attractive singer, intends making an artistic tour in America, and will give her first concert in Boston.

New York.

EISFELD's first Quartet Soirée drew a large and delighted audience to Niblo's Concert Saloon, on a dismal, stormy night.

"It opened with a quartette by Beethoven, in A major, performed by Messrs. Noll, Royer, Eichhorn and Eisfeld. The auditors were arranged in semi-circles round the stage, like a family party. The sisters, Mmes. Mina and Louise Tourny, blooming maidens from Germany, sang Mendelssohn's duet, 'I Would That My Love,' and a duet by Franz Abt, both in beautiful style—the elder sister possessing a contralto voice which Alboni herself would praise. Schumann's quintette for the piano, violins, &c., was the next piece, the piano part by Mr. Scharfenberg. Mlle. Mina Tourny then sang the 'Birdling,' by Lindblad, and 'Margery,' a love song, by Kücken. The concert concluded with a quartette, in E flat, by Mozart." — *Home Journal*.

Mr. JOHN ZUNDEL, organist at Dr. Beecher's church in Brooklyn, gave a sacred concert there on Thursday night, at which SONTAG volunteered entirely for his benefit. Mr. Z. taught music to the children of the countess in St. Petersburg.

England.

NORWICH FESTIVAL. This too is triennial, and second only to that of Birmingham in grandeur and importance. Its object too is charitable. It would have occurred last year but for the absence of Mr. Benedict, the conductor, in America. It was brilliantly inaugurated on the night of Sept. 20th, in the fine old hall of St. Andrew. Mr. Benedict, on appearing in the orchestra, was honored with an enthusiastic welcome, and the overture to *Oberon*, played to perfection, at once gave the audience an opportunity of acknowledging the power and efficiency of the band. The national anthem was then performed, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mme. Viardot Garcia singing the solo verses. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.	
Overture—Oberon,	Weber.
Quintetto—"Sento oh Dio,"	Mozart.
Aria—"Ab rendimi quel cor," Miss Dolby.	Rossi.
Song—"Fairer the meads," Mr. Lockey.	Mendelssohn.
Aria—"Ha, wie will ich triumphieren,"	
Herr Formes,	Mozart.
Duetto—Miss Louisa Pyne and Signor	
Gardoni (Jessonda),	Spohr.
Scena with Chorus—Mme. Viardot Garcia	
(Orfeo),	Gluck.
Aria—Mr. Sims Reeves, "Adelaide,"	Beethoven.
Serenade—"Deh vieni alla finestra," Sig.	
Belletti,	Mozart.
Aria and Variations—Double bass, Sig.	
Bottesini,	
Quartet—Sig. Gardoni, Mr. Lockey, Sig.	
Belletti, and Mr. Weiss,	Weber.
Spanish Songs—Mme. Viardot Garcia.	
Quartet and Chorus—"Light as Fairy	
measure," Miss L. Pyne, Miss Dolby,	
Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes	
(Euryathe),	Weber.

PART II.
Shakespeare's play of "Midsummer Night's Dream," read by Mrs. Fanny Kemble, with the incidental music, composed by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Surely here was music, which might please the "Diarist," though possibly too much of a good thing. Why repeat how finely it was all done? Let us only mention with pleasure that the *Times* dwells on Belletti's singing of the *Don Juan* Serenade, and suggests (what we had often wished were possible in our operas): "In the dearth of Don Giovanni it would perhaps be advisable to give this excellent artist a trial in the part of the Spanish libertine."

First Day. The programme opened with Mr. Leslie's Festival Anthem, which is pronounced one of the ablest compositions in the English repertoire. "The final double chorus, 'Sing unto God,' terminating with an elaborate fugue upon three subjects, came out with great effect." Next came the new oratorio by Dr. Bexfield, of which the *Times* says:

"It is no disparagement to Dr. Bexfield to say that his *Israel Restored* has no pretensions to be styled a great oratorio. It is a long oratorio, but not a great one. Nevertheless, the mere fact of having devoted so much time and attention to a task which can never repay him in a pecuniary point of view, denotes that ambition in Dr. Bexfield which proves him to be a true musician at heart. It is therefore, with the greatest pleasure that we refer to the many highly meritorious passages in his *Israel Restored*—passages which, if they fail to sustain the oratorio as a standard work, will at least prevent its being utterly forgotten. The plan of *Israel Restored*, like that of the *Messiah*, is didactic; there is no story in it. The personages merely speak—they do not act. This was, we think, a mistake in our young composer, who would have done wiser in endeavoring to raise a fictitious interest for his work by means of a drama, with real personages and incidents, as in *St. Paul* and *Elijah*. The general execution of the oratorio was good, but would have been better if Dr. Bexfield had left the *baton* in the hands of Mr. Benedict. He was too nervous for his work. There was no applause during the performance, and an attempt to encore the unaccompanied quartet (Part I.) was suppressed; but at the end Dr. Bexfield received a flattering testimonial of the

pleasure which the audience had received from his oratorio, which, as a first effort, does him infinite credit.

After the oratorio the air from *Samson*, "Ye sons of Israel now lament," the dead march, and the chorus, "Glorious hero," were performed in respect to the memory of the Duke of Wellington. The whole audience stood, and many were evidently deeply affected. Mme. Viardot sang the air with mingled pathos and solemnity.

For the second evening concert Mr. Benedict had provided another rich and well-varied selection, in which we note the Pastoral Symphony; a duet from Spohr's *Faust*, by Viardot Garcia and Formes; an aria of Cimarosa's, by Mme. Fiorentini; a scena from *Euryathe*, by Sims Reeves; Beethoven's trio: *Tremate*, by Mme. Fiorentini and Sigs. Gardoni and Belletti; Mozart's *Oh cara imagine*, sung by Gardoni, and *Possenti Nomi*, by Herr Formes with chorus; Maurer's Concertante for four violins (Quere: the same that was played in Boston at the last "Afternoon Concert"?); selections from "The Minnesinger," by Benedict; a song of our old friend, J. L. Hatton, sung by Mr. Lockey; *Non più mesta*, by Viardot; that Barcarolle of Belletti's, &c. &c. The parts from Benedict's MS. opera, especially the overture, are highly praised.

Third Day. Mr. Pierson's Oratorio of "Jerusalem" has called forth a great deal of criticism and apology. Of this gentleman the *Times* says:

"Mr. Pierson will be remembered as having been the predecessor of Mr. Donaldson as Professor of Music in the University of Edinburgh. When Mr. Sterndale Bennett, who disputed the post so closely with the present occupant, resigned the contest, his supporters transferred their votes to Mr. Pierson, and that gentleman was elected by a small majority. He did not long retain the chair, however. He then went to Germany, and composed an opera, entitled *Leila*, which was performed at Hamburg three nights in succession, and withdrawn by himself, for what reason did not transpire. Mr. Pierson's early studies were successively directed by three English professors—Mr. Attwood, Mr. A. T. Corfe, and Professor Walmisley, of Cambridge. His advisers in Germany were Rinck and Tomaschek. He is highly patronized at Norwich."

We have not room to copy any of the long analyses of this oratorio; but a few extracts from the *Times* will give some inkling of its quality:

"The oratorio is didactic, like that of Dr. Bexfield. 'The object' of the composer, says the writer of an enthusiastic pamphlet entitled *Descriptive Analysis of Jerusalem*, 'was to select a whole from the body of the sacred book, perfect in itself, and yet fitted to the highest purposes of music.' 'And it has been done,' adds the writer in question, who in the course of his analysis, brings Mr. Pierson into favorable comparison with Handel, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn. How it has been done may be seen by the following digest of the scheme:

"Part 1.—Introduction or prologue. Christ foretells the destruction of Jerusalem. The crucifixion. Prophecy of Moses concerning the invasion and conquest of Judea by the Romans. Prophetic warnings and denunciations, chiefly from Isaiah and Jeremiah. The fall of Jerusalem depicted.

"Part 2.—The destruction lamented, the restoration promised.

"Part 3.—Prophecies concerning the recall of the Jews from all countries where they are now living in a state of exile. The great battle of Armageddon (in 'the Valley of Decision') which will end in the total defeat of the armies attacking Jerusalem.

"The New Jerusalem. The last judgment. The salvation of the righteous. Doxology."

"The first thing that suggests itself to the hearer in the music of Mr. Pierson is the evident desire of the composer to strike out a path for himself; the next, his inability to accomplish that object successfully. In avoiding the forms of the great masters, Mr. Pierson has fallen into the extreme of having no form whatever. But it is not merely an intelligible plan that is wanting in almost every one of the forty-seven movements composing the oratorio of *Jerusalem*; Mr. Pierson equally sets at naught the accepted laws of rhythm, or, to speak more plainly, he has scarcely any intelligible rhythm, and thus his melodies or subjects seem to be made up of a multitude of beginnings, without middles or ends. In the matter of progressive harmony, or modulation, he also departs from the ordinary track, having no respect whatever for the natural relations of keys to each other. All this, at a first glance, when made the basis of a long and seemingly elaborate work, may pass, with superficial observers, for great depth and learning. It is our duty, however, to speak openly, and to declare that, instead of depth and learning, this kind of fragmentary and uncontinuous writing simply denotes a want of facility, arising from imperfect studies and impatience at the restraint of counterpoint, which, however dry and forbidding in the commencement, constitutes the only means of obtaining a complete mastery of the musician's art. That Mr. Pierson knows very little of counterpoint is evident from the few attempts at fugue and imitation to be found in *Jerusalem*, from the extremely unsatisfactory manner in which he passes from one key to another, from the number of sudden and ineffective transitions, and from his inability to remain for a reasonable number of bars in any one key. There is no sign of weakness and inexperience so sure as that restlessness which prevents a composer from being able to lay down his subjects in such a manner that the prevalence of some particular key shall give it, as it were, a home to rest in. Mr. Pierson belongs to the 'word-painting' school, or the 'esthetic,' as the admirers of Richard Wagner, Robert Schumann, &c., have dubbed it. We much regret, however, to find a man who evidently thinks seriously and writes *con amore*, giving himself to a false idol,

which, if worshipped universally, music would soon cease to be an art. It is the barrenness of the age that has created this school—an attempt to hide poverty of invention and insufficient knowledge under a deceptive veil of mystery, which, lifted up, discloses nothing but hollow outlines of a skeleton.

"One of the longest oratorios ever written, *Jerusalem*, is also one of the most difficult to execute. The part-writing for the chorus and the vocal solos are equally intricate and ungrateful. The orchestration is a series of experiments, some successful, some the contrary; the whole perplexing, vague, and unaccountable. And yet, amid all this, there is a vast deal in the music of *Jerusalem* which shows an earnest mind, a feeling that would, if it could, express itself, and a continued aspiration after the lofty and ideal."

The third evening concert presented a new instalment of equal riches with the two before; and the festival closed on the fourth day with "The Messiah," of which, to quote the same authority:

"The execution was truly Handelian; the choruses, besides being well sung, were taken by Mr. Benedict invariably in the time which has descended to us, by tradition, from the great composer himself; while the solos and concerted pieces, though divided among no less than ten performers, (Madame Viardot, Misses L. Pyne, Alleyne, and Dolby; Signors Gardoni and Beletti; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockey, Weiss, and Herr Formes), were, almost without exception, so admirably given that it would be invidious to single out particular singers, or particular points, for eulogy. Suffice it that foreigner and native emulated each other in zeal to attain a pure and correct reading of Handel's immortal text. Madame Viardot transposed her songs, but atoned for that by fervour and devotional expression."

Advertisements.

CHAMBER CONCERT.

Mademoiselle Caroline Lehmann,

RESPECTFULLY announces to the citizens of Boston that she will give a Chamber Concert at the MASONIC TEMPLE, on **Saturday Evening, Nov. 6th**, assisted by the

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB,

Mlle. Lehmann will present Beethoven's "Adelaide," "Auf Flügeln der Gesanges," by Mendelssohn, and an aria from "Cosi fan tutte," by Mozart. For particulars see programme. Tickets, 50 cents each, to be obtained at the Music Stores and principal Hotels.

Doors open at 7; Concert to commence at 8 precisely.

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First Tenor from the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg;
SIGNOR LUIGI ROCCO,
Primo Basso Cantante and Buffo from La Scala in Milan;
PAUL JULIEN, the Violinist;
ALFRED JAEHL, the Pianist, and the
Germania Musical Society,
largely augmented by the first Artists in this city.

The prices of admission have been fixed at THREE, TWO, and ONE DOLLAR, according to location. With all seats, without distinction of prices, there will be given a Certificate bearing a corresponding number of the seat to which the holder is entitled. The Admission Ticket is to be left at the door; the Certificate is to be handed to the Usher wearing a badge corresponding in color with the Certificate. The same precautionary measures which have been so successfully adopted at the New York and Philadelphia Concerts of Madame H. Sontag, will be retained in Boston.

Notice.

The regular sale of the Tickets will commence on SATURDAY, Nov. 6th, at 9 o'clock, A. M., at the Music Store of E. H. WADE, 179 Washington Street.

It has been determined, for the convenience of the public, to sell the \$3, \$2, and \$1 seats on different days.

On Saturday and Monday, Nov. 6th and 8th, the Three and Two Dollar seats; on Tuesday, the 9th, the One Dollar seats and remaining Three and Two Dollar seats.

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Germania Serenade Band.

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PERGOLESE's celebrated STABAT MATER for two female voices, newly translated by J. S. DWIGHT, Esq., a welcome work to lovers of good music.

The Nightingale's Nest, a Cantata by the eminent German composer, REICHARDT, translated by Mr. THAYER of Cambridge. A beautiful piece, suitable for concerts, taking about forty minutes to perform it; consisting of Solos for bass, tenor, and soprano voices, with Choruses. Price, \$6 the dozen.

Also BEYER's New Instructions for the Piano; Materials for Piano Forte Playing, by JULIUS KNOBE, a work highly approved by the best teachers. Price, \$2.

G. P. R. & CO. have also received a further supply of the valuable publications of J. ALFRED NOVELLO of London, for whom they act as agents—consisting of the ORATORIOS of HANDEL, HAYDN, and MENDELSSOHN, and the complete MASSES of MOZART, HAYDN, BEETHOVEN, S. WEBB, VON WEBER, and others, with the finest collection of BACH'S FUGUES, and music generally for the organ, that has ever been seen in Boston. Apr. 10. tf

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24 tf JOS. N. PIERCE, Sec'y.

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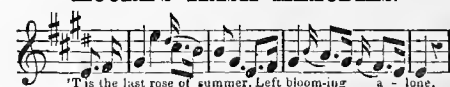
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The love of music shed"

will thrill the breasts of the children of the future.—New York Evening Mirror.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE MUSICAL SCALE.

VII.

THE EUHARMONIC ORGAN.

A word in reply to "T. H." It seems that Beethoven must have egregiously mistaken the character of the piano-forte when he wrote *sombre* music expressly for it, inasmuch as the major thirds are two thirds of a comma too sharp; a condition particularly suited to *cheerful* music, according to the idea of your correspondent.

I may at some future time, have something to say of the moral character of Temperament. At present I am endeavoring to set forth the Natural History of musical sounds, with some account of one of the means of their production.

Various attempts have been made to supply the defects of the organ. Liston, in England, constructed an instrument with the same number of keys and pipes as usual, but employed shades operated by pedals, to modify the pitch of the pipes as occasion required. The attempt was only partially successful, in consequence of complications in apparatus and the difficulty of a sufficiently accurate adjustment of the several mechanical details. The failure was also in part owing to an injudicious selection of scales to be provided for.

Col. T. P. Thompson, also of England, has adopted the method of having additional finger keys—employing three separate ranges or banks of keys—each one containing a greatly in-

creased number, distinguished by being of various color, material and figure. How far his organ may be considered as a triumph, I am unable to say. He is very sanguine in the belief that it will be found to answer the great end.

Messrs. Joseph Alley, of Newburyport, and Henry Ward Poole, of Danvers, have invented and built an organ which enables the performer to play perfectly in tune in eleven major and ten minor keys; having also perfect dominant sevenths.

There are thirty-seven pipes within the octave. The key-board is the same as the ordinary. The organ is played in precisely the same manner as the common. The only addition to the machinery is a series of pedals, one for each scale.

If you sit down to play music which is in C, you press down the C pedal, where it will stay without holding. So long as your piece remains in C, or makes only certain modulations into neighboring scales, you have nothing to do but to play on in the usual way. When, however, harmonies are presented which are not provided for in the C pedal, another pedal must be put down. By this act the first one is brought up. The pedals are connected with an apparatus, called selectors, which press against and tighten certain strings, before lax, connecting the finger-keys with the valves of the pipes proper to the scale to be used, by which means the finger-keys upon being pressed are enabled to open the valves of those pipes only, the strings attached to all others being loosened at the same instant.

By the movement of the pedal a certain pipe is brought into connection with each of the twelve finger-keys. These twelve pipes are those which belong to the scale indicated by the pedal, or are those which belong to the nearest related scales. As an example, here are the sounds which you have when the C pedal is down:

C² first.

C^{♯2} leading note in D¹ minor.

D² second.

D^{♯1} leading note in E² minor.

E² third.

F² fourth.

F^{♯2} leading note in G² major.

G² fifth.

G^{♯2} leading note in A² minor.

A² sixth.

B[♭] perfect seventh from C²—not the 4th in F².

B² seventh.

This arrangement gives, in the C pedal, the following harmonies,—viz.: The common chords major of B², G², F², E², A², the common chords minor of E², A², the dissonant triad upon B². Also the perfect $\frac{7}{8}$ upon C, the discord of the

seventh on G², E², A², the perfect $\frac{9}{8}$ upon C, with the grand perfect CHORD OF THE TENTH, which has perhaps never been heard except from this instrument, although existing in the arpeggio form in Tyrolese music.

In the G pedal there are the analogous sounds and chords. So in every other. When a modulation involves other tones, than the twelve, the pedal is to be changed to that key about which such other tones are grouped. It will be seen that many psalm tunes, German chorals, and the like, may be played with almost no change. The tune "Missionary Chant," by Ch. Zeuner, will require the organ to be put in D^{♭2} to commence with; it then changes to A[♭] and afterwards to E[♭]; two changes only. The reader can examine the common music of the church for himself. He may take the best and most complicated to be found, whether psalm-tunes, chants or anthems, and it will appear that there is little which may not be played with great facility on this organ. When decisive modulations occur into remote keys, the pedals will be put in requisition, but modulations do not succeed each other with great rapidity. The principal difficulty will be in unlearning to some extent our present theories of harmony. As they are all based upon the erroneous assumption of twelve equal semitones in the octave, it is not strange that much will remain for our organists to study before they will be qualified to play the new instrument. The performer must know what key his music is in; not merely the general key of the piece, but the true relations and affinities of every chord he meets with. It will not do to regard the chord of D², F², A², as a minor chord such as is found in the scale of F², because the third is a comma short of the fair dimensions of a minor third, and the fifth is a comma less than perfect. Our organist will find that this chord, as a consonance, does not exist in the scale of C, but belongs to F and B[♭].

I have alluded to the grand chord of the tenth. This embraces ten sounds, which compose the natural series of major harmonics, as explained in a former article. The effect of this is surpassingly grand and beautiful. The piano and the organ give no idea of it. No treatises on harmony,

which I have ever seen, contain any allusion to this chord. It seems to be entirely excluded from theories. Here is a striking proof of the defects of our system; that concords so beautiful as the seventh and the ninth are described as discords, and the glorious chord of the tenth, which holds all harmonious combinations within its ample embrace, is denied a name or a place.

For a very full and satisfactory explanation of the principles involved in the Euharmonic Organ, and a description of its powers and capabilities, the reader is referred to a pamphlet written by Mr. Poole, which is a republication of an article in the *American Journal of Science and Arts*. Vol. IX. Second Series. 1850. The title of the pamphlet is "An Essay on Perfect Intonation and the Euharmonic Organ." E. H.

[Translated for this Journal.]

The Overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute."

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Concluded.)

We must now speak of the psychological meaning of this work; although in this connexion it hardly admits of comment in a positive manner. In the other overtures of Mozart the thought is always unmistakably explained by the contents of the poem. But here we have essentially pure music, a music limited in its development and its effects by no predetermined condition. The commentary upon such a work will always be correct, if every one on hearing it will describe whatever enchantment he has felt, whatever splendor he has dreamed. Perhaps these individual glosses will not differ from one another so very much in men, in whom the poetic instinct reveals itself most manifestly through a lively tendency to harmony. Perhaps it would be found that our overture had an analogous root in the dreams of childhood, while just approaching the age of maturity, when reason has not yet wholly broken through the shell, passion still sleeps, but is already just beginning to awake, and fancy with its partiality for the marvellous reigns almost uncontrolled. Every age has, we know, its characteristic dreams, which do not show themselves in the other periods of life. Who of us can be so unfortunate as to have wholly lost the memory of the dreams he had at the age of from nine to twelve; who can have lost entirely out of recollection all those lovely images, which then floated round him? But no one will forget also the bitter illusions which followed upon that waking, and the tears which wetted the pillow of the child, torn from his enrapturing visions!

Here arises a question of the highest interest. How could a fugue, and indeed one of the most learned, blend with the character of ravishing enchantment, that we find in it? To that we know no answer. We might say, to be sure, that the invention of the *subject* was one of those happy accidents of genius, which are so rare that perhaps they never twice occur to genius itself. In fact a village organist might have invented the four bars of the theme as well as Mozart. But what would he have made of it? One of those contrapuntal skeletons with two or three legs, as Beethoven humorously called them, in the remarks he wrote upon the margin of his studies. The pearls would have changed into millet for the cock. I go still farther and ask, whether

among all old and modern contrapuntists there be one found, who would not in regard to this pearl have been a cock? Bach would have made a Bach fugue, Handel a Handelian fugue of it; very beautiful and very learned works they would have been, greatly admired by connoisseurs, but in which the profane would have found small relish, and which would always have remained fugues in the ears of all the world. The only lapidary, capable of setting the pearl in such way, that everybody, that is to say all ears, could recognize its priceless worth, was named Mozart. He it was too, who found it.

It must not be overlooked, that the material effect contributed much to the popularity of this wondrous work. If the instrumentation of our day has made some progress compared with the symphonies and overtures before Mozart, this progress was in every respect overtaken by the overture to the *Zauberflöte*. In the first place Mozart has combined in it all the instruments which could be employed in the orchestra at the end of the last century; he has carried the number of voices beyond twenty,—a thing which he has never before done in any of his instrumental compositions. A still more important distinction is, that the wind instruments have as much to do as the quartet, if not more. Finally Mozart in no one of his other works has married the tone-colors with so much charm and seductiveness, or distributed the rôles of the Symphony in a manner better suited to the special talents of the actors. From the violins and flutes even to the kettle-drums, all are constantly employed in the most advantageous manner. And therein lies, as we have said, the whole improvement of the present instrumental system: a dazzling euphony, a deep calculation of material effect and the lending of a new importance to the younger instruments of the orchestra, namely the wind instruments, which for more than a century had been subordinated to the string instruments. Study the passages and combinations of our overture and you will find, that they have served as patterns for the most richly instrumented compositions of Beethoven and of other very much younger masters.

Such was the last secular work of Mozart, the last and most wonderfully perfect in respect of style. Already for some years the flame of life had been growing pale upon the young man's brow and was extinguished in his bosom. The productive energy of the artist was also on the wane, although at a much slower and almost imperceptible rate. But this dying flame seems suddenly to cast a new splendor around itself; this enfeebled energy all at once overflows with a development of luxury and of fancy, to which even Mozart had not yet accustomed his admirers; the swan has attained his farewell song; the dying man utters his *novissima verba*, as the ancients used to say, exalted words, in which the spirit of Mozart, half freed from its integument, appears to us as if it were already beginning to become transfigured; words, which every one hears in the "Requiem" and in the overture to the *Zauberflöte*, which was its brilliant and immortal prelude. The image of paradise connects itself with the images upon his death-bed!

Besides this biographical signification of the Swan-song, the queen of fugues has still another, which assigns to it an ever memorable place in the annals of art.

As Mozart had included the poetic life under all its phases in the greatest of his operas, so too he had summed up therein the totality of his nature in regard to the means of musical expression, which was as it were the outward manifestation of that nature. *Don Giovanni* indicated on a grand scale the earthly mission of our hero in the eyes of all the world; a more summary and more special account rendered before artistic people had also to sum up the universality of Mozart's style in its technical and historical relations. How reads the commission of the predestined composer? *To gather up the harvest of the centuries, and to combine it in the present, past and future of music.* Faithful to this vocation and arrived at the end of his career, Mozart seems to have drawn up in notes for the musicians a report, of some twenty pages, upon the manner in which he had fulfilled the instructions of Providence. We find therein the clearest melody, the most ideal sense, the most fascinating results of material euphony, the most splendid instrumentation, new and even modern effects, in union with the anti-melodic and anti-expressive form of the old fugue. Nay more, all this was strictly deduced from this form; without this it would have been just nothing. In these twenty and odd pages the fundamental law of every work of art: Unity and Variety, was observed with such an absolute power of concentration and of radiant diffusion, that there are no two combinations to be found in it, whose similarity amounts to identity, and not one, in which you do not see the same creative thoughts flash back.

I close my article with the announcement of an undoubtedly somewhat strange fact. Every one knows that imitation takes hold of master-works, precisely as the worm does of fruits, to destroy them as far as possible. When a writer or an artist acquires great success in the world, instantly we see a legion of plunderers cast themselves upon the same thoughts and forms of this artist or writer, on which they execute the right of booty, chewing and rechewing them to nausea. This lasts some five, ten or more years. No mind is original, no talent fine enough, to escape at last a real injury in the public estimation through this thought-pilfering. In this way we have seen Byron and Walter Scott, Beethoven and Rossini, especially the latter, injured. Mozart must have been exposed more than anybody to the inroads of these gladiators; but his armor, which, even including the heel, had been dipped in the waters of the Styx, enabled him much better to defend himself. There are no works, old or new, belonging to Church, Chamber or Theatre Music, which resemble Mozart so much as all our Italian operas resemble Rossini, and so large a number of our Symphonies, Terzets, Quartets and Quintets for violins and piano, resemble Beethoven.

If the imitators so far have not succeeded in approaching Mozart, it certainly is not their fault. All his classical productions were and are to this day an inexhaustible fountain of plagiarism. But now I come to the singular remark, which I designed to make.

One single masterpiece of Mozart, one, which certainly is not the least in the opinion of the connoisseurs, nor the least acceptable to the musical public of Europe, has been spared all attempts at imitation; it has inspired terror even in the spirit of imitation, the most desperate and

shameless of all spirits. The overture to the *Zauberflöte*, for of this I speak, has maintained itself for half a century in equal and increasing favor, wherever there are half a dozen amateurs and a full orchestra. With it very frequently the choicest concerts, the great musical solemnities are opened; it has been arranged in every possible manner; it has been even set for human voices with a comic text, which truly is a sorry sort of joke; even for musical clocks this piece has been a favorite.

If this cannot be called success, I must be much deceived. In spite of the fact that this success has lasted now for more than fifty years, no one yet has made the attempt to imitate this work; no one has dared to reproduce Mozart's old form of the theatrical overture. I remember yet a time, at which my musical knowledge hardly went beyond the handling of the violin, when this circumstance already had occurred to me. I asked a man of thorough musical science, why they wrote no more overtures of this sort, which I found so infinitely pleasing. He appeared to ponder upon my question and then replied: *Because one would have to be a Mozart, to undertake it.* The answer then seemed short and quite unsatisfactory. But since then I have advanced so far as to recognize that it was impossible to give a better one.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music.

In reply to the first question of "W. R.," "*how much* a major third is to be sharpened," I say "as much as the ear of the player or singer demands." In reply to the second question, I confess an inaccuracy in the use of the term *flat*; I used it in reference to the tone which is already sharper than a true third. I will not however, even now, affirm that a third flatter than perfect is never in place. Good ears must determine; mine are not good. No demonstrations of arithmetic can make one system of temperament please better, or express sentiments better, than another. The ear and the heart are final judges of music. It is so in other arts; perfect symmetry of form must be *disguised* by motion, shading or position, before it assumes its highest beauty; without disguise it is as monotonous as music perhaps would be if all keys were in perfect tune. T. H.

FIDELIO. An English critic speaks thus of the music of the closing scenes of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, referred to by our Diarist, in No. VI.

"The whole music of this scene is of the most high-wrought kind; a succession of enharmonics gives to the solo of Pizarro, with which it opens, a depth of musical coloring that is exceeded perhaps only by the entry of the ghost in the second finale of *Don Juan*; the change of key from G to E flat upon Leonora's exclamation, "Slay first his wife!" is electrical; and the breathless wonder of the parties beautifully painted by the two or three following bars, in which the clarinets and bassoons reiterate the two notes E flat and D flat diminuendo, until another enharmonic transition changes the key to A, and Leonora begins a solo in the chord of C#, E, G, Bb. The quartet proceeds; Pizarro makes another attempt to stab his victim, when Leonora presents a pistol to his heart, and at the same instant the trumpet from the battlements announces the arrival of the Minister, the disappointment of Pizarro, and the safety of Florestan. A duet in G between Florestan and Leonora, which succeeds, is chiefly remarkable for the contrast which its smoothness and repose offer to the agitating music of the preceding scene.

"The finale to the Second Act, has been designated as gigantic, and the *chef-d'œuvre* of the opera. . . . The climax of the closing presto is wrought in a manner worthy of the great master from whom it proceeds."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ACOUSTIC ARCHITECTURE,

OR, THE CONSTRUCTION OF BUILDINGS WITH REFERENCE TO SOUND AND THE BEST MUSICAL EFFECT.

IV.

We have treated of reflection and echo, in their relation to our subject, in a former number. Intimately connected with, and yet distinct in many points from these attributes of sound, is reverberation. By it we understand that prolongation of the sound in buildings, as if it were rolled about long after the original impulse and its ordinary reflections have ceased. This seems to us to consist of the *residuary* sound, or that portion of the sonorous wave which is neither absorbed nor reflected, but which, adhering to the walls of a room, is rolled along their surface till it gradually dies away. The ordinary action of light impinging against a wall will, perhaps, aid us to understand this point. When a ray of light is incident on a plane surface, a portion of it is reflected, another portion of it is absorbed, and the remaining part is *dispersed* in all directions and serves to render the surface visible.

Just so it would appear to be in the case of sound impinging against any plane surface. From this hypothesis we should infer that rounded corners and arched ceilings would facilitate the progress and keep up the prolongation of this residuary portion. Such conditions we find *are* actually favorable to the greatest amount of reverberation; and what is stronger proof of the truth of our position, it takes place, oftentimes, in an apartment too small for the injurious effect of direct reflection. A striking case in point is found in the arched recitation rooms of Girard College in Philadelphia. These rooms, eight in number, are fifty feet square in the clear, and twenty-five feet high, with solid walls, smoothly finished, and an arched ceiling extending over each in the form of a dome. We visited these rooms in 1846, while the college was in process of construction, and then ventured the prediction that they could never be made to serve the purposes for which they were intended, unless altered from their original form, owing to the excessive amount of reverberation engendered. This was found to be practically true, and measures have since been adopted to remedy the difficulty. In their original naked state, the prolongation of the sound in these rooms continued fully six seconds.*

On re-visiting the College the present season, and repeating our experiments in these rooms, we found the effect of the remedial measures adopted to be remarkably striking. In one room, which had been treated simply by papering upon the solid walls and extending festoons of cotton cloth from the apex of the dome to the corners

* It is but justice to state here that the consequences of this mode of construction were fully appreciated by the architect, Mr. Walter. In his final report, speaking in reference to the excessive reverberation of these rooms, he says: "They are, however, constructed in exact accordance with the will, and these results were anticipated in the earliest stages of the work; but as Mr. Girard left no discretionary power in reference to this part of the design, we were compelled to take the letter of the will as our guide, let the results be what they might."

and centre of the cornices in each side, the reverberation was reduced to four and a half seconds; and in others, in which a partition of cloth was stretched across the room horizontally, from the opposite cornices, thus completely shutting off the arched ceiling of stone and substituting a level surface of yielding canvas, its duration was only half a second. By whose suggestion these simple contrivances were tried I could not learn, but presume they originated with the skilful architect of the building.

Another argument, that such is the nature of reverberation, is derived from the fact that those apartments found to possess the quality of a whispering gallery, (which is generally explained on the principle of the conduction of sound along the surface of the walls and ceiling,) are always domed or of ellipsoid shape, and are those in which the reverberation is also greatest. Among the most celebrated of these is that of St. Paul's Cathedral, (a circular and domed apartment about one hundred and twenty feet in diameter,) in which a whisper is conveyed two or three hundred feet. The shutting of a door produces a rumbling like distant thunder. The rotunda of the Capitol at Washington is ninety-six feet in diameter and ninety-six feet high, the dome of which is a fine whispering gallery. The reverberation in this apartment is such as wholly to destroy the articulation of the voice at a slight distance. The principal room of the Merchants' Exchange in New York is of a similar character. When, as is often the case, an auction is being carried on in some part of it, it is utterly impossible to distinguish the words of the speaker at more than a few yards distance. In the vestibule of Girard College, which extends upward the whole height of the building, having two wings, each surmounted by a dome, a powerful and shrill note of the voice is prolonged more than ten seconds after the original sound has ceased. In the vestibule of the Boston Athenæum, which is similarly constructed, with but one wing however, the reverberation is four and a half to five seconds.

The recollections of a visit to Weyer's Cave in Virginia in the summer of 1843, are still fresh in memory. The principal apartment here (called Washington's Hall) is two hundred and seventy feet long by from twenty to thirty broad and fifty feet high. Says an enthusiastic writer, in describing this apartment:

The curious explorer now witnesses something amazingly sublime. The walls are strung with musical columns which, by moving a stick over them, will produce a confusion of discordant sounds. The drum, the tamborine, the organ are each represented and their notes, discordant heard alone, together aid the full concert, while the sound-board roars its melancholy murmur through the whole. But to attempt to describe what is here seen and felt is quite in vain; nor can any person form even the faintest idea of the sublimity and grandeur of this subterranean abode until he witnesses its magnificence, nor then can he find language copious enough to express his emotions.

This is no exaggeration. As is well known, this cave is formed in calcareous rock, and abounds in huge, irregular, and grotesque apartments, extending out, in every direction, into recesses and galleries, and crowned with lofty domes and inverted spires. In almost every part of the cavern sounds of medium loudness are multiplied, prolonged and intensified to a degree that is absolutely terrific. But a few days subsequent to our visit, this cave was illuminated by two thousand

lamps, and a band of music made to perform in one of its most resounding portions. Much have we regretted since, it was not our fortune to be present on so unique and sublime an occasion. To the eye, the effect must have been indescribably grand, while, to the ear, as we can readily conceive, such commingling and prolongation of successive sounds, though in themselves musical, would bring one vast and overwhelming discord, which could be likened only to the fabled bellowing of the mountain in agony.

"Hic vasto sex Æolus antro
Luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis et carcere frenat.
Illi indignantes magno cum inurnare montis
Circum claustra fremunt."—

Mr. J. Scott Russell, whose opinion, in almost all matters of scientific enquiry, is entitled to profound respect, has adopted a different view of the nature of reflection and reverberation from that here expressed. In a communication, read before the Royal Institute of British Architects in March 1847, Mr. Russell contends that, contrary to the generally received notion of sound being reflected in a manner the same as light, it is thus reflected from a plane surface, only when the angle of incidence is greater than forty-five degrees, whereas, if the sonorous wave is incident on a surface at an angle less than forty-five degrees, it suffers little or no reflection, but is moved along in close proximity to the plane against which it is projected, and thus gives rise to the phenomena of reverberation. Mr. Russell, in the paper alluded to, derives from these supposed facts some practical suggestions, which he deems important in the construction of buildings intended for public speaking. Such rooms, he contends, should be so arranged as to avoid, as far as possible, all surfaces at right angles to the direction of the sound, and substitute those in which the incidental angle shall be less than forty-five degrees. Such surfaces, he continues, as must, of necessity, be at right angles to the sound, should be as far distant as possible. He suggests, also, that in large rooms of quadrangular shape the speaker, to be heard distinctly, should place himself near one corner and direct his voice diagonally across to the opposite corner: that it is better, as a general thing, to speak from a point near a wall or pillars than from a distant point; and that, in a room of common form, it is better to speak along its length than across it. These maxims he lays down in order to avoid (on his theory) the undue reflection of sound. To check reverberation he enjoins the use of pilasters, placed at frequent intervals along the sides of the room, that the impulses, which strike the wall at an angle less than forty-five degrees and traverse its surface, may thus be broken up and destroyed, as waves moving upon water are arrested and broken up by the projecting posts of a pier.

Mr. Russell further says that, though, in his own mind, he is convinced the action of sound, in these particulars, is in accordance with the manner first stated, he can offer no philosophical explanation of the facts. A writer in an English Journal, however, has offered the explanation of Mr. Russell's theory, which he himself so wisely declined to undertake. But, as the reasoner grounds his argument upon the assumption, at the outset, that the wave of sound may be considered a force of *continuous progression*, while such is not the case with a ray or wave of light, (a difference, the existence of which we must

deny in toto,) we will not delay, in this connection, to follow out and refute his reasoning.

It is satisfactory to us, that the doctrines we have adopted in regard to reflection and reverberation of sound are strong in their analogy to the known laws of light, in its similar phenomena; and, while, on this ground, we can equally well explain the more important maxims deduced by Mr. Russell, we will not, now, seek to disturb those harmonious relations of sound with light, we have found to exist, in so many other respects, between these two mysterious and all-pervading elements in nature. U.

SOMETHING CURIOUS ABOUT GEORGE III.'S TASTE IN MUSIC. That sovereign would never consent to hear the "Messiah" with Mozart's accompaniments. It is doubtful whether he ever was brought to listen to a single note of Mozart's composition. He abhorred *modern* music; and in his time Haydn was even more carefully excluded from the Ancient Concerts than Whigism from his councils. The "Creation" was to him *ruthless innovation*; and the king who swayed the British sceptre for half a century, would as willingly have agreed to Catholic emancipation itself, as to the performance in his presence of the mass of the *Requiem*.—*Harmonicon*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. VIII.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30. This is an interesting note, on page 310 of Lossing's Pictorial Fieldbook. "Mrs. Bache, daughter of Dr. Franklin, occupied his house when the enemy approached Philadelphia. [1777.] She left the city and took refuge with a friend in the country. After her return in July, she thus wrote to her father, who was then in France: 'I found your house and furniture, upon my return to town, in much better order than I had reason to expect from such a rapacious crew. They stole and carried off with them some of your musical instruments, viz: a Welsh harp, ball harp, the set of tuned bells, which were in a box, viol-di-gamba, all the spare armonica glasses, and one or two spare cases. Your armonica is safe. They took, likewise, the few books that were left behind, the chief of which were Temple's school books, and the History of the Arts and Sciences, in French, which is a great loss to the public.' [Right, Mrs. Bache, if you mean that huge work in half a dozen vast folio volumes, of which Harvard College Library has a copy.] 'Some of your electric apparatus is missing; also, a *Caplain André* took with him a picture of you, which hung in the dining-room.'

Wonder if any body knows what became of that picture after André was executed?

Odd collection of instruments, that enumerated above, and characteristic. Franklin was a philosopher, not a musician.

Now, what was the Welsh harp? Was it that which Jones, the Welsh bard, claims to have existed in his country as early as the sixth century? He gives no authority for his statement, but says it had twenty-six diatonic notes. Bunting gives an engraving and description of an Irish one, which had forty-five strings, and in the centre seven in addition in unison. The form is similar to that now in use. It was three feet ten inches in height, and the longest string was three feet four inches. Or was it the Welsh triple-stringed harp of the present day? As to the *ball-harp*—*quare*? I think there is an account of it in the "Harmonicon," but that work is here inaccessible.

"The set of tuned bells, which were in a box." *Quere*, again. The German "Glockenspiel," or "Carillon" was about that time popular in Europe, and, no doubt, the Doctor sent one over from France, or had previously imported it. Mozart seems to have liked it, for it is introduced into the "*Zauberflöte*." When the Queen of Night gives Pamina the magic flute, she gives Papageno a "Glockenspiel;" a little box, a foot and a half long, perhaps, by a few inches deep and broad. One mighty comic scene is where Monostatos, the black slave of Sarastro, has got Pamina into the power of

himself and his fellow slaves, and just in the nick of time Papageno comes marching in playing his bells with two little cork hammers. The slaves cannot resist it. They begin to dance, and at the same time, as well as want of breath from their exertions will let them, for the music goes ever faster and faster, they sing:

Es klingelt!—so herrlich!—es klingelt!—so fein—
La, la, la,—la, la, la,—la,—la, la, la, &c.
(It tinkles—so sweetly—it tinkles—so fine,—&c.)

[A tune, by the way, which I have heard sung to religious words, though better known as "Away with melancholy."]

And so they dance themselves almost into fits, and Papageno finally carries off Pamina, leaving them strewed all about the stage with their tongues out—like the British soldiers after the Lexington edition of Chevy Chase.

The Doctor's *Viol di Gamba* must have been one of the "last of the Mohicans," for the instrument went entirely out of use before the close of the last century. Among other old writers Shakspeare mentions it. When Maria in "Twelfth Night" calls Sir Andrew Ague-cheek "a very fool, and a prodigal," Sir Toby vindicates his friend thus: "I've, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature." I remember seeing a specimen or two in the Haydn collection of instruments at Vienna. In form and dimensions it was very similar to the violoncello, which has now completely supplanted it, but it had six strings. Its tone was nasal and disagreeable.

"All the spare armonica glasses, and one or two spare cases." It would seem by this, that the Doctor manufactured his Harmonicas to some extent—though probably only for his friends. Everybody knows the history of Dr. Franklin's invention of this instrument, being led to it by the Irishman, Puckeridge's, invention of the musical glasses, which were tuned by being filled more or less with water. Passing through the Thames tunnel a year since, my ear caught some delicious tones from a distant arch, which I supposed at once must come from Franklin's Harmonica. It proved to be however a set of the real old-fashioned musical glasses—tumbler's holding from a pint to a quart, tuned as above mentioned, and played by rubbing the edges with wet fingers. The player was quite an artist, so far as popular airs went. It is curious what a run Dr. Franklin's instrument had through Europe. By the way, he did not hear Puckeridge himself. P.'s glasses had been destroyed at a great fire in London in 1740; those which Franklin heard were prepared by a Mr. Delaval, member of the Royal Society, on an improved plan. The history of the Doctor's invention is contained, as is well known, in his letter to Father Beccaria, of Turin, July 13, 1762.

But to the Harmonica again. At the time Franklin had brought his invention to perfection, there lived in London two sisters, —, and Cecilia Davies, — said by one authority to have been near relatives of the Doctor. I take this to be at least apocryphal. Mr. Sparks has also, as it seems, fallen into a slight error in saying, [Life of Franklin, p. 264,] "A Miss Cecilia Davies acquired great skill in playing upon it, and with her sister performed in various cities of Europe." Cecilia was a singer. The elder sister, known as Miss Davies, — her other name does not appear in any of my authorities, — was about 22 years of age, at the period of the invention, having been born in 1740. She was an extraordinary player on the piano, for that day, and this led Franklin to present to her the first instrument which he finished, and thus gave her opportunity to be the first to exhibit its ethereal tones to the public. By indefatigable practice she acquired an astonishing power over the revolving glass hemispheres. In 1765 she visited Paris and created a double enthusiasm, — by her playing and by her uncommon beauty. The next year she went to Germany and gave concerts in Vienna and other large cities, and gained great applause as a performer on the harmonica and the pianoforte, and as a singer. The effect of playing the former instrument was singular. It had a marked effect upon her nervous system, and after some years her nerves became so weak that she was forced to give up music altogether. She returned to London and spent the rest of her days in the strictest privacy. She died in 1772.

Cecilia, the younger, born in —, was one of the

Jenny Linds of the day. She was as much distinguished as a singer, as her sister as performer on the harmonica and piano-forte. The Italians called her commonly "L'Inglesina;" and she was considered by them one of the most extraordinary of songstresses; no small praise from people who hate so to confess that anything great can come from beyond the Alps! In 1771 she was prima donna at Naples, 1774 in London, from 1780 to 1784 at Florence, after which she returned to London, never to leave it. She had acquired property enough to live comfortably and respectably, and seldom after her return did she sing in public, and then for the most part in answer to pressing entreaties. She devoted herself to the care of her unfortunate sister, whom she survived eleven years, dying in 1803.

This is certainly rather away from the harmonica.

The fame of this instrument led to many improvements upon it, especially in Germany. Schmittbauer extended its scale; Röllig marked the tones and half-tones—if our professors will allow the old fashioned terms—by gilding and silvering the edges of the glasses; Hessel, at Berlin, made one to be played with keys like a piano-forte; Röllig afterward improved on Hessel; the Bohemian Krassa or Grassa made one with a pedal. This was as late as 1798. Now-a-days we hear no more of them all.

In 1788 a quarto volume appeared at Leipsic on the art of playing the instrument. And the German musical periodicals of that period all contain more or less on the subject, of which quite a list might be given, if it were of the least use. Among the many who made the harmonica a concert instrument, were Miss Davies, still remembered for her connection with Franklin, and Frick, Dussek, Naumann, Müller, Hierling, Pohl, Schmittbauer, and his daughter and his blind pupil, a girl named Kirschgassner, &c., all long since forgotten.

Whether there is a harmonica still existing in this country? If so, Barnum or Kimball should hunt it up.

What a thing is association of ideas! An oak from an acorn; all this from a note in Lossing!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 13, 1852.

The Boston Music Hall—its Rise and Progress.

We see in the journals, on all sides, allusions to this great work. The accounts thus given, so far as we have read, are, most of them, correct in the main features, but in their chronology and the due sequence of events, as well as in some important particulars, the facts have not been fully stated.

While we are happy thus to note the very general interest manifested in the execution of this noble project, we would fain set the public right in all the points of its history. We propose then, to give here a somewhat detailed account of the origin and prosecution, in its earlier stages, of a work now become identified with and made a just claim of pride to our city. At another time we shall enter minutely into a description of the building itself.

The first public action taken upon the subject was at a meeting of the Council of Advice of the Boston Musical Fund Society, held at their rooms, in the old Tremont Temple, on the 27th day of September, 1850. An unusually large number of members were present. Dr. Charles G. Putnam was called to the chair, and J. Francis Kimball chosen secretary. Dr. J. B. Upham then stated that the meeting had been called, at his request, to see if the Council and Government of the Society would interest themselves in starting some measures for the erection, in a central part of the city, of a more capacious,

commodious and fitting Music Hall than any which had hitherto existed here; and, after briefly urging the claims of such an enterprise on our community, proposed the following Resolution:

Resolved, That a Committee of five be appointed to take into consideration the expediency of erecting an appropriate Music Hall or Concert Room in the city of Boston; that such Committee be instructed, also, to consider the form, capacity and locality best suited for the purposes of such a building, together with its cost and probable income, and report thereupon to this Society at as early a day as practicable.

The Resolution was discussed by Messrs. Eliot, Parker, Wellman and others, and passed almost unanimously. The proposed Committee of five was subsequently increased to nine, and as thus composed, consisted of Messrs. J. B. Upham, C. C. Perkins, Samuel Eliot, J. Chickering, H. T. Parker, J. Lodge, H. W. Pickering, T. Comer, and J. M. Bell. This was the first in the series of public movements towards the work now about completed. It was at the period of Jenny Lind's first visit among us. The mind of the community seemed ripe for action, and the occasion was seized upon as being a peculiarly favorable time for the successful prosecution of the plan.

The Committee held many meetings and labored assiduously at their duties. They made estimates, examined localities, agreed upon a site, and obtained a refusal of the land. They circulated subscription lists, made personal application for subscriptions, and used all means in their power to urge the claims of their project upon the public. But in vain. The importance of the enterprise was generally acknowledged, but material aid did not follow. The time for success had not yet come. After weeks of unremitting effort, the Committee reluctantly withdrew from their task, and, at a meeting of the Council called for the purpose, presented their Report, and requested to be released from further action. This Report was made in the form of Resolutions embodying the opinion of a majority of their number. They were as follows:

Resolved, 1st, That, in the opinion of this Committee, there exists in our city no Hall or Concert Room of sufficient convenience and security, or embodying correct principles in its construction.

2d, That they recognize an urgent need of such suitable structure in a convenient and central locality, having sufficient capacity to accommodate with ease and security an audience of three thousand persons.

3d, That the Bunstead Estate, so called, together with the site of the Marlboro' Chapel adjoining, combine more advantages for such building, all things considered, than any other which could be obtained in the city.

4th, That a building, adapted as aforesaid, to be used strictly as a Concert Room, would, if built upon the site above named, at the price the land was offered the Committee, and at the estimated cost of construction, yield a good and permanent income on the capital invested.

5th, That having used diligent efforts to raise subscriptions for the object above mentioned, and failing to receive sufficient encouragement to warrant the success of the enterprise in its present form, the Committee hereby respectfully request to be discharged from further duty in the premises.

All which is respectfully submitted.

[Signed by a majority of the Committee.]

After this, vigorous efforts were made by some gentlemen for the accomplishment of a plan to erect a concert room so constructed as to subserve also the purposes of an Opera House.

This project also having failed, the whole matter slumbered for a time.

At the annual meeting of the Harvard Musical Association, on the 31st of January, 1851, the subject was again brought up and urged upon the attention of that Association by the original mover of the scheme before the Fund Society on the 27th September previous, and in the same form as then presented. Here it met with a cordial and enthusiastic reception. The measure was warmly supported by Messrs. Derby, Apthorp, Chickering, Hillard, Jennison and others, and the sympathy of the Association pledged in its behalf. Here, then, the enterprise received its new birth, and from that time onward its growth was steady and strong. A committee was chosen on the spot consisting of Messrs. C. C. Perkins, R. E. Apthorp, J. B. Upham, Geo. Derby, and J. S. Dwight, with instructions to consider the matter in a practical light—examine the various localities deemed eligible for the purpose—approximate to the required outlay, and the income which might be expected from it, and report at a future meeting. On the 22d of February following, at a special meeting of the Association, a favorable report was given and the present site of the building, which it was found could be had on reasonable terms, determined on.

The Association then authorized another committee, composed of Messrs. Chickering, G. S. Hillard, Apthorp, Upham, and Derby, to go still further, investigate the subject fully and ascertain if possible the form and proportions and other qualifications proper for a building designed for musical effect. They were authorized also to make choice of an architect to furnish designs, plans, and specifications of the proposed structure in all its parts and particulars, to defray the expenses of which, funds were liberally appropriated from the treasury of the Association.

The Committee, duly considering the importance of the points intrusted to their investigation, consulted all the authorities to be found on the subject—spent much time and labor, and arrived at definite results.

The main features of the building being fixed, and the laws that should govern its construction, so far as they could be deduced from scientific inquiry, determined; it remained to select an artist who should blend in architectural harmony and comeliness the crude elements placed in his hands. Here the Committee unanimously made choice of Mr. George Snell as their architect. How faithfully and how well he has accomplished his difficult task, the noble structure, now nearly finished, will forever attest.

At this juncture, the attention of the public was again invited to the subject in a circular setting forth the plan in its details, with specifications and estimates fully carried out, and their interest in its behalf urgently solicited.

This last Committee, also, aided by the friends of the enterprise, both in and out of the Association, succeeded in raising funds to the amount of \$100,000, in the period of sixty days, thus making out the sum required, and within the time allotted, by the terms of subscription, in order to warrant the commencement of the work. About one-fourth part of this sum was given by members of this Association. Foremost in these subscriptions will long be remembered the names of Perkins, Curtis, Chickering and Apthorp, whose munificent aid, at a critical period of the work, ensured its success. With pleasure and pride, also, do we allude to the efficient assistance of

the musicians and members who compose our various musical societies by their generous contributions in the cause. Indeed it is not the least interesting feature of the matter that the stock is so widely distributed. Perhaps a third part of the whole was subscribed in large sums by a few persons; for the rest, there is scarcely a professional musician or amateur in Boston, who could command a spare hundred dollars (the price of a share) who is not the owner of one or more shares in our new Music Hall.

A Charter was now procured from the Legislature by which Jonas Chickering, H. W. Pickering and Edward Frothingham, their associates and successors, were incorporated "for the purpose of erecting and holding a Musical Hall in the city of Boston," with authority to hold real and personal estate to the amount of \$150,000. In June a meeting of the subscribers was called at the Tremont House, at which the company was organized. A board of seven Directors was chosen, consisting of Messrs. Charles P. Curtis, J. Chickering, B. D. Greene, C. H. Mills, R. E. Apthorp, J. B. Upham and George Derby. Subsequently the Hon. Charles P. Curtis was elected President of the Board.

In the autumn following, the work was commenced and pushed with vigor and without intermission till the present time.

We have thus traced the history of this important enterprise from its first inception to the period at which the building was actually commenced. In our next we hope to be able to furnish our readers with a description of the building itself, with the names of those engaged in the various departments of the work.

First Concert of Madame Sontag.

As a whole, we certainly have never listened to a finer concert than that of Tuesday evening. Every item of the very varied programme was a luxury of the choicest in its kind. An artistic spirit pervaded the entire arrangements, and the hearer, with the enjoyment of each speciality, could taste at the same time the pleasure of completeness. Of all this we had had the fullest earnest at the rehearsal on Monday morning, to which, besides the members of the press and musical profession, the clergy also, (professors, properly considered, of the higher music of humanity,) with their families, had been invited; and verily, to look around upon the host thereof, one could almost expect those oratorio-consecrated walls to break out with the old Handelian chorus: "Great was the company of the preachers." One of the number said to us, as we entered with the crowd: "You see, there are occasions which bring us all together,"—orthodox and heterodox. The fact, practically taken, was a fine one; but it has an ideal significance, that is still finer. Our friend's remark touched a hobby of our own; namely, a notion that Music, as the purest language of the religious sentiment, is an all-reconciling, universal, catholic language; it knows nothing of separative creeds and of exclusive, sectarian interpretations of the great faith which unites all loving and true souls. It would be well for our theologians, well for all, were they obliged to translate their creeds of the intellect into the language of music; they would then find that so much of these as was formal, abstract and not hearty, would be untranslatable and would

refuse to sing; while as to the vital remainder, with all the beauty of variety preserved, they would be all agreeing, blended in one common and harmonious worship. Great music, deep, true music will go far to reform sectarianism out of the churches, out of each too narrowly taught and teaching ministry.

But to return. This liberal and widely thoughtful policy in the management of Mme. Sontag's concerts, redounds to their success in the long run. A hundred clergymen, thus feasted in themselves and in the persons of their families, would do much in private to set the current of popular interest towards the concerts. Not that it needed this, however. The fame of the great singer and her aids was of itself magnet enough to fill the Melodeon, more than once, even at the extra three and two dollar prices.

The scene to the eye was beautiful, warranting expectations in the other sense which were constantly fulfilled. Abundance of light, (candlesticks gracefully disposed in front and rear of the stage upon white, fluted semi-columns, &c., &c.) really transformed the plain interior of the Melodeon. The well-dressed and refined audience, orderly and comfortably seated, completed the picture. The first event is the welcome sight of the "Germanians," with the members of our Quintette Club and a few other of the best resident artists, who compose the orchestra, with Herr BERGMANN heading the violins. And next we greet the new and renowned conductor, ECKERT, who in the first overture at once convinced us of the calm efficiency of his baton; with no unnecessary flourish or impatient waste of energy he brought and kept all to the mark; the nervous precision of his beat was like the pulse of the music itself, felt by every player. Before the evening was through, we gave him the palm above all the conductors we have had;—right temperament, right knowledge, right tact and feeling for a conductor, an orchestral helmsman. Never was the Freyschütz overture heard with such spirit, richness and precision before in Boston;—the horn passages, and the *fortissimos* of all the brass instruments, were splendid, and even the drums spake like intelligent members of the whole.

The duet from "the Puritans": *Suoni la tromba*, was superbly and triumphantly sung, the entire scene, by Sigs. BADIALI and ROCCO. The rich, sonorous volume of the former seemed to have even grown in his absence from us, and there was all the old fire and force of intellect and unerring taste in his singing. Sig. Rocco, though a buffo, would have passed for an uncommonly rich and powerful bass, but for the close comparison with Badiali; and as it was, he matched him well, entering fully into the spirit of the patriotic music, and at all times managing his voice like a well-trained artist.

Madame SONTAG was of course greeted with prolonged applause, for in person, movement and manner she was all that embodiment of womanly grace and dignity and sweetness, of which we had heard so much. Not much resembling the portraits however, but more full in figure and more matronly, and with darker hair than one might have imagined in a Tentonic queen of song. Yet the preservation of her beauty and charming vivacity made it seem that time must have rolled back twenty years to give the world this second experience of an artist. Still more so, when the fresh, clear, rich tones flowed from

her lips. In her delivery of the recitative: *Care compagne*, there was a delightful crispness in her articulation and a sort of heightening and refining of elegant conversation into music, which was in itself one of the best proofs of a consummate artist in respect of general style and sentiment. The andante melody was sung with admirable beauty and tenderness, in tones of remarkable richness and power as well as sweetness, especially in the middle register,—tones, too, that were always sympathetic, now veiled and tearful, and now lustrous, like the moon moving in and out among pearly clouds. In the florid Allegro, she warbled exquisitely through mazes of delicate *floriture* and prolonged cadenzas, melting off by almost insensible degrees into silence; but in power and brilliancy there was somewhat wanting, especially when one remembered Jenny Lind in that. Consummate is the skill with which she economizes that voice, covering the effects of age, which it is folly and against human nature to ignore. The wonder is that so much is preserved; so sweet, and pure, and penetrating now, what must that voice have been, what must *she* have been, twenty years ago! As a natural resource, she runs much into the fine region of *sotto voce*; there, in those soft and liquid warblings she is perfect; but where the full voice was required together with great execution, there were some symptoms of fatigue; not every note would ring out as intended; and in some notes, especially in those trills, so marvellously executed, the sound was a little hard and pinched. So far, we had a feeling of consummate art rather than of fresh inspiration; but we do not decide that question yet.

Were we to speak of the *Come per me* alone, we should own some disappointment in Mme. Sontag, but we cannot cut it off in memory from the accumulating impression of her other pieces. This first was to our taste the least satisfactory of them all. The next was Adam's Variations on the quaint and naive old French air, *Ah quand dirai-je Maman*. The arch simplicity with which she gave the melody, and that same nice, elegant, lady-like articulation of the words, as if this were the conversation of some higher sphere, was all that could be asked. In the variations we had the perfection of vocal warbling, mostly in that liquid *sotto voce*, the voice perfectly married with the like neat warbling of Carl Zerrahn's flute. The rapid *arpeggios* were among the most noteworthy of her vocal accomplishments. This certainly was as fine as anything could be in its line.

Eckert's "Swiss Song" was meant plainly as an offset to the Swedish echoes. Exquisite indeed it was; the clear full tones and the fine, silvery echoes, were alike the perfection of beauty. Let alone all that nonsense about *ventriloquism*; if it was so in Jenny Lind's case, so it was in this;—in both only a happy occasional means of bringing out the real expression and poetry of the song. This was a faint and softened copy of the Lind's; the tones had not that mysterious penetrating power, and did not seem woven out of the same bracing mountain air. Mme. Sontag's "Home, sweet Home" was quite a different thing from Jenny Lind's; equally perfect, we thought, in its way. To some, perhaps to most, more perfect, for most persons are more at home in the received sentimental, tender, tearful character of the melody. With Jenny it was a joyful, hearty, vigorous

greeting. She trilled only once, and that in an extempore, impulsive way, and but an instant, as the imagination was kindled by the dear image of "the birds singing gaily." Sontag made a long and formal trill at the end, exquisitely finishing the sweet and weeping melody.

But best of all we liked her in the sprightly, sparkling efflorescence of the duet from "the Barber," in which she was grandly supported by Badiali. Here was just enough dramatic action, and the most lady-like grace and *espieglerie*. Sontag, too, is a great Rossini-ian, as well as Lind and Alboni. We must wait for more room to compare them in this character.

A brief word for the rest of the concert. The other overture (to "Martha"), and the accompaniments, were played to perfection. BADIALI was great in the aria from *Lucia*, only it was perhaps a solid gem too much. SIG. POZZOLINI won upon us gradually by a delicate, sympathetic, flexible tenor; it contrasted with the crisp, manly resonance of Benedetti's, in the air from *Il Giuramento*; but he manages it with great skill and sings always expressively. The famous *Papalagi* trio from Rossini's "Italian in Algiers," by the three men, is a glorious specimen of the richest vein of Italian buffo music, and was sung and acted to perfection. But little PAUL JULLIEN, the violinist of eleven years! What shall we say? That he even surpasses little Urso in fineness and in fervor of style. If there be another Mozart living, this must be the one. To us it was the great thing of the concert; a pure and unmistakable revelation of genius, of the divine soul itself of Art. It taught us a new truth. Had Ole Bull or any full-grown virtuoso stood there after Jullien and played fantasias, how much impression, think you, could he have made? Verily this variation-playing belongs more to childhood than to mature age. It is genuine as part of the fairy dreams of childlike genius; it must be done by instinct, as Jullien or Urso do it, to sound well and really have a meaning. Read what is said on another page about Mozart's overture to the "Magic Flute," to take our thought more fully. A word only for the present. Of the second and third concerts (perhaps more) in our next.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

NEW MUSIC HALL.—We give to-day the programme of the opening Festival. It is as good, perhaps, as could be made, with the difficult problem of working in so much volunteer force, with representatives of so many master tone-spirits, into one evening. The tickets are placed at *two dollars*, calculating on the rare interest of the occasion, to the patriotic end of commencing a fund for the supply of a first class Organ, now the only want in our delightful hall. What a spectacle that night will present, when those light-crowned walls, so spacious and harmonious, shall be filled with a most brilliant audience, and the whole find fit expression in great choral and orchestral floods of harmony!

MISS LEHMANN'S CHAMBER CONCERT absolutely filled Masonic Temple last Saturday night. She sang her last piece, the *Adelaide*, superbly, with the exquisite volunteer accompaniment of Mr. OTTO DRESEL. In the other pieces she suffered more from being not in perfect voice and spirits. But there was true dramatic fire in the delivery of those wide and passionate intervals in the scene from Mozart's *Così fan tutte*; and Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," introduced upon the encore of *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*, was charming, thanks also to the same accompanist. There was too much of the Quintet

and Quartet music, good as it all was, seeing that it was Miss Lehmann's concert. Miss LILL, the young American pianist, just returned from Germany, and only sixteen years old, displayed rare execution and neatness and brilliancy of touch in one of the strong and dashing fantasias of Carl Mayer;—too strong music, however, for her young fingers. Of a concert since given by this young lady, at Chickering's, we must speak next week.

MME. SONTAG announces two more concerts here next week. Also, her agent proposes for concerts during the week in other New England cities.

In April Mme. Sontag will visit us with her grand opera troupe; at which time, also, she has generously volunteered to sing in the oratorio of the "Creation," in aid of the Organ fund for the new Music Hall.

The "GERMANIANS" give the first of their grand series of concerts in the new hall, on the evening of Saturday, the 27th inst. Their advertisement comes just too late for insertion this week.

New York.

NIBLO'S.—Flotow's opera of "Martha, or the Richmond Fair," is the daily theme of admiration in many of the papers. The *Express* is "completely carried away by the beauty of the music, and the brilliancy of the whole affair," and thinks it "positively refreshing to listen once more to a new style of music—a bold and original conception, unlike Donizetti, or Bellini, or Rossini, &c." The plot and caste of the opera are thus described:

"Lady Harriet (Mad. Bishop,) is a maid of honor to Queen Anne; and Nancy (Rosa Jacques) is her friend. They resolve to go to the fair at Richmond, disguised as servant girls. It is the custom at this fair, or market, for the girls to assemble, who desire to obtain situations, and the farmers hire them. Lady Harriet and Nancy, who call themselves Martha and Julia, hire themselves, in a joke, to Lyonel and Plunket, (Guidi and Leach,) and having accepted the money, thus binding the bargain, find to their dismay, that they are actually hired by the peasants for a whole year, and the judge (Rudolph,) deciding against them, they are taken to the common home of Lyonel and Plunket.

At night, however, they manage to escape by the aid of Sir William Mickleford, (Strini) Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, and a lover of Lady Harriet's.

"Lyonel, however, has fallen deeply in love with Martha, and subsequently meeting her in the forest while she is out with a hunting party, recognizes and claims her as his servant, and is about to use violence for the purpose of conveying her to his farm, when she is rescued by the attendants, and he is secured. His mind becomes affected, and somehow it is discovered that he is heir to a noble estate. Lady Harriet, too, finds that her heart is not insensible to the devotion of this swain, and she has him taken back to the Fair, where they first met, and assuming the disguise of Martha, appears again before him. Of course he recovers his senses, and all ends happily.

"The composer has very ingeniously introduced the air of 'The Last Rose of Summer,' which Lady Harriet sings to Lyonel, in the character of Martha; and it is subsequently introduced at intervals throughout the piece with pleasing effect. Mme. Bishop sang the ballad beautifully, and was rapturously encored. Indeed, we never heard the lady to so much advantage, as in this opera, the music of which appears to be admirably adapted to her voice.

"Rosa Jacques, too, made quite a 'hit,' and sang and played with great spirit—not a word of the part, however, could be understood. Guidi over-acted the part of Lyonel, the love-sick swain; he sang with great sweetness, and exquisite feeling, but it was carried to the extreme, and marred the effect of the music, frequently. Strini has a rich, musical bass voice, which was very effective in the concerted pieces; but he was badly made up; he should have been considerably older. Leach did exceedingly well. The chorusses were sung with great precision, and, indeed, the performance altogether reflected the highest credit upon the conductor and all concerned. The orchestra was arranged with great skill and judgment, and was unusually effective, considering that it was the first public performance. The mounting of the piece is beyond all praise.

MR. BOSTWICK left, on Monday last, on a musical tour South and West. Her company consists of those excellent artists, Mr. Henry Appy, violinist, (who performed at Mme. Goldschmidt's farewell concerts,) and Herr Siede, the flutist; Miss Annie Oliver, a talented child, nine years of age, who "plays the concertina surprisingly well;" and Herr Thilon, as pianist.

OPERA IN PROSPECT. We have it from the best authority that Mme. SONTAG has made arrangements to give a series of Italian Operas this winter in New York. SALVI, BADIALI, ROCCO, and POZZOLINI, are engaged, also a chorus and orchestra of forty each, with CARL

ECKERT for director. It only wants ALBONI to make the thing complete, and realize an opera on the Parisian or London scale.

This will commence in the latter part of January or first of February; Mme. Sontag having first given a few more concerts in Metropolitan Hall, on a magnificent scale, with choruses &c., amounting in all to 700 performers!

MME. ALBONI has given two concerts this week. We are glad to see that the little maiden violinist, Camille Urso, has become a member of her company.

NEW ORLEANS. Mr. Davis, manager of the French opera at New Orleans, sailed from Havre on the 19th ult. with the following artists engaged by him in France:—Messrs. Bordas and Delavardie, first tenors for grand opera; Mr. Juette, first, and Ludovic, second tenor, for comic opera; Mmes. Paola and Leoni, second prima donnas; Mlle. Marguerite, actress, and Mr. Prevost, chief of the orchestra. Among the operas that Mr. Davis intends producing for the first time the next season is, in the first place, Rossini's celebrated "Moses in Egypt." Then will follow "Margaret of Anjou," a grand opera by Meyerbeer, containing a magnificent contralto rôle, written twenty years ago, for La Montano, and which will suit Mme. Wideman, and finally "La Croix de Marie" and "Le Pere Gaillard," the two operas now most in vogue.—*Fitzgerald's Item.*

CALIFORNIA. A Philharmonic Society has been lately established at San Francisco. The list of officers comprises the best musical talent of the city. More than thirty ladies are members of the society, and many of the gentlemen are graduates of musical societies in the Atlantic States. Geo. Loder, Biscaccianti's agent, is musical conductor of the society.

The authorities have finally allowed *The Prophet* to be performed in Russia. The notices of Jullien's opera, *Peter the Great*, given by the London journals, have been rigorously cut out by the Russian police censors, one of the incidents being a plot against the life of the Czar.

Advertisements.

CONCERT ADVERTISEMENTS—SEE NEXT PAGE.

VALUABLE BOOKS FOR SINGING SOCIETIES.

BOSTON ACADEMY'S Collection of Choruses. Compiled by L. MASON. Being a Collection of the most popular Choruses by the great masters, designed for the practice of Societies, for Concerts, or other public occasions. It contains 263 pages quarto. Price, \$14 per dozen. Orchestral accompaniments in manuscript furnished.

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THE SEASONS. (Spring part,) by HAYDN. Being one of the best of the compositions of this delightful composer, and a most effective and brilliant concert piece. Price, \$6 per dozen. Containing 48 pages, quarto.

ELIJAH. An Oratorio, by MENDELSSOHN. With a beautiful likeness of the author. This masterpiece of the great composer is here presented in a convenient and substantial form, and sold at such a price as to place it within reach of all. "Elijah" has never been before published in this country, and was heretofore to be had only at a great cost, (\$10.) It is now offered to the public for \$2.

This Oratorio has always been considered the greatest work of its immortal author. The stormy incidents in the life of the great Prophet, presented in the course of the Oratorio, in connection with the dramatic character of the music itself, render it exceedingly interesting and attractive to an audience, whilst the character of the music affords the most valuable and interesting practice for music Societies and Associations. Orchestra parts, \$15.

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MADAME HENRIETTA SONTAG

WILL GIVE HER

Third Grand Concert

IN BOSTON,

SATURDAY EVENING, November 13th, 1852,
AT THE MELODEON,

PROGRAMME.

Part First.

1. Overture—*Leonora*. Beethoven.
By the combined Orchestras.
2. Romanza—*I Normanni*. Mercadante.
Signor CESARE BADIALLI.
3. Sacred Aria—*With verdure clad*. Haydn
Madame Henriette Sontag.
4. Piano.—ALFRED JAEHL.
5. Romanza—*Una furtiva lagrima*. Donizetti
Signor POZZOLINI.
6. Air, with variations. Rode.
Madame Henriette Sontag.

Part Second.

7. Overture—*Fra Diavolo*. Auber.
By the combined Orchestras.
 8. Swiss Song. Eckert.
Madame Henriette Sontag.
 9. Barcarole. Tadolini.
Signor ROCCO.
 10. Ballad—*'Tis the last rose*. Moore.
Madame Henriette Sontag.
 11. The Carnival of Venice. Paganini.
PAUL JULIEN.
 12. Duet—*'Elisir d'Amore*. Donizetti.
Madame Sontag and Signor Badialli.
Conductor, CARL ECKERT.
Leader, Mr. BERGMANN.
- Prices of Secured Seats—TWO, THREE, and ONE DOLLARS. To be had at Wade's Music Store, 137 Washington St. A limited number of seats will always be had at the door. On Tuesday, positively last Concert but one.

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More advanced scholars he will accompany on the violin in select pieces, as Sonatas, &c., by Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c.

Mr. F. refers to Gen. FESSENDEN, of Jamaica Plain, Dr. CALDWELL, 17 Tremont Row, and the GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY. Orders may be left at G. P. Reed's music store, Tremont Row, or at his residence, the Adams House, Washington street. H6 4t

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oct30

tf

L. H. SOUTHARD,

TEACHER OF MUSIC,

265 Washington Street, Boston.

Oct. 16.

3m

NATHAN RICHARDSON,

PROFESSOR OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

ROOMS, No. 1 Bulfinch, corner of Court Street. Hours, from 12 to 2. Letters may be addressed to his rooms, or at the Revere House. 25 tf

H. PERABEAU,

PROFESSOR OF THE PIANO-FORTE,

No. 1 Jefferson Place, S. Bennet St.

Mr. PERABEAU will speak German, French, or English, to his pupils during the lessons, if desired. Boston, Sept. 18. 24 3m

J. CHICKERING,

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Apr. 10.

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Boston Music Hall.

THE DIRECTORS of the BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION have much pleasure in announcing to the public that their building will be finished and opened with a

MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

On the Evening of November 20th.

It is proposed that the proceeds of the Concert, after deducting the expenses, shall be applied to form a Fund, which at some future day may enable them to furnish the Hall with an Organ of the first class.

On this occasion they will have the valuable assistance of the following Musical Societies of Boston, who have all generously offered their aid:

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY,
THE MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY,
THE MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY,
THE GERMANIA SERENADE BAND,
and the GERMANIA LIEDERTAFEL.

The Directors have also secured the services of

MME. MARIETTA ALBONI,

SIG. SANGIOVANNI,

SIG. ROVERE, and

SIG. ARDITI.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. Overture—*Zauberflöte*. Mozart.
By MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY.
2. Chorus, 'Hallelujah,' from 'Mount of Olives,' Beethoven.
By HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.
3. Song—*Casta Diva*. Bellini.
MADAME ALBONI.
4. German Part-Songs—
a. *Nachlied*. Lenz.
b. *Der Jäger Abschied*. Mendelssohn.
By KREISSMANN'S LIEDERTAFEL.
5. *Gruss an das Vaterland*, composed for Orchestra by
[Arranged for brass music by G. Schnapp.]
By GERMANIA SERENADE BAND.
6. Canzone, from *La Fille du Regiment*, "Ciao-ciao to thee." Donizetti.
MADAME ALBONI.
7. Chorus—"The Heavens are telling," from the "Creation." Haydn.
HANDEL AND HAYDN and MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETIES, united.

Part II.

8. Overture to *Oberon*. Weber.
By MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY.
9. Selections from the Oratorio of "St. Paul," Mendelssohn.
Aria—"Be thou faithful," &c.
Chorus—"Happy and blest," &c.
By MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY.
10. Trio, from *Il Barbiere*, "Ah quel colpa," Rossini.
MADAME ALBONI,
Sig. SANGIOVANNI, and
Sig. ROVERE.
11. Andante, from Fifth Symphony. Beethoven.
By MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY.
12. Rondo Finale, from *Centurion*, "Non più mesta." Rossini.
MADAME ALBONI.
13. Hallelujah Chorus from the "Messiah." Handel.
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Conductor, Mr. G. J. WEBB.

The price of Tickets to all parts of the Hall has been fixed at TWO DOLLARS.

A diagram of the Hall, showing the positions of the seats, (which are all numbered) may be seen, and Tickets procured, at the Ticket Office, (entrance from Winter Street,) on and after Wednesday, November 17th, at 9 A. M.

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J. K. SALOMONSKI has the honor to announce that, having returned to the city, he will resume his profession, and receive pupils in Singing and the Cultivation of the Voice. Application may be made at the United States Hotel, or at Mr. Salomonski's rooms, No. 36 Oxford Street. 4 tf

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RESPECTFULLY announce to the citizens of Boston and its vicinity, that during this their FOURTH SEASON, they intend giving a series of

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MIDLE CAROLINE LEHMANN,

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Boston Musical Fund Society.

THE GOVERNMENT respectfully announce to the Musical Public of Boston and vicinity, that the SIXTH SERIES OF PUBLIC PERFORMANCES will commence at the MELODEON, on FRIDAY, Sept. 17th, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Packages of Rehearsal Tickets of four each, at 50 cents per package, and Single Tickets at 25 cents each, may be obtained at the principal Music Stores and Hotels, and at the door on the afternoon of performance; also Subscription Tickets, at \$2 per package of six each for the Concerts, which will commence at the New Music Hall as soon as completed.

Associate Members are respectfully notified that their Tickets are ready for delivery at No. 4 Amory Hall, as also all the Tickets above named. Per order, JOS. N. PIERCE, Sec'y. 24 tf

The Germania Musical Society

RESPECTFULLY announce to their numerous friends, and the public in general, that it is their intention to remain the coming winter in the city of Boston for the purpose of giving, during this period, a series of TEN CONCERTS, (one Concert every two weeks,) like those given by them during the last winter, in this city, at which they will produce the masterworks of BEETHOVEN, MOZART, HAYDN, MENDELSSOHN, SPOHR, MEYERBEER, ROSSINI, &c., such as Symphonies, Overtures, Quartets, Quintets, and selections from the Italian and German Operas, Solos on almost every instrument used in their Orchestra, and a judicious portion of lighter music.

They are constantly adding to their already large Catalogue of choice Instrumental Music, the latest publications, by which they are now enabled to furnish entire new programmes for every Concert, and mostly of such pieces as have never before been performed in this city.

The best vocal talent available will be engaged for the Concerts. MR. ALFRED JAEHL, the celebrated and unrivalled Pianist, will perform at all of our Concerts for the whole season. The Concerts will be given at the splendid NEW MUSIC HALL, entrance on Winter street and Bumstead place.

A package containing Thirty Tickets, to be transferable, and be used at any of the Ten Subscription Concerts, \$10. Half Packages, Fifteen Tickets, \$5. Subscription Lists to be found at the Hotels and Music Stores. 23 tf

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THIS book has more real charms to all lovers of good old airs and sweet ballads, than all the modern improvements in music, sonnets, songs and ballads, which have been invented, written or conjured up, for the last fifth of a century. —*New Orleans Bulletin*.

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As a substantial and valuable present for Christmas and New Year's, we cannot too strongly recommend it. —*Louisville Journal*.

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DWIGHT'S Journal of Music.

A Paper of Art and Literature.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1852.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ACOUSTIC ARCHITECTURE,

OR, THE CONSTRUCTION OF BUILDINGS WITH REFERENCE TO SOUND AND THE BEST MUSICAL EFFECT.

V.

Hitherto our attention has been directed mostly to the facts and principles which we conceived to be connected, more or less intimately, with the question at issue. We come now to the practical application of these facts and principles in the architecture of a building designed especially for musical effect.

Doubtless the conditions most favorable for the distinct perception and full appreciation of music are to be found in the free air, where the medium through which the sound passes is without admixture, and nothing interposes or bounds to alloy the purity of tone, to absorb, interrupt or dissipate the sonorous waves, or throw back upon the ear the disturbing influences of reflection or reverberation. There is no sublimer sound than the mingling of a thousand voices and instruments in an open field; so, on the surface of a lake, in a calm evening, music will seem to fill the air with a distinctness of utterance and melt upon the ear with a delicacy not elsewhere found. Handel knew this when he contrived his celebrated water music to gratify his sovereign, George I., whose anger he had incurred. But, in the nature of things, with a climate like ours, especially, it is rare that music can be thus worshipped at her own shrine. Moreover the

sensitiveness of many of the instruments which compose the orchestra, at the present day, forbids their ever being used, without injury, in the open air.

In the construction of a Concert Room, therefore, our efforts should be directed to overcome, as far as possible, the imperfections to which every musical performance is necessarily subjected when confined within the four walls of a building. Theoretically, could we secure the ready passage and equal diffusion of sound over the whole apartment, without the intervention of reverberation or disturbing echoes, we should have a perfect Music Room, in every part of which the auditor would hear with equal distinctness and accuracy. How to approximate to this is the problem that here demands our serious attention.

In the discussion of this question, we shall consider the subject with reference to the following particulars: viz., Position, Shape, Proportion, Size or Capacity, Nature of Materials and Mode of Construction for the walls and ceiling, Ventilation, Warming and Lighting, together with the details of the interior of the structure, so far as relates to the form and finish of its principal parts.

It seems almost superfluous, in this connection, to allude to the necessity of a retired position or other measures to exclude external sound, as an important requisite of a Concert Room. But these are points hitherto much neglected.

In every large city the multitudinous cries and sounds of busy life produce a constant discord, which the spirit of music seeks to avoid. Much of the difficulty and annoyance complained of in the old House of Commons buildings, resulted from this cause alone.

The SITE, therefore, of every building intended for musical purposes should be such as to exclude, as far as possible, all access to these external sounds, whether by direct communication or by conduction. If position alone will not secure this desideratum, much can be done, in aid of the object, by the proper construction of the building itself. It is advantageous, on this account, to have corridors extending completely round the room, thus cutting off all direct communication from without. Double walls and windows are also very efficacious in excluding noise. The number and position of the windows and doors is, likewise, important.

Attention to this particular is, also, necessary in the arrangement of the apertures for the admission of cold air from without for purposes

of ventilation, as well as in the methods adopted for the escape of vitiated air, the product of respiration and combustion. In no case should these openings communicate directly with a noisy street or vicinity. Dr. D. B. Reid suggests,* when such connection is unavoidable, that all these openings be arranged in such a manner that while air is freely permitted to enter or to escape, the sound will have to be several times reflected in its passage, and thus be stifled or destroyed.

2. The proper FORM or SHAPE of a room intended for sound has been a subject of much dispute.

On this point, the evidence of the witnesses examined by the Committee of the House of Commons is at variance. But in the case of the apartments in the Commons Buildings, submitted to the judgment of so many eminent architects and scientific men, there were peculiar difficulties to be overcome, resulting from Parliamentary habits of debate. There, as in our own Legislative Halls, the members speak from their places, and the speaker is an ever varying object with reference to the audience. It was required, therefore, to produce a room from every point in which a speaker could be heard with equal facility as in all other parts. This it was that most seriously embarrassed the plans of all the architects summoned, and is sufficient to account for the great diversity of opinions expressed. In this form, indeed, it seems to us a problem incapable of being solved by any of the known principles of science. In a music room, fortunately, we have to deal with sounds which originate in but one portion of the apartment, and which are, therefore, far more within our control.

As to shape, the circular, the quadrangular, the oblong, have all found their advocates. The principal argument in favor of a circular form is drawn from the fact that all the ancient theatres, Greek and Roman, are so constructed; the conclusion being that, had not this been peculiarly favorable to hearing, it would not have been so generally adopted. But, however much the Greeks and Romans excelled in their dramatic representations and in the arts of eloquence and oratory, they knew little or nothing of music, as at present understood, and the use of the ancient theatre would ill comport with the requirements of a modern concert room. Both the player and the orator, in great part appealed to the eye in

* Reid's Illustrations of Ventilation; Art., Communication of Sound.

aid of the intended effect, while the ear unaided takes cognizance of music. In a large concourse the circle, doubtless, combines more advantages for seeing than any other. But for distinct hearing the case is far different. For the reasons stated in a preceding chapter, such conformation in the walls of a building is especially liable to reverberation or the prolongation of the residuary sound, an effect which is fatal to distinct hearing and more than anything else perhaps mars the excellence of a musical performance. On the same principle we must reject the semi-circle, the oval, ellipse, and all other modifications of the circular form. So, also, should arched ceilings, rounded corners, domes, concavities and all curvilinear forms, in whatever part of the room, be discarded, as much as possible, as tending to augment the reverberatory power, and as having the effect, moreover, to collect and throw the sound in masses in different points, instead of allowing its equal diffusion throughout the whole apartment.

The quadrangular form is not liable to the objections above stated, but there is a greater lateral expansion and consequent loss of sound in a square room than in one of the same area whose length is greater than its width; hence, in a room of the latter shape, a given sound will be conveyed to all parts of it with greater force than in the former case.

There are other objections, also, to this figure, which will be alluded to hereafter.

It is considered by many that, in a *small* room, the shape is of little or no consequence, as regards the sound, inasmuch as the ear, (say they,) cannot appreciate its defects. This is, no doubt, true in a room whose greatest diameter does not exceed fifty-five feet, so far as direct reflection is concerned; but, as we have already observed, in the case of the recitation rooms at Girard college, which come inside of these measurements, the *reverberation* may yet be very great.

Our Melodeon is imperfectly ellipsoidal in shape, with smooth walls and ceilings. Its length, width and height are, respectively, 113½, 57 and 35 feet. In the centre of the ceiling, which is flat, is an immense dome whose diameter at the opening is thirty-three feet. When moderately filled, as at the Musical Fund Society's rehearsals, the reverberation, as we have found by repeated experiments, is from two to two and a half seconds, a condition which is fatal to the distinct utterance of passages in music of even moderate rapidity.

The three most successful concert rooms in England are rectangular and oblong in figure, with rectilinear walls, joined by a coving of moderate extent to a flat ceiling.

THE PROPORTIONS, as well as the form of a music room, are not a matter of indifference. We have already noticed the tendency of one vibrating body or medium to throw another, in contact or in its immediate vicinity, into a similar state of vibration. In this way the oscillations of the contained air of a room, communicated to its walls, produce therein a sympathetic vibration, which will be more or less perfect according as the structure of these walls, their sub-divisions and general relations of length, width and height approximate to the acoustic conditions required. From this comes *resonance*, as we understand, the existence of which, to a considerable extent, in some rooms gives to the voice that peculiar bril-

liancy and resilient power which every singer must have noticed.

Mr. Gardiner long since suggested the observance of some definite form and proportions in the construction of music rooms. He recommended the figure of two cubes as a model. In this he derived his ideas from observation in the old cathedrals of Europe, which, he found, most approximated to this form, and were among the finest music rooms in existence. More recently, also, Mr. J. Scott Russell has advocated the use of aliquot parts of some common multiple, for the proportions, in length, width and height, of speaking and concert rooms, though upon what grounds we do not find distinctly stated.*

Our own belief is that we are to look for the explanation of these requirements simply to the phenomena exhibited in the vibration of musical strings and pipes.

Says Mr. Herschell:

A cord, although vibrating freely, may yet have any number of points equally distributed at aliquot parts of its whole length, which never leave the axis, and between which the vibrating portions are equal and similar. Such points of rest are called *nodes* or *nodal points*; the intermediate portions which vibrate are termed *ventral segments*.

In illustration of this, says Prof. Pierce, in his able elementary treatise on sound:

If the string of a violin or violoncello, while maintained in vibration by the action of the bow, be lightly touched with the finger, or a feather, exactly in the middle, or at one third of its length, it will not cease to vibrate, but its vibrations will be diminished in extent and increased in frequency, and a note will become audible, fainter but much more acute than the original, or as it is termed the fundamental note of the string, and corresponding in the former case to a double, in the latter to a triple rapidity of vibration. If a small piece of light paper, cut into the form of an inverted V, be set astride on the string, it will be violently agitated, and, probably, thrown off when placed in the middle of a ventral segment, while at a node it will ride quietly as if the string were (as it really is at those points,) at perfect rest. The sounds thus produced are termed *harmonics*.

But if a string, in the act of vibration, be touched at any other than these nodal points, its vibrations will be immediately confused and clogged. Precisely thus, in our view, in the case of the walls of an apartment. Here the whole extent of the wall, enclosing the four sides, may be regarded in the light of a vibrating string; and the angles of the wall should come in the points, required by the harmonic subdivision of the vibrating surface, which we have just seen must be placed at aliquot parts of its entire length. These angles would then mark the nodal points or points of rest. And following out this reasoning, we would go still further and suggest that all the necessary breakages by pillars, pilasters, doors and windows, should correspond with the nodal points in the wall, so as thus to interfere as little as possible with the free vibration of the whole or its parts.

A room thus constructed will possess distinctly its key note, which every public speaker will find it to his comfort to seek out and regard. U.

* The proportions of the Boston Music Hall, now just completed, are in accordance with Mr. Russell's views in this respect, being in length, width and height, respectively, 130, 78, and 65 feet.

Music is a prophecy of what life is to be; the rainbow of promise translated out of seeing into hearing.

Gleanings from recent German Musical Periodicals.

We find the following interesting account of the fate of Mozart's original score of *Figaro's Hochzeit* (Marriage of Figaro) in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, published at Leipsic. It is contained in a communication to that periodical from Herr Volkmar Schurig of Dresden.

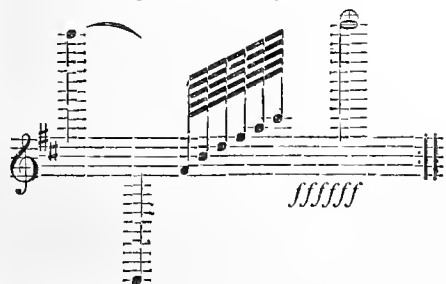
"An actor, named Schickedanz, purchased this score at the sale of Mozart's effects, after his death, towards the end of 1791. He was, as is supposed, the director of a wandering company of players, with whom, taking of course the score with him, he visited the town of Schuseberg, lying among the *Erzgebirge*, or Ore-Mountains, of Saxony. In this place, at the time, a musical society was in successful operation, which had a library consisting of some two hundred great works, and by purchase of Schickedanz added *Figaro's Hochzeit* to the number. This was about the year 1800. Ten years later the society was dissolved and its archives distributed among the persons then composing the officers, and for a long space Mozart's score seemed entirely forgotten. At length the former members of the society concluded to dispose of its property, and some part was sold, some given away. In this manner a school teacher in Schuseberg, by the name of Müller, obtained the *Figaro*, which he afterwards sold to the town musician of the neighboring village of Aue. In 1848, this gentleman, Herr Schnrig, gave it to his son, the correspondent above mentioned, who is ready to show it to any admirer of Mozart at his residence in Dresden. The Italian text is written by Mozart's own hand; but the German words, together with two pages of accompanied recitative in the third Act, are by that of another.

Mlle. Marie Wieck. We some time since (Vol. I. No. 17) published part of a letter of the father of the celebrated Clara Wieck, now Clara Schumann, in which the success of another daughter as a pianist is spoken of. We have just met with a notice of her three concerts in Dresden last winter, which is worth translating, as a specimen of the programmes on such occasions abroad and as showing the powers of that very young lady:

"After the ice of the concert season had been broken here by the Historic Concerts of the Theatrical Corps, followed in quick succession the following concerts and soirées. Thus it happened that the genuine Chamber and Concert music found a friend in Miss Wieck, who gave three soirées, in which she in her well known superb manner brought to hearing the following piano-forte compositions:—the Concerto in G minor, with orchestral accompaniment, by Mendelssohn; the first movement of the Sonata, opus 106, and the Sonata op. 57, by Beethoven; the quintet in E♭ major by Schumann and the quartet in G minor by Mozart. Of minor compositions, Variations in E♭ major by Handel; Fugue in C♯ major by Bach; movement from a Sonata by Scarlatti; jig in G major by Mozart; Minuets by Haydn and Mozart; Grand Polonaise in E♭ and Moment Capricieux by C. M. Von Weber; Dead March, Study in G♭, Mazurka in F♯ minor and Notturmo in E♭ by Chopin; and finally pieces for the *salon* by by Kullok and Schulhoff. The smaller pieces were so selected and arranged in such order as to form 'a character-

istic succession of illustrations of the history of music and piano forte playing, which however lost what was truly peculiar, as the artist, as in case of Mozart's jig, though playing the music, gave it neither in his musical style nor in that of the piano-forte playing of his time. Of her assistants in these concerts, are worthy of note Fraulein Anna Classig of Leipzie, who appeared in some praiseworthy vocal efforts, and Herr Carl Eisuer, Russian Chamber musician, the unsurpassable hornist. The performance of Beethoven's overture to King Stephen by the orchestra of Herr Kunze at the first concert was worthy of praise, while on the other hand the orchestral accompaniments to the solos left much to be desired."

Kladderadatsch, a Berlin periodical of the *Punch* order, gives the following as Meyerbeer's last vocal composition for Soprano:



The following, though from rather an old paper (*Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, April 2nd,) may perhaps be interesting:

"A violinist, named Remenyi, a Hungarian by birth, is exciting in Paris much attention. He was a friend and constant companion of Görgey, with him in all his campaigns, and was in the habit of exciting his countrymen by playing national melodies, and of chasing the clouds from the brow of the General by his tones. After Görgey, however, at the head of 40,000 brave troops, surrendered to the Russians, the artist tore himself from his former friend and now wanders homeless through the world with no friend but his violin."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Hint about Music Halls.

MR. EDITOR: Your correspondent on the subject of "Acoustic Architecture," has given us much that is interesting as regards the "medium" of sound, but it is to be hoped he has much more to say in respect to the building itself. For while the medium must always be such common air as is good to breathe, the structure itself may admit of very great variety of material and shape. In the mean time, I have thought that a fact which once fell under my observation, might be worthy of consideration, as furnishing some hints of importance toward the right shape of a music hall.

A church, somewhat long and narrow, was enlarged by building on at the rear or end opposite the organ loft, what is commonly called a T; this addition, or T, being a good deal longer than the church itself, a trifle deeper, and some five or six feet higher, and arched overhead, as was also the original building. The new part being entirely finished, the temporary partition between the old and new was pulled down, and lo! the result:—Suddenly, the poor old organ, hitherto so "harsh and crude," flowed forth in

strains so æolian, so "dulcet and harmonious," that if certain stars did not "shoot madly from their spheres," we at least had sound reason for being much better contented to keep our seats.

And now for the inference. As the figure of the swan or duck suggests the model of the ship, so should the trumpet, suggest that of the music hall. That is, the orchestra or choir should be placed at the small end of a room, which, starting from the same, should expand on every side, and terminate trumpet or bell-mouthed. Let not this seem whimsical or impracticable, for it is not so much a theory, as the suggestion of actual experience.

Your correspondent of the "Diary" favors this view, by his instance of the good effect of a choir placed at the end of a long hall; and I am sorry, in return for so good a hint, to think how his scheme, for making harmony depend upon the position of the seats, is about to be, in a great measure, swallowed up in this of your humble servant's.

Again, the reason why those singing in theatres, from the stage towards the house, produce so good an effect, may be perhaps now better understood, by observing that their *position* is, so to speak, bell-mouthed. That is, the volume of air upon which they act, may be called bell-shaped, or be said to bear a strong resemblance to the horn or speaking trumpet, they standing at the mouth-piece of the same.

But the chief argument in its favor, and which must of course be the strongest in any case, is, that reverberation is completely obviated. That detestable sensation so common in every rectangular hall, is unknown in a building thus constructed. And this too, whether the seats are filled or not. Whether it be that the sound is spent, or that it has the right play; and whether is to be desired for sound, an outlet, or a right direction, one, or both, might perhaps be a subject for further consideration. If the general idea has now been made clear enough to be understood, I must leave it to better scholars and draughtsmen to develop and apply it as it deserves.

LEGATO.

Nov. 10th, 1852.

Correspondence.

New York Correspondence.

FIRST CONCERT OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

NEW YORK, NOV. 15, 1852.

DEAR DWIGHT: "The Symphony of Beethoven depends wholly on its last movement for what applause it obtains; the rest is eccentric without being amusing, and laborious without effect." Thus wrote the critic of a London musical periodical, at a time when Beethoven's Eighth Symphony was still new.

"The Symphony of Beethoven in F is one of those very original works which puzzle on a first hearing, become better understood after a second and third, and I thoroughly satisfy on a fourth. The company seemed enchanted by the whole of it, and, *una voce*, encored the second movement, an *allegro scherzando* in B \flat ."

And thus wrote the same critic a few years later. The last sentence will apply as well to the performance of the Symphony by our Philharmonic Saturday evening, as it did to its production by the London Philharmonic in 1832.

How much of one's own pleasure at a concert depends upon his fellow auditors! And Saturday evening it was good to be there—in Niblo's saloon. The room is small, not admitting more than 700 or 800 auditors, I judge; but these—with one unlucky exception, whose loud talking was hissed down, thank heaven!—gave themselves heart and soul to the music, and showed that they fully appreciated the master of masters, as his thoughts were conveyed to us by the superb performance of that fine orchestra.

The concert opened with the Symphony, and every bar added to my astonishment at the terms in which one of our musical reporters last winter ventured to characterize this magnificent work. "Unworthy of its author!" Is 'Twelfth Night,' or 'As You Like It,' unworthy of Shakspeare because the one is not like 'Lear,' nor the other like 'Hamlet?' The Symphony in F is as much Beethoven, as that in D or that in C minor. The difference is in the subject. If the C minor Symphony is the master's interpretation of all that is awful and gloomy in the struggles of the human mind in view of the highest mysteries of existence, that in F is a no less masterly exponent of the highest cheerfulness, of the brightest joys, the sunniest hours of life. See how at the very opening, in the first bar, he strikes at once into the most delicious bit of melody for a theme—one worthy of Haydn himself. Throughout the whole movement the same thought appears and disappears, now peeping out here, now winking at us there, delicate as Ariel when inspiring the oboe, putting on a comic clumsiness in the basses, and going through as many shapes as Proteus himself, as it passes from one instrument to another. The *Allegro Scherzando*!—was there ever anything more playful? Haydn himself never surpassed it; and, with the exception of the Andante of his first Symphony, I have never heard anything of Beethoven's, which so continually recalls Father Haydn to mind as this movement of the No. VIII. Yet when it was written, the composer had not heard a note of Haydn's music for years. Moreover, he had struck out and carried to perfection his own original style. It could not have been an imitation. How can we then account for the resemblance, but on the theory that true musicians express similar emotions in similar language? There is a joyous and brilliant work of Mozart's with a movement quite like this in its general form and effect.

The Minuet is Beethoven in every note, and the trio for horns is ravishing; but alas, it requires *hornists*! Here we had them. The close was a fit crown to the work. If the *Pastorale* breathes in every note the tranquil delights of the woods and fields and running waters in May and June, the Eighth paints the brilliant sunshine of midsummer and the merry Harvest time.

The next instrumental piece was the first movement of Hummel's Concerto, in B minor, the piano-forte by Mr. Timm. How finely that gentleman plays you need not be told. The deeply melancholy character of the music was admirably conveyed in the performance of both pianist and orchestra, and was doubly effective from its contrast to the Symphony.

The Second part of the Concert opened with Gade's overture, entitled "Reminiscences of Ossian," in A minor. Gade's compositions are fast becoming favorites, wherever a good orchestra is

to be found. They are all imbued with that same spirit, which Longfellow has so deeply infused into many of his compositions—the spirit of the old Sagas and Runes. His music breathes the free air of the North, the loneliness of the unploughed ocean, the dim shadowy grandeur of the Scandinavian mythology. His overture: “In the Highlands,” and one of his symphonies, which I have heard, as well as these “Souvenirs of Ossian,” are fine specimens of his style. They are all of the highest romantic character, and in the very spirit of Mendelssohn. Grandeur of thought, a noble breadth in the themes, and the freshness of an original nature characterize them. The one under consideration is very beautiful indeed, and reminds one of the “Fingal’s Cave” Overture.

Niels W. Gade is now but thirty-four years old. Heaven grant him a long career! He is a Copenhagen by birth, and first made himself known in Germany as a violin virtuoso. The estimation in which he is held may be judged from the fact, that he was appointed to succeed Mendelssohn as conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipsic. During the troubles of 1848 he returned to Denmark, but I learn that for two or three years past he has again been performing the duties of his appointment. As the mantle of Elijah fell upon his successor, so does the mantle of Mendelssohn seem to have fallen to some extent upon Gade.

A trio, Variations upon a theme from “Joseph,” performed upon two violins and a violoncello by Messrs. Noll, Reyer and Eichhorn, was received with applause. The concert closed with the Overture to Litolf’s *Robespierre*, which I am told is a fine work, but did not hear it.

The vocal pieces were performed by two young German ladies, Fraulein Minna and Louisa Tournay. They sang a couple of duets by Mendelssohn, the “Voyager’s Song” and the “May bells and the Flowers,” two gems, exquisitely. The *O luce di quest’ anima*, from Donizetti, by Fraulein Minna, was very coldly received. German songs are plainly their forte.

Now, who can explain the phenomenon, that the performance of such music, by such an orchestra, in a city of half a million of inhabitants, should, in the eleventh year of the society’s existence, draw an audience only large enough to fill that comparatively small saloon? However, there is consolation to an auditor in the thought that the select few who do attend, are one in their appreciation and love of the loftiest and noblest in music.

A. W. T.

Our Leipsic Correspondence.

THE GEWANDHAUS CONCERTS — SCHUMANN — BEETHOVEN’S SYMPHONIES — HERR LAUB — SPOHR — GADE — AN ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL AND A LESSON FOR HORN-PLAYERS.

LEIPSIC, Oct. 24th, 1852.

It may not be uninteresting to you and your good readers, to hear something of the musical doings in this atmosphere, at the opening of the season. The fame of the “Gewandhaus Concerts” has already reached you, and to be assured that the excellently trained orchestra of that institution still retains its perfection, and delights the musical world with its interpretation of the master spirits, will not perhaps be unwelcome to your ears. The season has commenced with unusual brilliancy, and from the prospect thus

held out, we who are looking with increased hope for the remainder thereof, may justly consider ourselves no small objects of envy to those who cannot participate in the same pleasure.

The former Director (Capellmeister Rietz) having retired, and the baton being resigned into the hands of Ferdinand David, the eminent violinist, some little anxiety was felt, not from any doubt of the abilities of the latter, but from the fact that any new director, be he who he may, has not that perfect control over an orchestra, which is held by one with whom they are familiar; the peculiar turn of his wand, and the expression of his eye have not the magnetic influence which is exercised by an old friend. David’s loss, too, as first violin was to be regretted. However, apprehensions proved groundless; father and son seemed very soon to understand each other, and to enter with right good will into the work before them.

The first concert, which took place about three weeks since, commenced with the overture to “Genoveva,” by Robert Schumann, a composer, upon whose merits, as is usually the case, the world seems unable to agree. Like every other author in the full tide of his career, he has his friends and his foes; nor is it safe, particularly for a young critic, to predict as to the precise stand he is to take in the eyes of our posterity, in the ranks of musical authors. As for myself, I cannot deny having received unmitigated pleasure from many of his works, and from none more than this overture. That he is not a favorite with the public generally, is no less true. There is a peculiar rhythm, and a sort of feverish restlessness that render many of his passages and melodies unintelligible. As a proof of this, the opera, for which this overture was written, was represented two or three years since in Leipsic, to one or two lamentable audiences, and has not been touched since. The music of the opera I do not hesitate to pronounce charming, being full of energy, abounding in bits of exquisite melody, and scored in the most masterly and brilliant manner. But enough of “Genoveva.”

As is usual, the space between the overture and the symphony, (the *alpha* and the *omega* of the programme,) was filled with solo performances, for which department a *cantatrice* from the Dresden opera, Mlle. Büry, and a harpist from London had been engaged. The former is rather a pleasing singer, possessing, however, no very great power, nor a very high degree of perfection in execution. The lower tones of her voice were the best. She sang an Italian aria of Weber’s, not one of his best productions, and, strange to say, a cavatina from “Ernani.” I was present at every concert of the last season, and as Verdi did not once make his appearance throughout, I formed the conclusion to my great delight, that it was against all rules of the Institution to admit him. It seems, however, that such is not the case and that no opportunity is denied the fair *débutantes* of the “Gewandhaus” of displaying their brilliancy and powers, let them select whatever composer they may. The harpist, Mr. Thomas, executed the duties of his humble sphere, in the shape of two fantasias upon Italian melodies, in the most exemplary manner, sweeping the strings of his instrument with unwonted rapidity, rushing three or four times from top to bottom and back again almost in as many seconds, and illustrating to the best of his ability the fact

that this instrument, admirably adapted to the accompaniment of a lady’s voice in the parlor, has no effect in a concert room. He did his duty, and was amply repaid therefor by most rapturous applause.

The concert closed, as it should, with breathings of the immortal Beethoven, the Symphony in A. Of the work itself, let me be silent; of the manner in which it was rendered, I will say a word or two. It is in these symphonies that the “Gewandhaus” orchestra is most at home, and displays its perfection to the best advantage. Having been drilled in them for years, they are almost able, as I heard one of their number remark, “to play them from memory and without rehearsal.” Their precision, particularly in the stringed instruments, was wonderfully exemplified. I was particularly struck in the first movement with the *contrabasses*; they seemed to feel most sensibly the marvellous eloquence Beethoven had thrown into their part, and the delightful privilege he had given them of handling so beautifully the graceful and stately figure which forms the theme of the movement. That wonderful *pianissimo* effect in the commencement of the second part of the movement was admirably given by them. The wailing of the ‘cellos, too, in the Andante was an instance of the perfection of the stringed instruments. The Scherzo, one of the grandest relics of the mighty genius, seem to call forth all the energies of the orchestra, and how could it fail to do so? It is at this point that the greatest intensity of feeling is excited, and the soul thrills with the inspiration of the work to the farthest stretch of enthusiasm, so that one is almost in too great a frenzy to listen to or perform the Finale with the steadiness it requires.

But I am imperceptibly led on to a discussion of the composition, notwithstanding my promise to preserve a religious silence thereupon. I must pass on to other wonders. The second concert, with the exception of the Symphony, was more brilliant than the first, commencing with that gorgeous overture of Weber’s, “Euryanthe.” I wondered while listening to it, that it was not oftener played. Though perhaps not equal to the world-renowned “Der Freyschütz,” or the no less admired “Oberon,” it is still a glorious relic of this delightful composer, and one does not hear enough of it. The same *prima donna* appeared as at the first concert, and with rather a better selection. She gave the aria from Haydn’s “Creation,” (“With verdure clad,”) very delightfully; also a cavatina from “Puritani.” A gem of the concert was Mendelssohn’s violin concerto, beautifully and artistically played by a violinist from Prague, Herr Laub. Though I had heard it the former season played by David, yet my enjoyment on this occasion did not suffer in the least. The artist is quite young, of not more than twenty years, though he displayed the ease and purity of tone of an experienced *virtuoso*. The composition itself has all the characteristic vigor and energy of the composer, and may rank among his greatest works. The same artist also played a Fantasia of Vieuxtemps.

The Symphony was the *Weihe der Töne* (“Consecration of Tones”) of Spohr. This is well known in America, and needs therefore little commentary. It is truly a delicious composition, in which the most pleasing ideas are treated with all the skill that science can produce. Spohr

may perhaps be styled the most learned writer that exists; and a work of this kind, in which was to be described the application of musical tone to every human emotion and pursuit, was perhaps safest in the hands of one who seems to have carried his researches into every corner of the science, and bestowed his ample talents upon every species of composition that the art possesses. It may be a question, however, whether at times there is not too much learning displayed in Spohr's music. One tires of those rich harmonies and never ceasing modulations, which invariably produce a cloyed sensation, and have a diminished effect the more they are repeated.

The third concert, though less effective than the other two, still had its beauties. An Overture (*Les Abencerrages*) from the delightful pen of Cherubini! Why is it that one hears so little of this dear old master? It is a mystery that no one seems able to solve, and which every musician wonders at, after hearing one of his works. In America he seems as yet entirely unknown, but it is to be hoped his productions will soon be rescued from oblivion. A new overture of Gade, *Im Hochland*, ("In the Highlands"), also gave great pleasure. The Scotch character was finely portrayed throughout. The vocal part consisted of an aria from Mozart's "Figaro," and a song of Schubert, sung by the basso of the Leipsic Theatre. Beethoven's Concerto for Piano in G was very nicely played by a young lady of the Conservatoire, who wanted, however, the requisite power to give its due effect. Finally, we had Schumann's Symphony in B flat, admirably performed by the incomparable orchestra. I will conclude as I began, that it is not for me to pronounce upon the absolute merits or demerits of the composer, where there exists so much contention. I will only say, personally I derived great pleasure from it. Before concluding, I would like to mention a little incident that took place at one of the rehearsals at which I was present, merely to illustrate the hearty good will and whole-souled feeling with which a German musician does his duty; nor is it only a duty with him, but a true pleasure. A passage occurred in the overture of Schumann which presented some difficulty for the horns, and to which the *Concertmeister* desired a peculiar effect to be given. After causing them to repeat the passage many times while the rest of the orchestra were waiting, to which they submitted with perfect good nature, he at length suffered them to go on, expressing, however, his doubts as to its entire success on the following evening. To my great delight, I saw the hornists remaining after the rehearsal when everybody had left the room, and heard them commence to practice their two bars with earnest determination and perseverance. I was struck with the contrast to what I had often seen in America, where a musician, after being made to repeat a phrase once or twice, takes offence, refuses to go on, perhaps goes out of the orchestra, and on the evening of performance, whether from indifference or intentional malice, renders the passage worse than ever. Such things should not be allowed, and are, I am sorry to say, one of the evil consequences of rehearsals *a la grand concert*.

But I fear having trespassed upon your patience, and taken too much space in your *Journal*, and shall take leave for the present, promising further accounts of our doings hereafter.

J. C. D. P.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. IX.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1. Bang, bang, bang! If they would only *play* their drums instead of beating the unhappy sheep-skin at this monstrous rate, 'twould do. Here for the last three weeks, what with parades, and target-shootings, and firemen's processions, and whig turnouts, and democratic meetings, all with their hands, marching up and down these narrow streets, it has been a perfect pandemonium to a nervous man. I never heard it so anywhere else. But here the whole art and mystery of drumming seems to be explained in Macbeth's recipe, "Lay on, Macduff!"

Pound, pound, pound! one continual, incessant din; or if a moment's cessation occurs, it is only to take breath, and get strength for a still fiercer onslaught. Try to listen to the melody played by the wind instruments! you might as well listen to a song in Bedlam. Though oftentimes one hears no note of the music amid the noise and confusion of the crowded streets, the lusty blows of these sledge-hammer men are never so happily disposed of. Thank fortune! the time is about over for these displays. No matter who is elected to-morrow, all the drums of one party will be laid at rest.

Hark! there it is again, away down street just turning the corner. Bang, bang, bang! pound, pound, pound! as hollow and dead between the lofty walls which line the street, as was the pounding on the barrel of new cider, when I was a boy—nay, less musical. There it comes—just as ever—not a note—or rather, only here and there a note of the music to be heard; and, bless me, I'll warrant that it is the big one, which requires two men to carry it, and is only pounded on one end, that the pounder may pound the more ponderously—yes, 'tis so!

Pound, pound, pound! slam-bang!—I can't stand it—here it comes—'twill soon be by. What?—stopping directly under our window!—Farewell, friends, I am going—going—

Would that I had strength to finish this curs—

[Note by a friend.—"Cursory jotting" was to have closed the sentence, but at this point the "Diarist" collapsed—which the drums did not, more 's the pity!]

"Mr. Balfe is in Berlin, and it is rumored that he will be the director of the Italian opera in that capital." So say the English papers. The last Italian opera in that city dragged out a miserable existence, kept alive mainly by the munificence of one or two noblemen, until last winter, when, if I am rightly informed, it was given up entirely. Balfe had better save his money than engage in such a speculation.

Speaking of Balfe, this is the way a writer spoke of him as long ago as 1831.

"This young man, (an Irishman by birth,) if all we have heard of him be true, is a real musical genius. After making a kind of *début* some years ago, as a juvenile violin payer, at a theatrical benefit, we have heard that, led by his enthusiastic love for the art, he made his way to Italy *on foot*. In that country he met with patronage which enabled him to enter on a course of study; and his inclination, and a fine bass voice, led him to cultivate, especially, composition and singing. About three years ago, he returned for a short time to London, and we heard him in private sing a cavatina of his own composition, which, though rather Rossini-ish, was very creditable to his abilities as a composer; and the great scene of Assur, in the second act of *Semiramide*, in a style that his acknowledged prototype, Lablache, need not have been ashamed of. His voice was a bass of two octaves' compass, from F to F; and he possessed much energy of manner and great flexibility of execution."

The above was a note to the following Musical Report from Piacenza. "Two foreign artists, Mlle. Josephine Noël-Fabre, and an Englishman of the name of William Balfe, are great favorites here at present. (Feb. 1831.) The applause which they obtained in *La Gazza Ladra* and *Mutilla Shabran*, recently given here, was very flattering."

Nov. 2. The following anecdote illustrates happily how a good composer sets about his work when writing for the voice. The anecdote is authentic.

Weber, when in London, was engaged to write a song for that excellent singer, Miss Stephens, the words from

Lalla Rookh. In order to ensure the proper effect in the music to be composed, he considered it necessary to read the whole poem, and render himself master, not only of the meaning of the lines he was to set to music, considered by themselves, but of their meaning as illustrated by their situation in, and connection with, the general story, before he committed a note to paper.

Also the following. The celebrated German bass singer, Fischer, for whom Mozart wrote the part of Sarastro in the *Zauberflöte*, and Osmin in the *Seraglio*, had a voice of wonderful extent. At the same time his was the legitimate tone of a bass, firm and round, and his execution smoother than was then usual with voices of his calibre. In Winter's *Maria von Montalban*, there is a song written for him which contains the following passage:



[Please correct a date in the last number of the "Diary." The elder Miss Davies died in 1792, not in 1772, as the *Journal* prints it, to my dismay.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 20, 1852.

The Boston Music Hall—its Favorable Site—Execution of the Design.

II.

In our last we traced the rise and progress of the enterprise down to the point at which it was fairly committed into the hands of the architect and builders. A brief account of the execution of the design will complete this history. We are more anxious just here that our statements should be perfectly authentic, than that they should compose an interesting article. Especially, since there have been various and contradictory distributions of credit in the matter, in newspapers and in common talk, we have taken pains to be able to give the names of all the various parties who have, in their several departments, contributed by their invention or their labor to the grand result. That result we shall not yet describe, nor say how far it justifies the hopes of its projectors. We find it hard to blend description of the full-blown flower, with such dry details of the manner in which the plant was raised. The time for that has not yet come. This evening, for the first time, will our Music Hall be whole; the scene we shall this evening witness will be something to inspire description. Next week we will attempt a strictly unprofessional spectators' and auditors' description of the Hall; we will record the *effect* of the realized design, with any comments which may then occur. We name the builders now; to-night their work itself shall praise them, more fully and more justly, than we could do it in anticipation. We hope then to *record* the success of our new hall, instead of now showing why it should succeed.

One word, however, in passing, of the site selected. This was the vacant lot of ground, formerly known as the "Bumstead Estate," situated midway between Tremont and Washington, and between Winter and Bromfield streets, together with a small estate adjoining it on the south-west, containing 16,642 square feet. Together they form a parallelogram extending from the foot of Bumstead Place to within 110 feet of Winter street, and from the Marlboro' Chapel to the foot of Hamilton Place. This position is retired, and at the same time central and con-

venient of access, having ready approach from three different streets. A right of way has been secured for carriages to pass through Bumstead Place and thence into Bromfield street, leaving visitors at the northern entrance of the building. From Winter street a passage-way, 15 feet wide and 110 feet long, conducts to the southern entrance.

The following statements are made on the authority of the architect himself, whose ingenuity in adapting a most irregular polygon of land, bounded by some thirty sides, to the harmonious proportions of the building as it stands, (and that with an economy that left no foot of ground unoccupied,) demands our admiration, no less than the design itself artistically viewed.

As soon as the plans of the substructure were prepared, and the contract for its construction signed, Mr. Snell left for England to acquire further information with reference to music halls. He submitted his design to Mr. J. Scott Russell, Dr. Faraday and others. The former suggested an alteration in the end gallery, which has been deepened according to his advice. During the absence of the architect the foundations were laid and the works carried on under the direction of his former pupil, Mr. B. F. Dwight, now established as an architect in this city, who had assisted him in the design.

Mr. Alpheus C. Morse was engaged by the architect as his assistant in the early part of this year, and in the exercise of his refined taste he has materially aided him in perfecting the beauty of the interior, especially in the colored decorations.

Dr. Morrill Wyman, of Cambridge, has arranged the system of ventilation and heating. His well-established reputation for science and skill ensures the comfort of visitors in this particular. The contractors for the painting, gilding and glazing, are Messrs. W. F. Goodwin and T. D. Morris; and they have reason to be proud of their work. The ornamental modellings for the plastering and the carving have been executed with much artistic skill by Messrs. Gahery and Gendrot.

The contractors for the Masons' work were Messrs. Standish and Woodbury, whose energetic management enabled them to complete their contract one month before the time allowed in the specification.

For the rest of the works, eight builders were invited to compete, but six refused to contract under the condition imposed, "that the whole work was to be completed in one hundred and fifty days from the time the masons had prepared the walls for the erection of the roof." Mr. Francis Standish and Mr. F. W. R. Emery, however, sent in estimates; and that of the latter, being the lower, was accepted. Mr. Emery has conducted the various works in his department with such excellent management, that they were finished in a highly satisfactory manner thirty days earlier than the appointed period.

Messrs. P. and T. Kelley executed the Plasterers' work, Messrs. Smith and Felton the Iron work and Messrs. Swift and Robinson the Joiners' work and the Organ Screen. The Furnaces, &c., are supplied by Messrs. Stimpson, and the Gas fitting by Messrs. Turner & Co.

The question of the seats was one which received considerable attention. Several designs were submitted, and after much discussion the

model exhibited by Mr. A. H. Allen was chosen, and his estimate accepted. An unavoidable disappointment in the receipt of materials from Europe has rendered necessary the use of coverings for the seats on the hall floor, which are different from those intended in the general system of the coloring.

MME. SONTAG'S CONCERTS.

Since our last record, which included only the first of these delightful evenings, it has been one uninterrupted musical orgy here in Boston:—too much really for the nerves of the most insatiate music-lover. To the seven brilliant entertainments given by Mme. Sontag, (including the two absurdly called "full dress rehearsals" on the mornings of the first and last,) must be added rehearsals, public, semi-public and private, of our own societies; to-night comes the grand opening of the Music Hall; tomorrow night the Handel and Haydn Society, assisted by Mme. Sontag; and already are announced two more "full dress" rehearsals by our Musical Fund and Education Societies, the first of the "Germania" series, and, we dare say, before this gets read, as many more. However, we make no complaint, lest we draw down on us an *argumentum ad hominem* and an allusion to the richly deserved plight of Goethe's Magician's Apprentice, inasmuch as we have had our share in summoning up the musical spirits, that now threaten to drown us out with everlasting buckets full of harmony. It surely is an evidence of growing esteem for the art divine, and we rejoice in the over-full cup of public blessing. But for the journalist, who is expected to be in it all, counting, reporting, weighing every shining drop, it threatens to require a new set of nerves to stand the excitement of so much, and several extra brains and pairs of hands to do the recollecting and the writing. We shall not attempt therefore an orderly review of the four programmes which Mme. Sontag has presented since our last. Could we but happily succeed in stating the general impression and result upon our mind, we should feel our duty discharged in the premises.

First then, as to voice, we find that we had even underrated the Sontag of 1852. In quality, especially in the medium register, its tones have grown upon us continually by their pure, sweet, penetrating, sympathetic character. In power, too, it has more than once proved adequate to great, as well as graceful, delicate expression. Above all, we felt this last time, in the air from Handel's opera: *Lascia ch'io pianga*, which was all sung in broad, full, simple, lofty style, without warbling and without ornament. In truth we liked it better than any other effort of the Sontag. (Rich, too, without ceasing to be Handelian, was the orchestration of the piece by Meyerbeer.) It was rather in power of endurance that the full voice revealed any weakness. By consummate skill she could intersperse here and there amid the finer warblings a few glorious and far-reaching notes, which gave the sense of power only enriched by that of contrast. But in a piece like "With verdure clad," so admirably commenced and in a voice and style so suited to the music, there was a slight dulness and sense of effort in the large and elaborate passages towards the end. So in the Scena from *Der Freyschütz*, so perfect in the prayer, and particularly in the following

recitative, where her tones grew absolutely sombre with the thoughts of night and the wind creeping through the forest, there lacked the brilliancy which we have heard and always wish to hear in the rapturous finale.

We do not know that anything can be added to what we have said, on the score of execution. It seems as nearly perfect, in all but sustained power and brilliancy, as we can expect ever to witness. She reigns supreme in every species of embellishment; so much so that variation pieces, such as that by Rodè, Alary's "Polka Aria," the "Music Lesson," &c., seem to be her peculiar element. Only we realized, what has been said of her elsewhere, that not every note in some of those swift *roulades* and *arpeggios* was distinctly audible; but while the first and last note of the figure stood out clear and bright, the intervening tones seemed scarcely whispered. It was not that the whole thing was not perfectly done, but that it failed to report its doing fully to the ear. Finer perhaps in sentiment, these feats of vocal flexibility had not the ease and absence of all sign of effort that the same things had in Alboni. The charm was somewhat disturbed by the workings of the face; indeed in no singer have we noticed such continual modification of the embouchure, (such as rounding the lips in almost to a whistle sometimes,) in the production of different kinds of tone. Yet one soon ceased to regard this in the general sweetness and refinement of expression both to sight and hearing.

Of course an artist like Mme. Sontag is mistress of all styles of music, as the variety in these five programmes has abundantly shown. Yet she is not equally mistress of all. There is a certain style which is peculiarly her own, which plainly dictates her preferences in her selections, and which she skilfully impresses more or less upon whatever kinds she sings. It is the highly, delicately embellished style, suffused always with a certain soft and moderate vein of sentiment, which lends a gentle fragrance to the vocal flowers, and whose sweetness adds to the fascination of the playful *espieglerie* in which she indulges so happily in *Il Barbiere*, and in ballads like "Within a mile of Edinboro'," one of her happiest efforts. She wins and delights, rather than moves and inspires her audiences. She rules the hour by charm, by fascination, rather than by power, either of passion or of intellect. Her music is more a refining than an exalting and inspiring influence. We are charmed by the beauty of the voice, we marvel at her never-failing and consummate skill, we are fascinated by her perfect grace, which in her person corresponds entirely with her music; but the electric thrill of lofty, spiritual emotion passes not through us with the subtle magic of her tones. An instance of the insufficiency of such a style was her rendering of that most pure, inspired and perfect melody of Mozart's, *Deh vieni non tardar*:—a melody that should be sacred against all alteration and embellishment. Sontag covered it with ornament, sophisticated it into a beautiful thing of her own, indeed, but quite another thing from that that flowed spontaneously from the soul of Mozart. Remember the perfect simplicity and purity with which Jenny Lind gave it, lifting you without effort into the serene, pure, heavenly azure, where the ecstacy of love becomes so calm with its own fulness, which is the meaning of the music, and for all arts of expression only lengthening out a

high tone now and then with such a liquid sweetness that it seemed to melt away into the celestial Infinite.

We are aware that we have not kept strictly to the topic of style, but have anticipated what belongs to the head of sentiment. There is sentiment in all the singing, even in the variation warbling of Mme. Sontag. It is sweet and gentle and refined sentiment. And yet it must be owned to be of rather a conventional and domestic stamp. The only instance in which we remember her to have opened any very deep vein of sentiment, was in that *Freyschütz* music, where the music fairly took possession of her. But for the most part, it is such sentiment as that of the homely ballad of "Sweet Home," which she appears most heartily to render,—a kind of sentiment, which has its value, which is to many the moral beautiful almost, but in which a very deep and earnest soul would starve for means of utterance. Indeed the pervading sentiment or spirit of the Sontag singing is that, which to an earnest music-lover, (one for instance who has drunk more from the deep wells of Handel and of Beethoven than from Donizetti), does not perpetually renew its charm. Its beauty outlives its vitality. Never ceasing to be beautiful, it does cease to satisfy. Or rather, while it may satisfy the critic, it does not satisfy the soul. It is not *great* singing, measuring by spiritual altitude, it is great only by the measure of perfection in its kind. We find that it can satiate us, like sweet-smelling flowers and the lustre of rare gems. Admiring, praising without stint, each evening, we have grown faint with beauty and have longed for *genius*, for the all-renewing energy, to give us again a fresh sense of life. We had that in the Lind. And strange to say, we had it there in the very hour of Sontag's triumphs, in the form of a mere child, by instinct, as it were, addressing the most ideal imaginations of us all through the mechanical medium of bow and strings. Little Paul Jullien stood there, like a providential sign, to let us know where art and talent leave off, and where genius and inspiration begin. Our space is filled, and he shall be a text by himself.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL, this evening, will be fitly baptized in music of the grand old masters, and of the great moderns too, and through the ministration of our societies, who have all volunteered, together with ALBONI and her aids. The first sounds will be the overture to the "Magic Flute," that overture which in Europe has opened many a tuneless festival, and which, in its whole meaning, seems a sort of summons and initiation into the magic world of harmony. But read the programme in another column, and abstain from going and hearing, if you can. The sale of tickets up to the time we write has been quite brisk, and the rehearsals have created strong assurance of the fine acoustic qualities of the hall.

THE STABAT MATER of Rossini will be glorified tomorrow evening, in the new Hall, by the enterprise of our old "Handel and Haydn Society," who have secured such singers as Mme. SONTAG, Mlle. LEHMANN, POZZOLINI, BADIALI and ROCCO, with the Germania Orchestra, ECKERT for conductor. Sontag will also sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

MUSICAL FUND AND EDUCATION SOCIETIES. We are glad to see, amid the deluge of music from without, that our own societies also are moving. On Monday afternoon the Fund Society gives a "full dress rehearsal" at the new Hall (See advertisement). How grandly the old Fifth Symphony will sound there, when it has already

made enchanted places, first of the old Odeon, then of the Melodeon and then of the Tremont Temple!

In the evening of the same day, another rehearsal, when, with assistance of the Education Society, parts of the "Messiah" will be given, and at a price that will enable all to hear.

A fortnight from to-night the regular series of Fund concerts will commence. Secure your tickets at once.

MR. OTTO DRESEL. The lovers of such music as only genius has composed for the piano-forte, can ask for nothing choicer in that line, than the monthly entertainments offered by this artist. Look at the model programme in another column. Each time a Sonata of Beethoven, a number of the exquisite reveries of Chopin, a classical trio with string instruments, and some choice little German *Lieder*. Mr. D. selects a Trio of his own for the first time, not out of vain complacency, but simply by way of his credentials, to show that he is not merely a performer, but a musician and an artist.

MADAME SIEDENBURG, of whom all the European musical papers speak so highly, has been engaged by the Germania Musical Society. She is said to be a most charming singer, and her past success is proof enough that she will be most cordially received by a Boston audience. She has been giving concerts with Ole Bull about one year ago in all the large cities of Europe, and has everywhere caused the greatest admiration. She is engaged for Madame Sontag's opera in New York, and we have to thank the gentlemanly manager of this distinguished lady for her appearance here, as she was bound by agreement, not to appear publicly before the commencement of the opera, and it is merely to favor the Germanians, that he consents to her present debut.

MR. ALFRED JAELL. We cordially give place to the following, for we know how well this fleet-fingered pianist can play classical music.

"Perceiving from the advertisements of the Germania Musical Society that Mr. ALFRED JAELL is going to remain in Boston during the coming winter, several ladies who are very fond of classical music, would request Mr. Jaell to give us during the season, some classical *Soirées Musicales* at Mr. Chickering's rooms, or any other suitable saloon. We hope he will not refuse, and have from fear he will not see these lines, sent them to several of our papers."

LISBON. Letters from the Portuguese capital dwell on the *furor* produced at the Italian Opera by the *débuts* of Mme. Castellan as *Amina*, and of Mr. Swift, the English tenor, as *Elcino*, in the *Sonnambula*. Mr. Swift has only been in London as a concert-singer, with a very sympathetic tenor voice. He was a pupil of Signor Schira, who has had the good fortune to have had Miss Louisa Pyne and Mario studying under him.

Advertisements.

THE MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY

RESPECTFULLY inform their patrons that their PUBLIC PERFORMANCES will commence at the

NEW MUSIC HALL,

On MONDAY, November 22d, in the AFTERNOON, commencing at 3 o'clock. There will be a Full Dress Rehearsal, consisting of

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

PROGRAMME.

- PART I.
1. Grand Symphony, No. 5, (C minor)—Allegro—Andante con Moto—Scherzo—Finale Maestoso, Beethoven
- PART II.
2. Overture, Weber
3. Solo—(Corno Anglaise)—Hungarian Melody, with Variations—Signor De Ribas.
4. Quartette—Concertante—Violins—Messrs. Suck, Eichler, Weinz, and Endres
5. Solo—Flute—Mr. E. Lehmann.
6. Overture—(by request)—*Le Roi d'Yvetot*, Adam
Single Admission, 25 cents. Subscribers will be admitted as usual.

In the EVENING, commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock, there will be a Full Dress Rehearsal, consisting of SACRED MUSIC, for which

THE MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY have kindly volunteered their services, to perform Selections from Handel's Oratorio, "The Messiah."

The Solos by Miss EMMA WENTWORTH, Miss ABBY O. TAYLOR, Miss MARY T. WEBB, Miss SARAH HUMPHREY, Mr. A. ARTHURSON, and Mr. J. C. WOODMAN.
Accompanied by a Select Orchestra from the Musical Fund Society.

Admittance to the Evening Performance, 25 cents. Tickets at Music Stores, &c.

The Course of Evening Concerts by the Musical Fund Society, will commence on SATURDAY EVENING, the 4th of December. Six Concerts in the Series. Admission \$2.
Per order, JOS. N. PIERCE, Sec'y.

Boston Music Hall.

MADAME SONTAG'S

First and Only appearance this Season in a
GRAND ORATORIO AND SACRED CONCERT.

THE public are respectfully informed that MADAME HENRIETTE SONTAG and the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY will give, on

SUNDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 21,
AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
ROSSINI'S ORATORIO, "STABAT MATER."

PRECEDED BY A

GRAND SACRED CONCERT.

On which occasion they will be assisted by

Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN,

SIGNOR BADIALI,

SIGNOR POZZOLINI,

SIGNOR ROCCO, and the

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY, largely augmented.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- Overture to Stabat Mater, Mercadante
By the combined Orchestras.
- Prayer of the Dying, Donizetti
Signor CAESARE BADIALI.
- Chorus—Glory to God, Handel
HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.
- I know that my Redeemer liveth, Handel
Madame Henriette Sontag.

PART II.

- Rossini's Grand Oratorio of STABAT MATER.
1. Introduction and Quartette.
Madame Henriette Sontag,
Mlle. LEHMANN, Sigs. BADIALI, POZZOLINI, and ROCCO.
- Aria—Cujus Animam.
Signor POZZOLINI.
- Duett—Soprano and Contralto.
Mme. Sontag and Mlle. Lehmann.
- Aria—Pro peccatis.
Signor BADIALI.
- Quartette—Sancta Mater.
Madame Henriette Sontag,
Mlle. LEHMANN, Sigs. BADIALI and ROCCO.
- Cavatina—Fae al porten.
Madenioiselle LEHMANN.
- Aria—Inflammatus.
Madame Henriette Sontag.
- Quartette—Quando corpus.
Madame Henriette Sontag,
Mlle. LEHMANN, Sigs. BADIALI and POZZOLINI.
- Finale—Fuga.
HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

Conductor, CARL ECKERT.
Leader, Mr. BERGMANN.

Prices of Secured Seats—TWO DOLLARS and ONE DOLLAR. To be had on Saturday at the Music Store of Mr. Wade, 197 Washington Street; on Sunday at the Tremont House, and in the evening at the door.

Notice.—The front seats in the First Balcony, and the middle seats (400) in the Parquette, will be sold at \$2; to all other parts of the Hall, \$1.

Doors open at 6 1-2; Concert to commence at 7 1-2.

The First Subscription Concert

OF THE

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY,
takes place on Saturday, November 27th, at the
NEW MUSIC HALL,

ASSISTED BY

Madame ELISE SIEDENBURG,
Prima Soprano from the Opera of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin;

Herr E. KLEIN,
From the Academy of Music in Amsterdam;

ALFRED JAELL, and
Madame CAROLINE BANDT, Pianist.

Single Tickets, 50 cents each. For sale at Messrs. Reed's, Ditson's and Wade's, three days previous.

Subscribers will please call for their Tickets at Mr. E. H. Wade's. No Subscription Tickets issued after the 27th inst.

F. F. MÜLLER,

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST at the Old South Church; ORGANIST of the Handel and Haydn Society; ORGANIST of the Musical Education Society, &c. &c. &c.
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Apr. 10. tf

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A Paper of Art and Literature.

VOL. II.

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Persons willing to become Agents for procuring subscribers, especially Music-Dealers and Teachers, are invited to correspond with the Editor, as above. Satisfactory references required, and liberal commissions allowed.

Beethoven and Prince Nicolas Boris Galitzin.

Having, already, copied from the London *Musical World* a letter addressed to the *Gazette Musicale* by Prince Nicolas Boris Galitzin, accusing Mons. Antoine Schindler, the author of a biography of Beethoven, of a false and calumnious statement with regard to certain quartets composed by the great *maestro* for the Prince, we think that it is only our duty to insert also the following.

Reply of Monsieur Antoine Schindler to the Protestation of Prince Nicolas Boris Galitzin.

Of all the numerous replies that I have been called upon to make, since Beethoven's death, either concerning him personally or his relations with others, the present one appears particularly likely to prove important on account of the peculiar circumstances connected with it; and I feel happy at having lived long enough to see this mysterious affair of the quartets made the subject of discussion. Unfortunately, I am obliged, at my very first setting out, to state that the affair has been rendered still more obscure than it was, by what the Prince has published. The noble inhabitant of Ukraine has made it more complicated than ever. This will prevent my answer being as short as I might otherwise have wished, and will oblige me to trespass a little upon your space.

When, a short time after the inauguration of Beethoven's monument at Bonn, in 1845, Prince Galitzin was pleased to publish, in a Parisian political paper, a long description, which he signed at full length, of his written relations with Beethoven and with the quartets which the latter composed for him, I, as well as the Viennese

lawyer, Dr. Bach, senior, whom the illustrious composer had himself named executor to his will—I, as well as he, I repeat, expected that, at last, some trifling ray of light would clear up the money transactions in question, to which Beethoven had, when dying, especially called his executors' attention. But our hopes were vain; nothing followed this statement, the author of which did not then give it as his opinion that the great man's feelings of honor and delicacy were not on a level with his genius—an accusation against him which is as ignoble and brutal as it is unmerited by Beethoven, and one which we must all have been astonished at reading in the Prince's protestation, that appeared in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* (Leipzig) of the 6th August, and in the letter dated 6th July, and which the Prince addressed to me.

Another person in his place (although not a prince), who had heard nothing of what had been printed in Germany for the last four and twenty years, as, according to his own confession, is the Prince's case, who, even before Beethoven's death, quitted St. Petersburg to join the army of the Caucasus, and since that time has resided in one of the most remote provinces of European Russia,—another person, I say, under similar circumstances, would first have had the prudence to inquire what was the real state of matters which concerned himself, before publishing in Germany and France—perhaps in Russia and Turkey—a tissue of errors, accusing me, at hap-hazard, of calumny. Prince Galitzin forgets himself, in *La Gazette Musicale*, so far as to suspect the German editors of wishing to protect and shield me from him.

He is old, they said; let us wait till he is dead! Such are the dreams of the noble Lord of Ukraine, and such his ideas of the German Press. I can easily understand that it is beneath his dignity to degrade himself so low as to enter into a disquisition with a Schindler, "of whom he never heard, and with whose work he is made acquainted." To calm his mind, which I have so audaciously disturbed, I beg to submit to the Prince's consideration the note at the foot of the page.* This august Mæcenas of the Arts must not be allowed any longer to remain in ignorance as to who is the author, unfortunately so obscure on the shores of the Black Sea, of Beethoven's Biography; he must be informed that, during a great number of years, no one was so intimately connected with the great musician as myself; for which reason, in the matter at issue, I was not only obliged to

* In the *Gazette Musicale Universelle de Berlin*, 1827, No. 30, under the head of Vienna, for the month of May, is the following notice:—

" * * * Hummel took his farewell of us at the Josephstadt Theatre, in a concert, which in conformity with a previous agreement was for the benefit of Mons. Schindler, formerly the conductor there. Mons. Schindler was, in the fullest acceptance of the term, the faithful Pylades of our late Beethoven; for years past, he managed all his domestic matters, and remained at his side until he breathed his last. Believing that he would recover, Beethoven wished to prove his gratitude by a

cite myself as referee, but also as ocular and ancillary witness of what I advanced.

The passage, however, in the Prince's letter to me, which excited my astonishment the most, was the following:—

"But my dealings with Beethoven cost me more than five hundred ducats. How and in what way? You will know this when I publish all the circumstances, and all the particulars, of my relations with Beethoven. I shall publish this account with the greatest repugnance, because I shall there prove that the great man's feelings of honor and delicacy were not on a level with his genius."

Such are the Prince's words. All those who honor Beethoven, must, I am sure, be as impatient as I am myself for the publication of this account, in which, doubtless, the princely feelings of honor and delicacy will not be wanting. It must be proved, however, that the sum mentioned regards Beethoven *personally*, and not some one or other of his relations. If the latter is the case, any money beyond the sum of one hundred and twenty-five ducats demanded by Beethoven does not concern us.

As I have no hopes of attaining the age of Methuselah, it is, especially for myself, very important that this matter, which the Prince has rendered so obscure, should be satisfactorily cleared up; to which end, the discovery of the Prince's letters to Beethoven, in 1824, might contribute something. The reader will perceive, that the honor of the man who deserved so well of all musicians, and who was to me personally a paternal master and friend, was at stake. When I am gone, who ought, who could, repel any suspicion to which he might then be exposed?

In 1839, when I began Beethoven's Biography, I had left Vienna several years, and was, consequently, obliged to obtain much of my information by letters, to which, strange to say, Dr. Bach alone was able to reply. All that I could glean from the recollections of those who formerly, as well as myself, had frequent dealings with Beethoven, was simply this:—He had resided at Vienna. In reply to my question concerning the one hundred and twenty-five ducats, still remaining due by Prince Galitzin, Dr. Bach replied, that the matter was not yet settled, and that he could not succeed in discovering the Prince's retreat. At the same time, he strongly recommended me to publish this extraordinary case, as well as a general account of all the quartets dur-

new composition which was to be executed for the first time on the occasion. When, however, he perceived that destiny willed it otherwise, he bequeathed this duty to Hummel, whom he again besought, during his last moments, to pay this debt of gratitude to his friend, who had always been so generous and so devoted. Hummel promised, with a broken heart, to do so, and he deferred his departure to fulfil this sacred promise," &c.

The manner in which Beethoven, when dying, took leave of the author of this reply is also preserved in the *Gazette Musicale Universelle de Leipzig*, 1827, No. 22, and in the Vienna papers of the same period.

ing more than three years, as well as all of the disagreeable consequences, among which was the request for assistance, which Beethoven made to the *London Philharmonic*, and which was so strongly censured at Vienna.*

In spite of this, all these disagreeable consequences are not in my book! The reader finds no mention of the bitter grief which the great master felt on account of the opinions expressed concerning the last productions of his mind; neither is there any allusion to the fact, that Beethoven's old friend, C. Bernard, left him, because this old friend was in the minority with myself, on the deliberations which took place in the spring of 1824, when Beethoven had submitted to our consideration the question:—After the first performance, which will shortly come off, of the Ninth Symphony, and of the *Missa Solemnis*, ought I to write quartets or finish the Tenth Symphony, and then the oratorio of *The Victory of the Cross*, the words for which were written by C. Bernard, and both of which were already sketched out? It is to this fact that we must attribute the reason of Bernard's never consenting to publish any memoir of Beethoven, which is greatly to be regretted. The majority who decided for the composition of the quartets, was composed of Mons. Shuppanzigh, and his brother quartet players (the reason is very evident.) To these must be added Beethoven's brother, John, who was a chemist and druggist. The latter thought he saw in the Prince's letters indications of rich mines of gold on the banks of the Neva, and contributed more than all the rest to the determination ultimately arrived at. We shall presently perceive how this person, in the dedication prefixed to the Op. 124, and, according to his manner of judging everything, was in the habit of exerting his influence on Beethoven.

To what I have here stated, I will add, that before the publication of my book, I sent the manuscript of the third period, containing the affair of Prince Galitzin, to Doctor Bach, for him to look it through. He sent it back with a few additions, and praised my moderation, not only in the matter in question, but in several others, which he himself had been charged to manage, and for which, if necessary, he was ready to answer. Before the second edition of my book appeared (in 1845), I wrote and asked him whether anything new had turned up with regard to Prince Galitzin. His answer was:—No. This distinguished and respected lawyer died at Vienna, in 1847. At present there is in that city only one single man alive who was intimate with Beethoven during the years 1825 and 1826. This person is Mons. Charles Holz, who was employed in the public treasury of the Diet of Lower Austria, and who has been cited as a witness in the matter under consideration. The testimony of Mons. Holz is the most important, since, being a member of Schuppanzigh's celebrated quartet, he was particularly connected with Beethoven, both in business matters and also in those merely requiring his advice. He also rendered him, very frequently, assistance in financial matters.

Let us now examine the evidence of this witness, which was transmitted to me as early as the 23d of August, by Mons. Aloys Fuchs, who said to me in his letter:—

Mons. Holz affirms, 1st. 'That your statement of the facts connected with the transmission of the quartets to the Russian is entirely in accordance with the truth.'

"2d. That he (Mons. Holz,) never heard of the sum agreed on having been received for any of the quartets save the first, and that he knows what measures Beethoven had to take in Russia in order to obtain this sum, and he often complained to him (Mons. Holz,) that the other sums never came to hand.

"Furthermore, Mons. Holz remarks, that

* I here request the reader's permission to remark that *The Life of Beethoven*, which was published in two volumes in London in 1841, was a literal translation of my book on Beethoven (with the exception of the introduction which is omitted) although on the title-page there is no name save that of Moscheles, who figures as editor.

knowing exactly the state of Beethoven's finances, he must necessarily have noticed the arrival of such a sum (one hundred and twenty-five ducats.')

This declaration therefore informs us, in addition to what we already know, that Beethoven was obliged to take measures to obtain the payment of his first quartet, a fact which had previously escaped me. What can we now think of the truth of the Prince's statement, when he asserts that, as early as the year 1822, he had already forwarded Beethoven fifty ducats for the first quartet? With regard to the payment of this sum, the Prince then adds:—"I received an answer from Beethoven, whose thanks knew no bounds at my readiness in paying for a work that was not even begun." What! did the proud artist, who never proved false to his principles, in his dealings with the aristocracy, do this? Did he bow so low before the Russian Prince, that his thanks for a few ducats knew no bounds? This is incredible! Some of the public prints, and even the *Gazette Musicale du Rhin*, have received this statement of the Prince as true. May they still retract and maintain the honor of Beethoven inviolate in this affair, as well as in all similar ones!

We know very well that the negotiations with the Russian Prince did not commence before the spring of 1824 (even if a letter had come to hand as early as 1822,) since his propositions were communicated to me. The first quartet, Op. 127, was written during the summer of 1824, and forwarded to St. Petersburg the following autumn. Whoever states that he paid Beethoven before having received the work he had ordered, offers a gross insult to his honor. Beethoven never accepted any payment in advance. None of his publishers can say that he did so. Is it then likely that he should have consented to do so from a stranger, and that actually two years before commencing the work?

Two letters addressed by Beethoven to his publisher, Mons. C. F. Peters, of Leipzig, and printed in No. 21 of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, in 1837, prove in what manner the illustrious composer was in the habit of receiving money for his works. He writes as follows, on the 3d of August, 1822: "All can be delivered before the 15th of this month. I await your orders on the matter, and shall not use your bill of exchange." On the 31st March, 1823, he again writes:—"Do not, as a general rule, forward me the money before you have received intelligence that the work is already sent off." This was his invariable principle in business. I omit the facts connected with the second and third quartets. They will be known soon enough in the action for libel with which the Prince threatens me, if I do not immediately retract what I have stated. This trial may, at any rate, furnish a rich fund of piquant anecdotes for the next biographer of Beethoven.

In his German, as well as his French protestation, the Prince refers to the banking-house of Henikstein and Co., of Vienna; he adds expressly in his French protestation:—"The incredulous can ask to see the receipt in Beethoven's own hand in the banking-house of Henikstein and Co., of Vienna, and obtain the corroborated testimony of Mons. Charles Beethoven himself, in the Josephstadt Faubourg, at Vienna."

I acted up to this notice, and cited the text word for word. Messieurs Henikstein and Co.'s answer, bearing date the 4th September, runs as follows:—"In accordance with the wish of Prince Galitzin, they had given the latter, some time ago, all the explanation desired in this affair of Beethoven, and that, consequently, all they could do was to refer me to the Prince, who was the only person capable of explaining the real state of matters!"

Excellent! The Prince refers "the incredulous" to the banker, and the latter refers them, in his turn, to the Prince. Mons. C. Beethoven, too, resides no longer in Vienna. Where does he reside? This is more than Messrs. Fuchs and Holz know. However, what can this nephew of Beethoven know or say, seeing that during the last years of his uncle's life, he was only

rarely near him, and, at the period of his death, as well as many years afterwards, was in the army and absent from Vienna.

At present all that remains for me to do is to answer the following question, put forward by the noble lord of Karkoff (in his German protestation) as his strongest point:—"If Beethoven had any cause of complaint against me, why did he dedicate to me, after the quartets, and without my desiring or even knowing it, the overture, Op. 124?" This dedication was written about the middle of 1825, before the second quartet was finished, and before Beethoven could have any notion of what awaited him in connection with these same quartets. It was written at this period, because Schott, the music-publisher of Mayence, wished to hasten the publication of Beethoven's works (among which was this overture) which he had bought in 1825, and thus all the titles of the different works had to be arranged in their proper order. Moreover, this dedication was written at the pressing desire of Beethoven's brother John. We have already explained the reason of this desire on his part. The *maestro* acceded, in order to escape further annoyance. The title of this work ought rather to have been, "Overture composed by L. van Beethoven, and dedicated to So-and-So by John van Beethoven, chemist and druggist." This production (on which Mons. de Lenz in his work, *Beethoven and his three styles*, has copiously commented) was, as is well known, written for the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre in Vienna. On that occasion—30th October, 1822,—I had the honor of being with Beethoven at the head of the orchestra, and was introduced by him into a new artistic career. This overture was printed in the month of January, 1826, and the first quartet, Op. 127, in December, 1825, a whole year after it had been sent to St. Petersburg. Thus was fulfilled the condition on which the Prince insisted, namely, 'his desire to be the sole possessor of each of the quartets an entire year before they were delivered to the public.'

"In conclusion, let me assure the reader that we are all impatiently looking forward to the Prince's explanations. May they be, in every point, satisfactory, so that there may be no stain on the honor of any of the parties implicated in the transaction. May it be proved that this dispute is only to be attributed to a concatenation of circumstances and chances, or perhaps to the great distance which separates the persons interested in the question—but, then, what of the 500 ducats!

ANTOINE SCHINDLER.

Temperament.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music.

"T. H." takes exception to the perfect intonation doctrines of your learned correspondent "E. H.," on the ground that the best violinists (as he believes) sharp their major thirds in cheerful music and flat them in sombre passages. Now "T. H." is entirely mistaken as to the practice of the best violinists; as he might have inferred from the well known antipathy of such artists to instruments of fixed tempered scales, like the common organ. His own ears, he confesses, are poor. On examination, he will find the authority on which he made the statement equally fallible.

But let us admit the alleged fact to be true, and also the suppressed inference that the practice of the best violinists is a model of musical excellence. How does all this go to sustain temperament? Where is the analogy between the sliding major thirds of the violinist—now sharp in cheerful music, now flat in sombre passages—and the stationary, immovable, unrelenting major thirds of equal temperament, two-thirds of a comma sharp in every instance, whether cheerful

or sombre music? What could be more grating to the musical sense, in a dirge, for instance, than to hear the organ grinding out its *sharp* major thirds, when—according to “T. H.”—the character of the music requires them to be *flat*. Yet all tempered instruments with only twelve sounds in the octave are tied up to this single major third—and that a false one—and have no resource by which to vary the monotonous discord. We kindly suggest to “T. H.” to put his defence of Temperament on different grounds.

“T. H.” explains in your last number that by a flat major third he does not mean one flatter than the perfect interval, but flatter than the *sharp* third, that is—if we can comprehend a musical nomenclature so unusual and ambiguous—a flat-sharp major third. Whether he intends to apply the same explanation to what he calls the sharp third, he has not yet informed us.

But leaving “T. H.” to employ such musical terms as he pleases, provided he will accompany them with such explanations that we can comprehend them, we have a word to say on his original statement as we *now* understand it. That violinists play their major thirds flatter than the thirds of the organ and piano forte, is very true; but it seems never to have occurred to the mind of “T. H.” what these flat-sharp thirds are. Why they are simply the *perfect* thirds, such as the true theory of music demands, such as the perception of every good violinist only is satisfied with. Such as the “Euharmonic Organ” gives.

W. F. P.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music.

Your correspondent “T. H.” has answered my first question by a statement more indefinite, if possible, than was his first proposition. He says: “as much as the ear of the player or singer demands.” In illustration of this proposition, which I consider inadmissible, let us suppose an orchestra composed of the usual variety of instruments. Two violinists are playing from the same notes, and it becomes necessary for them to play a note which stands in the relation of a major third in the harmony. One of them receives no sounds as agreeable to his ear, unless tempered according to the system of equal temperament—major thirds two-thirds of a comma sharp—his ear demands this to make the third seem right to him. The other player has cultivated his ear under the mean tone system, in which the thirds are perfect. It must be evident even to “T. H.” that if both follow the *demands of their ears*, discord will be the result.

In regard to the second part of my inquiry: I infer that “T. H.” from his own definition, means a perfect third when he uses the expression *flat*, “in reference to the tone which is already sharper than a true third.” He likes the effect of the interval so long as it is not called by its true name. In this there is no difference between us. When “T. H.” makes up his mind about “a third that is flatter than a perfect third,” it is to be hoped that he will inform us in what system of temperament he will classify it?

If music is monotonous unless out of tune, why take so much pains to secure the opposite of this in church choirs? Surely “T. H.” will not contend for this? Did he never enjoy the delight of singing in harmonized pieces without instrumental accompaniment, and feel in his soul

that music was indeed a heavenly thing? If he never has, let me tell him that there is a great pleasure yet for him to learn.

W. R.

MINSTREL'S SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF E. GEIBEL.

And tho' between me and my love
Ye place hill, vale and river,
My song bath wings, nor from my dove
Can ye divide me ever.
A minstrel I, whom all do know
In country and in city;
Henceforth I'll sing, where'er I go,
This one and only ditty:
*I love thee, I love thee, dearest,
Sweet burthen of all my rhymes,
I greet thee with love sincerest
A thousand, thousand times.*

And when I roam the leafy wood
Where finch and onsel flitter,
They'll catch my song, the birdling brood,
And it abroad they'll twitter.
And on the heath the wind will hear,
And spread his wings to wander;
Swift over the stream my song he'll bear,
And over the hills away yonder:
*I love thee, I love thee, dearest,
Sweet burthen of all my rhymes!
I greet thee with love sincerest
A thousand, thousand times.*

J. S. D.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

We give thanks to thee, Ruler of earth and skies!
To thy strength in our weakness we lift our eyes;
We the children of toil, we the sons of the clod,
We praise thee, we bless thee, we give thanks to thee,
O God!

Like the wind-driven clouds, fly the centuries on:
Like the waves, ages break at the base of thy throne:
Man returneth again to the dust he has trod;
Thou only remainest unchanging, O God!

For thy gifts unrequited, unceasing, untold,
Than rain-drops more countless, more priceless than gold;
For the love that still spareth thy chastening rod
We praise thee, we bless thee, we give thanks to thee,
O God!

O Bountiful! Merciful! Father of all!
O spurn not our prayer, be not deaf to our call;
Thy continuous blessings still scatter abroad,
And we'll praise thee, we'll bless thee, we'll give thanks to thee, O God!

J.

Gleanings from German Musical Papers.

It is a curious peculiarity of AUBER, that he hardly ever attends the performance of one of his own operas. “Why go to the theatre,” he asks; “I know the music already, and I should only render myself uncomfortable by going, in case the performance was not equal to my intentions.”

Among the valuable orchestral pieces of the last two years may be reckoned BEETHOVEN'S “Sonata Pathétique.” This magnificent composition, a work of the great master's younger days, was instrumented by Kapellmeister Schindelmeyer, of Frankfort on the Main, and produced there at a concert in March last year. “The adaptation of this distinguished sonata for a grand orchestra,” says a German writer, “could only be undertaken by a musician, who was con-

ident of his ability to enter fully into the peculiar course of Beethoven's ideas, in a manner beyond that of mere imitation. This has Schindelmeyer done to an extent truly wonderful.” May we not hope some time or other to hear this, and also the orchestral arrangement of the “Marcia Funebre” from the A♭ Sonata, from our own Boston orchestra?

STATISTICS OF THE ROYAL OPERA IN BERLIN. Between October 1, 1851, and March 30, 1852, the following Operas were performed.

Gluck, . . .	<i>Iphigenia</i> , . . .	2 times.
Mozart, . . .	<i>Figaro</i> , . . .	2 “
	<i>Zauberflöte</i> , . . .	1 “
	<i>Don Juan</i> , . . .	4 “
Weber, . . .	<i>Oberon</i> , . . .	2 “
	<i>Freischütz</i> , . . .	5 “
	<i>Euryanthe</i> , . . .	3 “
Beethoven, . . .	<i>Fidclio</i> , . . .	3 “
Lorzing, . . .	<i>Cear and Zimmerman</i> , . . .	1 “
Mendelssohn, . . .	<i>Heinrich</i> , . . .	2 “
Meyerbeer, . . .	<i>Prophet</i> , . . .	2 “
	<i>Robert the Devil</i> , . . .	3 “
	<i>Camp in Silesia</i> , . . .	3 “
Dorn, . . .	<i>Der Schöffe von Paris</i> , . . .	4 “
Duke of Saxe		
Coburg, . . .	<i>Casilda</i> , . . .	2 “
Flotow, . . .	<i>Martha</i> , . . .	3 “
	<i>Sophia Catharine</i> , . . .	1 “
Boieldieu, . . .	<i>La Dame Blanche</i> , . . .	3 “
	<i>John of Paris</i> , . . .	2 “
Auber, . . .	<i>Maurer</i> , . . .	2 “
Cherubini, . . .	<i>Die Wassertrager</i> , . . .	2 “
Spontini, . . .	<i>Olimpia</i> , . . .	8 “
Bellini, . . .	<i>I Capuletti, &c.</i> , . . .	6 “
	<i>Norma</i> , . . .	1 “
Donizetti, . . .	<i>L'Elisir d'amore</i> , . . .	2 “
	<i>Lucrezia</i> , . . .	5 “
	<i>Marie</i> , . . .	4 “
Rossini, . . .	<i>Il Barbere</i> , . . .	4 “

In all, 82 performances, and all in the German language, it being the opinion of the Berliners that even if the singing loses somewhat in smoothness in the Italian opera, the loss is more than compensated by being in the mother tongue of the audience. The houses during the whole season, with few exceptions, were exceedingly well filled.

Among the composers of the Prussian capital is a young lady by the name of EMILIE MAYER. At a concert in the large saloon of the royal theatre in Berlin last season, with the exception of a violin solo of Vieuxtemps, all the music performed was by her. This consisted of a string Quartet, four Songs for soprano and tenor, and finally a Symphony for grand orchestra. The latter was her second work of the kind, but did not equal the expectations raised by her Symphony No. 1, which was highly praised by the critics.

“The first and second classes in the gymnasium of the “Gray Cloister” (*zum Grauen Kloster*) in Berlin, are soon to perform the *Antigone* of Sophocles, in the *original Greek*, with Mendelssohn's music.” The editor adds: “It certainly belongs to the unrecognized blessings conferred by Providence, that no one is *obliged* to share in an artistic enjoyment of this sort!”

Whether the intention was carried out we cannot say, but judging from what a correspondent has said of the singing in that Gymnasium (No. 26, Vol. I.) the boys would be capable of doing it well. The music is mostly choral, if we remember rightly.

The great Bass Singer of Europe fifty years since, was LUDWIG FISCHER, born at Mayence on the Rhine, 1745. After singing in all the continental capitals, he crossed over to London in 1795, and held the place in that city which

Herr Formes holds now. He was there several times afterwards before he finally left the stage, which was about 1812. He died in 1825. But to our anecdote.

Fischer's voice was one of extraordinary compass, and reached far down below the bass staff, the lower notes being of mighty power. The C below the staff was a favorite note with him, and he embraced every possible opportunity to hold it, swell it to his full power, and then let it die away amid the perfect silence of the house. Once, however, he found his match. He was singing, one evening, an aria, in which he introduced the following passage:



As his tone died away and the intense stillness of the house was about to be broken by the usual thunder of applause, a sailor in the upper gallery took up the tone, and to the astonishment and mirth of the whole audience, robbed Fischer of a portion of his laurels, by closing the aria for him thus:



Cecilia Davies.

A writer in the *London Harmonicon*, July 10th, 1832, gives the following information of the once celebrated songstress noticed by a correspondent in a recent number (Nov. 13) of this *Journal*. Considering her connection with Dr. Franklin, we think our readers will thank us for the extract.

"There is now living in this metropolis (London) the once celebrated CECILIA DAVIES, formerly known in Italy by the name of *L'Inglese*, who was a most distinguished prima donna, even in the land of song—as then called *par excellence*—sixty-one years ago! At nearly ninety-one years of age she retains all her faculties, is very communicative, and recollects the former events of her life perfectly, which she relates with great distinctness and vivacity. Her circumstances are in anything but a flourishing state, inasmuch that the Royal Society of Musicians recently sent her a donation of ten pounds (I hope it will be repeated half yearly), and out of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund five pounds have been presented to her.

"Through the recommendation of the present amiable Lord Edgecombe, George IV. made her a handsome present and thus enabled her to discharge a number of small debts, which she had unavoidably contracted.

"Miss Cecilia Davies first appeared, in 1771, as prima donna in the last opera that Metastasio wrote and that her master, Hasse, composed, namely, *Ruggiero*. She was an especial favorite with the Empress Queen, Marie Theresa, and had the honor to teach the Archduchesses (afterwards Queens of France, Spain and Naples) to sing and act in the little dramas performed at court on the Empress's birth day. What mutability of fortune!—the instructress and favorite of an Empress and three Queens—the admired of all Europe in want, not of the comforts only, but of the necessities of life!

"Her sister, who was her senior by ten years, had been her only teacher before she became the pupil of Hasse, and so well had she performed her duty, that he complimented her highly on her success. The elder Miss Davies performed in a very superior manner the *Harmonica*, an instrument invented by Dr. Franklin, and presented to her some sixty years ago; it is still in good order, in the possession of a lady who was a favorite pupil of Miss Davies! The *Harmonica*

consists of glasses, resembling sugar basins, fixed one within the other, the larger, or bass ones, on the left side, and gradually diminishing in size through a compass of nearly four octaves, including also semitones. The whole are placed in a frame like a lathe, and put in motion by a pedal, and as the glasses revolve, they are touched by the fingers, the effect being truly beautiful. The performance of the two sisters, Cecilia singing to her sister's accompaniment on the *Harmonica*, was the admiration of the splendid court of Vienna upwards of sixty years ago.

"Some fourteen years ago, on the death of her sister, Miss Davies had a serious illness, which reduced her to great distress; a few friends recommended her to publish a selection of the works of Hasse, Jomelli, Galuppi, &c., &c., which she had in MS. by her; this was done, but for want of publicity, the book, consisting of six charming compositions, has not had that extensive sale which it deserves. An amateur who knew Miss Davies in her zenith, informs us that her style of singing was excellent; her execution rapid, neat, and florid, and her *cantabile* excellent; her shake was close and brilliant, and her enunciation most distinct."

From To-Day.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL.

BY WILLIAM SYDNEY THAYER.

O fair retreat, where even now
Art's consecrating footprints shine,
Where Song, with her imperial brow,
Shall hold her sway by right divine!
How fast, with beauty girt around,
Arose that miracle of halls,
As if at music's luring sound
Some weird Amphion built her walls.

Within her gates shall men retire
From care and toil and wasting strife,
And the worn spirit's pure desire
Shall thrill with its immortal life:
From lands remote, in future times,
Art's eager votaries shall press,
And here, in tones of other climes,
The listening multitude shall bless.

And though, beyond old ocean's flood
The homes where their affections dwell,
Stronger than ties of brotherhood,
The power that binds us by its spell:
Oh! not as strangers, they unbar
The gates of music to our throng;
For all earth's people kindred are,
While kneeling near the shrine of Song.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. X.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7. Rhode? Rhode? Who's Rhode? any connection of the island of that name? It is curious to see how when one gets a thing wrong all the rest follow. In Mme. Sontag's abominably prepared programmes two months ago, *Rhode's* Variations were printed upon them, and so they have gone ever since. Messrs. critics, please leave out that h, and pronounce the name in two syllables, Rodé. There is something or other about Mme. Sontag's singing these violin variations, many years ago, in chatty, gossiping old "Gardiner's Music of Nature," but I have not the look to refer to.

Rodé, by the way, made the acquaintance of Beethoven on a visit to Vienna in 1813, and the great master composed one of his two magnificent Romanzas for the violin for him. That in F? One of Beethoven's letters to a friend in 1813 begins thus:

"WORTHY SIR:—Rodé was indeed entirely right in what he said about me. My health is none of the best and just now my condition in other respects is the most unfortunate of my life," &c.

(What this condition was, see Moscheles' Schindler, vol I. p. 140.)

Fetis wrote a sketch of Rodé's life, and there is a short account of him in the *London Harmonicon*, 1831.

He was born of German parents at Bordeaux in 1774,

was a pupil of Viotti, in 1800 was appointed solo violin to Consul Napoleon, from 1803 to 1808 was first violin to Alexander of Russia, visited all the European capitals in his professional tours, passed his last year at Berlin, and finally died there in 1830.

The variations are a violin piece, once thought a wonder of execution, but since Sontag made a vocal piece of them, they have become a common vocal performance. I have heard Mme. Küster and Mme. Castellan sing them in the Music Lesson in Rossini's "Barber."

Nov. 10. "The remains of Haydn, the great musical composer, were recently disinterred, in the presence of the authorities, at Vienna, a report having been circulated that whilst his body was exposed in the chapel of the cemetery, the head was removed from the body and taken away. The result of the investigation is not yet made public."

I find this in a country paper, and believe there is something among my musical collections, which will throw light upon the matter. Yes, here it is, at last.

From a letter, dated at Vienna, July 1821, addressed to the "Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung."

"Prince Esterhazy, during the past winter, had the body of Haydn removed from the God's Acre here to Eisenberg. Upon opening the coffin Haydn's head was found to have been cut off. All possible pains were taken to find it, and at length one was found and placed in the coffin, which however was probably not the right one."

It is pretty clear from this that the extract above given from the American paper cannot be entirely correct.

Nov. 16. A procession in honor of DANIEL WEBSTER has marched through our streets to-day with measured tread and solemn, and melting strains of fashionable airs and polkas! All that the ingenuity of man inspired by reverence and affection could do, was done in decorating in funeral pomp the noble buildings which line our principal streets; the counterfeit presentment of the great departed was raised conspicuous to the view in a hundred places, sometimes in company with that of the Father of his country, sometimes with those, his great compeers, who have but lately preceded him "into the silent land"; men gave up for to-day the pursuit of gain and pleasure; flags draped in mourning waved at half-mast; the city's great bell gave forth its huge voice, expressive of the general sorrow and lamentation; thousands of troops paraded with shrouded banners, and chariots and horsemen all in the trappings of woe; a noble funeral car bore aloft the urn, emblematical of a nation's loss. But all this is not sufficient. The strains of sad and solemn music are necessary on such occasions to aid and give utterance to the deeper feelings of the heart. And so at intervals in the long array marched the city's bands. We listened to catch the familiar tones of those fine old chorales, which for a century and a half were the music of New England—the home of the great departed; or of those, which, since the days of Luther, during the long lapse of three centuries, have ever been felt peculiarly appropriate for ceremonies so imposing; we dared not hope for Beethoven or Mozart, but surely we might expect the sublime strains of Handel's March, or, at all events, the tender strains of Pleyel or Mazzinghi. Whether any of the bands did see fit to leave their usual style of music for one appropriate to the occasion, I know not; for the few to which I listened for a space, grated so harshly upon the feelings, which the thought of Daniel Webster departed called up, that I fled from all sight and hearing of the scene.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25. *Diarist*. But will you answer me one question, and that too honestly and with due reflection? For I doubt if you ever thought of it.

Friend. Yes, I will; for my only object in the argument is to gain information.

Diarist. You like pictures and are a subscriber to that costly publication, the *London Art Journal*. Now do you read it or only look at the pictures—I mean really read the articles on Art, appreciatingly and with pleasure?

Friend. I never did think of it, I confess, and, in fact, I believe you are more than half right, in the opinion which your question implies. If it were not for the pictures I believe I should cease paying for the work.

Diarist. Yes, in that case you would say, as you have just said of *Dwight's Journal*, it is *stupid* (no compliment to the *Diarist*, by the way,)—and that is only saying in other words that it does not interest *you*—and it does not interest you, because you have read and thought so

little on the topics of which it treats, and have heard so little music which is music. We not only want the means of placing works by the great masters before the people, but we want a musical literature.

Friend. (Eagerly, for he is a great reader, and sincerely believes that the American press is behind none in the world in any department of letters.) No musical literature? What are you thinking of.

Diarist. Well, mention some titles.

Friend. Biographies of Mozart, Haydn, and — and — perhaps not so many works in this department as I thought, but in others, there is certainly no lack. There is Gardiner's Music of Nature, Fétis' Music Explained, Weber's and Marx's Treatises on composition, besides many smaller ones, Mrs. Ellet's Novellettes of the Musicians, Hood's Music in New England, Bird's Gleanings, and any quantity of rudimental works on the art of singing and reading music. In fact I do not recollect so many miscellaneous works as I supposed I should, but then in musical periodicals we have been rich for many years back; and though most of them have been short-lived, still they make a great body of musical reading matter. To say we have no musical literature is simply absurd. Every periodical has more or less of it. I remember several articles on music in the North American Review, a very fine one in the New York Review by Cleveland, and Sartain, Godey, Graham, the Whig and Democratic Reviews, have certainly published much on this topic.

Diarist. You have certainly made out a case — and it is a pity that the Royal Library at Berlin cannot get a complete collection of American musical literature; for the musical department of that magnificent collection of books on all other subjects, numbers now only some fifty odd thousand volumes! But to the point, allowing that we have a musical literature!

You compare *Dwight's Journal* with Mr. Willis' paper. This you should not do. They do not occupy the same ground. You might as well compare the *New York Tribune* and Morris and Willis' *Home Journal*. The *Musical World* aims, as it seems to me, at diffusing the elements of musical knowledge among the masses in our country and is admirably adapted to that end. A great feature of that journal is the "Musical Studies for the Million," and a most excellent feature it is. And to the same purpose is the fine *practical* correspondence of our musical Nestor, from Europe. Its selections of music are also capitally made, apparently with the same object in view.

The *Journal's* "stand point," to use a Germanism, is different. It is intended rather as a medium for the higher criticism. It records the progress of music in its highest development; it addresses, perhaps too exclusively, a different order of readers, an order in this country necessarily few; those, namely, who have had opportunity to cultivate their tastes so far as, for instance, to attend a concert to hear the music and not the performer, if you appreciate the distinction. If there was not a sort of prejudice in this country against using the terms, I should say, the *Journal* is the organ of the musical aristocracy, the *World*, that of the democracy — an aristocracy, however, of which any person can become a member by simply cultivating his taste — to which very end the democratic periodical is powerfully working. For my own part, I can see no rivalry between them, and should be greatly disappointed could I not have both on my desk every Saturday night.

Friend. I do not fully understand you.

Diarist. In your bookcase I saw the other day Shakespeare, and on the children's shelf a portion of Berquin's *Children's Friend* and Mrs. Edgeworth's *Parent's Assistant*. In both the latter are dramas for children. Your little boy reads these with pleasure; but when have you found him reading Hamlet or Lear? You would not then take him to hear Hudson's Lectures on those two plays. He must read, think, learn a vast deal before he can listen with profit or pleasure to Hudson. Now allow me the egotism of a little personal history.

Some dozen years since, I could read the psalm book through and carry my part in all the tunes. I had even aspired to be leader of the choir. I had lived in the house with poor Nolcini and had therefore heard very fair piano-forte and violin playing. I was familiar with all the easy glees in the Boston Glee Book, and could feel the influence of a flat seventh in transposing the scale.

With all this musical knowledge in my head I came about that time into the neighborhood of Boston. In music I was just where your boy is in regard to Shakespeare, and just as it would be with him at a lecture by Hudson, was it with me at a musical lecture by W. W. Story. It conveyed no idea to me — was all a tissue of high flying nonsense — a huge mass of bombast — I left the room. Time passed on and Hach's Magazine — I have bought it since for a few cents a volume! — and that chatty, queer mixture of good sense and absurdity — delightful reading for all that — Gardiner's Music of Nature, awakened ideas, instructed me, shewed me that I was not competent to judge of Story's Lecture. Then followed the musical essays in the *Herbinger*, and the splendid articles in the *Westminster Review*, and the thought came up, that after all by studying music, one may find something in it as he does in Virgil — about the senior year in college. The first hearing of the "Messiah" was exceedingly tiresome; for music being still little more than a sensual gratification through the ear, that poor organ became weary. The first symphony! I had begun to see what music might be possibly — a something mighty, huge, oppressive even, because I felt that it was a language, but one to which I had no grammar and lexicon. Afterwards, I joined a society and studied — studied "Samson," and the meaning of music opened to me, and Story's Lecture, Dwight's Essays, translations from the German Musical writers even, became pages of light, and when afterward the "Messiah" was patiently rehearsed, I felt that Rochlitz, the greatest of all musical essayists and critics, had good reason to put that mighty work at the head of all oratorios.

As your little boy by degrees will grow up mentally and intellectually to Hamlet and Macbeth, and will read with delight the writings on Shakespeare by Schlegel, Gervinus, Hudson and Dana, precisely so does one grow up to a love for, and appreciation of, the higher walk of musical criticism, to which, by the way, as a general thing, do not belong the newspaper paragraphs on Lind, Alboni or Sontag.

(The Diarist pursues the conversation — or preaching, as Lamb said to Coleridge — no farther. There may be too much of it already.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 27, 1852.

Opening of the New Music Hall.

The long expected opening festival came off punctually on Saturday night, and proved but the beginning of a whole volley of festivals fired off in quick succession. Such was the desire to see and hear in the new hall, and such the wealth of musical material collected in our city at the time, that there ensued spontaneously a week of musical ovations. In all of these the hall itself came in for a larger share of interest than orchestra or prima donna or composer. It was a new thing, a hitherto un hoped for thing, for our great musical public to find itself together *en masse* in an at once spacious, magically beautiful, safe, comfortable, and to the ear truth-telling temple of sweet sounds.

The opening drew an audience of near 2500, not quite filling all the seats. Many waited, more attracted by the promise of the second night. Having easily found our way, by ample corridor and stair-case, to our seats in the first end balcony, opposite the stage, our marvel at the general beauty of the scene was not greater than that at seeing how the well-dressed multitude around us and below us kept silently and mysteriously increasing at every point, through the forty doors of floor and balconies, like spring water softly rising in its basin. And the low general murmur, pervading the assembly, like

the breeze in the pine-groves, was tuned to the unmistakable key-note of admiration. Each felt himself a part in the general harmony, both seen and felt. In the blended impression of height, area, fair proportion, chaste detail and decoration, harmonious coloring, magical illumination, it was hard to single out an element of the scene wherewith to commence a description. Yet, if we would be truest to the live impression of the moment, we suspect it was the novel mode of lighting which in most persons prompted the first words of surprise. Bathed in that soft, rich, mellow light, your eyes were charmed involuntarily upward to its source, and fastened for some time to the belt of innumerable jets of flame, which like an intensified glow-worm, lay all along the cornice on the summit of the four walls. This lofty chain of gas jets, fifty feet above the floor, and lit from a concealed passage-way in the wall behind the cornice, just wide enough for a small man to walk through, with scarcely his head visible to those below, pours down a flood of mellow light, along the richly stained walls and balconies and upon the peopled floor of the hall, without the slightest impertinent assistance from chandeliers or burners hung anywhere within the range of the eyes to dazzle and torment them. The musicians themselves require no other light; they read their notes better by this soft but equal light, than by the distracting glare of thrice as much light placed nearer them. Perhaps it does not show off the flashing jewelry and tinsel of full dress, in the best way to dazzle vulgar fancies; but it reveals each face and figure in the audience, (only allowing for distance as you would in the day-time) with that distinctness and purity of outline which objects wear in the warm amber glow of some of our glorious sunsets; and it is just that soft, subdued, ideal and religious light in which the mind surrenders itself most genially to the unbroken spell of music.

But it is not the light alone, it is the blending of the light with the warm, delicate, harmonious coloring of the interior, that makes the atmosphere so rich. Too much credit cannot be given to the fine taste that has designed and executed all this. The peculiarity of this coloring is, that it is as if the sun himself had been the painter. There is a soft rosy suffusion over the walls, seeming to play through various shades of violet and purple as you see it under different aspects, which looks as if a reflection of the sunset were stealing in from without; and all the ornaments and mouldings, the pilasters and latticed fronts of the balconies, and the light doors that swing in and out at intervals behind each balcony, along the sides, are in harmoniously contrasted neutral tints, (flesh, citron, malachite green, &c.) touched only here and there with a few salient lines and points of gold, so that all is luxuriously rich, while there is nothing offensively brilliant.

Fifty feet, we said, from the floor to the blazing belt, or crown of lights! Fifteen feet higher hangs the ceiling, with its deep sky-blue diamond-shaped spaces, opening through massive bars of framework, which are cream-colored, and bordered with a gold fillet. Throwing your head back you gaze as it were up into the star-spangled sky. This ceiling, which is a flat parallelogram, falls considerably within the dimensions of the floor; its sides are met by arches, springing from the tops of the pilasters, which,

with their chaste Corinthian capitals relieve the four walls; in the recesses of which arches are cunningly scooped out (not without regard also to acoustic needs) the semi-circular windows, the only avenues of light by day. Immediately above the lights, in the arches between the pilasters, are nineteen ventilators, five and a half feet wide each, whose action is of course much promoted by the great heat there concentrated. When we had got so far used to the beauty of the scene that we could reflect upon the rationale of our comfort, breathing good air there in that multitude for two hours and more, we could contrast the admirable provision for ventilation with all that we had known and suffered in all other halls, however large. To listen with clear heads to music, even if the sounds dwindle somewhat in such vast area and height, is better than to try in vain to enjoy or feel the grandest bursts of harmony with brain bound up and stupefied by air that has been breathed over and over through thousands of lungs till it has lost all vitality.

The great height of the ceiling (65 feet), though it staggers at first many preconceived acoustic notions, for the most part mere habits, is supposed to be in about the best proportion to the length and width of the hall, which are respectively 130 and 78 feet; thus conforming nearly to the old rule of two cubes, but *precisely* to the two simplest ratios of vibrating strings, namely that of 1 to 2, and 3 to 5, which produce the two most perfect accords, of octave and fifth. (Read our correspondent on "Acoustic Architecture" in the last number.) And here we come to the skeleton and foundation part of our description, for we entered at once upon the living scene, and noted first the color, aspect and expression of the hall, the fluid general harmonies, which always catch the mind first, before stopping to take the form and measure of its structure. These statistics have been repeated in all the papers, so that we need not enter into any very elaborate detail.

We began at the top. The lights drew us there. As the eye now returns from its wanderings over the superb ceiling and slides down by the graceful white pilasters, with their capitals tipped with gold and shaded with the blue of the ceiling, and over the slightly panelled, rose-grey walls, you take in the large and elegant proportions of the ample area, "scarcely invaded" by the light balconies with latticed fronts, and rimmed with crimson velvet, which run around three sides of the room, and mostly only wide enough to hold three rows of seats. The upper balcony is forty feet below the ceiling (we mention it for the relief of the New York editor, who feared that the heads of its occupants would be roasted by the gas lights on the cornices!) Over the end section of this balcony, that is in the middle of the end wall, is a niche, whence the full length statue of BEETHOVEN, (from the plastic hands of our countryman Crawford,) it is hoped, will ere long look down across the crowds of his admirers over upon the orchestra of his interpreters. The lower balcony is of the same width on the sides, but wide enough at the end to admit of five rows of seats, rising one above another to the front of the upper end balcony. These galleries are supported from the walls without columns, except the broad end of the lower one which rests on several slender, delicate green-tinted iron shafts. Behind each balcony, elegant little doors, seven on each side, of fairly light-

ness, open into the spacious corridors by which visitors pass, outside of the hall, to the immediate vicinity of their seats, and which may also serve as promenades and excellent sounding galleries. A peep through the latticed glass of one of these doors into the lighted hall, reveals a charmed element; no where does the warm light and coloring appear so magical.

And now we glance down upon the level floor, upon the gay medley dresses of some fourteen or fifteen hundred people, comfortably seated upon parallel ranges (slightly curved in towards the stage) of oval-backed seats, each with its little white porcelain number-plate upon its top, covered with stuffed figured damask, and appearing, as you look across them when empty, like an army of upheld shields. The floor too, is entered by corridors, through seven doors upon each side.

The orchestral end of the hall (towards Winter Street) is quite imposing, though its uses do not admit of all that architectural display which the critical eye might there demand. The front of the stage is five feet above the floor, with a level fore-ground for the orchestra and principal singers, and then rising by seven steps, which run the whole width of the hall from balcony to balcony, to the superb screen of Arabesque open wood work, exquisitely colored and gilded, which covers the noble arch, in a corner of which now nestles the temporary organ from the Melodeon, no longer a giant in its place. These steps on Saturday night were made into cushioned seats, from which looked down some five hundred chorus singers face to face with the audience.

Of the convenient orchestra rooms and drawing rooms, of the small hall below, arranged amphitheatrically, and holding nine hundred persons, of the offices and safe place for deposit of musical library, &c., the heating and ventilating apparatus, and so on, we have not room to speak. Nor must we forget that we are assembled for the opening festival, and that the ear, above all other senses, is expected to make its report.

Let us begin with reasonable precaution about first impressions. Fairly to settle the acoustic character of a new hall, of altogether unwonted magnitude, we must be familiar with all sorts of music in it, under all sorts of circumstances, for at least several weeks. It is not time yet to pronounce its triumph or its condemnation. We only answer for some personal experiences, more or less confirmed by others, which shall go on accumulating for some time before we shall dare combine them into any theory or judgment.

The experience of Saturday was a mixed one; we heard much satisfactorily, much unsatisfactorily. There was everything to interfere with perfect unity and clearness in the performance and in the impression of the music. In the first place the programme was a heterogeneous and clumsy one; necessarily so, because there was given so difficult a problem to solve, that, namely of combining into one evening's entertainment so many local musical societies, with foreign talent, so many kinds of music and so many masters. The result was that almost every arrangement and every item in the programme was a compromise. A whole day's festival, of three distinct and different performances, would have been a less embarrassing matter to arrange. Again there was a general nervousness, sense of

confusion and hurry among the performers, as there always is where extraordinary combinations are attempted. There had been but very little rehearsal, at least in the new hall itself; and in that little, the performers, not at home in the strange great place, felt not the reaction of their own sounds as much as usual, and so lost confidence in themselves and began to have fears that the hall was hard to sing in, if not hard to hear in; nor did they know precisely how their singing ought to feel to them even in a *perfect* hall of such unusual size. Some quarrelled with the height of space above, some with the carpet and the cushioned seats beneath them. These, by the way, were but experimental; the first trial of the hall, with bare floor, having disclosed a vast deal of reverberation, which it was thought best to counteract by every means; possibly the corrective had been carried a little beyond the mark, and it will be the easiest thing in the world to retrace a step or two. Again five hundred singers on the stage, were more deadening than sixty carpets to the instrumental music. Again, in the auditorium, the buzzing tongues of those too taken up with novel sights to hear or let hear; the constant shifting of seats, to try the hall from every point, &c. &c., made all vibration seem confused and feeble.

The first overture, to *Zauberflöte*, did not tell with much effect. It was neither heard well nor played well. The Fund orchestra, too, for some reason, was by no means full in numbers. Of *that*, the hall rendered but a feeble and confused report. The same nearly was the fate of the *Oberon* overture. The Andante of the C minor Symphony, which it has grown a habit with them to play well, fell upon the ear with more distinctness. Beethoven's "Hallelujah" Chorus, sung without life or precision by the Handel and Haydn Society, who had grown unfamiliar with the music for years, and bunglingly accompanied, also rendered but a faint and uncertain sound. Many marvelled: Is our hall a bad one? Wait. "The Heavens are telling," sung by both societies, rang out grandly, save and except the Trio, which was any thing but telling—why? O hall, for it is politest to ask you. The delicate and lovely chorus from "St. Paul," by the Musical Education Society, was heard with perfect distinctness in every corner of the hall, even its finest *pianissimo* passages. The hall said it was sung well. The sublime Handel's "Hallelujah," by the whole five hundred, at the close, resounded more sublimely than we ever heard it before in any place. Then at length did the architectural harmony and grandeur of the scene ring and resound. Who doubted *then* about the fitness of the hall for massive oratorio performances? ALBONI's large and luscious tones told upon every ear with roundness and distinctness; and certainly it cost her but the smallest effort, for she appeared more nonchalant, if possible, than is her wont. Only when encored in the last piece, *Non piu mesta*, did she become somewhat excited and sing (to the *spirit*—she had already sung perfectly enough to the *ear*) twice as well as the first time. Alboni, we are assured, declared herself delighted with the hall, and said she sang in it with perfect ease. In her duet, substituted for the trio, from "the Barber," with Sig. ROVERE, the baritone of the latter filled the hall with ease. Nor must we forget the admirably precise, well-blended and shaded perform-

ance of the German "Liederkrantz," of forty male voices, under Herr KREISSMANN. Their first, a hunting piece by Mendelssohn, was marred by a loud accompaniment of trombones; but the second, that exquisitely soft and tranquil night song, by Lenz, to Goethe's words: *Unter allen Gipfeln ist Ruh*, &c. was sung without accompaniment, with rare perfection of ensemble and regard to *piano* and *crescendo*. Some of it was like the breath of evening softly whispering through the trees; and no syllable of the melodious whisper was lost in that hall. The Germania Serenade Band played the Polonaise: "Greeting to the Fatherland," a piece involving much florid execution, with all the unity of tone and feeling, all the contrast of spirit and of delicacy, which one could suppose possible to their eight brass instruments; and to those tones the large hall lent the magic almost of the open air.

Well here, among some disappointments, were some admirable symptoms. The truest voice tones, it appears, told well; the Albion tones found all that space obedient and responsive to their vibrations. The well-rendered portions of the great chorusses, both the thunders and the whispers, never were heard to more advantage. The organ, it has been proved, sounds finely for its size; not so, however, if in any stops it happen to be out of tune; and the new "Euharmonic Organ" proves, if nothing else, that what is in perfect tune tells farther than what is false and tempered. May it be then, that the new hall is a terrible truth-teller, muffling and smothering uncertain sounds, (or rather, so exposing every faltering and rebellious tone that the whole drags confusedly,) and only favoring the truth? That were indeed a great virtue in a hall. A true container and reflector of sound should possess, one would think, just that virtue. Another capital virtue in this hall we noted then, and note it ever since. It is, that every tone, high or low, loud or soft, in whatever part of the room heard, is brought to the most precise termination; with the value of the note the sound utterly ceases; no after-vibration is left overlapping upon the succeeding notes. If sounds do not always smite you with the force they would in a hall like the Melodeon, if they are less ponderous and noisy, they are at all events much more distinct and neatly outlined. A refined ear in music will soon learn to value this discovery.

As we said before, the orchestral sounds, especially of the strings, fell with the least volume and vitality upon the ear. Whether it was that the musicians did not play well, owing to the nervousness of the occasion, or to their not having become used to the hall, or whether the hall itself was bad for such music, we could not then decide. We would be honest even to a fault in recalling our experiences that evening; let no one take offence, since we are all interested to find out the truth. The audience seemed delighted with the feast, of ear, and eye and soul; and, lingering in parties here and there to take a last look of the magic scene, the crowds mysteriously melted away through all the forty doors aforesaid. Commonly three minutes would suffice to empty the main hall of any crowd it could contain. We understand that about \$1,000 were realized, over expenses, to go toward an organ fund.

To the above acoustic experiences add, that on the next (Sunday) morning, the Rev. Theodore Parker, whose voice is by no means a very strong one, was distinctly heard in every corner of the hall by an overflowing audience.

THE SACRED CONCERT on Sunday evening, given by Mme. SONTAG and the Handel and Haydn Society, at one and two dollars a seat (and speculators' profits added to that) completely filled floor and balconies and standing places in the corridors of the new hall. The entire performance was most satisfactory. The *Stabat Mater*, whether we consider the solo voices, or the unimpeachable delivery of the choruses, or the fine accompaniment by the Germania orchestra, under the perfect conductorship of ECKERT,

was never before performed so well, nor heard to such advantage in our city. Mme. Sontag's fine voice has in none of her concerts told with such effect, at least where we sat, far back in the open area of the floor; truly one of the best tests of the sound-transmitting capacity of the hall. In the *Inflammatus* she seemed to surpass herself in grandeur and loftiness of style and penetrating power of voice, and she was grandly upborne by the chorus. In the *Quis est homo* duet, she was nobly seconded by the rich low tones of Miss LEIMANN, who also sang the *Fac ut portem* very finely. There was no lack of resonance to the tones of either voice; nor was there to the delicate tenor of Sig. POZZOLINI, who did justice to the *Cujus animam*. BADIALI was superb as ever in the *Pro Peccatis*, his ponderous, rich tones not smiting and overwhelming you as sometimes in the Melodeon, but only rounded by the greater space to more appreciable volume. On the foundation of his firm bass, the unaccompanied quartet: *Quando Corpus*, chromatic as it is, was sung in perfect pitch and with all the expression that belonged to that most beautiful number of the *Stabat Mater*. Mme. Sontag sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," as so consummate an artist could not help singing it, but with no peculiar loftiness or genuine fervor of expression; that song was not inspired with her.

There were fewer instruments than on the preceding night, yet this time there was no complaint of their not sounding well. The people came less for patriotism this time, and more for music, and the music was most keenly enjoyed. Music Hall stock might have been said to be on the rise that evening.

The MUSICAL FUND Rehearsal, Monday afternoon, drew an immense assembly to the new Hall. Even standing places were in much demand. We rejoiced in the fact, for this was "music for the million" (only 25 cents admission), and music of a higher order than you commonly get at high-priced concerts. The old Fifth Symphony, and other good selections told with more effect, we thought, than at the Festival. Still the orchestra was not full enough in its string department, nor used enough to the great place, to do itself entire justice. *Warte nur!* as the "Liederkrantz" sang on Saturday:—just wait a while!

MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY. On the evening of the same day more music for the million, and of the most substantial order. Another "full dress rehearsal" (!), at which were given the chief portions of the "Messiah," for the benefit of the Fund orchestra, who furnished the accompaniment,—it might be said exclusively, for the organ soon gave out, leaving Mr. Miller's skilful hands *minus* a vocation. About 1500 hearers were present; this left free passage over all parts of the house, which we improved to learn the effect of sound. The choruses were all delivered with precision, emphasis and fervor, and wherever we sat, on floor or balcony, near or far off, their volume told impressively. Never have we enjoyed anything more than the "Hallelujah," from our lofty perch in the corner of the upper balcony, whence we could look down into the books of the singers, and whence too one drinks in the fullest luxury of the scene,—harmonies of sight blended with those of hearing.

Under the broad end gallery, far off as possible, we heard Mr. ARTHURSON'S voice in "Every Valley" perfectly, though it broke once or twice from hoarseness. But why *did* he ornament and twist the Handelian melody so out of its noble simplicity! The ear was disappointed of the tones of certainly a rich and sympathetic Contralto in "O, thou that tellest" and "He was despised," which somehow drooped continually from true pitch. Imperfect intonation also deadened the clear ring of an otherwise good and an interesting soprano. But the silvery true tones of Mrs. WENTWORTH in "There were Shepherds" and "Come unto him," penetrated with entire vitality to every corner of that space. So too "I know

that my Redeemer liveth," in which Miss WEBB gave very high satisfaction. In her first effort: "Rejoice greatly," it seemed a labored rejoicing, as if she sang prepossessed with the idea of the great difficulty of the hall. So edifying a concert, as this was on the whole (and so cheap), ought at any time to crowd the Music Hall.

MME. SONTAG'S FAREWELL, on Tuesday night, again filled the hall to overflowing. So far as we can learn from witnesses in all parts of the house, that concert, by its full, clear, undisturbed resonance, absorbed and did away with the last lingering vibrations of any unfavorable impressions got at the first rehearsals. The carpet had been taken from the stage and cane-bottomed chairs substituted for stuffed seats, and though half the choir was invaded by audience, Mme. Sontag and all her aids were heard perfectly and sang, as they declare, with perfect ease. Far under the end gallery, on the floor, her softest tones and finest *fioriture*, (in which she indulged largely, it being one of her ordinary programmes), reached us with a distinctness which was a marvel to us in that place. So of the orchestra ("Germanians," with local aid); and so too of little Paul's violin; if one violin could pervade the place so satisfactorily, what is to prevent it in an entire orchestra? We have no room to enter further into particulars of this very brilliant and enthusiastic concert.

ACOUSTIC ARCHITECTURE. No. VI. of the interesting papers on this subject is unavoidably postponed till next week.

The New Hall and this week of festivals crowd out almost all else.

Musical Intelligence.

THE "GERMANIANS" commence their evening series to-night in the New Hall. There will of course be a brilliant assembly. The programme is rich and various, though with hardly so much of the substantial as the past has given us a right to expect from these artists. What are extra attractions, singers, &c., to fill the vacuum of no whole Symphony? But of the songs one is the *Freyschütz* Scena, and the singer is of high report. Curiosity will be gratified, too, by a first taste of some of the much discussed Richard Wagner music.—Public Rehearsals begin next Wednesday.

ALBONI'S farewell was announced for last evening. She has sung this week at New Bedford and Providence, and goes immediately to sing in opera at Havana.

ALFRED JAEHL gives a grand concert in the Music Hall next Friday, assisted by the Germania orchestra. (See announcement.) A Concerto, by CHOPIN, should be a rare feast.

Mr. Jaell's first Classical Soirée, too, it will be seen, offers a most choice and admirable programme. Entire Trios both of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, entire Sonatas of the same, Songs of Schubert, Schumann, and Mozart, and by such artists:—what could be finer? Verily, Mr. Dresel's coming seems to have quickened Mr. Jaell's memory of his higher vocation.

Advertisements.

ALFRED JAEHL BEGS LEAVE TO ANNOUNCE A GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL Concert,

To take place on
FRIDAY EVENING, December 3d, 1852,

AT THE
BOSTON NEW MUSIC HALL,

ASSISTED BY
MME. SLEDENBURG, HERR KLEIN, HERR DRESEL, and the
Germania Musical Society.

MR. JAEHL will perform for the first time in America, a Grand Concerto by Chopin, with full Orchestra. Tickets to all parts of the hall, 50 cents; Reserved Seats, \$1. On Wednesday, Dec. 1st, sale of \$1 tickets; on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 2 and 3, sale of 50 cent tickets; and remaining \$1 seats, at Wade's 197 Washington St. Fifty cent tickets may also be had at the Hotels, music-stores, and at the doors.

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A Paper of Art and Literature.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ACOUSTIC ARCHITECTURE,

OR, THE CONSTRUCTION OF BUILDINGS WITH REFERENCE TO SOUND AND THE BEST MUSICAL EFFECT.

VI.

We have already given our views as to the Position, Shape and Proportions required in a structure intended for musical purposes. But, aside from these important considerations, magnitude or a large capacity is indispensable to give to music its full power. The most sublime effects of the oratorio and symphony can only be produced in spacious buildings; this is independent of the number of the audience, and, in great measure, too, of the vocal and orchestral force employed. Mr. Gardiner was admitted to the rehearsal of the first grand performance in York Cathedral in 1825, when only five auditors were present. The choral and instrumental band consisted of six hundred performers. In one of his desultory volumes he thus speaks of that occasion.

Upon the first burst of the voices and instruments on the words "Glory be to God," the effect was more than the senses could hear, so much was the sound augmented by the vast space of this noble building; nor was it till those overpowering concussions ceased that the imagination could recover itself.

And in another place, referring to the same subject, he remarks:

Who has not observed the peculiar lustre imparted to a musical performance in a spacious church, which heard in other situations would give the ear no pleasure.

Washington Irving, in his "Sketch Book," thus beautifully and with graphic power describes the effect of a sudden burst of music amid the vast silence of Westminster Abbey:

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place:

Suddenly the notes of the deep laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building. With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn, sweeping concertos! It grows more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away, and floating upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

The commemoration of Handel, which took place in Westminster Abbey in 1784, forms one of the grandest musical epochs in history. This festival lasted five days and was conducted in presence of the Royal Family and many of the nobility of the realm, and the public in general to the number of three or four thousand persons. The number employed in the instrumental and choral band amounted to between five and six hundred. In 1834, just fifty years afterwards, this festival was repeated, in the account of which a writer in the *Musical Library* speaks as follows:

The nave of the Abbey is 150 feet long and, including the aisles, 72 feet wide: its height 101 feet. This space was converted into a grand saloon, at the west end of which was erected the orchestra, rising from about eight feet from the floor to the middle of the great window; the principal singers and the instrumental performers occupying the nave part: the chorus filling the portion

in the aisles up to the tops of the arches. In each aisle was built a long, deep gallery extending from the orchestra to the royal boxes, and projecting from the wall to about three feet beyond the columns. The galleries contained several rows of seats, rising to the key-stone of the arches. The aisles below were fitted up in a manner similar to the galleries.

It is admitted that the performers, on the present occasion, excelled in every way those who formed the orchestra on the different festivals at the close of the last century. The force employed in the full pieces amounted to five hundred and ninety-one; and the band generally, both instrumental and vocal, can only be mentioned in terms of the highest praise. Yet those who heard the music in York Cathedral, in 1825, declare that, with about the same number of performers, but in an area more than double that of Westminster Abbey, the effect was greater than that just witnessed in the capital of the kingdom.

But we need not go so far away for evidence and illustration in proof of our position. Who among those present at the late opening festival of the Boston Music Hall could fail to notice the peculiar mellow effect of Handel's "Hallelujah" and the "Heavens are telling," though rendered by a force of fifty instruments and five hundred voices? Compare this with the stunning sensations we have been wont to experience in former times, while the choruses of the grand old masters were being driven into our ears within the narrow confines of the old Melodeon, and that, too, with one half the choral power recently employed.

These effects in the instances above mentioned may be, in part, attributed to the associations of time and place, but in greater part, we contend, are they owing to the architectural qualities of the building. And the explanation is to be found, doubtless, in the fact before alluded to, that distance aids in fusing together and harmonizing musical sounds. Thus sound requires room for its perfect development, and an ample space has, in itself, a mellowing influence upon the harshness that exists, in greater or less degree, in every musical performance, seeming, as it were, to purify the sound in some measure of its inharmonious elements and suffer it to fall with richer effect upon the ear.

Thus far, in this connection, we have spoken only of orchestral and choral harmony; but it is a mistake to suppose that choral or orchestral floods of sound are required to fill such ample space, while the tones of a single voice therein would be embayed or lost. There is a lustre likewise imparted to the intonation of a single voice or instrument, in similar circumstances, when

rightly managed, such as no narrow limits can give. We speak here of an apartment constructed in accordance with the principles previously given, in which the sound is not unduly absorbed, overpowered, wasted or confused.

According to the experiments of Mr. Benjamin Wyatt, it appears that the geometrical figure which comes nearest to the extreme limits of the natural expansion of the voice, in speaking, is a semi-circle of seventy-five feet radius, continued on each side to the extent of seventeen feet, or in the proportions of about two-ninths of its lateral expansion beyond the limits of the semi-circle, and then converging suddenly until the two lines meet behind the back of the speaker; in other words, that the reach of the voice, when moderately exerted, was in the proportion of about two-ninths further in a direct line than laterally; and that being distinctly audible on each side of the speaker at a distance of seventy-five feet it will be as plainly heard at a distance of ninety-two feet in front of him, declining in strength behind him so as not to be clearly heard at much more than thirty feet.*

The figure that would conform to these measurements it will be seen is an imperfect ellipse whose major and minor axes are respectively 150 and 122 feet. This is the space allotted to the sound in the ordinary exertions of speaking, and under the usual conditions of the atmosphere. We have seen, however, that, when the medium is in a state of absolute purity, vocal sounds are readily conveyed over an extent far greater than that just stated. We shall have occasion to allude to this point again when we come to the subject of ventilation and warming.

The calculations of Mr. Wyatt, we repeat, refer only to the power of the vocal tones in the ordinary efforts of articulate speech; but of the capacity of the human voice, when rightly exercised in song, to fill completely a space much larger than that above designated, we have no doubt. As noticed in a previous chapter, a musical tone reaches further than other sounds of the same intensity; in illustration of which it is only necessary to instance the effect of the liturgy recited in the cathedrals abroad, where, as must have been often observed, the Mass, which is performed in musical tones, becomes audible in the remotest part of the church, whereas, had the same service been read, the sound would have been wholly lost. It follows, as a corollary from this that a perfect intonation of voice or instrument is required to insure its legitimate and full power, and, in this particular, as has been truly remarked by a keen observer, the effect in a building of proper construction is 'a measure of the accuracy and excellence of the performance.'

In our choice of materials, wherewith to form the walls of a structure best adapted for the display of musical effects, we should be guided by the principles laid down in a former chapter. We have seen that, in the communication of vibrations from one medium to another of different density, a want of homogeneity, in the receiving medium, impairs the quality of the transmitted sound. This is well illustrated by the experiment of Chladni in the communication of the sonorous vibrations from a glass to the contained liquid when its homogeneity is disturbed. Here the sound is excited in a solid and transmitted to a

fluid medium. Conversely, this experiment is repeated upon a larger scale whenever a musical tone is excited in the contained air of a room.

We also found, when treating of the propagation of sound in different media, that the resonance of solid bodies is in the ratio of their conducting power, which latter depends, in great degree, upon hardness and elasticity, and uniformity of structure.

In the proper structure and conformation, therefore, of the walls and ceiling of every musical room, are found the primary conditions of its resonance and perfect intonation. Reasoning from the data afforded in the vibration of musical strings, we have previously enjoined the use of harmonic measurements in the general proportions and subdivisions of such rooms, for the securing the free vibration and consequent resonance of the whole and its parts. But this is presupposing such unity of structure as before mentioned, without which no harmonic proportions would produce the intended results.

In the selection of materials for building we are of necessity limited to wood, brick and stone. Of the woods, various species of the pine appear to be among the best resonants and conductors of sound, and are therefore well fitted for our purpose. Should a building be entirely constructed of this material (we have no reference here to a mere lining of wood) it would doubtless best answer the end in view. But the greater expense and risk attending this mode of building will prove a sufficient objection to its use.

As between brick and stone, there seems but little choice. By the preceding considerations, however, we are led to the opinion that the one or the other should alone be employed, and that the substance used as a cement should partake of the nature of the solid material, that thus the whole mass may more nearly resemble a uniform structure. In this connection arises the question as to the proper finish of the internal face of such wall, being the surface presented to the sound, the discussion of which point must be reserved for another chapter. U.

THE DUKE'S MUSICAL PEDIGREE. It is a little singular, says the *Literary World*, that the Duke of Wellington, who, we believe, was entirely indifferent to the Fine Arts, should have had a musical pedigree, as appears by this statement:

"In Taylor's history of the University of Dublin, among a list of notables recorded to have graduated there, we find the following account of the Earl of Mornington, father to the late Duke of Wellington: 'His lordship graduated as a *filius nobilis* in the University, in which class he distinguished himself as an elegant classical scholar. At an early age he displayed a very decided turn for musical composition, which he devoted much of his time in cultivating, not only in composition, but practically, for his lordship attained to a considerable degree of skill on the violin and violoncello. In 1758, a musical academy was established in Dublin by the influence of this nobleman, who became its president and leader. It was exclusively composed of amateurs from among the nobility and gentry, ladies being included. This did much good in improving the taste for musical entertainments in Ireland, and once a year they performed in public for the benefit of some charitable institution, and a large sum was thus collected for benevolent purposes. His lordship was also professor of music in this University, and gave his courses of lectures with great success. Lord Mornington's Sacred Music holds a distinguished place amongst our cathedral compositions.'

[Translated from the *Magazine Encyclopedique*, of Jan. 1812.]

Violins—The Amati Family.

Nicholas Amati was the head of this family of Amatis, so celebrated among violinists and instrument makers. It was he who, assisted by his brother, Andre Amati, made for the chapel of Charles IX. those superb instruments, *chef-d'œuvres* of the art, which yet ornament it by their color. Their number was twenty-four, and consisted of six treble violins, six alto violins, six tenor violins, and six violoncellos. The elegant simplicity of the form, united with an exquisite quality of tone, distinguished the works of the two artists. It is only to be regretted that their most common patterns were small or medium, as their violins constructed upon the large model are rare and very choice. Their tone is admirable, and the only fault that can be brought against them would be that the fourth string has a slight degree of dryness.

Jerome Amati, eldest son of Andre, worked equally upon the two models, of which the largest are likewise the most esteemed. His violins differ a little from those of Nicholas and Andres, and the changes that he introduced in his construction make the tone of the first string often too fine and always too clear.

Antoine Amati followed the principles adopted by his brother: his instruments have the same quality and the same faults with the preceding.

Nicholas Amati, son of Jerome, who has been often confounded with the old Nicholas, has made some very choice violins, and worthy of being so—particularly of the large patterns, when he especially excelled. His seconds are sometimes nasal, owing to the thinness of the bottom. The artist, Koliker, owns the finest Nicolas Amati that is known. The preservation, the form, the material, the color, the tone, all are admirable.

Jacques or Jacobus Steiner, native of Absom, a small village of Tyrol, near Inspruck, was pupil of Antoine Amati, and worked in the same line with his master. Wishing to have a model of his own, he began to shorten that which is in common use. His numerous counterfeiters, without suspecting it, have all missed this mark, in restoring to their imitations the accustomed width. The brilliancy of the tone of the instruments of Steiner makes amends for what they lack in volume; likewise his violins are better adapted to the music of a chamber than to that of a concert.

Antoine Stradivarius, of Cremona, was the most perfect of all the manufacturers of Italy. Pupil of nature more than of art, he only left the school of the Amatis to be their equal, and soon to excel them. It was about the year 1700 that he reformed the faults that he had acquired under his masters, and that he discovered the deep combinations that we trace in each of his productions. In working for the ear, Stradivarius has equally labored for the eye; thus the elegant form of his violins, and the superb color with which they are adorned, make them the models of perfection.

Among the distinguished artists who emerged from this school, ought to be noticed Joseph and Pierre Guarnerius. The former was pupil of Stradivarius, and the latter of Jerome Amati. Wishing, in their turn, to be original, and not reflecting that the true principles of making violins were established, they made some alterations in the principles they had received, in flattening the tops, increasing the thickness, and di-

* Gwilt's Encyclopedia of Architecture.

minishing the model. They have given a great celebrity to their works, but it is to be regretted that their fourth string should possess an excessive dryness, and that it should be, so to speak, sacrificed to their others. The violins of Pierre Guarnerius are much superior to those of his brother, with whom he is often confounded, but the works of the latter have a much finer tone. Joseph Guarnerius had for a pupil Francois Supot, maker to the Duke of Wertemberg, and came into France in the year 1769.

Nicolas Supot, who has been surnamed the Stradivarius of the age, was son of the preceding. He was born at Stuttgart, the 4th of December, 1758, and received from his father the first elements of the art which he pushed to so high a degree. After having long worked under the best masters of Germany, he set himself to study the models of the celebrated artists of whom we have just spoken. By dint of care, of patience, and of multiplied efforts, he succeeded in discovering a second time the varnish used by the Amatis, the Stradivari, and the Guarnerii. The violins that he made after the patterns of the great masters, have deceived connoisseurs, and especially a renowned manufacturer who had obtained one of his violins, believing it to be a Guarnerius. M. Supot is one of those who have reflected most upon the art which he practised with success. He is author of a little work entitled *La Chelonomie*, or the complete Musical Instrument Maker, one vol. 12 mo. pp. 300. Paris, 1806," which has been compiled by M. l'abbé Sibire, so well known for his love for fine instruments.

M. Supot came to France in 1704, and when it was decreed that the Conservatory of Music should give a violin for the grand prize of this instrument, Gaviniès petitioned, and gained his request, that Supot should be charged with its construction. This artist owns a superb Bass spoken by Charles IX.

The maker to the court, Mr. Zacharie Fischer, to whom the art is already much indebted for the perfecting of stringed instruments, has, notwithstanding his advanced age, invented a peculiar machine to strengthen, and at the same time to sweeten the tone of the violin. The instruments which he makes after this new process, are above those of the greatest masters. A violin thus perfected may be procured of him for 100 louis. It is possible that what Mr. Fischer has done for the violin, will be applied to other stringed instruments. His invention would thus be of so much greater importance.

The "Jenny Lind" (in Art but not in Nature) of the Nineteenth Century.

Hogarth has immortalized the ugliest, most extraordinary, and most unprincipled of artists who ever neglected the future in abusing the present; we refer to Signora Cuzzoni, a lady who, despite a stumpy figure, a repulsive obliquity of vision, and a coarse and complexionless face—to say nothing of a tasteless style of dress and silly and fantastical manner—held all England in thrall-dom exactly one century since by the powerful truth of her acting, and by the melting pathos and the inexpressible beauty of her singing. With such talents she might have become a millionaire, but she neglected opportunity. One evening, in the year 1749, she was visited by two gentlemen who felt pity at the miserable condition into which the once enchanter and favorite of the public was plunged, and who desired to

believe it. They found her dull, dirty, morose, and almost speechless. She made excuse for herself, at length, by stating that she was hungry. She had eaten nothing during the previous day, and now, at six o'clock in the evening of the second day, she confessed that she had not a penny in the world. The friends offered her such hospitality as it was usual to offer; they proposed that she should go with them to a tavern, where they would treat her with the best roast fowls and port wine that London could produce. No! (screamed the famished and squalid artist) I will neither have my dinner nor my place of eating it prescribed to me; I need never want a repast, did I choose to submit to such conditions. The friends apologized, put a guinea into her hand, and urged her to procure food at once. She muttered her thanks, and dismissed her visitors. They had no sooner departed than she summoned a "friendly wretch who inhabited the same theatre of misery," and, putting the guinea into his hand, bade him run with the money to a neighboring wine-merchant. "He is the only one (said Cuzzoni) who keeps good Tokay by him; it is a guinea a bottle, so bid him give me a loaf into the bargain: he'll not refuse.—*Foster's Life of Goldsmith.*

The Trio.—Sontag, Alboni, Jenny Lind.

[The following, to our thinking, comes about as near the mark as anything we have read. We find it in the *Literary World.*]

Sontag, Alboni, Jenny Lind. . . . Why is it that neither of the former have ever excited, or ever will excite, the deep interest, to say nothing of enthusiasm, that the sight alone of Jenny Lind has always raised? To answer this briefly, we should say she is the only woman of actual genius among the three. Personally, few celebrated women have had less claim to admiration; therefore, not a glimmer of this devotion could be ascribed to her exterior. At the same time there was undeniably in her presence that influence—magnetic if you like to call it—which genius irresistibly exerts on all around. The energetic glance of her eyes, that looked black when she was excited, so that you could see a mile from her that she had eyes, the firm, erect position of the head and throat, the graceful feminine forehead and waving hair, the lips closely set, while the eye glanced rapidly and almost sternly over her breathless audience, the single pose of the hands that throughout moved so naturally when they moved at all, or were pressed together, as if to restrain the expression of her emotion, all combined to speak of the earnest genius, the woman conscious of her powers, hard-won though they might be, with the simplicity and humility that poetical natures always bear with them, and acted like a spell—it was a spell—to rivet the eyes and minds of all upon her. Who else of all the heroines of our day, at least, looks as she looks? Sontag seems pre-eminently a lady, courteous, graceful, and—most carefully dressed. She is apparently fresh and blooming; her figure, always, we believe, remarkable for its symmetry, is now only rounded as becomes a matron; her face is amiable, and one might say sensible, but there is no sign of that inward glance revealing a world beneath the eyes, by which Jenny Lind chains us. Alboni has a countenance really beaming with kindness and goodness; if there be any southern fire in her veins, it would seem to be nullified by her genial spirit, for assuredly it is nowhere evident to us. Listen to the calm, equal flow of her singing. What can compare with the delicious softness, richness, volume, and power of her voice, power that, although so great, is yet overbalanced and cast into the shade by its exquisite sweetness. And with this voice there are all the qualities that make a perfect musician. It has been trained until she can execute with it all that any instrument can. Her taste is pure and good, and she never is in error, even in the matter of the most trifling ornament. In this respect it would, perhaps, be impossible to give the prefer-

ence to one of our trio over the others. They are each and all soundly educated musicians, and upon a point of taste we would not take the opinion of one before that of another. In flexibility and variety of execution, it is almost equally impossible to say that one excels the others. Sontag's *tours de force*, as, for instance, Rodé's air, is a wonder of skill; so is Alboni's version of the same, with the advantage of a matchless voice; and the same may be said of Jenny Lind's trio with the two flutes, perhaps the greatest feat of dexterity on record. Alboni sings with a quiet enjoyment that makes you lazy to listen to it. The critics of the present day see in it, no doubt, a revelation of Italian life, of southern skies and southern languor, with all the external etceteras that seem to manifest themselves to these far-seeing individuals; but to us, who cannot boast much penetration, it only speaks of the fullness of enjoyment, and of a singularly happy nature. How truly is her singing characterized by the story of Berlioz, declaring that were he young and handsome, Alboni should love him, he would make her wretched, and after six months of despair the world might thank him for the most glorious singer it has yet seen. This is precisely what she requires to touch our hearts. She must learn in suffering what she would teach in song. Sontag in a concert room gives you the impression of being the most charming actress, especially in comedy; but it is not really so. On the stage she is simply lady-like and quiet, singing "like an instrument," with the most faultless intonation and perfect execution. Her chromatic scale, particularly in ascending, is really marvellous, but to our fancy she is surpassed in the shake both by Jenny Lind and Alboni. But, setting aside her marvels, which go to the hearts of her orchestra more than to those of her audience, what is there to delight us? Is there anything to compare in natural gifts with Alboni, or in positive genius with Jenny Lind? Our intended comparison will end, we fancy, in a panegyric on this nightingale. Think of her versatility; brilliant and dramatic in opera, simple, naïve, or touching in ballads, devout and elevated in sacred music, in all earnest and sincere, with the most consummate tact and taste in her embellishments, and without parallel in her phrasing, and the true comprehension of the spirit of her music. And yet this is the singer whom half her audience pronounce cold and passionless, a mere vocal wonder, skilful in tricks of ventriloquism, but utterly without feeling? To us, this is at first incomprehensible, but we account for it in some degree by remembering that music, like every art, is a language, and cannot be supposed to be understood without some initiation beyond, of course, the most obvious tones of emotion that appeal to all animated nature. Of Sontag, one may more readily imagine such an impression, for she sings too much with the steady care of one practicing a solfeggio, and very rarely with the abandon of an artist. Alboni, too, is so passive in her power, that one doubts if she ever can be roused. We can at this moment recall but one or two arias which have been sung to us by each of these singers, but let us instance the finale of *La Sonnambula*, *Ah non giunge!* Sontag delivers this with the utmost precision and good taste, but with such profusion of embroidery that the air becomes utterly lost. Alboni takes it in so low a key that its sparkling vivacity is very much marred; still, it is most delicious singing. But let us remember Jenny Lind; the brilliancy of her execution, the clearness and penetrating power of her upper notes, which become triumphant in such an allegro, the beauty of her ornaments, which are not only faithful to the melody, but melody in themselves, and we must own that in all this she is yet unmatched. Jenny Lind, too, has the very great personal advantage of singing without the slightest grimace, almost without effort, though not exactly the same absence of effort as may be noted in Alboni's expansive lungs; but Sontag, though she manages the breath admirably, does not hold her countenance sufficiently under command to ensure her audience perfect

ease. This may appear a trifle, but it is really incalculable in its effect upon the lookers-on. Where there is the least sign of effort, all artistic effect must be at an end. Finally, as one says here, we may have many great singers yet among us (not many though, for the world owns but few,) but it will be many, many years before another Jenny Lind can arise to chain us with what, in our opinion, has more influence than the voices of all the angels out of heaven—we mean her earnest and aspiring genius.

MONS. JULLIEN, renowned for his "promenade concerts" for ten years past in Paris and London, has commenced his farewell series in the latter place, previous to emigrating with his orchestra to America. Sparkling "Vivian," in the *Leader*, says:

"**JULIEN** the Mons, the great Napoleon of the realms of Polk, the darling of a promenading public, the best concert giver, and most successful *entrepreneur*,—Jullien, whose whiskers and whose waistcoats madden ambitious youths, whose poses and graceful gesticulations enchant ingenuous maidens from the country, whose brilliant qualities and real musical merit—a merit amply proved by appreciation and by composition—Jullien, is to quit us for the dollars of the West! he is about to enchant America! and who knows that he may not carry his triumphant progress from the Lane of Drury to the Spice Islands of the Eastern Seas? Who can say where he will stop? He departs from us! *Lugete, Veneres Cupidinesque!*

But before he departs he once more opens his hospitable doors. In flying, he leaves behind him a sting of delight—the Parthian! For one month he is to be seen controlling the harmonious tumult of that orchestra, making it discourse divinely of Beethoven, piquantly of polkas, rhetorically and theatrically of Meyerbeer. For one month! On Monday the crush was tremendous; like herrings in a barrel were the multitudinous and perspiring public crammed and jammed up even unto the ceiling. Besides his own orchestra, there were the attractions of Anna Zerr, of two first-rate violinists, the brothers Mollinhauer, and a beautiful clarinet, M. Wuille. Of the "row," the enthusiasm, the heat, the noise, the glare, and the success of that evening, I have no time to speak. This last annual series will probably be the most brilliant of all.

Temperament.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music.

MR. DWIGHT: Permit me to have one word as to "T. H.'s" idea of sharpening the third. You remember no doubt the practice, recorded in books, which formerly prevailed in the French orchestras, of crying "*gar l'ut!*" when striking the seventh in order to be sure of getting it sharp enough. My ear is seldom offended by the seventh, in leading to the eighth, being too sharp, often by its being too flat. On the other hand, in the flat seventh, in descending motion, my ear is seldom offended by its being too flat, often by its being too sharp. In our keyed instruments the ear wants many a note sharper, and many another note flatter than the one given by the pipes or strings, and the violinist or the true singer, will make them so, except in the few cases where the elevation or depression of the note by temperament meets the cases of the sevenths mentioned. "T. H." seems to me to have a correct idea, but to have made some mistake in its statement. I guess the idea was after all started by Gardiner—who seems to be a classic with some of your correspondents.

Yours, PEGAN.

CORN SONG.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Heap high the farmer's wintry board!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June,
Its leaves grew bright and fair,
And waved in hot mid-summer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eyes,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away its frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gifts,
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk,
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured.

Where'er the wild old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn.

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit;
The wheat-field to the fly.

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us for his golden corn
Send up our thanks to God!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Hint for "the Germanians."

SATURDAY NIGHT, }
Nov. 27, 10 1-2 o'clock. }

DEAR MR. DWIGHT: I have been this evening to the first of the ten concerts which the Germania Society have provided for us, and I wish to say a word to you about it. I was delighted with the programme, because it was such an improvement on those of last winter. I used to be almost wearied to death by those confounded symphonies with which they commenced their concerts, and am rejoiced that they have thrown most of such lumber overboard. I have asked my bean, Tom Sawdust, what he thinks of the entertainment, and he echoes my sentiments perfectly. You are acquainted with Tom, are you not? He wears a darling imperial, and carries

the dearest little cane that you ever saw. If you don't know him, it's high time you did.

But to return to the programme. It has occurred to me that the selections for the future concerts might still be improved a little, and I therefore offer you one or two suggestions. You remember that Jaell, in the first part of the concert, gave us a splendid piece by Thalberg. Now why can't we have, at the next concert, the *Battle of Prague*? I should like it of all things, and if I only knew who prepared the programmes, I should make known my will to him. Then, for orchestral pieces, why can't we be enlivened with the "*Fisher's Hornpipe*" and "*Money Musk*?" I'm sure they would be played splendidly.

Now let me offer one more suggestion, and I'm done. It seems to me that one hour at a time is quite long enough to listen to *any* music, and I would still further suggest that only music enough should be performed at the next concert to last about an hour, and then, if we can have the seats on the floor of the hall rendered moveable, we can easily set them aside, and engage in a dance. Wouldn't this be capital? And then the Germania Society have such a splendid collection of waltzes, &c, that we could easily make ourselves merry till midnight.

Now, Mr. Editor, I hope that my suggestions will at least be taken into consideration, and, if possible, complied with. At any rate, Beethoven is likely in future to be laid on the shelf, and this is a decided gain. Even should his statue ever fill the vacant niche in the hall, we can easily turn our backs on it, — unless, indeed, he proves to have been a handsome fellow, and that might alter the case.

I remain yours truly,

EMILY MAGPIE.

P. S. Didn't the drums sound splendidly in the overture to Robespierre? And how cunningly that dear little octave flute looked! I don't see how the player could get all his fingers on it. I saw both Louisa Ingot and Ann Rouleaux there with new bonnets; perfect dowdies though. But I shall wear one at the next concert which will give them both the heartburn.

E. M.

From the second Quarterly Report of the Music trade of this year in Germany, it appears that in April 392 compositions appeared, May 450, June 414, total 1256, of which 752 were for the piano, and 399 were vocal. The piano-forte pieces were 64 for four hands, 582 for two hands, and 89 were duos, 47 of which were for piano and violin. We wonder how these would compare with our American publications for the same period—in both quantity and quality.

The Milwaukee News is responsible for the following. "A friend of ours who possesses a quiet vein of humor, was recently on a visit to Maryland, and relates an amusing account of a 'colored chorus' witnessed by the 'relator' at one of the African churches. The masculine darkies were arranged 'like four and twenty blackbirds all in a row' on one side, and the females on the other. The latter commenced the chorus with 'Oh! for a man—oh! for a man—oh! for a mansion in the skies;' to which the former responded; 'Send down sal—send down sal—send down sal—send down salvation to my soul.'"

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XI.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27. Decidedly a musical day.—First, an hour or two at Madame Sontag's "Full Dress Rehearsal." Found out the meaning of the term! Rejoiced exceedingly therefore. The great lady sang with her bonnet on—she was in full dress. The orchestra played, some in hats, some in caps, some in nondescripts—they were in full dress. The huge chorus of men's voices proceeded from heads covered with all sorts of coverings, from the first style new Genin, down to the unfortunate Kossuth, which has for some months been used as a foot-ball—these singers were evidently in full dress. The chorus of female voices sought its way out from overshadowing hood and bonnet, and oftentimes from beneath hood and bonnet which did not overshadow, as the mode now is. Cloaks, shawls, overcoats and roundabouts were the order of the day on the stage—surely all were in full dress. So we know what a full dress rehearsal in Europe means an opera rehearsal, where the singers and actors dress for their parts. Guess he don't know.

In the afternoon attended the Philharmonic rehearsal. Some of the performers had already wrought through two rehearsals this day, first for the concert at the Shakspeare to-morrow evening, then four hours at Mme. Sontag's, and now were pretty thoroughly wearied out. So they played but two overtures—but I could ask nothing better, as they rehearsed that of Mendelssohn, called "Fingal's Cave," three times through, until every note was fresh in the memory, and followed it with Gade's "Ossian." Thus one had the best of opportunities to compare the two. Parts of the latter seemed actually to have been taken from the former! Still, not more so than passages from Beethoven's 1st and 8th Symphonies seem to have come from Haydn and Mozart. In spirit, feeling, sentiment, soul—express it how you will—these two overtures, having both of them Scottish subjects, exciting, to some extent, similar trains of thought and emotion, seem enough alike to have sprung from one mind. Still, I do not feel the "Ossian" to be a plagiarism. Mendelssohn, as I have observed, in 'Paul,' 'Elijah,' the 'Symphony in A,' the 'Ruy Blas,' the 'Midsummer Night,' and the 'Melusina Overtures,' as well as this one and some others of his works, seems to delight in the shortest possible themes, and works as the author of the C minor Symphony wrought in the first movements of that work—there is no *tune* for the mere lover of melody to carry off in his memory, and whistle the next day. I recollect that after Handel's ponderous choruses, and the melodious duos of Haydn and Rossini, what stumbling blocks, at first, were those of 'Elijah,' at the Handel and Haydn rehearsals some years since. There appeared to be no connection between one phrase and the next; all seemed to be broken up into *disjecta membra*. The singer had to learn, by dint of study and practice, that in many of these grand vocal passages, he was a mere instrument to give utterance to certain notes, which, apart from the rest, were exceedingly near to being unmeaning, if not quite so. Mendelssohn, one would think, had no thought of making the music *taking* to the performer—he sought a certain effect, and regarded his singers but as so many human organ-pipes. Some of the present European composers have carried this style of writing to extremes. Now, this mode of using a dozen notes as a theme, struck me particularly, this afternoon, in listening to the "Fingal's Cave" overture. Gade, it strikes me, goes a different way to work, and this not from hearing this work alone. His themes are longer—he makes more of having a *tune*, than his master does—the subjects are capable of passing through a psalm-book manufactory, and coming out transmogrified into 'Put, L. M.' and 'Jehu, C. M.' and 'Nimshi, P. M.' and 'Nincompoop, 7s metre,' &c., which would be *rather* a task where the themes of Mendelssohn's overtures formed the material. Gade seems to me to work in the spirit of the last of the Great Composers, while he employs the means of those who went before; he seems to have chosen his themes and wrought with them in the manner of the early

symphonists, and yet produced a Mendelssohnian effect.

All this may be, perhaps, nonsense—but a Diary is the place for the record of the passing thought of the moment.

In the evening was present at the Concert of the young Misses Tourny. Lachner's Quartett, played by Messrs. Scharfenberg, Noll, Reyer and Eichhorn, did not *speak* to me. 'Twas a first hearing. The voices of the young ladies seemed in that hall, (Niblo's saloon,) of uncommon power, but deficient in cultivation. Their singing of Mendelssohn's duets is to me a new pleasure, and one of no ordinary character, nor could I desire a more pleasant evening than one devoted to that class of musical performances. Hearing Sontag's and Fraulein Mina's ornaments and roudades in Italian songs on the same day, was rather a disadvantage to the latter!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 4, 1852.

RICHARD WAGNER.

The performance at the first "Germania" concert of a portion of the opera, *Tannhäuser*, (arranged for orchestra), reminds us to fulfil our promise made some months since, and give our readers some account of this extraordinary man who has involved all musical Germany in the discussion of his music and his strange theories of Art. For he is a man of theories, and a writer of æsthetic treatises as well as a composer of operas. He claims to be even a greater reformer than Gluck in this department, and to have stated and illustrated in practice, for the first time in the world, the only true and sound principles of lyric drama. Certainly he is a man of marked individuality; a greater radical, one would think, has never appeared in Art, or any sphere of occupation. His theoretic statements seem to us, as doubtless to most of his readers, extravagant and in fact a denial of what we have supposed to be the essential nature of Music, as a distinct art or language from all others. Yet from the impression which his own music has made of late in Weimar, where it has been so ardently and firmly taken up and kept before the world by Liszt; from its growing popularity in many musical centres of Germany; from the number of high critical authorities which endorse it with enthusiasm, many hailing Wagner as the very Messiah of a new era of Music and all arts combined; above all, from the manner in which he perseveres and finally succeeds, after long failure, in making a deep impression on the public; it is plain that he must be a man of uncommon force, of some real creative faculty. His music, it would seem, impresses and captivates in spite of his theories, in spite of the harshest criticism of M. Fétis and all those who cling to the "old school," even if it be no older than Mendelssohn or Robert Schumann, still novel and strange enough to us in these outskirts of the great musical fermentation.

Wagner's peculiar ideas are set forth in full by himself, and with much literary ability, in two works which he has published during the past year in Leipsic. One contains the poems (of his own production) to his three operas: *Hollandais volant*, *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, to which is prefixed a long preface, of some two hundred pages, called "Communications to his Friends," wherein he intimates that only those who love him as a *man* can judge him as an *artist*.

The other is a treatise, in three small volumes, entitled "Opera and Drama." To this latter we can refer for such outline as we may give of Wagner's doctrines of art; for his life and music we must quote from those who know. His history as a man is in singular harmony with his radical and daring methods as an artist. We condense the following details from the long and for the most part unfavorable review by M. Fétis, *père*, which runs through half a dozen numbers of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* (June and July, 1852).

Richard Wagner was born at Leipsic on the 10th of May, 1813. He thinks it a good fortune that he lost his father in his earliest years; for after relating the story of a king who drove from his palace a certain young fairy, who wanted to endow his new-born son with a spirit of discontent with the actual and of passionate pursuit of the new, he says that this same fairy comes to us all at our birth, and that we might *all become geniuses*, if she were not repulsed from us by what is called *education*. "Without let or hindrance," he adds, "after the death of my father, the fairy glided in to my cradle and bestowed on me the gift that never left me, and which, in complete independence, has made me always my own teacher, directing me in life and art. *Behold, in that consists all genius.*"

But the boy was not isolated from all influences. He had family relations, something like a mother, a sister, a brother, all connected somehow with the theatre, who made him frequent the side scenes; and there he imbibed a dramatic taste. He played little plays, in his own chamber, however, and alone; he invented his own subjects and took no pleasure in the hacknied drama which he saw. He was sent to a gymnasium, ("neglected as his education was,") where he acquired a knowledge of antiquity and a taste for poetry and music, and he even tried his hand at painting, until the painter, who had received him into his house, died.

"I was writing dramas," says Wagner, "when at the age of fifteen I became acquainted with Beethoven's symphonies; these decided my exclusive passion for the study of music, which had acted powerfully upon my organization ever since I heard the *Freyschütz* of Weber. Still, my studies in this art never turned me from my propensity to imitate the poets; only, this propensity submitted itself to the musical impulse, and I cultivated poetry only from the musical point of view. Thus I remember, in my exaltation about the "Pastoral Symphony," I composed a *comédie champêtre*, borrowing the subject from Goethe's "Lovers' Humors." I made no poetical sketch; I wrote the verses and the music at once, and let the dramatic situations and their musical expression arise conjointly."

In the beginning of his eighteenth year he was deeply excited by the revolution of 1830, and the unhappy fate of Poland. Too young to be an actor in those events, his emotion sought vent in the writing of a great deal of instrumental music, particularly sonatas, overtures and one symphony, which was performed at a subscription concert in 1833. Wagner did not hear it, because poor health had obliged him to leave Leipsic and seek a milder climate at Würzburg, near his brother, professor of singing and father of the famous *prima donna*, Johanna Wagner, who so embroiled the rival managers the last season in London.

After a year of repose, he became director of music in the theatre at Magdeburg. So far, as he says himself, he had been but an imitator of the style of renowned composers. The *Oberon*, of Weber, and the *Vampyre* of Marschner, then in vogue at Leipsic, suggested to him the text of an opera, entitled "The Fairies," which he drew from one of Gozzi's novels. He set it at once to music, a mere echo of his impressions of Beethoven, Weber, and Marschner. About this time, passions of another and more private nature got possession of him and modified his ideas. He wrote another opera, "The Novice of Palermo," which was represented on the Magdeburg stage on the 29th of March, 1836, and failed. His chagrin led him to resign his place. In 1837 we find him at Königsberg as conductor of the theatre orchestra; but, for reasons not known, he remained there only a few months. It appears that he married in this period, as he says, too lightly.

He was afterwards engaged as musical director in the theatre at Riga, and there commenced a comic opera on a subject taken from the "Thousand and One Nights," which his disgust at the life of the theatre and his position soon led him to abandon. He resolved to go to Paris and wrote the two first acts of his *Rienzi*. Driven by despair, "he broke (as he says) the relations which had existed till that moment," and was *en route* for Paris without sufficient means for such a journey. The vessel in which he embarked was wrecked upon the coast of Norway; but finally he reached the shores of France and in a few days entered Paris, possessing nothing but the sketch of an opera and the hope of better times. "I trusted in the universal language of music to fill the gulf which my unmistakable instinct told me existed between me and Parisian life."

His first care was to look out for immediate aid. M. Maurice Schlesinger, music-publisher and proprietor of the *Gazette Musicale*, gave him employment enough to satisfy his more pressing wants, placed him in relation with artists and literary men, and even tried to direct him by his counsels. He made him compose romances to French words, so that his name might penetrate the saloons: but the unusual larynx of his melodies went against the ears and larynxes of those who tried to sing them. Schlesinger procured him a commission to write an overture for the *Société des Concerts*, and he chose Goethe's *Faust* for a subject, designing to make it the first movement of a grand symphony; but such an enigma did it prove upon rehearsal, that a public performance of it was put out of the question. An opera, in the mixed style, called *La Défense de l'Amour*, met with no more success.

These failures in a small sphere did not disturb a mind so organized as Wagner's; they only made him greater in his own eyes. He looked up to a higher order of success; he yielded to the counsels of his friends, to encourage their good will; but he would be content with nothing short of the Grand Opera, with all its means of musical and scenic effect; the persuasion that this was his true place was what had drawn him to Paris. What he saw at the Académie Royale had surpassed all his imaginings and lent new energy to his desire to exhibit his power in a serious work upon that vast stage. His brain whirled with the excitement of the music in the first opera he heard there; yet before long he felt a hope, nay

a certainty of bearing off the palm from all rivals as soon as a work of his own should be brought out. To support himself in the meanwhile, the author of *Tannhäuser* was obliged to arrange vaudeville music for a theatre on the Boulevards, which however did not pay, because it did not answer the purpose. There remained but one resource for Wagner, offered him by Schlesinger; the arrangement of new operas for the violin and cornet-à-pistons. Such drudgery made him grit his teeth, and Schlesinger proposed to him to write fantastic pieces for his musical journal, which were translated by another out of the German into French. Here he succeeded better. Two novels from his pen were remarkable for interest of subject and originality of form. The first is a young composer's pilgrimage to Vienna, to see Beethoven; the other the death by starvation of a young musician seeking recognition in Paris. The first embodied his sentiments, the second his personal experience.

Two years of fruitless efforts in Paris convinced Wagner that that was no place for his ideas and tastes. One thought now occupied him: which was to return to Germany and procure a representation in a grand theatre of his *Rienzi*, now completed, and which seemed to him the complete realization of the idea he had pursued from early youth. He had also finished the poem of his *Hollandais volant* (Flying Dutchman), and was negotiating with his country for the admission of these works in some capital. His evil fortunes were suddenly at an end. He received letters from Dresden and Berlin, informing him of the acceptance of *Rienzi* at the theatre of one of those cities, and of the "Flying Dutchman" at the other. A commission to arrange an opera of Halevy for the piano, and the sale of his *Hollandais* libretto, to be used by another composer under another name, gave him the means for this journey, and he left Paris in the beginning of 1842, after three years of torture there, with a new era opening before him.

On the way from Paris, Wagner's mind was pre-occupied with a new work, in which, developing his tendencies more fully, he proposed to break definitively with the existing forms of the musical drama and place the art under new conditions. The subject of this work lay in the old legend and chanson of *Tannhäuser*. "This Tannhauser," says M. Fétis, "was of a noble family of Franconia, one of those German troubadours who flourished in the 12th and 13th centuries under the name of *Minnesingers*, or singers of love. Tannhauser was a good knight, according to the old popular German ballad:

"Der Tannhauser war ein Ritter gut.

"He cultivated poesy and music with equal success, and was a worthy rival of Wolfram von Eschenbach, Walter von der Vogelweide, Rodolph of Rotenburg, Ulrich of Lichtenstein, in a word, of the most celebrated, judging by the sixteen songs and ballads that have reached us under his name. In 1207, Tannhauser, or Thanhauser, or finally Tanhäuser, received, like all the minstrel poets of Germany, an invitation from the landgrave of Thuringia, to take part in the famous poetical tournament held by the prince at his castle of Wartburg, near Eisenach. Here begins the plot of Wagner's opera. It seems that the good knight had found on his way one of those rare manuscripts of which we have an instance in the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid, and that he

was seized with a veritable passion for the allegories of paganism, especially for the gallantries of Venus. He chose this theme for his improvisation, and sang with enthusiasm of the delights of a mysterious place, called the *Venusberg*. A cry of indignation escaped all lips when they heard him eulogizing sensual love, instead of that pure, platonic love which fired most of the Minnesingers for the beauties that existed in their imagination. Declared unworthy of the prize, Tannhäuser went off with a bleeding heart. He was seized with remorse and went to Rome to confess his sins and seek for absolution; but this was refused. Desperate and furious, hoping no joy but in that that had caused his ruin, the poet dedicated himself anew to the worship of the false divinity that had led him astray. He died impenitent and fell into the power of the evil one. Such is the legend handed down from age to age and still repeated evenings by the peaceable people of Thuringia."

On his way to Dresden, to bring out his *Rienzi*, Wagner followed the valley of Thuringia, and passed near the castle of Wartburg, the sight of which inspired his preject with new force. From that moment he was elaborating the subject of *Tannhäuser*, and caressing his imagination with the hope of fine success.

In another article we shall complete this history and give some outline of the peculiar views of Wagner.

Musical Fund Society.

To-night is the first subscription concert of the season. Much as we have enjoyed the feasts of harmony prepared for us of late by renowned artists from abroad, there is a real satisfaction to us in commencing the regular musical season of our own societies. In the concerts of our Fund orchestra, our Quintette Club and oratorio societies, we think more of the music itself than of the mere manner of its performance. Their programmes commonly contain far more good music, more of the immortal masters, than the brilliant miscellaneous bills of fare of the musical stars, even when they are as admirably arranged and when in every article they go off as perfectly as those of Mme. Sontag. To such we are thankful for new stimulus and for models of the best performance. But this is lost upon us, if we do not use it in our own way, with our own means, in the providing of regular and permanent supplies of music of the highest order. We owe much enjoyment of this kind to foreign and occasional orchestras, to be sure; but how much would this community really know at this time of the Symphonies of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and others, if it were not for the steady, persevering efforts of our own orchestra for years past to interpret these noble works to the best of their ability and indoctrinate us in their spirit.

The musicians who have done this are entitled to encouragement. And the Fund Society appeals not only to our musical appetites, but to our human sympathies. Its receipts go not only to the immediate remuneration of its members employed in the concerts, but also to the formation of a mutual benefit fund for the relief of those whom age or other causes shall disable.

Again, these are *cheap* concerts. They are truly "music for the million." And in catering for the million they do not in the main conde-

scend to light, ear-tickling melodies and clap-trap, but invite us, at an almost nominal price, to hear and become familiar with the grandest inspirations of the greatest masters.

We rejoice to learn that the Fund Society enter the field to-night under some new and very hopeful auspices. There have hitherto seemed to be some barriers in the organization of the orchestra to any decided progress in the style and spirit of their performance. We understand that changes have been made in the distribution of the instruments, especially the wind instruments, hitherto the chronic weakness of the body, which are of the greatest importance to the unity and vitality of the whole. It is amicably settled that a number of the older members retire from the actual occupancy of certain instruments, and give place to fresher and more accomplished artists. Messrs. Schnapp and Rimbach take the trumpets; Messrs. Hamann (a new member and an excellent player) and the younger Fries, the horns, Messrs. Dorn and Endres being still available for supplementary horns; Mr. Werner takes the first flute and Mr. Rametti the second. The retiring performers do not retire from membership, but continue entitled to all the benefits and privileges of the society as before. This is as it should be. We congratulate the society on this spirited commencement of long needed internal improvement. The spirit once awakened and practically trusted will be likely to go on reforming in due time, temperately and amicably, each thing that shall require reform. Already we may expect the wind department to prove equal in excellence to the string, and Mr. Fries will find it a less difficult and hopeless task to enforce unity and precision and effectiveness in the music which it is his office to conduct.

We feel now encouraged to hope that we shall have an orchestra who will give us not only the best kind of music, but also the best style of performance. This orchestra must thrive, not by jealous fear of foreign competitors, and not by an exclusive spirit, binding all its members to co-operate with no others in the same line of the musical profession; but by precisely the mode which they have now commenced to practice, by sacrificing all individual considerations and prejudices to the one end of making the orchestra the best that can be, of combining the materials, always rich, in the manner most available for the true and effective rendering of the music.

If we mistake not, this very night, although the change is barely yet accomplished, will reveal a new power and virtue in our Musical Fund Society. The programme is a good one. Beethoven's charming Eighth Symphony, in his most sunny, happy, fairy vein; Mendelssohn's dramatic overture to *Ruy Blas*, and Two-Part Song, arranged with the fine trumpets obligato; Miss LEHMANN's rendering of the *Freyschütz* Scena, &c., &c., are attractions that should crowd the Music Hall.

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The First Subscription Concert, last Saturday evening, filled the new Music Hall with a most brilliant audience. The orchestra, (increased by several new violins, 'cello, &c.) was in perfect condition, and, under the infallible baton of CARL BERGMANN, rendered the various pieces with all that precision, truth of intonation, rich harmony of

coloring, spirit and expression, which has made the fame of this unrivalled band. The gems of the evening were the fairy Allegretto from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, taken, justly as we thought, in rather a more moderate tempo than we sometimes hear it, and the Larghetto from Mendelssohn's Symphony Cantata: "Song of Praise." The *Euryanthe* overture opened the feast well. The *Zanetta* overture was quite too hacknied an affair to end it. Of the two novelties, we found one, the overture to "Robespierre," by Littolf, decidedly of the blood and thunder, intense school of startling effect, like the modern French novels. We speak of its style and spirit; the instrumentation displays power. The other, an arranged Finale from Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, agreeably disappointed us in being less strange than the fame of this bold innovator had prepared us to expect. It was a warm, rich, smoothly flowing, gracefully modulating, harmonious tone-landscape, with a stream of long-drawn, sweetest melody winding through it, and the whole animated ever and anon by fine trumpet strains. The instrumentation was extremely beautiful. The melody beautiful, not particularly original, but rather Spohr-ish. We regretted that it was only an arrangement, since, inasmuch as Wagner's theory denies the validity of music pure, or without poetry, a mere instrumental transcript cannot be supposed to give a very fair conception of his work.

The singing we could not think a great addition to the attractions of the programme. Mme. SIEDENBURG displayed very sweet high notes in the little *Lied* of Gumbert—a very third-rate specimen of German *Lieder*, by the way,—but was too weak in voice, and too inexperienced an artist for the *Freyschütz* scena.

Herr KLEIN's selections, also, were indifferent:—the "Standard Bearer" of Lindpaintner being a song of that commonplace stamp for which one need not go to Germany. JAELL played the *Tarentella* of Thalberg splendidly, and the hall faithfully returned the finest tinkle of his silvery trill. Mme. BANDT, in the duet with Jaell, proved herself a brilliant and accomplished pianist; but the piece was trash, and one piano is better music than two at any time.

We trust that hereafter our friends do not mean to give us medleys of third-rate singing instead of solid symphonies, which need every opportunity that can come to us in the shape of such artists as the "Germanians."

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The first Chamber Concert of this, the fourth, season passed off delightfully on Thursday evening, at the Masonic Temple. It was a fair audience, but not half as large as it ought to have been in justice either to the Club or to ourselves. This was perhaps partly owing to the suddenness of the announcement, which had been kept back by the pre-occupation of almost every evening in the week by larger and more showy concerts; and partly too, no doubt, by Mr. Chickering's calamity, which that day damped the musical spirits of everybody.

Beethoven's great Quartet in C, (No. 3 of Op. 59,) was keenly relished by the audience; the rendering was excellent, only allowing for some imperfect intonation in the highest notes of the first violin. Mr. TRENKLE played the piano

part of Beethoven's C Minor Trio in a neat and conscientious manner, which only wanted a little more fire. The Weber quintet, with RYAN's clarinet, was charming, and the first Quintet of Mendelssohn still justified our old partiality. Mlle. LEHMANN threw a great deal of dramatic fire into Schubert's "Erl King," quite magnetizing the audience, who demanded a repetition, which was an improvement on the first. Yet it wanted light and shade; the seductive whisperings of the Erl-König were sung too loud, and far too much so the father's portion of the dialogue. *Deh vieni*, from Mozart's "Figaro," is too fine an order of melody for such a singer. Sontag embellished it throughout; Mlle. Lehmann only once, but awkwardly, by a cadenza near the close. Only to one singer would we dare confide that heavenly melody. Jenny Lind sang it in its purity, as no other can sing it.

The second concert will take place next Thursday.

The Music Hall Seal and Motto.

DEAR DWIGHT:—Constant inquiries are made as to the meaning of the motto on the seal of the "Boston Music Hall Association." The design (a St. Cecilia) was drawn by Miss Jane M. Clarke, of the "N. E. School of Design for Women," and engraved on brass by Mitchell. The motto, "*Cælo venit aurea dextro*," was kindly furnished by the Rev. Theodore Parker. At the request of one of the Directors, Mr. P. thus translates it:

"She comes, resplendent, from auspicious skies."

It is from an old Latin author, Manilius (Astronom. Lib. N. p. 539).

The seal with which the tickets for the "Opening Festival" were impressed, was an electrotype copy, gotten up in a great hurry for the occasion, and did great injustice to the idea and drawing of Miss Clarke. The embossed seals on the certificates of stock are very different and very beautiful.

Yours ever,

R. E. A.

☞ With pain we record the total destruction by fire, on Wednesday night, of the great Piano-forte Establishment of our esteemed friend, JONAS CHICKERING Esq. Such a blow is terribly felt by the whole community, especially by all interested in any way in music. It could have fallen upon no man, who would command more universal sympathy. A most generous, open-hearted, public-spirited man in all things, he has been the kindest friend of musical artists, resident or guests in our city, and has perhaps done more for the promotion of musical taste than any other dozen men in Boston. His establishment, always filled with the best pianos, musical works and pictures, was a sort of hospitable headquarters of the musical. To think of the delightful hours of social musical enjoyment that we have spent in some of those rooms, where "four black walls now stare upon each other!" One especially, the picture-room on the south front corner, where stood the newest and best grand pianos, and where so much good music has been made, seems by a sort of consecrated spell to have kept off the devouring enemy to the last. Through its windows on Washington Street, you can yet see the empty, blackened frames of those pictures hanging on the wall—the only vestiges of anything human in the whole vast pile of ruins!

Mr. Chickering was absent in Philadelphia at the time. How the fire took, or what the amount of loss, (of course very large,) cannot yet be told. For particulars, we can only refer to the daily papers.

☞ ALFRED JAELL's Concert, announced for last night, is postponed, as well as his Classical Soirées, on account of the destruction of Chickering's Manufactory.

Boston Musical Fund Society.

SIXTH SERIES.

**FIRST GRAND CONCERT,
For the Establishment of a Charitable Fund.**

THE patrons of the BOSTON MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY are respectfully informed that the First Grand Concert of the Sixth Series will be given at the

NEW MUSIC HALL,

On SATURDAY EVENING, December 4,

For which occasion they have secured the services of

M^{lle} CAROLINE LEHMANN.

Instrumental Solo Performers—Messrs. SCHNAPP and RIMBACH, and Mr. EDWARD LEHMANN.

Director, Mr. AUGUST FRIES.

Doors open at 6; Concert to commence at 7 1-2 o'clock.

PROGRAMME.**Part I.**

1. Grand Symphony No. 8, (first time,) Beethoven.
Allegro con brio—Allegretto Scherzando—Minuetto—Allegro Vivace.
2. Scena and Aria—From 'Der Freyschütz,' Weber.
M^{lle} CAROLINE LEHMANN.

Part II.

3. Overture—Itzy Blas, (first time,) Mendelssohn.
Romance, Mercadante.
4. Solo—Flute—Un theme de le Domino Noir, Tulous.
Two-part Song—'I would that my love,' Mendelssohn.
Arranged for the Orchestra. Trumpets Obligato.
Messrs. SCHNAPP and RIMBACH.
7. Cavatina—'O mio Fernando'—From La Favorita, Donizetti.
M^{lle} CAROLINE LEHMANN.
8. Overture—Le Roi d'Yvetot, (by particular request,) Adam.

NOTICE. The associate members and subscribers to the present series of performances are respectfully informed that in consequence of the limited time previous to the first Concert, no arrangements can be made regarding the securing of permanent seats.

Those subscribers who are desirous of securing permanent seats for the rest of the series, whose names are not on the list, are requested to call at No. 4 Amory Hall, previous to noon, FRIDAY, 10th, and enter their names, in order that an equal distribution of seats may be made.

Single tickets, 50 cents each, may be obtained at the Music Stores and at the doors on the evening of performance.

Per order,

JOSEPH N. PIERCE, Sec'y.

POSTPONEMENT.

ALFRED JAEHL'S First Soirée of Classical Music, announced for Dec. 9th, is postponed, in consequence of the destruction by fire of Mr. Chickering's building, until further notice.

COPARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers under the firm of T. R. MARVIN & CO., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. T. R. MARVIN will continue his business at No. 42 Congress Street. E. L. BALCH will remove to No. 21 School Street, where, in connection with the printing of "Dwight's Journal of Music," he will be prepared to receive orders for every variety of Fine Job Printing.

T. R. MARVIN.
E. L. BALCH.

Boston, Nov. 30, 1852.

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**L. H. SOUTHARD,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,**

265 Washington Street, Boston.

Oct. 16.

3m

MR. OTTO DRESEL

PROPOSES to give FIVE MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS, one each month during the months of December, January, February, March, and April, on an evening and at a place to be named hereafter.

The Programmes will consist of Piano Solos, Piano with accompaniment of String Instruments, and Vocal Music. Subscription for the Series, \$4. Tickets transferable.

The following Programme for the First Soirée will show the nature of the whole.

PART I.

- 1—TRIO for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, composed by O. DRESEL.
- 2—GERMAN SONGS.
- 3—SONATA for Piano Solo. By BEETHOVEN.
- 4—TRIO for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, composed by MENDELSSOHN.

PART II.

- 5—HOMMAGE A HANDEL. Duo for two Pianos, by MOSCHES. Performed by Mr. Jaell and Mr. Dresel.
- 6—GERMAN SONGS.
- 7—PIANO SOLOS.

Subscription lists may be found with Mr. Chickering, or at the Office of the Journal of Music, 21 School St. ii7 tf

Germania Serenade Band.

THE MEMBERS OF THIS ASSOCIATION take great pleasure in announcing that their

COTILLON BAND

is again prepared for the ensuing Dancing Season. They have also added all the popular Songs of Schubert, Mendelssohn and others, to their extensive Library of Concert Music, in order to accommodate parties where no dancing music is required. G. SCHNAPP, Leader, 364 Tremont Street 5 tf

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RESPECTFULLY announce to the citizens of Boston and its vicinity, that during this their FOURTH SEASON, they intend giving a series of

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M^{lle} CAROLINE LEHMANN,

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A NOVEMBER SKETCH.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

Long bars of sky-gold, mixed with dross of cloud,
Gleam in the West beyond the solemn hills,
November's brown and purple hills. The trees,
Stripped of their leaves, stand traced against the sky,
Sharply yet delicately drawn: and through
Their depths of dusky grey the yellow light
Streams slant upon the heaps of withered leaves
And the long faded grasses. Ye bare trees,
Grey naked forms by frost and winds disrobed
Of all your summer glories—not to me
Are ye bereft of beauty. Bards have sung
The festive luxury of Arcadian howers:
The satiate sense of rounded summer time
Languished along the tones that told their joy
In the dense leafy woods. But now ye stand
Bared to the blast—your branches spread aloft
Gracefully interlacing, dreading not
The snows of winter, nor the midnight frosts,
Nor the fierce whirling of the Northern winds,
But waiting calmly for the kiss of Spring.
And so I seem to hear an under tone
In your prophetic stillness—"We but bide
Our hour—again and again for many a year
Shall we burst forth in blossoms and in leaves,
Proving that growth comes only out of change,
Light out of darkness—life from seeming death."

PIERRE RODÉ.

Rodé was born at Bordeaux, February 26th, 1774. The decided bent of his genius towards music and the violin was manifested even in his infancy. He received some instructions from a provincial master, and was then, at the age of thirteen, sent to Paris, where he was introduced to the celebrated Viotti, who received him with great kindness, and soon distinguished him as his favorite pupil. In 1790, at the age of 16, Rodé made his first appearance before a Parisian audience, playing his master's 13th Concerto, between the acts of an Italian opera, and in the same year was appointed principal second violin at the Theatre Feydeau. He held the place until 1796, and established his reputation as a first rate violinist by the style in which he executed several of Viotti's concertos, at the concerts given during passion week. This year, 1796, he commenced a tour, accompanied by Garat, a great singer of that day, through Holland and North Germany, to Berlin, where he played before Frederick William II., an honor very soon after deigned by that king to the young Beethoven. He returned to Hamburg, and sailed for Bordeaux, but was wrecked on the coast of England—a bad place for a Frenchman just at that epoch, unless a refugee. Viotti in the mean time had fled from France, and taken refuge in London—and it is a curious circumstance, that Rodé dared not visit his old master, until he had applied to the French authorities, and obtained permission to do so.

Desirous of giving some concerts at London, he for the purpose of making himself known to the public, played in one for some charity or other, but had very few hearers. Fétis, in his sketch of Rodé's life, attributes this to his being a Frenchman, and the English prejudices at that time so strong against their neighbors over the channel. But this is hardly probable, for he was a young man of twenty-five, whose name had probably never before been heard in England, and in a city where three such violinists as Cramer, Salomon and Viotti dwelt, he had no right to expect any distinguished success on his first appearance. There was no such prejudice against Viotti, as any one knows who is at all familiar with the English musical annals of that period.

Returning to Paris, (probably hastened back by the Directory,) by way of Hamburg and Hol-

land, gaining fame at every step, Rodé was appointed professor of the violin in the Conservatory, and played with great applause at the Feydeau concerts; but after a short stay he was seized with another fit of travelling, and went to Madrid, where he obtained the friendship of Boccherini, who scored several of his Concertos for him, particularly one, once very popular, in B \flat . In 1800 he returned to Paris, where he was immediately appointed solo violin in Napoleon's private band. This was the period when Rodé's talents and success were at their zenith. About that time the great songstress, Grassini, gave a series of concerts at which Rodé performed his seventh Concerto for the first time, "the prodigious effect of which was never forgotten by any one then present."

By this time the fame of the great violinist had reached Russia, whither he was invited in 1803. Accompanied by his friend Boieldieu, author of "La Dame Blanche," he proceeded to St. Petersburg and was at once appointed first violin in the Imperial orchestra, with 5000 rubles salary, a station to which no other duties were attached than playing at court concerts, and those given in the Imperial theatre. He remained in Russia five years, and returned to Paris in 1808, when he gave his last public concert at the Odeon.

Notwithstanding his repeated and long absences, the recollection of his fine talents was too recent to allow this opportunity of hearing him to be neglected, and a full audience of real amateurs was assembled—but in truth to find their expectations disappointed. The purity of tone, the elegant style of bowing still remained, but there was no longer the brilliancy and fire which had charmed the audiences at Mme. Grassini's concerts. Rodé himself appears to have felt, with mortification, that the applause which he received had not the enthusiasm of former days; for he appeared no more before the public.

In 1811, weary of his inactivity, he made another journey, taking the German route, and traversed Austria, Hungary, Styria, Bohemia, Bavaria and Switzerland. In the course of this tour, in 1813, he spent some time in Vienna, made the acquaintance of Beethoven, and that great master composed for him one of his (Beethoven's) two splendid Romanzas for violin and orchestra. We have no means at hand of deciding whether it was the one in G or that in F. It was, however, one which afterwards created a

remarkable sensation when played by Baillot at the Conservatory in Paris. In 1814 he established himself in Berlin for a time, giving a single concert in that city, and that soon after his arrival, for the benefit of the poor, from which time he lived only in the family circle. Two or three years later we find him a resident in Switzerland, whence, about 1817 or 1818, so well as we can learn, he returned to his native city, Bordeaux. Here he remained until 1828, keeping himself alive in the memory of the public only by the publication of his works, which appeared at intervals, playing only in the circle of his friends, whose partiality led them to suppose and to assure him that he had lost nothing of his former greatness as a violinist. He had no means of comparing himself with others, and was utterly unconscious of the change that had taken place in him as a violinist. At this time, 1828, the desire to be heard once more in public led him again to Paris, where he sought opportunities of playing at private parties with all the eagerness of a young man. His old friends greeted him with delight, but soon saw with real regret that he was compromising a great and well-earned name. His tone, once so pure and beautiful, had become uncertain; his bow was as timid as his fingers, and he no longer dared to indulge fearlessly the suggestions of his imagination; in short it was too apparent that Rodé's former confidence in himself was gone—to an artist a fatal loss. He received applause; respect for the last efforts of what had once been first rate talent secured him that; but his hearers applauded rather from a feeling of duty than from any enthusiasm. He felt the distinction; a dreadful light broke in upon him, and he became for the first time conscious that he was no longer what he once was. The blow was the more severe for being unexpected. He left Paris overwhelmed with grief; and the shock was so great, preyed so incessantly upon his mind, that he came back to Bordeaux with injured health. From this moment he failed, and toward the end of 1829, a paralytic stroke deprived him of the use of one side, and impaired his intellect. He lingered in this state until November 25, 1830, when death relieved him from his sufferings.

Notwithstanding the susceptibility of mind which he showed on several occasions, and which finally led to such fatal effects, Rodé was not a proud man, even when his fame was highest. He spoke not of himself; he admired sincerely real talent in others, and was free from jealousy and the spirit of intrigue. With his rival, Baillot, he lived in uninterrupted friendship, and it was delightful to witness the anxiety of these two great men to secure and increase each other's success.

As a writer for his instrument, Rodé merits a distinguished place. His musical education, as regards the principles of composition, had been neglected, so that he was at first obliged to get his friends to add the accompaniments to his Concertos, but his melodies are remarkable for sweetness; the plans of his compositions are well conceived and he is not without originality. No better proof of their excellence need be adduced than the fact that they were sometimes played by Paganini in his concerts. His quartets, which in fact are brilliant solos for the first violin, with an accompaniment of the second violin, viola and cello, were also very successful. One of these

quartets (in G), says the editor of the *Harmonicon*, has been rendered still more popular by the circumstance of Catalani's having selected it for one of her early experiments in the art of singing instrumental variations.

These particulars of Rodé's career have been taken mostly from an imperfect translation, in the *Harmonicon*, of an article in Schilling's Lexicon. Something has been added, and some corrections made from other sources. The error of a writer in No. 8, Vol. II. of the *Journal of Music*, in making Berlin the place of Rodé's death is clearly owing to his having depended upon the abridgement of Schilling for his dates.

Rodé's published compositions consist of ten Concertos for violin, four string Quartets, three Airs with Variations for full orchestra, and the same arranged as Quartets, and three sets of Duets for two violins. He also wrote several Andantes, Rondos, Polonaises, &c., and twenty-four Capriccios, as studies, and assisted Baillot and Kreutzer in preparing the Conservatory's "Method of Instruction for the Violin."

A. W. T.

[From the London Musical World.]

Beethoven's "Ruinen von Athen."*

The Ruins of Athens is a dramatic work, in style and form resembling the Masque, of which the golden days of English dramatic literature furnish so many examples, and no less in style and form than in the circumstances, if not the place of its production. The Masque, to judge from example—for I am not aware that any rules of this species of composition have been otherwise preserved—the Masque, was a work comprising dramatic action, poetry, music, pageantry, and more or less of pictorial and mechanical decoration; the subject was always drawn from the occasion in honour of which the Masque was produced, and it was always treated allegorically or, at least, invested with the machinery of the classical mythology. The performance of this species of entertainment took not place in public, but at the court, or at the private residence of whatever noble family required its composition, and it was not uncommon for the members of such family or other aristocratic and even royal amateurs to take part in, if not entirely to sustain, the representation; and there rarely occurred a birthday, or a marriage, or a victory, or any occasion of rejoicing that either was or was thought to be of sufficient importance in the state but the performance of a Masque, composed on purpose, formed part of the celebration.

The custom of having these dramatic allegories to celebrate state occasions has been much more steadily brought down to our own age in Germany than here, for we have in the works of the best approved modern poets of that country very many specimens of this class of writing.

The work under consideration classes among these. It was written for the opening of the theatre in Pesth, the poem by Kotzebue, and the music by Beethoven. The Overture was sent by Beethoven, with two others—which I believe were the Overture to *King Stephen* and the Overture in C, Op. 124—through Ferdinand Ries to the Philharmonic Society in London, by whom he had been commissioned to furnish them with three overtures that should remain their property. So little merit was found in these works, and so great expectation was excited by everything that bore the name of Beethoven, that they were considered unavailable for performance at concerts of the high pretensions of those of our Philharmonic Society; and, accord-

* Beethoven's Music to the drama of "The Ruins of Athens." The Piano-forte parts arranged from the Score by Ann S. Mounsey, the English version written and adapted by W. Bartholomew, Esq., Ewer.

ingly, not one of them was produced. Some years afterwards the overtures were all printed in Vienna, but the Philharmonic Society made no complaint of the infringement of their property.

With the exception of the March and Chorus, "Twine ye garlands," the dramatic music of the *Ruins of Athens* was, I have understood, discovered some eight or nine years ago in an unfrequented store-room of the Pesth Theatre, where it had lain so entirely unheeded since its first production that its very existence had been forgotten. It was first brought to England by Mendelssohn in 1844, when he conducted for the greater part of the season the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, at one of which the most effective portions of this very interesting resuscitation were performed. As a *pièce de circonstance*, the interest of the *Ruins of Athens*, of course, passed away with the occasion for which it was composed; as a dramatic work, by reason of its purely occasional character, it can never have had any interest; as a work of Beethoven, therefore, it can now only interest the world, and by this highest test it can now only be judged.

The subject of the Masque, so far as I can gather from report, and from Mr. W. Bartholomew's version (which is an adaptation rather than a translation, designed to meet a ready appreciation in England by the substitution of some entirely local matter for other, that being out of our knowledge, was supposed to be beyond our sympathy) the subject or argument, so far as I can gather from such uncertain authorities, is more or less as follows.

Minerva has been since the golden age of Grecian art, the glorious epoch of Grecian liberty, for some or other important offence against the Olympian tribunal, the particulars of which I am unable to furnish, fettered with chains of heaven-wrought adamant by the omnipotent thunderer within a rock impenetrable alike to the aspirations of man and to the intelligence of the goddess, a rock through which neither his spirit of inquiry could approach, nor her wisdom diffuse itself upon the world. The period of vengeance is past; Jove relents, and the captive deity is enfranchised. The first steps of her freedom naturally lead Minerva to the scene of her ancient greatness. She finds Athens, her Athens, her especially beloved and most carefully cherished city in ruins, the descendants of her fostered people enslaved to a barbarous and fanatic race; the trophies of her former splendor, the wrecks of that art which is the example and the regret of all time, appropriated to the most degrading purposes of vulgar householdry; and the frenzied worshippers of a faith that knows not the divine presence in its most marvellous manifestation, the intellect of man. Here is no longer the home of wisdom and the arts, so the liberated goddess proceeds to Pesth, where she establishes anew her temple in the new theatre, and presides over a triumphal procession in honor of the emperor, its patron, under whose auspices the golden age is to prevail again.

In the English version, which was performed entire at the Princess's Theatre some seven or eight years ago, to the best of my recollection, the Royal Exchange with the statue of Wellington was substituted for the new theatre at Pesth, and Shakspeare with a pageant of the principal characters from all his plays was substituted for the Emperor of Austria,—modifications admirably adapted to the commercial character and the blind vain glory that so eminently mark the British nation, and at the same time interfering in no respect with such particulars as it was within the province of Beethoven's music to illustrate.

The merit of the music is very unequal. There are some pieces in the work that add a radiance to the brightest glory with which the immortal composer is crowned; there are others that bear no indication of the hand of Beethoven, but only his name on the title-page. I can form but a very faint conjecture as to the period at which it was composed, for I have been unable to ascertain the date of the opening of the Pesth Theatre, and the sending of the overture to Ries in London must have been subsequent to this, and the

publication of it in Vienna is stated by this authority to have been some years later. The number of the work, (the overture is printed as Op. 113,) bears reference only to the order of publication, and is therefore no clue to its chronological position amongst the composer's other works in the order of composition. I should surmise from the style of the music that it may have been produced at about the period of the Quartets dedicated to Count Rasoumowsky, but a conjecture founded only on analogy must be so entirely vague as to pretend to little consideration.

It is little to be wondered at that our Philharmonic Society esteemed the overture unworthy the name of Beethoven, and therefore unavailable for performance at their concerts, since the most impartial examination of the composition must always lead to a confirmation of this decision; and it is no little credit to that body that, having obtained by regular purchase the exclusive property in a composition which would surely have stimulated the greatest interest, and finding that it possessed not the essential to gratify the interest it would have excited, they withheld it from the public at a period when the merit even of Beethoven's greatest works was but partially acknowledged, and when to have produced a composition of decided inferiority would have given such authority to the scepticism that then prevailed among the respected of the art as apparently to justify the depreciation of those masterpieces which were not understood because they were superior to the comprehension of those who dogmatically presumed to judge them.

It is, on the other hand, matter of very considerable marvel that Beethoven, who was most jealous of his reputation, should at three different periods have submitted so weak a production to the public. The inequality of the works of a great master is the fact that proves him to be such, or, at least, that distinguishes what, for want of another term, must still be called by the conventional name of divine inspiration, from what we know to be mere mechanical facility. Hence it is only matter of remark, certainly not of wonder, that even Beethoven should have produced an overture that is without merit. The satisfaction of an author with his work at the period of its composition, when his imagination is still glowing with the ardor of intention which is at the time impossible to distinguish from the fervor of the creative power, is a circumstance so natural that there can scarcely exist one who has written, much or little, but must have felt when discharging a work from his mind that he had done all that was within him to do to perfect such work for the purpose to which he designed it. Hence it is quite accountable that Beethoven should have given this overture out for performance on the occasion for which it was composed, when it is not unlikely that there may have been the additional reason of press of time to prevent him from writing another to substitute for it.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.
From my Diary. No. XII.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1. Heard part of Madame Sontag's concert this evening. No wonder some thought that the choral was the "Judgment Hymn," for, perched high above all the rest, "the noise of the trumpet was exceeding loud"—and so of the other brass instruments.

Dec. 4. "He will be another Mozart!" How many times that has been said of that glorious little fellow, Paul Jullien, since his appearance among us, would not be easy to estimate. But is this said on due consideration? Has the idea any other foundation than the fact that the child equals in skill many of the acknowledged masters of his instrument? Mozart was more than a mere virtuoso, does our little wonder give evidence—of course only his playing is now referred to—of ever being anything more? Years ago Master Betty and Master Burke, at present the Bateman children, were and are subjects of admiration and astonishment to the theatre-goers—no one then or now has supposed that they would

grow up Shakespeares. Nor did the former, nor will the latter, become such.

A talent—nay, a genius, if you will—for a single instrument is something very different from that wide, grasping power, which bows all instruments to its will; which, knowing the character, the capacity, the peculiarities of each, uses them singly or combined with no thought but expressing some grand idea, of producing a certain grand result. Let your orchestra be composed of virtuosos entirely. Put your violins in the hands of De Beriot, and Vieuxtemps, and Ole Bulls; your violoncellos give to Rombergs and Knoops, &c.; your contrabasses to Dragonnetts and Bottessinis, and so on throughout, and each will lose his individuality and become but an instrument in the hands of one mightier than he. A genius for execution is by no means necessarily creative. Little Jullien, it is not denied, may have the latter power as he certainly has the former, but his mere playing is no proof of it. Again, that natural bent of mind, which urges a young musician to an instrument, incapable of other than a few simple harmonies, may indicate a future Paganini, but scarcely a Mozart. It is to be distrusted. Melody is not sufficient. He only gives indications of a capacity to become a great composer, whose bosom yearns for something more than "that strain" which "has a dying fall" and comes o'er the

—“Ear like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets
Stealing and giving odor.”

Again, supposing the native genius to be there, and circumstances alone have turned its development in the virtuosic direction, is there not danger that it will forget the higher path, and, however creative, learn to content itself with, and seek expression and applause in, those forms of composition best adapted to show the skill of the mere executant? Let us look at the matter in the light of history, and call out a few witnesses from its pages.

Händel, in some styles the greatest composer that has lived, before he is seven years old, steals at night into the garret to enjoy the harmonies of the old harpsichord packed away there as useless lumber. Bach, while but a child, deprived of music by his uncle, steals it away and copies it by moonlight, for the pleasure of studying, when opportunity offers, upon harpsichord or organ. While still but a lad, he wanders away to Hamburg to hear the greatest organist of Germany, and at seventeen becomes an organist himself. Gluck began the study of musical science at Prague, when still very young, and himself an excellent violoncellist, which was his means of support when pursuing his studies afterward at Milan under San Martini. Mozart exhibited the bent of his genius, as everybody knows, by seeking out the harmonies on the harpsichord at three years of age. Beethoven's name was printed in the catalogue of musical authors in 1783, he having published some pieces at the age of eleven. At this age he played Bach's fugues, but afterward designated his violin playing at that time as "horrid scraping." Mendelssohn in his ninth year appeared in public at Berlin as a pianist.

Of the great composers of the second class, J. N. Hummel, one of the first of this class, was such a pianist at seven years, that Mozart took him into his own house in Vienna, to teach him; von Weher at twelve was the author of six fuguetas for piano-forte, which were published and praised in Rochlitz's Journal; the talent of Moscheles was discovered much as Mozart's was, by his anxiety to practice his sister's lessons on the piano-forte, and to enjoy chords upon that instrument; Neukomm, when a mere lad of ten, played the organ at Salzburg for old Michael Hlaydu. This lift might be extended to almost any length.

Haydn and Spohr seem to be exceptions to the rule, for we find the first to be a violinist at five years—that is, playing with his father's yard-stick on his bare arm. However, before he passed his boyhood he had learned all the instruments in the orchestra, even the drums. Spohr was first known to the world as a great violinist, though already a great musician in another sense than as a virtuoso. The great Italian composers, Cherubini, Spontini, Rossini, Cimarosa, Donizetti, Verdi, (there is a passage, by the way, in *Ernani* adapted to English, words, "Crowned with the tempest," &c., worthy of any master—it moves along with the rush of Niagara,) &c., &c., seem never to have devoted themselves to any in-

strument; not one occurs to me now, who was distinguished as a performer either upon the piano-forte or upon an instrument of the orchestra; does this fact—if it be a fact—explain their want of depth as harmonists?

Does it not appear then that a genius for the lofty vocation of a musical creator impels its possessor to something beyond the mere study of a solo instrument?

Per contra. Look at the great violin virtuosos of the past and present century. What have Giardini, Viotti, Rodé, Baillot, Paganini, de Beriot, R. Kreutzer, Fesca, Tartini, Wranizley, B. Romberg, Waldemar, Lacroix, Corelli, Pleyel, &c., &c., left behind them to keep their names alive, save works for their own peculiar instruments? And yet many of these wrote popular works in all classes of composition. Of those who are now on the stage of action there is no necessity of speaking.

Upon the whole it is rather a matter of doubt whether one has good reason to say in regard to any violinist, however excellent, however precocious, that "He will be another Mozart."

Dec. 2. "The band, not being able to play any music but quicksteps, was dismissed from the funeral procession."

Three cheers for that marshall, who dismissed them! Give him a gold medal. Present a brickbat set in pewter to the leader of that band, and advise him to offer his services to our common council. He'll do here.

Dec. 3. "Live and learn."

Beautiful anecdote that of Mme. Sontag, how she saved two poor little beggar girls from starvation in Paris, one of whom is now the noted songstress, Johanna Wagner! The story says that this was while Sontag was queen of the opera in the French capital, which would make the time of the occurrence about 1826 or '27. I learn by this anecdote, that Fraulein Wagner must be about Jenny Lind's age—just blazing out as a star of the first magnitude, at the period of life when the Swede is retiring; and that she is *not*, as I supposed, the daughter of Dr. Johann Wagner, Professor of Philosophy since 1815 at the University of Würzburg, and known by his writings in the *Leipsic Musikalische Zeitung*, but a Parisian beggar girl! There is a good deal to be learned of European artists in our newspapers.

Gleanings from German Musical Papers.

[As we are at the trouble of selecting, translating, and preparing these items expressly for this paper, justice would seem to require that, when they are taken by other papers to use in their "Musical Chit-chat," due credit be given to the *Journal of Music*.]

At the last accounts from Vienna the court opera was engaged in the rehearsal of a new opera, "Undine," by the Russian General Lvoff.

The Leipsic Gewandhaus concerts commenced on the evening of October 3d. The first half were to be under the direction of Ferdinand David, the rest under that of Gade.

The Leipsic *Signale* says that a richer Max probably never appeared on the stage in *Der Freyschütz*, than Herr Southem, who has just closed an engagement at Munich in this character. On entering the Theatre, just before the opening of the opera, his salary, amounting to 1300 gulden, about \$600, was paid in silver. Being afraid to trust this large sum in his dressing room, he finally thrust it into the game bag, which he wears in the part, and lugged it about with him into the wolf's glen, to the target shooting, and finally brought it safe to the hotel. A rich Max he, thinks the *Signale*.

In the town of — the people are all in raptures at the elegance and excellence of Herr X., the conductor of their orchestra. Never was such a conductor! So think the people. — "Humph!" says one of the musicians to his

neighbor, "If he plays us such a trick again, we'll pay him off—we'll play for once *just as he directs.*"

Mlle. Roblet, the original Fenella in Auber's *Masaniello*, died a short time since at Paris.

The *Signale* of Oct. 21st states that Gade has composed an opera called "The Bride of Louisiana," which is to be brought out this winter in German in several of the German theatres, and in Danish at Copenhagen. He had a new Ossianic overture in preparation for the Gewandhaus concert, called *Corualla*."

Musical Review.

We are fairly overwhelmed this week with new music from our own Boston publishers, not to speak of others. And much of it so excellent, so solid! If there is not a taste for good music in America, there is at least a demand for it. We can only begin to notice the good things that have poured in upon us. We will take the freshest. And first and best of all:

MEYERBEER. *Elijah, an Oratorio*, Op. 70. English version by W. BARTHOLOMEW, Esq. Piano arrangement by the author. Boston: Geo. P. Reed & Co. Octavo, pp. 296, bound in cloth.

"Elijah" complete! and for the very low price of *two dollars*, whereas the English edition costs from eight to ten. But our's is most beautifully printed in a medium sized type, which is far more clearly legible than the famous Novello edition of the oratorios, which by the way does not include "Elijah." Altogether, Messrs. Reed & Co. have given us in this book the model of a convenient, elegant and cheap copy of an oratorio. A fine portrait of the immortal Felix is prefixed, with his autograph, lithographed by Messrs. Tappan and Bradford.

Of the depth and beauty of the music we have said our say (See Nos. 25-6, Vol. I. of the Journal). Now that it is so accessible, and in so cheap and fair a form, it should be in the hands of every member of the oratorio societies and choirs throughout the land.

HAYDN. *Third Mass, in D minor. In Vocal Score, with Organ and Piano accompaniment*, by VINCENT NOVELLO. With Latin and English Text. Boston: O. Ditson. Royal Octavo; pp. 68.

The practice of Mass music, in private amateur circles as well as in choirs, has proved so fascinating in several instances, that "Mass Clubs" have become almost as common as "Glee Clubs" in and about Boston. There is a steady demand at the music stores for Novello's editions of the Masses of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Haydn's Third, commonly called the "Imperial" Mass, is one of his grandest, a great favorite with all students of this kind of music. Mr. Ditson now presents us with a copy, uniform with his Twelfth Mass of Mozart, having both the Latin and English words, in a type a little smaller than that of Reed's "Elijah," but of an exceedingly neat cut and perfectly clear and legible. It will be widely purchased and do much to form the public taste for what is deep and genuine.

BEETHOVEN. *Variations, Composed for the Piano-Forte*. Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4. Boston: G. P. Reed & Co.

If scholars must be exercising their fingers in variation playing, why not let them also exercise their mind and taste and musical feeling and imagination? why not give them variations, that are not mere mechanical bedevillments of a melody into all sorts of crazy forms of difficulty, but which flow naturally and intelligently from the theme, as vegetation from a germ? Such variations as Beethoven, Mozart, and the like, knew how to write? There are ten of these little pieces left by Beethoven. They are of moderate difficulty; the themes are simple, pleasing and suggestive, and the master has varied them in a manner which does not so furiously task the fingers,

as it genially interests the mind. The numbers which Mr. Reed has already published (four) are excellent lessons and we recommend them to all young pianists. The other numbers will soon follow.

ROSSINI. *Stabat Mater*. In Vocal Score, with Organ or Piano accompaniment. pp. 72. Boston: O. Ditson. Price 75 cents.

Another exceedingly cheap edition of a work which thousands will desire to possess, as it is here, entire. The only fault we have to find with it, is with the English words, which are those usually placed upon the programmes at our Handel and Haydn performances, and which have neither poetic beauty nor fidelity to the original. But the Latin words also are given, and those ought always to be sung. It is an easy thing to learn to pronounce them.

J. MOSCHELES. Op. 72. *Bijoux à La Sontag. Fantaisie Dramatique pour le Piano*. pp. 13.

A pleasant little medley of favorite airs sung by SONTAG, when she was Mademoiselle, and of which her singing still retains its charm. There is the *Una voce* from "the Barber," the sad Romanza from *Otello*, the *Padre mio* from "Don Juan," &c., &c.; and, what many will like to have as a curiosity, Rodé's "Variations," as Catalani, Sontag and Alboni have sung them.

F. CARULLI. *Complete Method for the Guitar*, Quarto. pp. 106. Price \$3.50 nett. Springfield, Mass.: Sarles and Adey. Boston: E. H. Wade.

This work bears the recommendation of our well-known Boston teacher, Mr. Anguera, and appears to contain every necessary instruction for one who would "strike the light guitar" with skill. It is neatly engraved in large, clear characters, making a sumptuous volume in appearance. The very careful series of directions is illustrated by forty-four progressive exercises, followed by six studies of a more elaborate order. One who should exhaust these lessons must be no mean master of the instrument.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 11, 1852.

RICHARD WAGNER.

SECOND ARTICLE.

We left Wagner meditating his *Tannhäuser*, on the way back to Germany, where he felt that his artistic destiny was at length opening before him, as he had vainly felt three years before on entering Paris. "I trod anew," he says, writing in his political exile in '48, "the soil of my country with a patriotic and a fervent joy."

Arrived in Dresden, he set about the rehearsals of his *Rienzi*, finding a new sense of satisfaction in the zeal and praises of the singers. The first performance was a triumph; though M. Fétis intimates that the public understood not what it was applauding, and was only carried away by the momentary charm of novelty. At all events he reaped a solid benefit, about which he records his great surprise: "What! I, but just now isolated, abandoned, without hearth or home, I found myself all at once loved, admired, and even contemplated with astonishment! Moreover, as an effect of this success, I found a solid and durable basis of a prosperous existence in my unexpected appointment as chapel-master to the king of Saxony!"

The success of *Rienzi* decided the director of the court theatre at Dresden to put upon the stage the *Fliegende Holländer* (Flying Dutch-

man), which met with a signal failure on the 2d of January, 1843. Early in '44 it was again produced twice, under better auspices, at Berlin, but on the second time to an almost empty house. The critics spoke of the eccentricity of its musical forms, and this had its weight with the public. One consolation Wagner had, however, in a letter from Spohr, who had produced the *Holländer* in the theatre at Cassel, and encouraged him to go on, in the path he had marked out for himself.

Wagner's hopes of revolutionizing the musical drama seemed for a time dashed. At Hamburg his *Rienzi* had not succeeded. Autograph copies of his two operas, which he had sent to the theatre directors in several great cities, were in most cases returned unopened. But he lost no faith in his own conception; he ascribed the failure either to defects of execution or to the dullness of the public. The response of here and there an appreciative individual confirmed him in his self-reliance, and thenceforth, he says, he addressed himself not to the masses who had no affinity with him, but to the few whose tone of thought and feeling was analogous to his own. He returned in earnest to the composition of his *Tannhäuser*; the painful and laborious task impaired his health; the physicians urged a suspension of labor and a visit to the baths of Bohemia. There he only half followed their prescriptions, for he already sketched the plan of his last opera, *Lohengrin*.

Returning to Dresden, he commenced the rehearsals of *Tannhäuser*. The director of the royal theatre hoped much from this work, and lavished great expense upon it. It required an enormous orchestra,—nearly two hundred instruments, we have been told! Actors, orchestra and chorus vied with one another in zeal and carefulness to make the execution answer to the poet-musician's thought; but the result was a disappointment; the audience went off with open signs of discontent, and only one more performance was tolerated. "I was overwhelmed," he says, "by this reverse. . . . This week (between the first and second performances) had for me the weight of a whole lifetime. It was not wounded vanity that pierced me to the heart, it was the absolute annihilation of all my illusions. It became evident to me, that in the *Tannhäuser* I had revealed myself only to a small number of my intimate friends, and not to the public, to whom, nevertheless, I had involuntarily addressed myself by the representation of my work." Cuttings and changes did not save the opera. What should he do to render the beclouded public mind appreciative? for he was in the right way; he was creating the True and the Beautiful!

He sought to get his *Tannhäuser* introduced in other theatres. "I took measures for the propagation of my opera and particularly turned my eyes towards the theatre at Berlin; but I received a formal refusal from the superintendent of the royal theatres of Prussia. The general intendant of music to the royal court seemed more favorably disposed; through his mediation I solicited the royal interest in behalf of the execution of my work, and begged permission to dedicate the score of *Tannhäuser*. I was told in reply that the king never accepted the dedication of a work with which he was unacquainted; but that considering the obstacles to the representation of my opera in the theatre, the king might consent to

hear it if I would arrange some portions of it for military music to be played on parade. I could not have been more profoundly humiliated, nor taught to feel my true position with more certainty. From that time all publicity of art had ceased for me."

Nevertheless, he immediately set about the composition of *Lohengrin*. His sense of separation from the public, he says, excited him to try to manifest himself to his own circle of sympathizers in the full development of his ideas. Three years had passed between the production of the *Hollander* and the *Tannhäuser*; this last was played for the first time on the 20th of October, 1845. The *Lohengrin* was finished in the latter part of 1847, and had begun to be studied by the singers in the early part of 1848, when the political events of that year suddenly interrupted his artistic projects. Wagner was a radical; though he had never taken any active part in politics, he says his instinct led him to take an interest in it the moment that any revolutionary element was mingled in it; that is to say, "when he saw the revolt of human sentiment against the politico-juridical institutions of modern society." Very natural, M. Fétis thinks, for a man who, as we have seen, makes genius to consist in discontent with the existing state of things! "Everything, in fact, is an object of his censure. Religion, the State, the Court, the bourgeoisie, social institutions, traditions, manners, laws, the administration of justice, the forms of Art, taste, and even God himself, nothing escapes him:"—so says M. Fétis. Before this explosion, Wagner had been pre-occupied with a plan of reforming the taste of the population of Dresden by a new organization of the royal theatre and new kinds of exhibitions, but he despaired of achieving anything so long as the theatre was under court influence; nothing but a revolution could render possible the realization of his views: it came! M. Wagner went down into the street, and the revolution was victorious. But the triumph was a short one, for the Prussian army came to the aid of the court of Saxony; Dresden was reconquered, and Wagner was a fugitive from his country. Arriving, not without danger, in that beautiful valley of Thuringia, through which he had travelled with enthusiasm seven years before, he followed its windings, agitated by very different feelings. In a few days he crossed the frontier of Switzerland in the character of a political refugee, and fixed his abode at Zurich, where he has since lived in meditation and retirement. During the years 1849 and 1850 his name was current in Germany chiefly through the efforts of Liszt, that lover of new things, to convince the public of the value of the Wagner operas, in which he recognized a new era for Art. Through the Goethe-like supremacy of Liszt in matters of Art at Weimar, the operas were repeatedly brought out there in the court theatre; enthusiastic reports were written to the principal German musical journals, a strong and earnest Wagner party sprang up, headed by Liszt and the editor (Brendel) of the *Leipsie Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and Wagner seized the favorable moment to set forth his programme of a grand revolution in the musical drama, and in fact in all Art, in his three principal books, entitled *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft* (The artistic mission of the Future), *Kunst und Revolution*

(Art and Revolution), and *Oper und Drama* (Opera and Drama), followed by the "Communications to his Friends," above-mentioned.

The fundamental idea of all these works has certainly a large and unitary aspect. It contemplates no less than the discontinuance of the single, separate Arts as such, and the fusion of them all into the one only true work of Art, the "Drama of the Future." Especially has Wagner seemed to regard it as his mission, poet and musician as he was, to point out the false relation which has hitherto existed between these two factors of the conventional opera. The miserable texts to almost all existing operas have always been a subject of complaint; and so long as the music was written to please and show off the singers, and the words slavishly adapted to the conventional patterns of the music,—so much recitative, so many arias, duets, concerted pieces, and so on,—it was almost impossible that an opera text could have much poetical merit. Wagner claims to have been the first to give distinct and formal expression to the vague and general feeling on this subject. Poet and musician both himself, he has disciplined himself more and more, in each successive opera he has composed, to produce the music and the poetry as one. He speaks of himself as having long since perfectly mastered the power of musical expression, so as to use it as his mother tongue; and now he is free to give his whole concern to the subject matter of his composition. He talks more about the librettos which he writes, than about the music in which it would seem that he spontaneously clothes them, following the dictates of the poetry without regard to the usual forms, imitations and thematic developments of musical treatment. Such, at least, is the impression which we get from reading here and there what he has written, for we now drop M. Fétis as a guide, he writing as a decided anti-Wagnerite.

The principles, which Wagner has embodied, vaguely and as it were prophetically in his *Hollander*, more clearly in his *Tannhäuser*, and completely in his *Lohengrin*, are argumentatively explained in the three volumes of his *Oper und Drama*. In the introduction to this work he says: "I almost shrink from uttering aloud the brief formula which shows the error" [hitherto existing in the relation of the words and music in all operas], "since I am ashamed to announce with the important air of novelty a thing so clear, so simple and self-evident that it seems to me that all the world must long ago have settled it." The formula is this:

"The error in the opera, as a species of Art, has consisted in the fact, that a means of expression (Music) has been made the end, while the end of expression (the Drama) has been made the means; and thus the actual lyric Drama has been made to rest upon the basis of absolute Music."

To the demonstration of this error throughout the history of Opera he devotes the first volume of his book, which, if not free from some extravagances, contains shrewd and instructive criticisms upon all the opera writers who have been in vogue for a century and a half.

In the second volume he points out what he deems a similar error in the historical development of dramatic poetry; which is, that the poets have selected, as he thinks, a wrong order of subjects for dramatic treatment.

"The Romance, both the historical and the domestic, has thus far furnished the material of our modern dramas. Shakspeare's dramas sprang immediately from this Romance, but were mainly possible only because in them the scenic environment was left to the imagination of the spectator. In any attempts to reproduce the scene with fidelity, it was plainly impossible so to compress and mould the complicated stuff of the Romance, as to make it intelligible to the senses of the beholder without the aid of his own fancy. Hence we see the poets on the one hand turn their backs upon Romance entirely, and, like Racine, go back to ancient tragedy, or on the other hand, like Goethe and Schiller, hover midway between Shakspeare and Racine, and either renounce scenic effect altogether, (as Goethe has done in his "Faust,") or devote themselves to Romance itself. The latest dramatic poetry, which as Art lives only on the literary monuments of Goethe and Schiller, has continued this wavering between two opposite tendencies almost to dizziness."

Wagner recalls us to our senses; he points to the only true drama, that humanity possesses, —to the Greek; as this sprang from the Greek *Mythos*, so our poetic art must come back to *Mythos*; this is the beginning and end of all poesy, and has this peculiar in it, that it is alike true in all times, only interpret it according to the times; moreover it has the convenience of having worn the poetical form from the first, so that it is the more easily dramatized.

Now the *Mythos* always impersonates its meaning in a hero of some sort, who is supposed to be endowed with some extraordinary, superhuman, marvellous qualities. Hence Miracle is indispensable to Wagner's notion of a drama. Not the dogmatic, religious miracle; but rather the miracle which makes itself intelligible to feeling; its object being not to make us believe, but to enable us to seize the inner connection of actions directly, without the aid of reflection or imagination. For this, according to Wagner, is the real problem of the poet, to appeal to "the totality of the senses," and not to understanding and imagination. "In the drama," he says, "we are made wise by feeling."

His *Lohengrin*, his latest opera, in which he illustrates his principles most fully, is founded on the mythos of the "Holy Graal," a tradition which has become familiar to most of our readers through Lowell's beautiful poem, "The Vision of Sir Launfal." *Lohengrin* is one of the knights of the holy Graal. He is sent by the Graal to Brabant, where Elsa, the duchess of Brabant, is falsely accused by her guardian, Frederic von Telramund, (who has designs upon the throne,) of the murder of her brother and of criminal amours. The challenge has gone forth for a defender of the innocence of Elsa, in a judicial combat; and just as she is on the point of being doomed, *Lohengrin* appears in a skiff drawn by a swan. He fights for her, and vanquishes Telramund, and instantly he burns with love for Elsa, who has already seen him in a dream. He marries her on condition that she is never to inquire his name, or family, or station. But doubt and suspicion get the better of her; she inquires, and instantly the swan appears again with the little skiff, and carries *Lohengrin* away, while the unhappy Elsa sinks helpless to the ground. Such in brief is the outline of the tradition of *Lohen-*

grin, commonly ascribed to Wolfram von Eschenbach; and it is in the dramatic working up of this material, that Wagner has sought to give the world a model of a true musical drama, or opera. Of his success we can judge only by report. "Young Germany" is warmly with him, while the oracles of the old school regard it as a vain attempt to overthrow the very foundations of musical art. Of his principles we have yet more to say.

MR. BOOTH.

Ten days ago a private letter from New Orleans assured us that the great actor of the age had arrived from the "Golden Land," was then playing an engagement in that city, and appeared in remarkably good health.

Swiftly following this intelligence—which gave us hope soon again to "have sight" of the Proteus of Shakspearian character "coming from the sea," and hear once more the strange inward music of his voice—came last week with "spleen of speed," the telegraphic announcement that he has died on the passage to Cincinnati.

Our first feeling was the pang of a personal friendship, suddenly parted; then came the thought that a great artist, the greatest in his sphere in our day, had passed away; and finally vivid images and emotions won from that vast range of tragic character in which he so truthfully lived, came crowding into our memory.

Junius Brutus Booth was born in London, May 1, 1796. He appeared on the London stage at the age of twenty, but has run the greater part of his dramatic career in this country. He was of short stature, but his presence and action were types of manliness and power. His face was cast originally in the antique Roman mould; and even many years after the untoward accident which spoiled its classic outline, it presented, on one occasion, as we were sitting by his side, a singular resemblance to the portrait of Michael Angelo.

No language can do more than recall to those who have seen him in his most vital moods, the terrible and beautiful meaning of his look and gesture; or the charm of his massive and resonant voice. For voice, gesture and every fibre of his wonderful organization were subordinated to a genius, which laid hold of and expressed with absolute sincerity, the radical elements of character, and gave play to its minor manifestations, with the spontaneous freedom and variety of nature.

We well remember how, in former times, we hungered and thirsted, in the intervals of his absence, after the intellectual beauty of his personations.

His great popularity, which time, accident and eccentric habits never availed to diminish, seemed owing mainly to those fire blasts of a volcanic energy, that power of instant and tremendous concentration of passion which was one constituent of his genius. Yet it was curious to observe a crowded and tumultuous pit, with its new comers struggling for some "coigne of vantage" in the doorways, utterly careless of the sorrows of King Henry, but hushed in a moment,

"Still as night
Or summer's noontide air,"

as the grand, but subdued and self-communing intonations of Richard's opening soliloquy fell upon their ears.

In the cumulative and energetic evolution of character, which forms the basis of his fame, the subtler traits of Mr. Booth's delineations were often overlooked; but to our thinking it was this marvellous delicacy especially, which made his acting "the feast it was." It was this rare power which enabled him to follow the lead of Shakspeare's imagination in its most secret windings and its airiest flights, and found him the sole artist of our time worthy to present in living form the characters of Hamlet, Iago, Othello and Lear.

Thus much have we felt impelled to say, in the hurry of the hour, in grateful memory of one from whom we have drawn deep delight and instruction, while we reserve to some future day an ampler notice, worthy, we trust, in some measure of his exalted representative genius. G.

MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY. The first concert of the season justified the anticipations we expressed in our last. The old orchestra seemed in a great measure rid of its chronic infirmity. Horns and trumpets spake an intelligible language, sure and prompt, yet with pious regard to the unity of the whole. The circulation of the system seemed more free and equally distributed, and there was new life and spirit and decision in its general movement. If not perfect, it was very hopeful. Perhaps our new friends of the trumpets, having proved their effectiveness, would do well to allow more for the superior resonance of that instrument, and blow a little softer, at least until the horns, &c. below them can supply a somewhat more massive support. We could wish too that our Fund orchestra had some delicately sensitive spirit to preside over that important element, the drums, as the "Germanians" have.

The exquisite Eighth Symphony of Beethoven was brought out with a good degree of delicacy, and the Allegretto, which we should have liked a little slower, raised a picture which the audience were reluctant to dismiss, so that it had to be repeated. The Overture to *Ruy Blas* (Mendelssohn) was a spirited and effective performance. The arranged Two-Part Song, by Mendelssohn, was inspiring as ever, and exhibited the trumpets of Messrs. Schnapp and Rimbach to great advantage; in the repetition, the exchange of first trumpet for trombone illustrated the versatility of the player better than it did the character of the music.

Mlle. LEHMANN achieved thus far her greatest triumph, being enthusiastically encored in each of her three pieces, the *Freyschutz* Scena, the *Soave Immagine* of Mercadante, and the cavatina from *La Favorita*; this was due to the genuine dramatic fire, the large and generous force of character with which she sang, and which would redeem greater deficiency than her's in the minor regards of mere finish of execution. The audience, we are happy to say, was very large and went away well pleased.

HIGHLY IMAGINATIVE. We often smile at the strange work made, in printed programmes, of the Italian and German names of pieces of music. The New York papers last week, in announcing a concert, stated that among other things would be sung: "So we imagine," by Mercadante! There is a song of Mercadante's commencing: *Soave immagine* (Anglicè, "Sweet Image.")

CLERICAL AMATEURSHIP.—Mme. Sontag opened her last series of concerts in New York, as here in Boston, not "without benefit of clergy." Our friend Willis, in the *Musical World*, thus notices the Rev. Dr. Cox's address of thanks after the "full dress rehearsal":

In Dr. Cox's address to Sontag last Saturday, on the occasion of the first rehearsal of the season he glowingly complimented the Countess on the "euphony, melody, harmony and symphony" of her voice. Now, as melody signifies a single succession of tones, and harmony a combination of tones, we confess ourselves to have been a little surprised—not knowing that Sontag could sing more than one tone at a time. There was once a little colored boy in New Haven, who could really whistle a duett; the philosophy of which was, perhaps, his not yet having cut his eye-teeth, and there being, by consequence, two holes for a couple of tones to slip through:—but how a similar feat is possible with the voice, we are ignorant. The Dr. will have to tell us.

And then, the "symphony" of the Countess's voice—can she combine then, thus, the entire orchestra? Shades of Beethoven, and the great "C Minor!"

Well,—dating from this speech, we consider our musical nomenclature as charmingly expanded and improved: and the next time we are to write something about a certain beautiful singer, we think we know what we shall say: "the euphony, melody, harmony, symphony, sonata, fantasia, presto, allegretto, rondo and oratorio of her voice, were illustriously demonstrated to our senses, in a combination of unparalleled"—

But we shall not finish the period, lest some shabby, 'bout town critic, should steal our thunder before we have a chance to use it. Wait till the time comes.

MR. EDITOR: Your correspondent from New York writes of the funeral procession marching to the tunes of "fashionable airs and polkas;" he should have been here last Tuesday, when his ears would have been delighted with the music of an "out of town" band, playing the very appropriate air of "The low-back Car," as a funeral march. When will musicians have common sense? S.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

THE "GERMANIANS" have a fine programme to-night. The best of Gade's Symphonies, his first, in C minor, cannot fail to fascinate, by its wild, dreamy, sea-shore gusts and swells of harmony. It is somewhat in the spirit of the "Fingal's Cave" overture,—Mendelssohnian, and yet original. Then the overture to *Leonora*, Beethoven's, will be given as it should be. The "Germanians" have secured the addition to their strings of one of the best orchestra violinists in Germany, Herr GARTNER, from the "Gewandhaus concerts," at Leipsic, and of a fine tenor. And what we especially rejoice in, they have the charming little girl violinist, CAMILLA URSO, who is not so far behind JULIEN. Mr. JARRELL plays a Concerto by Chopin, as well as lighter things.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY have "Judas Maccabæus" nearly in readiness for a public performance, probably on Sunday after next, with a chorus of two hundred and fifty; Carl Bergmann for conductor; Mr. Müller for organist; the "Germanians" for orchestra; Miss Stone, Mrs. Wentworth, Mr. Frost, Mr. Hamilton, &c., for solo singers.

ON CHRISTMAS EVENING, Saturday, the "Messiah" will be performed in the new Music Hall by the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY. We are thankful to this society for taking up the good old custom which the Handel and Haydn dropped some years ago.

MR. OTTO DRESEL's monthly feasts of choice piano music and classical trios will commence a week from Monday evening. The destruction of Mr. Chickering's building and grand pianos has necessitated a change both of place and programme. The Hall over Mr. A. N. Johnson's music store, in the new free-stone building next to Tremont Temple, if rather up among the stars,

is admirably suited to this kind of high artistic communion, and is indeed one of the pleasantest halls of its size in town. A reference to the programme in another column should be enough to entice hosts of subscribers.

New York.

MR. FRY'S LECTURES ON MUSIC. This novel and gigantic enterprise, of which we gave the programme some time since, is now in the full tide of success. Two of the ten lectures have been given, to large audiences, in Metropolitan Hall, and with all the wealth of illustration that was promised. The first was on Tuesday evening, Nov. 30th.

"The speaker," says the *Tribune*, "was welcomed with applause, as he walked forward amid the army of the chorus and orchestra who were to afford the musical illustrations to his disquisition. The orchestra, composed of some eighty excellent performers under Mr. Bristow, was never surpassed by any assembled in this city, and the chorus was ample for the purpose. Mr. Fry at first labored under some embarrassment, but it soon wore off. His elocution is distinct, though somewhat spasmodic, but that fault was also modified as he went on."

He began with a glowing and poetical assertion of the universal presence of Music in Nature, and of the dignity and general character of the subject. We have no room to copy the report of this part of the lecture, but are glad to find a feeling of our own confirmed in this:

"Of all arts, Music is the most soul-like. It records nothing, proves nothing, cannot satirize, flatter, count, or calculate. It is the only art which in itself and dissociated from all others, is immaculate. Painting, Sculpture, Poetry, any one of these by itself, can deceive, betray and delude, but Music alone is essentially divine. Its language is of Eternity. It seems to come from some better world, to lit across the senses and be rendered back to its fathomless home. Rightly viewed it is never joyous. It may summon to the gay dance, and set early hearts and gentle hands in rhythmic motion; or it may be twisted into the comic or grotesque; but with the dignity of pure sound there always is a background of the Infinite, a world of the impenetrable and unrevealed, reposing in the awful depths of untold being."

"Mr. Fry then explained the elementary ideas and technical expressions and rules of music in a very succinct manner, the orchestra and chorus illustrating as he went along. As an illustration of the ordinary major chord the 'Star Spangled Banner' was performed. The minor mode and chromatic scale were illustrated by a composition for the chorus and orchestra, representing a Roman who had embraced the Christian faith led to execution amid the imprecations of the Pagan mob. The varieties of musical quantity and expression were the occasion for an orchestral composition called the Broken Heart, while common and compound time were exemplified by two pieces, the one purely orchestral, called a 'Day in the Country,' the other a mass-trooper's chorus, by the choir and orchestra.

"The second part of the lecture was exceedingly interesting. It opened with some specimens of Chinese music, one of them the oldest choral compositions extant. This was followed by the overture to *Der Freyschütz*, which marked all the advance of Christian upon Pagan civilization. With some glowing and eloquent remarks on the position of Arts and Artists in history, Mr. Fry concluded."

"The second lecture," says the same authority, indicated the profoundest acquaintance with the history of music, and a degree of curious learning in the music of China, Siam, India and Europe of the middle ages, which was as novel as it was instructive to his hearers. Mr. Fry showed that the Chinese were the earliest inventors of the musical scale and notation, having possessed them long before Pythagoras. The lecture was illustrated by the performance, by orchestra and chorus, of Chinese, Siamese and Indian melodies and chorals, some of them of the most venerable antiquity.

"The structure of a very ancient Hindoo air was compared with one of Mozart and one of Bellini, and found, to the delight of the auditors, to be nearly identical in many particulars, and capable, as the chorus proved it, of being set to modern dramatic or tragic harmonies.

"A beautiful Egyptian love song, harmonized and sung by the great chorus in a soft manner, gave much pleasure to the auditory. This was followed by a barbarous song of the same country. Next in order came an Ode of Horace, set to music; and a Lament, composed at the death of Charlemagne, exhibiting the low state of Christian art at that period.

"A spirited old war song of France, 'Roland,' concluded the list, and a few closing words by the lecturer, on the identities, parallelisms, and progressive forms of art, were given, closing the lecture amid the vehement applause of a crowded and brilliant auditory.

"The illustrations of the second part of the lecture by MME. ROSA DE VRIES, PICO VIETTI, Signor VIETTI, COLETTI, POZZOLINI and Rocco, were attended with several encores, and the audience separated delighted with the literary and musical evening they had spent."

MME. SONTAG'S LAST CONCERTS. The *Home Journal* says:

While it is undeniable that the present series of concerts are the most brilliant ever given in New York, it is equally so, that the "chorus of six hundred performers" contributes very little to their interest, or to their pecuniary results. The hall has been filled, on every occasion, so far; but so it was on Mme. Sontag's previous visit, so it would have been, without additional attraction, and so it will be whenever she chooses to appear. Aside from the choral performances, which every one voted to be a bore, the concerts have been all that could be desired. Madame herself sings with undiminished sweetness, and appears nightly in all the lustre of her imperishable charms, heightened by costumes the most magnificent, tasteful and varied. Signor Badiali's fine person, fine voice, and beautiful pronunciation, keep him still in the highest favor. Signor Pozzolini has recovered from his hoarseness, and proved himself to be a pleasing tenor of the second order, with a thread in his voice. Signor Rocco is as handsome a young artist as any we remember: he has made a decidedly good impression, and bids fair to become a first favorite. Little Paul Jullien wears the same pretty French velvet jacket, looks as romantic as a young troubadour, and plays his violin incomparably. Mr. Carl Eckert conducts the performances in the quiet and careful manner of old, and shows abundant tact in the arrangement of the programme; he is much loved by our musicians, because they perceive there is no touch of the charlatan in him, and he is both an artist and a good fellow. Mr. Eisfeld is the second in command, and superintends the enlistment of the forces. The series of concerts draw to an end, but we are informed that the season of opera will open about the middle of January, when the works of the great masters, which are now so admirably presented in fragments, will be given entire, and in a style worthy of them.

Paris.

GRAND OPERA. *Le Juif errant* still continues its career with undiminished attraction. Persons who seek hidden meanings in numbers will be struck by the following:

The <i>Prophète</i>	has now been given	111 times.
The <i>Huguenots</i>	"	222 "
<i>Robert le Diable</i>	"	333 "

It must mean something. To Mr. Meyerbeer it means this: That he has received from the Opera house for the whole 666 performances the sum of \$16,920 — \$50 for each of the first forty representations of each opera, and \$30 for each subsequent performance. The authors of the librettos have received as much more.

Rossini's *Moïse*,—not played in France since 1827,—has been revived with the same splendor as *Guillaume Tell* last season. The principal parts are confided to Messrs. Gueymard, Morelli and Obin, and Mmes. Laborde, Poinet and Mlle. Duez. The papers are unanimous in praise of all. The famous duet between Amenophis and Pharaoh (Gueymard and Morelli,) was vociferously redemanded.

Mme. Bosio (now fully endorsed in London) has been engaged as *soprano*, but it is not certain in what part she will first appear—Viardot Garcia has been stopping in Paris and has received offers.

Schreitzhoeffer, the kettle-drummer of the opera is dead. It will be difficult to supply his place, for he was the best performer upon his instrument extant. He once challenged all the drummers of the garrison of Paris to a trial of skill, and was proclaimed conqueror. He had a dog by the name of Capucin, whom he taught to give the 'la' as well as the best of tuning-forks. When a violinist wanted to tune his violin, and did not happen to have his diapason with him, the *timbalier* called for Capucin, who immediately gave the note with a wonderful clearness and precision. The violin was tuned, and upon comparison with the diapason was always found at concert-pitch. Capucin sometimes crossed the stage, in the midst of the performance, to look at his master in the orchestra, and once Schreitzhoeffer stopped in the midst of a roll to stretch forward and pat him.—Paris Cor. of the *Washington Republic*.

ITALIAN OPERA. Mons. Corti, the new director, has engaged the following principals: *Soprani*—Cruvelli, Vera and Beltramelli. *Contralti*—Mmes. Borghi, Mamo, Nantier Didier, and Dampieri. *Tenori*—Bettini, Calzolari, Negrini and Ghidalti. *Bassi*—Belletti, Marini, Giacomo Armand, Arnoldi, Volli, Susini, and Altini. Mons. Castagneri is conductor. The theatre was to open on the 16th ult. with *Otello*, sung by Cruvelli, Bettini, Calzolari, Belletti and Arnoldi.

OPERA COMIQUE. *Le Père Gaillard*, *Galathée*, *La Croix de Marie*, *Les Porcherons*, and *Les deux Jakes*, still figure on the bills in torn. Clapissoo's new piece, *Les Mystères d'Adolphe*, (subject from the English novel,) does not appear to have met with much success. Adolph Adam's new opera was in active rehearsal. He was to write a Cantata for the grand representation in honor of

the President. M. Ambrose Thomas was to do the same thing at the Italian Opera.

THEATRE LYRIQUE. M. Grisar has composed a new opera, the libretto, by M. St. George, drawn from the annals of Fairy-land. M. Georges Bosquet's *Tabarin* will soon be produced, the principal rôle by the baritone, Laurent. The *Postillon de Lonjumeau* has been revived with great success.

A Mass in memory of CHOPIN was celebrated at the Church of the Madeleine, on the anniversary of his death, 19th October. Some of his own works were performed.

The Prince President has been throwing bait to his gold-fishes, namely, the singers, musical directors, &c. To M. Nestor Roqueplan a snuff-box with his (the Prince's) portrait, set in diamonds; rings, diamonds, &c., to Messrs. Boyer and Victor Massé, authors of the words and music of a Cantata in his praise, and to the principal *artistes*, including Tedesco, the ballet, &c.

Ferdinand Hiller, director last year of the Italian Opera, has been appointed *Maitre-de-Chapelle* at the Cathedral of Cologne.

M. de Beriot, the violinist, (husband of Malibran), is about to fix his residence in Paris, and to open a school for tuition.

Germany.

BRUNSWICK. The brothers Müller, famed for their admirable rendering of Beethoven's quartets, are about to undertake a grand artistic tour. They first visit Holland.

BRESLAU. Wagner's *Tannhäuser* was produced for the first time, with eminent success.

BERLIN. Stern's *Gesang-Verein* will execute Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Paulus*, on the anniversary of the great composer's death.

Signor Bocca, the manager of the Italian Opera at Berlin, has concluded an engagement with the Theatre Royal in Dresden, to give a representation once a week in the latter city. He lately received the royal command to proceed to Potsdam with his company. The opera selected for the occasion was *Don Pasquale*.

A brother of Herr Formes, the great basso, is a tenor at the Berlin opera, and intends visiting England during next year upon an engagement.

Mademoiselle Wagner has created a great sensation in the Royal German Opera, in Berlin, in the character of *Lucrezia Borgia*.

LEIPZIG. The Bach Society will publish before the end of the present year the second volume of their edition of Bach's works. It will contain twelve sacred Cantatas, never before printed.

Jetty Treffz and the pianist Blumenthal are here.

A new three act comic opera, "Hans Wacht," by Pasque, has been well received.

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The First Concert will take place on MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 20th, at half past seven, at Mr. JOHNSON'S HALL, in the new building, next to the Tremont Temple.

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- 2—ANDANTE and INTERMEZZO, for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, Otto Dresel.
- 3—GERMAN SONGS.
- 4—SONATA for Piano Solo, Beethoven.

PART II.

- 1—FIRST TRIO for Piano, Violin, and Cello, Mendelssohn.
- 6—GERMAN SONGS.
- 7—PIANO SOLOS.

- a. Polonaise, in C sharp minor, Op. 26, Chopin.
- b. Mazourka, in F sharp, Chopin.
- c. Valse, Stephen Heller.
- d. Spring Song, Mendelssohn.

Subscription lists may be found with Mr. Chickering, or at the Office of the *Journal of Music*, 21 School St. 117 tf

ON CHRISTMAS EVENING, HANDEL'S ORATORIO, The Messiah, WILL BE PERFORMED BY THE MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY, AT THE NEW MUSIC HALL.

Tickets at 50 cents, with secured seats, will be for sale at No. 4 Amory Hall, on and after the 21st inst.

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Apr. 10. tf

Boston Music Hall.

Second Grand Subscription Concert

OF THE

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY,

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, DEC. 11, 1852,

On which occasion they will be assisted by

CAMILLA URSO, the youthful Violinist,
Madame ELISE SIEDENBURG, Soprano,
And ALFRED JAEHL, Pianist.

CARL BERGMANN, Conductor.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. Grand Sinfonie, No. 1, in C minor, Op. 5, (dedicated to Mendelssohn,) first time, N. W. Gade.
i. Moderato con moto, and Allegro Energico.
ii. Scherzo.
iii. Andantino Orazioso.
iv. Finale, Molto Allegro ma con Fuoco.
2. Gedenke Mein, "Remember me," Fesca.
Sung by Madame ELISE SIEDENBURG.
3. Concerto for Piano, in E minor, first time, Chopin.
Performed by ALFRED JAEHL, with full orchestral accompaniment.
4. Souvenir de Bellini, for Violin, Artot.
Performed by CAMILLA URSO, with orchestral accompaniment.
- Part II.
5. Grand Overture, "Leonora," No. 3, Beethoven.
6. a—Stabat Mater—Transcription for Piano Forte, Liszt.
b—Les Belles de Boston—Galop Fantastique, (by request,) Jaell.
Performed by ALFRED JAEHL.
7. Ungeduld, "Impatience," Schubert.
Sung by Madame ELISE SIEDENBURG.
8. Sixth Air Variée, for Violin, De Beriot.
Performed by CAMILLA URSO.
9. Grand Overture, "Das Nachtlager (Night Encampment) in Granada," first time, C. Kreutzer.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ACOUSTIC ARCHITECTURE,

OR, THE CONSTRUCTION OF BUILDINGS WITH REFERENCE TO SOUND AND THE BEST MUSICAL EFFECT.

VII.

In the preceding number of this essay we began the consideration of the nature and make of the walls and ceiling, proper for a room adapted to the display of musical effect. In this connection arises the question, as to the proper form and finish of the internal face of such walls, which is a point of much practical interest and importance.

How the resonance of a room, and the quality of the transmitted tone, is affected by the conformation and structure of its walls, we have previously pointed out. Were these the only modifications of the original sound produced by the materials which circumscribe the limits of any apartment, the indications were plain; for, as we have seen, the same conditions that are necessary for a proper amount of resonance are those, also, required to maintain the strictest purity of intonation, so far as relates to the passage of sound from a denser to a rarer medium, and *vice versa*.

But every sound shut in by the walls of a

building, is subjected to the disturbing influences of reflection and reverberation. These are consequences it is of the utmost importance to control or subdue, and, these also, are materially modified by the nature and conformation of the circumscribing limits. Unfortunately, the conditions of structure that would favorably affect the first mentioned desirable results, might unfavorably modify the latter. To explain,—so far as resonance and the perfection of the transmitted tone are concerned, the unity of structure, required in the main body of the wall, should not be disturbed at its surface; in other words, the internal face of such wall, being that presented to the sound, should be the solid surface of the substance used in its construction.* Now a wall of masonry, presenting a smooth and solid surface to the sound, will occasion an excess of the residuary portions which constitute direct reflection and reverberation. So that, however satisfactory be the effect of an isolated musical tone, the distinct utterance of a succession of sounds in moderate rapidity is rendered impossible. This is abundantly confirmed by observation and experiment. In a metallic chamber at Montrose, which had been constructed for the preparation of sulphuric acid, Dr. Reid observed that any sound produced in it continued in general for seven or eight seconds after the impulse which had given rise to it had ceased. In the interior of one of Barclay and Perkins' boilers, sound produced in the same way, he states, continued for eight seconds. To these we may add our own observations in the obnoxious rooms at Girard College (before mentioned) which present an even and solid surface of stone internally. So also, in the case of the Musical Fund Hall in Philadelphia. This room is one hundred and twenty-one feet long, sixty broad and twenty-five and a half high to the centre of the arched ceiling, the depth of the arch, four feet four inches, included. Instead of being plastered upon a lathing, battened in the ordinary way, it has a smooth, solid finish upon the face of the wall. By experiments made in this apart-

* In illustration of this principle, witness the injurious effect of combining a variety of materials in the construction of musical instruments upon their free vibration, and the purity of tone imparted. Thus a flute, of which a part is ivory and a part wood, or a portion of which, as in the modern instruments is mostly the case, is sheathed with a lining of metal, loses in great degree its pure and mellow tone, though it acquires thereby, in its upper register, a certain piercing quality (brilliance perhaps,) which gives it a greater prominence in the orchestra, and compensates, in the ears of many, for its losses in other respects.

ment, when empty, we found a reverberation of peculiar intensity, which lasted four to four and a half seconds: on striking the wall, at various points, a sharp, clearly-defined echo was returned. Experiments in other rooms similarly situated, led to a like result.

How to provide fully in one and the same structure for results thus seemingly incompatible is a problem not easy to be solved. It seems to us, however, that walls of solid wood (fir or pine being preferred,) are fittest for the purpose, as containing, in the largest measure, the conditions required. Here alone, perhaps, can be found united the requisites for a free admission and conduction of the sonorous pulses with the conditions favoring also the suppression of excessive echo and reverberation. But, as we have before remarked, the expense of such mode of building, together with its greater attendant risk in a large city, may prove an insurmountable objection to its use.

With a structure of masonry, means should be adopted to overcome, in some measure, the evils just mentioned (excessive reverberation, &c.); and we know of no way by which this can be better accomplished, with the least detriment in other respects, than by the plan of battening and wainscoting the walls, or of lathing and plastering upon them, after the ordinary methods employed in carpentry.* Thus we gain a *sound-surface* less impenetrable and unresisting than that of the solid walls, while the sonorous waves in their passage to the masonry beyond, find conditions as favorable to the free vibration of the whole structure as the nature of the case will admit. In this mode of finish a space is left between the surfaces, which greatly assists absorption of the injurious excess of sound. A lining or sheathing merely, whether of wood or any other substance, in immediate contact with the wall, not only excludes this provision but is objectionable, also, on the ground that it thus becomes more an integral part of the solid structure, destroying in greater degree that homogeneity it is our aim to preserve. It is analogous in its effects to the sheathing of a musical instrument.

One other question of practical utility comes up in this connection, viz.: as to the comparative

* We would be understood here to use the expressions *wainscoting* and *lathing and plastering*, in contra-distinction to a mere lining of wood or a layer of plaster upon the solid walls direct: (the profession will pardon us if we misuse their technicalities.)

superiority of thus battening and wainscoting such solid wall with wood, or of lathing and plastering it in the usual manner. Our preferences are in favor of the former plan, substantially for reasons above stated. U.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

GENIUS.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

Stepping from hint to hint, he saw
Some glimmerings of the Primal Law;
The world deemed him no poet-seer,
Yet Nature somehow tuned his ear
To catch her secret whisperings,
The subtler harmony of things.
The critics' croak no furtherance brought,
For steadily onward moved his thought.
To the eagle soaring in the sun
What boots the brood that crawl and run?
All lesser lights look pale and dim;
The private soul sufficeth him;
And the song he singeth to his heart
Hath led him, like a forest-bird, apart.

[From the London Musical World.]

Beethoven's "Ruinen von Athen."

(Concluded from our last.)

Herr Schindler has lately advanced something about the avarice of Johann van Beethoven, a druggist, the brother of our composer, as having induced certain publications, and certain dedications, more or less against the will of Beethoven himself, and this allegation is, in some respects, corroborated by a passage in Rie's *Notizen*. But even avarice can hardly be credited with such short-sightedness, as to make two successive sales of the copyright of an unmeritorious work, which, if it failed the first time, would depreciate the value of future productions of the author, and if it succeeded the second time, would destroy his character for integrity, and prevent the likelihood of the party to the first sale making subsequent engagements with him. And all this while the Duet in G minor, the Chorus in E minor, and the Chorus in G in this same *Masque of the Ruins of Athens*, compositions that even Beethoven never surpassed, remained still unknown, unplayed save on the occasion of their original production. To wonder at is not to solve the mystery; and as we can only wonder, a mystery it must remain, except some one competent to treat the subject should sooner or later elicit the facts, and lay them clearly before the world; though, truly, about a composition of so small importance as this Overture, the interest can never repay the research.

The Overture commences with a portion of the opening symphony of the Duet which forms one of the most prominent features of the dramatic music; but the Overture breaks off precisely where the interest of the Duet begins. After this, we have another short fragment which is taken from the triumphal Chorus; this calls forth little admiration when given with the context that alone can make it intelligible; as it appears here, it is wholly without interest. This much constitutes what may be called the Introduction; the Allegro, which is the principal movement, is of the slightest possible pretension. It has a principal subject in G, which gives place to an episode in C of some little quaintness, and even prettiness, of character; then the chief subject is resumed in A, and finally, with little ceremony, it is again brought in in G, to close the Overture.

The first Chorus, "Daughter of high throned Jove," calls for little comment. A digression from the original key of E flat, in C major, for an interludial symphony has an effect that can only be described as whimsical—the master may be supposed to have found himself, as the examination of the sequel will still further illustrate, uncomfortably fettered in the society of Gods and Goddesses, and he seems to have sought in

this digression, and sought in vain, a safety valve for his imagination.

The next piece is the very beautiful Duet, to which allusion has twice been made, "Faultless yet hated." This is of a wholly different character from what has preceded, and gives scope for the warmest, the sincerest expressions of unqualified admiration. It is the lament of two Greek slaves for the fallen condition of their native land, whose fertile soil they are compelled to cultivate, although they cannot enjoy its fruits. The rugged, broken character of the opening bars, suggests the feeling of despair with which a sensitive heart must collapse within itself, at sight of the desecration of all that is most beautiful in art, of all that is most worshipful in nature, at the degradation of humanity itself, which, at the time of Kotzebue and Beethoven, polluted the ground where Socrates and Phidias taught their deathless lesson to the world. This subsides into an expression of plaintive sadness conveyed in a long, continuous, well-developed, clearly defined melody, of most touching pathos. Every phrase of this exquisite little movement calls forth an exclamation of delight, and its general effect sinks deep in the memory, to leave an impression there that accumulating experience cannot qualify, that time cannot efface. To single out a point for especial eulogy from a surface of even loveliness, is as if to signalize the bluest spot in the expanse of heaven; yet, should we know where those we love abide, that portion of the impenetrable azure which we believe to cover them, will surely be to us the brightest; and thus if some portion of a work of art appeal more particularly than the rest to our individual sympathy, such portion will ever be prominent in its effect upon our feelings, while our judgment pronounces the merit of the whole to be equal. Such prominence, to my personal rather than to my critical appreciation, has the beautiful cadence commencing from a chord of the fundamental seventh upon A, where the responsive sighing of the two voices indicates the expression which nothing could more perfectly, more touchingly embody than the passage before us. One naturally wonders how it can be that a piece so evidently written with the whole heart of the composer, and appealing direct from thence to the kindred feeling of all who hear it, should be so little known as still remains the Duet under notice; not to speak of the still-growing appreciation of the author; not to speak of the homage that is due to a great man of rendering the justice of our attention to all his works, to consider this Duet apart from Beethoven, and to regard it for its own particular merits alone, I cannot conceive why it is not in the possession of every one whose taste inclines to the higher, the intellectual style of music, and in constant requisition wherever such music is performed.

The following piece, the Chorus of Dervises, is indeed better known; and its wonderfully graphic effect I believe widely appreciated. Here we have a party of the fanatic devotees of the Moslem faith chanting their wild song of adoration, accompanied with the frantic dance that is said to form a part of the ceremonial of their worship. Music presents nothing more strikingly characteristic than the uncouth melody that marks this truly extraordinary composition, and even this is more powerfully colored by the perfectly original and quite individual accompaniment that is maintained throughout. I have never been in the land of the Crescent, and I know little of El Islam; but through the medium of that treasury of imagination, the *Thousand and One Nights' Entertainments*—such may be the case with many readers who are far wider travelled, and far deeper read than myself; but these, like me, may not have explored in vain the Valley of Diamonds, nor have been wrecked upon the Loadstone Rock, without the chance of coming to a safe haven in the ocean of ideality, with which it is surrounded; to such, there is an East of our own, which, (though it may be entirely discrepant with the Mohammedan districts of geographical reality, where the manner, and thoughts, and superstitions of the people may be

no less matter of line and rule than the latitude and longitude of the land they live in,) which is real and true, and tangible, as ever the realm of romantic fiction can furnish a resting place. It is the hot-bed of pleasant fancies, the native soil of ideal beauty. It is filled with dreamfuls of Genii, and Houris, and beautiful slave girls, and the almost unimaginable pomp of the Commander of the Faithful, with his black banner; and oh! such moonlight nights, and illuminated pavilions, and sleeping boats upon silent streams, and the mufti, and the minaret, and the call to prayer, and the pilgrimages to Mecca, and the prodigious endurance of persecution and privation volunteered for what in our occidental selfishness of superstition is condemned as monstrous and madness, but what, if only by means of the medium of poetry through which we behold it, enforces a feeling that it cannot be profane to call reverence, while we deny it our worship, and the creed, like the country, has with all its loveliness, its darkened places, and its many a tale of terror. With minds thus prepared, let us listen to the marvellous creation of Beethoven, and I cannot but suppose that it will present a realization of the wildest ideality, so essentially local in its character, and so obviously a portrait in its local coloring, as to give us the certainty that if it be not true to the subject it illustrates, the subject cannot be true to itself, since nothing can be natural but only what is here portrayed. The chant of the Dervises consists of a most entirely singular melody, which is once repeated with the same words and then, after an equally individual symphony, that fully carries out the feeling of the vocal strain, resumed with some slight modifications to accommodate the extended metre of the verse, and prolonged with more than reduplicated power; and this second strophe, with the instrumental interlude, is also given twice,—then without coda and with only a few concluding bars, for the orchestra, the movement closes. The voices, tenors and basses only, sing in unison throughout, and the string instruments play ceaselessly in unison with them, save that in the accompaniment every crotchet is divided into a triplet of quavers, and there is no harmony throughout, in the interludial symphonies, (wherein the only, and these, though transient, very striking modulations from the original key of E minor occur) but only the peculiar counterpoint of the brass instruments, the limited scale of which necessitates the employment of the most strange and unusual combinations with the notes of the Choral Chant—hence arises a beauty out of the so-called imperfection of the natural capacity of the horn and trumpet which the misnamed improvements of valves and keys, and pistons, and what not, tend to annihilate, and thus to destroy all the individuality of character of those most prominent instruments, and so to nullify the very existence of orchestral coloring. The Chorus commences at a pianissimo, which gradually rises with the furious zeal of the singers, to the utmost power of the voices and instruments, when, for the first time, what—for the want of another technical definition—I have described as the counterpoint of the brass instruments, is introduced, and their fanatic fury reaches its climacteric, when on the high F the exclamation, "Great Prophet, hail!" is given with a preternatural ecstasy of fervor; the delirium that is here most forcibly depicted, gradually subsides, and the decrescendo that brings the movement to its conclusion, presents the exhaustion that is consequent upon such an exertion of all the mental and physical energies. Any, the greatest dramatic composer, might envy Beethoven such a subject for the exercise of one of his highest, most important qualities, but it is impossible to conceive the existence of such a genius as would not emulate in vain such a treatment of it as this, in which art supplants nature, or truth has so completely invested fiction with her own image, that we find the real and the ideal blent into one, and that one everything that can be imagined of perfection.

The Turkish March that next follows, illustrates another phase of the oriental character with no less vividly picturesque and truly dra-

matic effect, than the preceding piece; but epithets have been exhausted in the description of the Dervises' Chorus, and even admiration stands still, to rest from her unwonted excitement, after experiencing the effect of that remarkable movement. I can only say that, if this March be not national in its character, so eminently characteristic is it, and so full of all essentials that constitute nationality in music, nature should pay her debt to art that has so truthfully idealized her, by heaving up, incontinent, a nation from her womb of waters, in which this music shall be played for all time to come, and where no other style will be acknowledged. A technical point that will always be prominent in its effect, is the anticipation of the key of B flat, with the full force of the orchestra, at each recurrence to the subject after the momentary digression to G major, and whoever hears the movement with attention, or examines it with care, will find still much more matter to repay his pains.

The Triumphal March and Chorus, "Twine ye a Garland," of which a fragment is introduced in the Overture, has been long known in London. Here we pass again from the true poetry of life to the bombast of allegory, and the music becomes mouthy, inflated, bathetic accordingly. In Mr. Bartholomew's version, this is the place where the pageant of Shakspeare's characters passes in procession, the accompaniment of which is a strain of music in the grandiose style, many times repeated, but always with additional, or, at least, varied instrumentation. The idea of a passing procession is well enough embodied, more or less, after the manner of the Chorus in *Judas Maccabæus*, "See the conquering Hero," but by no means so successfully.

The Chorus, "Susceptible Hearts," is a most lovely stream of song, in which the smooth, flowing effect of the beautiful vocal part-writing is fully equalled by the exquisitely continuous, rhythmical melody, that is always obvious throughout. This again, is a piece that is perfectly available for separate performance, and that can never be efficiently performed without charming all who hear it; few who are familiar with it, may wonder so much as they must regret that it is not more frequently heard in public—some fewer of these few might do more than wonder and regret, they might make opportunities for its being frequently brought forward, and they would win the thanks of all whose acknowledgments are worth acceptance, those, namely, who have that intuitive perception of the beautiful, which would induce the appreciation of the Chorus under consideration, which must, indeed, have been "the sweet sound breathed over a bank of violets" that hovered in the poet's foreboding, when he wrote the exquisite description that is universally familiar because it appeals to universal sympathy.

The remaining pieces, the Air for bass with Chorus, "Deign, great Apollo," and the final Chorus, "Hail, mighty Master!" carry out the feeling, or, if you will, the want of it, that is embodied in the Overture and the opening Chorus. Such music is made, not created; and not educed by the divine fire of heaven, may be truly said to smell of the lamp whose warmthless lustre may light the laborious effort of necessary contrivance, but can give no nourishment to the healthful fruit of human genius. To analyze them would be tedious, as to hear them would be uninteresting, so I shall neglect no duty to the work nor to the reader in quitting them without further comment.

Such is the *Ruins of Athens*, a work written to be ephemeral, but presenting (besides those four pieces, the Duet, the Dervises' Chorus, the Turkish March, and the Chorus in G, which will live so long as the name of Beethoven is known,) this lasting moral to the world, namely that no greatness is immaculate, since even Beethoven, at a period when his imagination was in the exercise of its utmost vigor, was capable of the production of such music, as, but for his name, would now be utterly unworthy of the pains that may be spent in censoring it. O ye who write not, but who sit in judgment upon such, as emulating the highest, only fail as even the highest have failed, let this teach you to temper your

condemnation of all that misses its aim of perfection, and to have candor with them if not mercy upon them! Remember, if it be easier to appreciate beauties than to equal them, it is also much, much easier, and it needs a world less talent, to find faults than to commit them.

G. A. MACFARREN.

Josef Gungl on Musical Taste in America.

[We translate the following portions of a letter of this well-known Waltz maker, from an old number of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, where it appears under date of New York, Feb. 4th, 1849. Oh, Josef! Josef! did we not find thee a "a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well," laden with the fruits of thy genius? Can'st thou say "the Yankees have sorely grieved thee, and shot at thee, and hated thee?" But now, again, in thy native land, thy "*bow* abides in strength!"]

At length I will undertake to inform you how it really is with Madame Musica in America; true, I did this superficially in my last, but to-day I will go into the matter thoroughly. As I told you before, the above-mentioned dame lies still in the cradle here and nourishes herself on sugar-teats. How much soever the American as a business man perhaps surpasses most European nations, just so much perhaps in all departments of the fine arts, but especially in Music, is he behind all, and is therefore not capable of enjoying instrumental music. [Such music as you played, Oh, Josef!] It is a matter of course, that only the so-called anti-classical music can in any degree suit the taste of an American public; such as Waltzes, Gallops, Quadrilles, above all Polkas. That there are exceptions, I cannot deny, but only a few, very few.

There is no want of virtuosos here, thanks to Europe so rich in that class. During my three months residence here the following have arrived: 1st. The Hohnstocks, brother and sister, from Brunswick (Piano and Violin). Made nothing, completely fallen through—both rather good. 2d. Hatton, pianist from London, very capable. Fallen through totally. 3d. Ingleheimer, from Germany. Compared with his deserts, totally fallen through. His instrument, violin. 4th. A young Englishman, his name I do not at this moment recall,—piano, very good, passed away, leaving no trace. 5th. Coehnen, violinist from Holland, remarkably good, played to empty benches. 6th. Dresel, pianist, I believe from Saxony. He will not gain the treasures of the Indies in America. 7th. A Madame Goria Bothe, who wishes to make the Yankees believe, that she is prima donna at the Royal Opera in Berlin. Sings like a jay, and gets applause in proportion. I have my doubts whether the said Goria would venture to appear at the temple of the Muses at Schöneberg,* for really she sings worse than a watchman. In short, whoever would take the much talked of Goria Bothe, after the first note of her screeching, for prima donna of the Berlin opera, must be a Chinese, a Hottentot or an Esquimaux. A Madame Bishop, Englishwoman, much better than the last, is travelling about in the United States with Bochs, the old virtuoso on the harp, and understands how to operate on the Americans. She understands Hombock [humbug] (the American expression for charlatanry) and contrives once in a while to excite their emotions and feelings, even down to their purses. I engaged her myself for my first concert in Boston, and had to pay her

* A place for low concerts near Berlin.

\$400. Did Herr von Küstner [superintendent of the Berlin Opera] ever pay a singer so much for a single evening? Certainly not! But then she had to exhibit a little as a comedian. First she appeared as Anna Bolena, with dishevelled hair, then as Norma (without children, though) and lastly as the Daughter of the Regiment, with a drum, and a little tobacco-pipe stuck in her hat. The art-loving, discerning public applauded bravely, and it seemed to me, that the tobacco pipe most especially called forth the enormous applause. If I find that I cannot make it go, I know what I will do, I will take also to the tobacco pipe.

Henri Herz has been here sometime, and has had an excellent concert. It was the same in which I informed you that I should take part. Besides that, during his stay in Boston he gave a second, and that in connection with a pianist, by the name of Strakosch,—at which there were not many hearers. Strakosch, as a pianist, is worthy to be placed by the side of the much talked of songstress, Goria Bothe. He has been for three-fourths of a year in the United States, calls himself a pianist of the very first rank, and has given concerts, which thus far would not always turn out happily. So you see that we here labor under no scarcity of virtuosos, not to mention those which stand in the same category with the knights of the flute.

New York also has its Symphony soirées. A Union of the German musicians under the protection of several art-loving and rich Americans, forms the so-called Philharmonic Society. This Society gives annually a series of about four concerts, in which Beethoven's, Spohr's, and other good Symphonies are performed. Some days ago I heard Spohr's Symphony, *Irdisches und Göttliches im Menschenleben*, for two orchestras. Considering the strength of the orchestras it went pretty well. The audience was, however, rather small and grows less at each concert. Besides the Symphony, I heard Weber's splendid overture to *Oberon*, by which, however, I was not much edified. Just so little was I pleased with Lindpaintner's warlike "Jubel overture."

There is also an Italian opera here under the direction of Mr. Fry. This is at least as good as that troupe which visits Berlin every winter; they make rather more money than the virtuosos, but get none of the treasures of America so much dreamed of.

But the so-called "Minstrels" have the best business here. The companies are composed commonly of six or seven individuals of the masculine gender. They paint their faces black, sing negro songs, dance and jump about as if possessed, change their costumes three or four times each evening, beat each other to the great delight of the art-appreciating public, and thus earn not only well-deserved fame but enormous sums of money. I am of opinion that they look upon the latter as worth more than all the rest.

Circus-riders, rope-dancers, beast-tamers, giants, dwarfs and the like are in such numbers that they may surely be reckoned as forming a certain per-centage of the population.

On a visit to Boston I had opportunity of becoming acquainted with the above-named pianist, Mr. Hatton. In one of his concerts I assisted him, out of politeness, and I will give you a little picture to show you how the good man went to work to amuse the public. He sang a song with an

American text, in which he accompanied himself. For this purpose he tied a string of sleigh-bells to his leg, and had beside an assistant, who with some instrument for the purpose represented the cracking of a whip. And now he sang and jingled as if possessed, and his assistant allowed no want of whip snapping, and thus they aroused a storm of applause, which had no end until they had repeated it several times *da capo*. The close of this magnificent piece of music was about as follows:

[Here follow about a dozen bars of music of the baldest and most common-place harmony, one staff for the whip, and one for the sleigh-bells.]

This piece preceded the "Overture to the Magic Flute," and Preludes and Fugues from Handel, Bach and Mendelssohn. But not a hand applauded these. I think that what I have said is fully sufficient to give you light in some degree as to the Taste for Art of the American public.

From the Manchester (England) Guardian.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Walk with the beautiful and with the grand;
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her,
Walk with the beautiful!

I hear thee say, "The beautiful! what is it?"
Oh, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
'Tis no long weary road its form to visit,
For thou can'st make it smile beside thy door.
Then love the beautiful!

Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when thy heart is lonely;
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little lower only.
Then love the beautiful!

Sigh for it! kiss it when 'tis in thy way;
Be its idolater as of a maiden.
Thy parents bent to it, and more than they
Be thou its worshipper. Another Eden
Comes with the beautiful!

Some boast its presence upon Helen's face;
Some in the pinion'd pipers of the skies;
But be not fool'd. Where'er thy eye might trace,
Searching the beautiful it will arise,
Then seek it everywhere!

Thy bosom is its mint; the workmen are
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee. Believing
The beautiful is master of a star,
Thou mak'st it so; but art thyself deceiving
If otherwise thy faith.

Dost see the beauty in the violet cup?
I'll teach thee miracles. Walk on this heath,
And say to the neglected flowers, "Look up,
And be ye beautiful!" If thou hast faith,
They will obey thy word.

One thing, I warn thee; crook no knee to gold;
It is a witch of such almighty power
That it will turn thy young affections old.
I reach my hand to him who, hour by hour,
Preaches the beautiful.

Gleanings from German Musical Papers.

The readers of Moscheles' translation of Schindler's Life of Beethoven will recollect that the great composer was indebted to Schenk, author of the *Dorfbartier*, (Village Barber,) for those corrections to his lessons in composition, which Haydn, his master, should have made, but did not. In a recent review of the doings at the Berlin Opera-house, we notice that two old operas, *Fanchon*, by Himmel, and the *Dorf-*

barbier, have been aroused from the slumber of half a century, and produced for the gratification of the present generation of opera-goers in that city. Ludwig Rellstab, one of the first living musical critics, thus speaks of it:—"The *Dorfbartier*, certainly, in comparison with *Fanchon*, appears to have been *carpentered* with a broad-axe, while the other is polished up to the highest degree. But so should it be: the humorous and grotesque subject demands this broad pencil. The text, comic throughout, and the unequalled humor of the composer, go continually hand in hand. Incontrollable laughter forms an accompaniment to every number. The comic songs are excellent, every where exhibiting the most proper expression, the finest accentuation, and yet are never overloaded. All is real, healthy nature, actually refreshing in comparison with the out-of-place overloading of art at the present day. Besides, high skill is shown in the difficult matter of keeping all clear and distinct in the most complicated stage situations; the effect in the scene of the soaped peasants could not be better. The death-song is a pattern of sound and innocent humor, which could only be a stone of offence to the shallowness of a false virtue. The performance was in part excellent, and the exceedingly humorous part of Adam was perfection itself. Pity only that another gentleman had not performed 'Old Lux,' or rather, Heaven be praised! For if one, as it was, was already almost exhausted with laughing, how could he have survived a double dose? From a full heart the warmest thanks to the veteran Schenk, (who is 98 years old,) and to the, unhappily, unknown poet!" [Herr Rellstab is mistaken as to the age of Schenk. He was born at Wien-Neustadt, in Lower Austria, in 1761, and died at Vienna, Dec. 29, 1836.]

A Leipzig Journal speaks of Mlle. Cruvelli thus: Fräulein Cruvel, who since her return from Italy assumes the name of Cruvelli, has been singing Italian in a German opera at Frankfort am Main, and the audience did not laugh her off the stage; but laughed at the other performers, who sang in German. Mlle. Cruvelli receives 100 gulden (about \$500) a night, which Fräulein Cruvel certainly never could get.

We think the following paragraph will contain some news for folks this side of the water:

Jenny Lind, according to Barnum's accounts, has received \$308,800 for her portion of the receipts at her concerts; Barnum's lion's share is of course much greater. Henrietta Sontag's experiment in America does not seem to be so successful; in Mr. Barnum she has a dangerous opponent, as he is doing all possible in favor of Alboni, who is singing for him! Very unpleasant occurrences have already taken place, great disturbances have arisen at Sontag's concerts and at serenades in her honor.

Where *did* the German editor get his information?

The difficulties between Richard Wagner and the director of the Opera at Berlin have been settled, and *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* are both in rehearsal there. The Breslau (Silesia) papers, speaking of the performances of *Tannhäuser* there, say that it drew crowded houses, that the receipts were extraordinary, and that Wagner stands alone in his art.

An undoubted Stradivarius violin, formerly belonging to Count Yoldin of Copenhagen, has just been sold for 510 Thalers gold—say \$450.

A late number of the *Illustrirte Zeitung* contains a portrait (in the character of Othello) and a sketch of the life of Ira Aldridge, the son of a former African preacher in New York, who has been playing very successfully in England, and has just been greeted with the greatest applause in the theatres at Brussels, Aix la chapelle, Cologne, Bonn and Frankfort am Main.

Some one having written to a German musical paper that Gungl's want of success was the cause of his returning to Germany with but seven members of an orchestra, another paper explains the fact thus: "We learn from authentic sources that the reason was not his want of success, but on the other hand, the profits were so great that his musicians broke their contract with him, made in Berlin, and demanded an increase of salaries, which he would not grant; but a contract in America is of no value (!) and Gungl therefore could not force them by law to keep the one made with him. The Nemesis has already reached some of these people, who without a roof to cover them are suffering the punishment of their evil deeds."

We opine that this will be news to the members of Gungl's orchestra, who are still among us.

[From the London Globe.]

Sketch of M. Jullien.

There are few men in the musical world who have been more constantly before the English public the past fifteen years, in the several capacities of composer (*impresario*) and *directeur*, than M. Jullien. While the works of writers of loftier pretensions and more sounding names are permitted to fall into comparative neglect, those of M. Jullien have grown familiar to the popular ear, and become what we may not inconsistently term "household sounds."

Something of the early history of a man who has occupied so prominent a niche in the "general temple," the public may have no objections to hear. His father, Antonio Jullien, was Band Master of the *Cent Suisses* in the revolution of 1789, and his regiment being massacred at the Louvre, he emigrated to Rome, where, attaching himself to the body guard of the Pope, he formed an alliance with an Italian lady of some distinction. Some time after the union the twain determined on revisiting France, and while on the journey, in the French Alps, on the 23d of April 1812, at a chalet near Sisteron, Jullien was born. The intervention of circumstances altered the original intention of proceeding to France, and the little family remained at Sisteron amid the wild solitudes of the Alps. Here Antonio taught singing, and his little son, with an intuitive genius for music, it is said, learned the various solfeggios from casually overhearing them several times, so as to be able to repeat them with astonishing precision and fluency. His father, surprised and delighted at this wonderful power of acquirement, cultivated his infant voice, taught him a number of pleasing French and Italian songs, and gave concerts in the most important towns of the south of France, where the child was regarded, in all the fondness of public enthusiasm, as *le petit phenomene*.

At the age of five, doubtless from the too premature exercise of a delicate organ, he lost his voice, and returning to his mountain home he devoted himself arduously to the study of the violin on which instrument he displayed so much skill as to induce his father to project a series of concerts in the principal Italian cities, where he met with universal favor. On one occasion, after performing the difficult variations of Rodé at the *Teatro*

Reole at Turin, he was lifted from the stage into the Queen's box by command, to receive the regal marks of gratification and delight. This incident brought him into great favor with the Court, and for a whole season he was the caressed of the Sardinian noblesse.

While sojourning for professional purposes at Marseilles, his father met the Admiral de Rigny, then commander of the squadron of the Levant, who induced him to abandon his musical pursuits, and enter the service. This strange mutation in their affairs of life led to father and son remaining in the French navy for three years, both being present at the battle of Navarino in 1827. Returning to France at the end of this time, young Jullien, inspired with a feeling of heroism, enlisted as a soldier, and for six months bore the drudgery of a musket in the 54th Regiment of infantry. But this dull routine of stringent discipline was ill adapted to the temper and restless genius of our hero. His regiment being ordered to Briançon on the Piedmontese frontier, he deserted for the purpose of visiting his mother, then living at Turin, whom he had not seen for several years. Returning to the quarters at night in a deep snow, he scaled the walls of the ramparts, and seeking the colonel in command, sued for clemency at his hands. The officer, who, it seems, was a benevolent man, heard his story, and, touched by the filial love of the young soldier, immediately interceded, and thus saved him from the fate of ignominy and death. His father shortly after this occurrence purchased his discharge, and, with the secret love of the musical art burning in his soul, he set out on foot and walked to Paris, determined, if possible, to enter the *Conservatoire*. A firm will and indomitable energy overcame every obstacle, and in less than six months after his arrival he was entered as an *élève* in that institution, under the illustrious Cherubini, who particularly directed the attention of his *protégé* to the study of sacred music. The tuition of such a master was calculated to rouse all the natural genius of the aspiring youth, and his proficiency attracted general attention. He was also fortunate enough at this time to enjoy the friendship of Sig. Rossini, who benefited him by various acts of professional kindness, and indeed gave him a course of lessons in counterpoint. The reverence and dignity that Cherubini associated with his art is well known; and it is said that M. Jullien's first publication of a *valse* cost him the interest and friendship of that distinguished master.

On retiring from the *Conservatoire*, M. Jullien received the important appointment of *directeur* of the Concerts at the *Champs Elysées*, and the balls of the Académie Royale. In this position he was brought prominently before the public of the French capital, and a well earned popularity induced him to lease the Hotel of the Duke of Padua, which he converted into a grand *salle* for balls and concerts that long were the rage of Paris. So successful was his initial introduction of the Italian Casino into France, that several managers of the leading theatres banded in a clique to subvert the efforts of the devoted *entrepreneur*, the end of which was that the year 1839 drove him to England. He commenced his excellent Promenade Concerts at Drury-lane Theatre, at the same period, and from that time to the present his brilliant festivals have created, not only in London but throughout the United Kingdom, the most enthusiastic feelings of interest among all classes. With a laudable and patriotic desire to establish in London an English Opera, M. Jullien organized in 1847 a *troupe* of *artistes* of celebrity, and produced a series of works in a style of splendor unprecedented in the annals of the English lyric stage. But this effort, like many others of a similar nature, was ill-requited; and at the end of the season the manager found himself loser of an enormous sum, the results of at least ten years of active professional labor.

It was during this time that M. Jullien introduced to the English public in opera Mr. Sims Reeves, whose fine tenor voice had attracted his attention in Italy. M. Jullien has distinguished himself as quite a musical *cicerone*, having from

time to time brought forward Persiani, Dorus Gras, Anna Thillon, and Jetty Treffz. To his taste and enterprise the lovers of music are also indebted for the pleasure they have experienced in hearing Pischbeck, Vivier, König, Bottessini, Cioffi, Wuille, and the brothers Mollihaner; all of whom have appeared in England under his management. At various periods the names of Vieuxtemps, Ernst, Sivori, Sainton, and *artistes* of similar position, have likewise graced his programmes.

We need scarcely revert at this time to M. Jullien's last and most ambitious work, "*Pietro Il Grande*," produced last season at Covent Garden, in which Tamberlik so distinguished himself. Its introduction was characterized by a magnificence and splendor of *ensemble* rarely witnessed even at the premier Opera-house of the metropolis.

To enumerate his smaller works—his "*waiflets* and *estrays*" of music—would be like counting the leaves of the forest. They have been taken into custody by the world, and not to find a *bonâ fide* "*Jullien*" in any civilized country would indeed be a species of musical marvel.

It was a saying of Goethe, the German Shakespeare, that we should do our utmost to encourage the beautiful, for the useful encouraged itself. This sentiment M. Jullien seems to have incorporated in his professional policy, never losing sight of, amid the vivacity of his *ad captandum* levities, the sterling and beautiful compositions of the great masters. In this respect he may be said to have educated the public at large, familiarising by degrees the general ear with a class of music that of erst was confined to the sympathies and appreciation of the select few. This popularization of the works of such authors as Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, is an achievement in itself worthy of conferring immortal honors on M. Jullien, who undeniably has had the public taste to a considerable extent under his direction. He has been in a position to appeal to the ears of thousands of the masses, and a glance at his programmes from year to year will serve to show how admirably he has sustained that position.

W. G.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 18, 1852.

Second Germania Concert.

This was one of the most successful entertainment which the "*Germanians*" have ever given, and in the matter of the programme was a great improvement on the first. The orchestra itself now numbers twenty-nine, instead of twenty-two instruments, and with five very effective first violins, three seconds, three violas, two violoncellos and two double basses, tells as admirably in the string as in the wind department. Herr GARTNER's violin, especially, is a very palpable accession. We have never heard a symphony or an overture given with so much breadth and power by this little orchestra, always unrivalled for unbroken certainty and purity of outline in every composition which it undertook to render.

The Symphony in C minor, by the Danish pupil and successor of Mendelssohn, Niels W. Gade, is a work of great force, originality, wild grandeur and richness of coloring.—Gade's fullest and happiest expression perhaps of that strange Ossianic vein, in which he indulges in his overture, "*Echoes from Ossian*," and indeed more or less in all his works. The first movement, both in the contemplative, sea-shore mood of the slow introduction, and in the energy of the Allegro, reminded one repeatedly of Mendelssohn, and yet indicated plenty of a certain strong, rugged

individuality besides. The Scherzo is altogether original, with the wild, tempestuous, mad glee with which it sets out, then the lull broken by the mysterious sobs and gusts of reeds and flutes answering one another, and then that quaintest little dream of fairy revelries, in running triplets with the strings muted. The slow movement (*Andantino Grazioso*) is sweetly, solemnly, religiously composing, and absorbs all distracted thoughts in the "*feeling*" which is "*deeper than all thought*;" and the finale, which perhaps is the least remarkable of the four movements, with an old Danish melody for subject, has a wild Vikingir fire and emphasis, which fitly terminates this strange musical poem of the North. The performers, severally and collectively, seemed perfectly to realize the beautiful and strange spell of the music, and rendered it in all its energy and all its beauty.

The career of Gade has been singular. This first symphony established his reputation and was the wonder of all Germany, although rejected by the Philharmonic Society in London. Mendelssohn himself said of it to an artist now in this city, that it was "*the only really new thing since Beethoven*." Some of us had already heard, at rehearsals of the Fund and Germania orchestras, his third or fourth symphony, with by no means the same interest that we heard this. And we are told that his second effort in this great line, where so few have proved their mastery, disappointed the appetites sharpened by the first, equalling it only in the slow movement, that the third was weaker than the second, and the fourth weaker than the third. A writer in the *Foreign Quarterly* (Chorley?) had this impression of him, and of symphony composition in Germany generally, in 1845:

The productions of the German instrumental composers of the second rank, Lindpaintner, Reissiger, Kalliwoda, Lachner, &c., are really curious for their fidelity to a good style, for the science and ability they display, and for their number, under circumstances of no great public encouragement. There is a national pertinacity about the composers of this class; they like to accumulate works, content now and then to hit the mark of public satisfaction, anxious at all times to maintain an honorable rank by industrious and conscientious efforts, which, whatever their deficiency in genius, never sacrifice good taste. Where players are numerous, novelty must be had—be it novelty in name rather than in substance. But long comparisons of works of this kind with the beautiful and imperishable remains of the Mozart and Haydn school has awakened in many places, somewhat tardily, the notion of patronage as a means to the revival of genius, and we are not to believe that if a composer of the good old sort were to appear he would be left to pine in obscurity, or to write waltzes and polkas for his living. Premiums for symphonies have now been offered from various quarters for several years, and Laureates have been found;—however that any approach to a new Beethoven has been made we will not venture to assert. The favorite symphonist and present director of the Leipzig concerts, Niels W. Gade, a young Dane, obtained his first distinction in this way, a symphony of his having been crowned by a prize offered at Copenhagen, which was adjudged by Spohr and F. Schindler. The Leipzig amateurs hailed the appearance of this youthful talent—they discovered that his physiognomy resembled Mozart's, while the letters of his name composed the four open strings of the violin; and, with pardonable superstition, they drew from these circumstances favorable prognostics. Gade has, indeed, shown every disposition to avail himself of the advantages of study afforded by the highly musical city of Leipsic, but his second

symphony has appeared, and is pronounced to be very much like his first. The second work is the touchstone of a new pen in any walk of art; but we would not deal in unfavorable omens where so fair a career of life seems open. Had nothing further been done to evince the general sense entertained in Gade's merits than his election to an office of conductor, in which his two immediate predecessors were Mendelssohn and Hiller, that alone would have sufficed.

If all this be true, there seems little danger that the line of giants in the symphony form will soon cease to be, as our politicians say, "conveniently small;" we can still count up Haydn's, Mozart's, Beethoven's immortal *nine*, Mendelssohn's two only that survive out of four; to these add perhaps Schubert, and perhaps Schumann, and our memory shall not be burdened or our interest distracted by many more.

The overture to "Leonora," *alias* "Fidelio," which unites all the characteristics of Beethoven, the gloom, the grandeur, the depth, the tragic pathos, the warmth of a great loving heart revealing itself amid the sterner harmonies in sweetest streams of melody, was grandly, feelingly performed. As in Sontag's concerts, the trumpet flourish, which suddenly brings hope in the fearful crisis of the prison scene, was played, and very properly, behind the stage; but this time it sounded too faint and far. The noisier overture to the "Night Camp of Granada," by Kreutzer, was well by way of foil and contrast to the nobler pieces above named, and historically as indicating what is done by clever composers now-a-days, who are not geniuses; it was a good rousing, brassy piece, too, with which to play the people out.

MME. SIEDENBURG, suffering plainly from a cold, made a vain trial of her voice, and the concert was curtailed, perhaps to the no great regret of anybody, of a couple of little songs which might have been applauded into four. Our hearty thanks to ALFRED JAEHL for giving us so fine a specimen, and with such clear and satisfactory rendering, of the more elaborate classic compositions of CHOPIN,—the Concerto in E minor! It was full of beauties, the orchestration subdued by the necessity of Chopin's nature to the most delicate, shadowy, unobtrusive accompaniment; and though that form required of him more brilliancy, more popular effect than is his wont, yet repeatedly there fleet and smile across the bolder and more common passages some of those faint, exquisite *fioriture*, so steeped in finest sentiment, which reveal the inmost peculiarity of Chopin. At the same time we could not but recognize the truth of what Liszt says of his Concertos: namely, that, in his efforts to bring his thoughts into the limits of the strictly classic form, "we discern rather the will, the purpose, than the inspiration." (See Journal Vol. I. No. 4.) Speaking of this, let us also not omit to own our debt to Mr. Jaell, for trusting his public so far at a late rehearsal as to give, and finely too, one of Chopin's lovely Polonaises. We are sure the majority liked this quite as well as variations on the "Last Rose," the "Bohemian Polka," &c., and even many of the "Belles of Boston" felt that there was something finer to listen to than their own praises. *Vive la bagatelle!* will do, but be it always after we have first made sure of something serious and substantial.

A word for the charming, thoughtful looking little fairy, CAMILLE URSO. Only second to

PAUL JULLIEN, she is with her violin a greater wonder, measured by all ordinary measures, than we can fathom or appreciate. We have to consign the mystery to that ever convenient category, that vastly capacious and yet most jealous receptacle, which has been labelled *genius*. This time the worth of this child artist was acknowledged by an audience worthy of her power; her modest and yet self-possessed *entrée*, her undisturbed simplicity and truthfulness of manner, won all hearts, as well as the mature style and truthfulness with which she rendered her difficult music. There is not all the power, all the inventive variety of Jullien, but there is quite as deep and entire a feeling and absorption of the player in the music, and often a broader, richer, if not quite so fine, a quality of tone, especially in her adagios. The more we think of it, the more we feel disposed to ask for Jullien and Urso, if we must have fantastic variation solos. These things have all their charm in the fact that they are exceptional; the moment they become common, the moment Paganini sets all the host of virtuosos imitating this strange freak, why, it becomes at once the emptiest, cheapest, most common-place and irksome of all the exhibitions of grown men. In a *Wunderkind*, a child of genius, it is all right again; again exceptional and again genuine. Besides the character, the spirit of these curious fantasias is in harmony with a genial child's fresh, marvellous imagination. Such music has not the stuff of manhood or of womanhood in it; it has not actual passion, either of love or of ambition, on the one hand, nor intellectual logical development of thought on the other; but it is fantastic, fairy-like, belonging to the wondering instincts of child geniuses, to genius of the young Mozart sort, at an age too young for love, or stern ambition, or logical consistency of thought, or religious searching of the depths of one's own soul. Your full-grown virtuosos make most clumsy, awkward fairies; their noble mission is in lending their bow and their skill in bringing out the combined symphonies of genius, music that is full of human and prophetic meaning, so grand as to absorb all little solo-playing individual vanities. When we detect the earnest and devout tones of a master violinist, in the rank and file of the orchestra, in the grand symphony, our hearts acknowledge him and praise him to a degree that he could not possibly win from us by the most brilliant Paganini solo, in which he might show his virtuosity. Play Beethoven, play Mozart, unless you can compose better, O ye wonder-working, wandering stars, and become *fixed* stars; play earnest, manly things, and leave the fairy, the Undine-like, soulless element to the children, to the Julliens and Ursos!

LIEDERKRANZ, *Liedertafel*, *Sängerbund*, *Sängerverein*, &c., are all common designations of the German clubs and circles of male part-singers. For some time we could not ascertain by what name Mr. Kreissman's little company here in Boston chose to be called, and so gave them the most primitive and characteristic name of *Liedertafel*, which means a Song Table, alluding to the custom of these societies in their origin, sitting around a table as they sang.

But it appears that the distinctive title of the Boston Germans is *Liederkrantz*, which is literally a "Wreath of Songs."

Sängerverein means "Singers' Union," and *Sängerbund* a league or affiliated brotherhood of singers. The latter term is used sometimes of the single circle, but more commonly of the annual convention or congress of circles.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The Second Chamber Concert, Thursday, Dec. 9th, drew a large audience, who seemed deeply interested to the end. The Sextet by Beethoven, for string quartet and two horns *obligato*, (in E flat, Op. 81,) tasked the solo-playing capacity of the horns rather too severely in the first and last movements, though they were played by such skilful artists as Messrs. HAMANN and EICHLER. We fancy that Beethoven must have written that, more for the gratification of some extraordinary couple of hornists, than from the prompting of his own taste and genius; why make the slow, but honest horns perform the work of flutes? The Adagio was more suited to the genius of the instrument, where it enriched and filled out the harmony with its warm mellow tones. A pleasant surprise it was to recognize in this Adagio, that solemn and religious strain which has been sung here with such sublime effect, by a chorus of a hundred voices *pianissimo*, under the title of "Vesper Hymn," *Jubilate*, &c.

The Adagio and variations ("God save the emperor") from Haydn's Quartet, are always pleasant; but the great thing of the evening was the Quintet in C, No. 2, of Mozart, one of the perfect and satisfying compositions in this form, which we count it always an especial good fortune to have any chance to hear. It was played "with the spirit and the understanding." None of the strings sinned against true intonation much that evening, if our ears were true.

The fantasie on the violoncello by WULF FRIES, with two little German *Lieder* for themes, by Reissiger and Krebs, was warmly applauded, and indeed exhibited his command of the instrument to great advantage. Miss LEHMANN sang Schubert's "Wanderer" with impassioned energy; her large low tones suit the song well, but we fancy its true character lies more properly with the bass voice than with the contralto. In Mendelssohn's "Zuleika" she was very happy, and in answer to the encore, gave most appropriately its sister song, *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*, or "Maid of Ganges,"—one of the most perfect of songs, both in the words, which are Heine's, and in the music, and in the perfect marrying of both. This was sung with true conception, and true feeling. Mr. TRENKLE's share also in these pieces, as accompanist, merits respectful notice.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY. The Second Concert, this evening, offers rich and solid attractions. The Symphony is Mendelssohn's best, in A minor, the one embodying his reminiscences of Scotland, which has grown in favor with our audiences now for two or three winters, and is always welcomed with enthusiasm, at the afternoon rehearsals and at all times. We are continually struck on these occasions by the great popularity of Mendelssohn; the bare mention of his name, when the conductor turns round to the audience, is sure to elicit a very hearty kind of applause. Then there will be the noble overture to *Leonora*, and a new overture by Wallace. For variety, Mr. WULF FRIES and Mr. RYAN, justly favorites on their respective instruments, will play solos. And we know that an intelligent and critical audience promise themselves real pleasure from hearing Miss MARY WEBB, the daughter of our esteemed teacher and president of the Society, sing the fine selections set down in the programme.

JUDAS MACCABEUS. The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY open their oratorio season to-morrow evening

with this noble work of Handel's. The subject is taken from the most patriotic times of Jewish history and is full of grand and glowing texts, which could not have been wedded to fitter music than those glorious choruses and songs of HANDEL, the composer, above all others, whose music represents the large and generous sentiments of country and humanity. Several of the songs and choruses ring with the steel and temper of the truest heroism, and the funeral music is of the most impressive ever written.

The Society deserve the fullest patronage for the thorough and complete manner in which they have prepared this oratorio. The chorus is larger than ever before, and showed the fruits of careful practice at the last rehearsal, which was every way encouraging. The principal singers are generally well and favorably known, especially Miss STONE and Mrs. WENTWORTH, who are to give the admirable duet: "O lovely Peace," and all have conscientiously studied their parts. The organ is in the safe hands of Mr. MUELLER; the orchestral accompaniments will be given to perfection by the Germanians; and the whole pivots on as skilful a conductor as we perhaps have had in America, Mr. CARL BERGMANN.

Two dollars for the series of six such grand performances will be thought scarcely a mere nominal price by those who can appreciate them at all. See advertisement.

OTTO DRESEL'S First Monthly Soirée is unavoidably changed from Monday to Wednesday evening next. The programme too has undergone new alterations, but as it stands on the last page is now fixed, and a most choice and dainty one it is, in many respects quite novel, while it contains not a particle of common-place or clap-trap. We are sorry that Mr. Dresel's own Trio, of which we have proved the quality, has to give place; but the fire that consumed friend Chickering's works, consumed Dresel's Trio also, and it will take time to write it out anew. He gives, instead, a portion of his Quartet. Then, what can be better than the Trio of Mendelssohn, with SCHULTZE and BERGMANN for assistants, and an entire Sonata of Beethoven?

The piano pieces by Chopin, &c., and the songs of Franz and Schumann, by Miss Lehmann, flowers too delicately individual for large concert rooms, will give the audience an idea of the best and truest that has been produced in these last days.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will hold their own, we trust, next Thursday evening, notwithstanding that the "Germanians" have to offer their attractions the same night, in order that Christmas evening may be open for that grandest expression of the Christmas sentiment, the oratorio of "The Messiah." The real circle of lovers of choice Chamber Music is commonly hard to separate, and if it do not prove so in the Masque Temple next Thursday, it will not be because the Club have not provided a rich feast. Schumann's Quintet, with the aid of such a pianist as Mr. OTTO DRESEL, a Quartet of Beethoven, and his song of songs, *Adelaide*, sung by Miss LEHMANN, ought to outshine almost any outside attraction.

The next "GERMANIA" Concert is also announced for Thursday, when will be presented that warmest, sweetest, and most love-inspired of Beethoven's Symphonies, the fourth, in B flat;—also the Notturmo from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and two new overtures, one, by Mendelssohn, to "Athalia," and one, by Nicolai, to "Merry Wives of Windsor." To these add ALFRED JAEHL, and the dear little URSO-LINA, and CARL ZERRAHN's flute, and it is clear that the entertainment will be fully up to the standard of the "Germanians."

This programme announces no singer; yet it has come whispered to us, as among the good things possible, that the audience may be unexpectedly gratified on that evening by the first public effort of a young soprano of our city of rare promise, whose rich and sympathetic voice and genuine aspiration to become an artist have for some time inspired her friends with the conviction that she ought to enjoy the best opportunities of European culture. A public trial of her voice, we doubt not, will make many share this wish; and should it take place (either at the next or following concert), we need not bespeak the considerate indulgence of our musical friends.

Our Boston readers will no doubt be glad to learn that Mr. Wm. H. Fry is making arrangements to repeat here, in our new Music Hall, his Lectures on Music, which are now exciting so much interest in New York. He has yet seven more to give there, and will probably be able to commence here in February, after the other thick-coming novelties shall be somewhat thinned out. And this will be the greatest novelty of all. Mr. Fry has not only a genuine love, but an indefatigable curiosity in all that pertains to the laws and history of the Divine Art; he is gifted with the spirit of research, with enthusiasm and a brilliant pen. Many curious antiquities, in illustration of musical history, he has possessed himself of in his long residence in Europe; and with a large choir, and orchestra, and principal Italian singers, at his command, it will be both curious and instructive to hear old monuments of the day-dawn of musical art contrasted with the masterpieces of to-day.

Such an enterprise must surely meet a warm response among our music-lovers. Every chorus-singer must be glad to lend a voice to the bringing out of effects, so interesting and instructive to us all. A thousand subscribers to the course will pay, and Boston ought to furnish twice that number.

New York.

DEATH OF MR. SEGUN. Arthur Edward Sheldon Seguin, the vocalist, died in this city on Monday. He was born in London in 1808, and was member of the London Academy of Music, from which he retired in 1830, having gained the honors of the academy. In the following year he made his first appearance on the English stage, at the Queen's Theatre, then under the management of McFarren. It was on the 3d of February, 1831, that he made his *debut* in the character of Polyphemus, in Handel's "Acis and Galatea." Mr. Seguin became a popular favorite, and enjoyed profitable engagements at the Italian Opera House, and the theatres of Covent Garden and Drury-lane. He came to this country in 1838, and made his first appearance on the American stage at the old National Theatre, in this city, on the 15th of October. The National was then under the management of Mr. James Wallack, the present proprietor of the Lyceum. Here Mr. Seguin played as a star, having made his *debut* as General Von der Teimar in the Opera of "Amilie." He subsequently visited professionally the principal cities of the United States, and maintained an excellent reputation as a bass singer and comic actor. At the time of his death, Mr. Seguin was a member of the Lyceum Company. He had been unwell for some time past, and had become quite thin and emaciated, though his voice had lost little of its power. While at rehearsal about three weeks since, he was observed to become suddenly ill and faint, and had to be accommodated with a chair. He was immediately sent in a carriage to his residence in White-Street, and we believe never visited the theatre since. His disease, we understand, was an affection of the heart. Mr. Seguin has left a handsome competence to his family, consisting of a wife and four children. Mrs. Seguin is also a vocalist. She has withdrawn from the stage, and at present devotes her time to the teaching of music and singing at her academy. She has enjoyed a high reputation in this country, to which she came with her husband in 1838.—*N. Y. Tribune*, Dec. 15th.

The sickness of our carrier, and the substitution of another man, to whom the route was new, must account to our city subscribers for the irregularity with which they were served last week. To-day, we trust, our distribution will be regular.

Handel and Haydn Society.

FIRST CONCERT OF THE SERIES.

HANDEL'S GRAND ORATORIO OF JUDAS MACCABEUS,

Will be performed by the

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, On Sunday Evening, December 19, 1852, AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

ASSISTED BY

Miss ANNA STONE, Mrs. EMMA A. WENTWORTH, Mrs. T. H. EMMONS, Messrs. E. H. FROST, E. HAMILTON, J. H. LOW, C. H. WEBB, S. S. CLEMENT, and the
GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Conductor, Mr. C. BERGMANN.
Organist and Pianist, Mr. F. F. MÜLLER.

Doors open at 6; Concert to commence at 7 o'clock.
Packages of Tickets for the Series of Six Concerts, at Two Dollars, or single tickets at 50 cents, may be obtained at the Music Store, of the Secretary at 133 Washington Street, at the door on the evening of performance, and at the Tremont and Revere Houses on Sunday.

J. L. FAIRBANKS, SECRETARY.

EXTRACTS from the "Rules and Regulations of the BOSTON MUSIC HALL."

1. No seat of any kind will be allowed in any one of the aisles or passages of the Hall, under any circumstances whatever.
2. No seat in the building shall be removed from one place to another, nor any seat be carried into the building from without, except by order of the Superintendent.
3. No person shall have a lighted cigar within the building.
4. No person shall touch the gas fixtures in any part of the building, except by order of the Superintendent.
5. The "Ladies' Room" is exclusively for female visitors to the Hall, as a cloak-room, dressing-room, &c., and gentlemen are not permitted to enter this room at any time.
6. The Superintendent will be in his office (entrance from Winter street) to receive applications for the use of this Hall and Lecture room, every day, (Sunday's excepted) from 3 to 6 P. M.
7. Persons hereafter hiring the Boston Music Hall, for the purpose of giving Concerts or other entertainments, shall be required to dispose of the seats by their numbers, unless, on special application to the Committee of Directors, this regulation shall be dispensed with.

Published, per order of the Board of Directors.
F. L. BATCHELDER, Secretary.

Boston Musical Fund Society. SIXTH SERIES.

SECOND GRAND CONCERT, For the Establishment of a Charitable Fund.

THE patrons of the BOSTON MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY are respectfully informed that the Second Grand Concert of the Sixth Series will be given at the

NEW MUSIC HALL,

On SATURDAY EVENING, December 4,

For which occasion Miss MARY ISABELLA WEBB has kindly volunteered her services.

Instrumental Solo Performers—Messrs. WULF FRIES and THOMAS RYAN.

DIRECTOR, Mr. WULF FRIES.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Grand Symphony, No. 3, (A Minor) Mendelssohn.
Introduction and Allegro Agitato—Scherzo assai vivace.
Adagio Cantabile.
Allegro Guerriero and Finale Maestoso.
2. Cavatina—"Regnava nel silenzio," from Lucia di Lammermoor, Donizetti.
Miss MARY ISABELLA WEBB.

PART II.

3. Overture—Leonora, Beethoven.
4. Fantasia sur la Sonnambula, for Violoncello, Kummer.
Mr. WULF FRIES.
5. Ballad—"Auld Robin Gray,"
Miss MARY ISABELLA WEBB.
6. Solo—Clarinet.
Mr. THOMAS RYAN.
7. Bravura—"Happy Birdling of the Forest." Flute
Obligato by Mr. A. Werner, W. V. Wallack.
Miss MARY ISABELLA WEBB.
8. Overture—Robert Devereux (first time), Wallack.

Single Tickets 50 cents, may be obtained at the usual places, and at the door on the evening of performance.

Doors open at 6—Concert commences at 7½ o'clock.

OTTO DRESEL'S FIRST MONTHLY MUSICAL SOIRÉE,

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 22,

IN MR. JOHNSON'S MUSIC HALL, (in the New Building next south of Tremont Temple,) assisted by

Miss CAROLINE LEHMANN,
ALFRED JAEHL,
Mr. SCHULTZE, VIOLIN,
Mr. MEISSEL, VIOLA,
CARL BERGMANN, VIOLONCELLO.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. First Allegro from a Sonata for Piano, four hands, Moscheles.
ALFRED JAEHL and OTTO DRESEL.
2. Andante and Intermezzo from a Quartet for Piano, Violin, Viola and 'Cello, Otto Dresel.
OTTO DRESEL, Mr. SCHULTZE, Mr. MEISSEL, CARL BERGMANN.
3. German Songs:—
a. "Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,"
b. "Weil auf mir du dunkles Auge," Rob't Franz.
c. "Du meine Seele, du mein Herz," Rob't Schumann.
Miss CAROLINE LEHMANN.
4. Sonata for Piano Solo, E flat, Op. 23, Beethoven.
a. Allegro—b. Scherzo—c. Minuetto—d. Finale.
OTTO DRESEL.

PART II.

5. First Trio for Piano, Violin, and 'Cello, Mendelssohn.
a. Allegro agitato—b. Andante tranquillo—
c. Scherzo—d. Finale.
OTTO DRESEL, Mr. SCHULTZE, and CARL BERGMANN.
6. German Songs:—
a. "Mother, oh sing me to rest, as in my bright days departed," Robert Franz.
b. "Trockne Blumen," Franz Schubert.
Miss CAROLINE LEHMANN.
7. Piano Solos:—a. Notturmo and Mazourka, Chopin.
b. Spring Song, Mendelssohn.
OTTO DRESEL.

The Concert will begin precisely at half past seven.
Subscription for the Series of Five Concerts, \$1. Single Tickets, at \$1, to be had at Reed's Music Store; and at Mr. Chickering's Ware-room, 379 Washington St.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

Third Grand Subscription Concert

OF THE
GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY,

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 23, 1852,

Not on Saturday, on account of the Hall being previously engaged.

To meet the wishes of those of their subscribers and patrons who were by the very inclement weather prevented from visiting the last Concert, they have for this occasion re-engaged Miss CAMILLA URSO, the wonderful Violonist.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. Grand Symphony, No. 4, in B flat major, Op. 60, Beethoven.
I. Adagio and Allegro vivace.
II. Adagio.
III. Minuetto and Allegro vivace.
IV. Finale—Allegro ma non troppo.
2. Grand Concerto (No. 24.) for Violin, with orchestra, Viotti.
Performed by CAMILLA URSO.
3. Nocturno from the Melodrama, "Midsummer Night's Dream," (by request,) Mendelssohn.

Part II.

4. Grand Overture, "Athalie," Op. 74, (posthumous work), 1st time, Mendelssohn.
5. Grand Solo for the Flute on themes from "La Fille du Regiment," with orchestra, Briccialdi.
Performed by CARL ZERRAHN.
6. Grand Fantasia, on themes from Don Giovanni, for piano, Thalberg.
ALFRED JAEHL.
7. Souvenir de Haydn, Fantasia on the air: "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser," for Violin, Leonard.
Performed by CAMILLA URSO.
7. Grand Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," 1st time, Otto Nicolai.
Single Tickets, 50 cents each, to be had at the Music Stores and Hotels, also at the door on the evening of the Concert.
Doors open at 6½; Concert commences at 7½ o'clock.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETT CLUB respectfully announce that their THIRD CONCERT of the Series of Eight will take place on

Thursday Evening, Dec. 23, at Masonic Temple,
ASSISTED BY

Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN, and OTTO DRESEL.

Schumann's Quintet, for Piano and Strings, "Adelaide," and a Quartet by Beethoven will be presented.
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Handel and his "Messiah."

AN OLD LECTURE. BY J. S. DWIGHT.

Handel, like most of the great composers, was a prodigy in his boyhood. But in him it was not, as in so many cases of precocity, a premature development, a budding out before the spring had fairly come. In him everything came in the fulness of time. His was healthy genius; it could bear the cold. He had always something in reserve; the flower did not exhaust the plant. The brilliant manifestations of the boy were a preparation, as well as a promise, of more. It was a life destined to be a long one, and to complete itself on as grand a scale as it began.

We have not room to review the incidents of his history; but we will remark on the character of the man, as it presents itself at different periods of his life, and show how completely the man and his music were one. This will bring new interest to the examination into which we are about to enter of his glorious Oratorio.

First, look back over his childhood and youth, from the time when he had completed his severe German education, had sunned himself in Italy, and there initiated himself into the popular business of Operas, and was now ripe for his great career in England; that is, from about the year 1710. Even then he is the Handel that his music since declared him. A decided march towards the one thing needful, the thing he was made for, marks him from an infant. He seized

upon and appropriated just the food his genius craved, precisely in the fulness of time, and as one having authority. That child, or that child's instinct, always knew what he was about;—no dallying, no wavering, no misgiving. What a healthy strength was his! How well he kept his balance! How, without hurry, or complaining, he made known his wish just at the time when he could realize it! There was no romance about him; nothing morbid or excessive. Those occasional bursts of anger were only quick electric explosions of a body highly charged, and essential to continued calm weather. For in him generosity went with independence; he could afford to fly into a passion with his neighbor; for there was nothing in him which it was necessary to hide under a smooth exterior. There was not an hour of sickly sentimentality through the whole April and May of his youth. What sorrows and inward struggles he may have had we know not, for he was not of a nature to tell of those things. He was the antipodes to the self-accusing Rousseaus, and he would not have known how to write "Confessions." Evidently he had no leisure to complain of fortune—the earnest, struggling youth! For him the voluntary pains of hard but wholesome toil drowned the sense of other pains. He was therefore a child whom Art had chosen and set apart. He walked in his own sphere, which was one of light, led by the hand of Nature. Almost it seems as if he were not subject to the infirmity, *par excellence*, which we call humanity. This we commonly deem a defect, because we want a person who gives and craves sympathy. Strong attachment, or rather, weak attachment to persons and places, he certainly never showed. He was no tender, blushing, moist-eyed boy, like Mozart, asking everybody to love him. There is not a single love-passage recorded in his whole life; not any tell-tale breaks in the solid continuity of his works, any trembling in the bold handwriting, to lead us to suspect the presence of such secret disturbing force, from beginning to end of his whole career. A poor hero he would make in a modern novel. Was this coldness? or was it that perfect temperature in which one never asks how cold, or how warm? For, be it remembered, he was generous, and kind, and just; altogether above envy; and he never betrayed a trace of meanness. And if this is not enough, wait and see what he was reserved for; hear the perpetual voice which he has lent to the heart's deepest faith and love, in those songs of the "Messiah;" and consider whether it may not be that he was marked from the first for one of Nature's holy priesthood, to keep himself above all personal and private interests and feelings, and be an interpreter and voice to the deep and universal experience of all souls, keeping alive the consciousness of a life beyond time.

Having accompanied him thus far in the world (which to him was the world of Art), let us look around with him, and try to understand his position in that world. What was the state of music then? What the schools in which he was formed? And what had he to build upon?

The music of that day may be comprehended under three great classes: 1. The learned, or Organ style; 2. The Italian and French Operatic style; and 3. The Protestant Church style, the popular Hymn or Choral.

1. The first prevailed in Germany, and had, until within a century, prevailed in Italy. Until that time, music, as a science, had been shut up with the monks in cloisters, like every kind of knowledge; and consisted mainly in artificial combinations of harmony, with comparatively small regard to melody. For long centuries the monotonous "plain chant," or *canto fermo* of the first Christian Churches, improved into the "Gregorian Chant," and sung in unison or octaves, without any harmony, was the only recognized form of music. How harmony, or the concord of several parts, was introduced, of course can never be matter of very definite history. The discovery must have been gradual. Probably, however, the organists, (for the organ was common from the twelfth century), were the first to discover its beauty. Accompanying the chant in the churches, they would naturally be tempted to deviate from the air into other notes which chimed in pleasantly; and having all the elements of harmony spread out on the key-board under their hands, like the colors on a painter's palette, they would be led on by the excitement of one newly discovered combination to another, (indeed a child, wandering over the keys of a piano, discovers harmony for himself in the same way now), till they had attained to all the fulness of Counterpoint, (music in parts corresponding note for note) and to all the labyrinthine windings of the Fugue. This is substantially Hogarth's account of it. This last became the proper organ style. It originated, so accounts say, in the *antiphonal* singing, or the responses of two or more choirs singing the old chant. "A certain phrase of the melody, after having been sung by one portion of the chorists, is echoed by the others, at certain distances, and at a higher or lower pitch; and the successive accumulation of these different masses of sound into one grand and harmonious whole, produces the greatest effects of which music is capable." Once discovered, these curious applications of the laws of harmony bewitched all composers. Nothing was artificial and elaborate enough; a natural effect, perhaps, of the monkish confinement of an art which is properly the child of Nature. The music of these school-men was as ingenious and barren as their philosophy.

But is this the whole account of it? O, no. With all the coldness and artificiality into which it degenerated in Germany, some time before Handel, the Fugue is too beautiful in itself, too inexhaustible in its suggestions, to pass for a mere musical puzzle or acrostic. Mere ingenuity could not exercise such lasting, universal sway. The Fugue was rooted in the heart and genius of the middle ages. No one admires Gothic architecture for its mere skill; it is felt to be full of beauty and spiritual significance. So the genius of the Fugue is essentially Gothic. It grows and kindles,

and goes circling upwards, like a many-tongued flame, always aspiring, never finished, telling of more and more that it would be. Moreover, it is impersonal and universal in its sentiment. There is not one prominent air or voice in it, and the rest subordinate; but innumerable voices and airs winding and blending into one another, and leading you into the depths and mysterious mazes of a vast animated whole, like this world of ours. It is the type of the Finite losing itself in the Infinite. Such is the nobler aspect of the Fugue; the natural language of the deep, religious, mystical, and Gothic sentiment of those times.

It was into this style that the young Handel was first initiated. It was in this high mystic organ-music, that the soul of the future composer of the "Messiah" unfolded its wings, and learned to soar above this smoky element of limitation, difference, and partial interests. At the same time, even admitting that there was little of saving life in the then German composers in that style, so that their works are forgotten, yet what a school for the future artist! To compose a Fugue, however mechanically, compelled the mind to *think*, to re-produce great nature's law of unity in variety. It was called the *strict style*. It compelled one to stick to his text; it was the *logic* of music. It would not do to string together passages, wandering wherever fancy led. The composer chose a theme, and then developed it, unravelled the seemingly simple knot into an endless sequence of admirable inferences, traversing a vast variety, yet always bringing you safely home to the theme. This is something like the insight by which a philosopher deduces the whole of Nature from the sight of one plant or stone. The artist, trained in such manly exercise, would be in little danger of composing superficially, if there were any material in him. How like the germ of an oak, in spring warmth, would every little spontaneous melody open out in his hands into a whole melodious vegetation! Handel laid a broad foundation in this thorough school of harmony. All that there was good in it he made his own; and if he also contracted what was bad in it, if he cultivated harmony at the expense of melody, he was soon in a way to remedy that.

2. The Italian Opera was his next school. In the Opera resulted the effort of music to escape the fantastic fetters of science and the tedium of the church, and to get back to nature. Popular melodies sprang up like wild flowers in the low places and by-paths of life. They were an unwritten music. The ecclesiastical composer did not recognize them. But towards the beginning of the seventeenth century they began to attract the attention of persons who had taste and feeling. As to the old church music, its original melody and subject matter had now become so stationary and lifeless, (all invention being bestowed on curious ways of harmonizing it), that it needed replenishment from the genuine sources, the careless natural melodies of the heart. The popular airs were gathered up, and written out, and harmonized. And Recitative, or singing speech, which had the double charm, (1) of natural expressiveness (its rhythm and melody irregularly varying with the sentiment), and (2) of being supposed to be the very same idealized and exalted language in which the old Greek dramas were recited, came into notice about this time, and was the principal feature of the first opera, performed in 1600. Between this date and the time of Handel, operas had run away with nearly all the musical feeling of Italy. Meanwhile, too, the powers of the violin had been somewhat developed; for then Corelli lived. And wherever the violin is practised, the taste for free and graceful melody necessarily follows.

From the deep ecclesiastical studies of Germany, then, (varied only with so much of secular music as the obœ and some few wind instruments furnished), Handel went to the world's great conservatory of natural melody and pathos, the Opera of Italy; from learning how to handle every theme with masterly power, to the enriching his mind with new themes; from delving amid the laws and exploring the thorough-bass of Nature, to listening and answering to her poetry. Strength and grace, now, alike were his. He

had laid a solid rock-foundation; but it was over-spread with a rich and generous soil, in which all the sweetest flowers sprang quickly up.

3. There was yet a third, a middle style, between the learned church style and the natural and almost licentious secular music: and on this Handel, though perhaps unconsciously, stood by force of his whole inborn character and genius. I mean the Lutheran Protestant "Choral;" the popular sacred music; the insurrection of nature against science in the church, as the Opera was nature setting up for herself out of the church. This was the simplest, though the gravest of all music. It did not discourse of the personal and temporary, like songs and operas, but gave utterance to the universal religious sentiment. It allowed the whole congregation to sing, in solemn, long-drawn notes; all in unison, without any harmony: and yet the vast uprolling cloud of sound, swelled by such a mass of voices, saluting the ear from different distances, and swallowing up its own echoes and reflections, did affect the ear like harmony,—just as the cloud taking the sun at different angles exhibits all the colors of the rainbow. A Handel, listening to this mighty volume of sound, would scarcely help hearing tenor, and alto, and bass, and even imagining florid interwoven melodies playing spontaneous accompaniment, and fugues in endless chase traversing the whole mass.

Handel's genius was essentially popular. He stood on the middle Protestant ground of popular feeling. He did not confine himself, of course, to the simple form of the "Choral;" but on the basis of its simple spirit he built his art, borrowing, on either side, from the profoundly learned, mystical music of the Cathedral, and from the inventive fire of the secular opera. To the music of the popular religious sentiment he gave the endless metaphysical unfoldings of science, and the grace and unconstraint of nature. Thus he reconciled religion, science, native impulse, all, in his art; and produced a music which is a prophetic language, a language of that innate faith in every mind which is deeper than all our moods and opinions, the faith, namely, that all *shall* be reconciled; that there shall be no secular, no sacred, but all good, each finding its joy in all. But this is anticipating. Handel did not enter this peculiar province which Heaven had assigned him, until he had studied long in the schools we have described; no, not until he had toiled much longer, in a false position, trying to succeed in a sphere too small for him. I mean his long opera drudgery in England.

His life in England before he composed the "Messiah" was one long thirty years of gigantic, unremitted toil; during which time he produced about forty operas, several oratorios, and other music without end. He reigned absolute monarch in England's music during half that time, and then he let no opposition drive him from the ground; it was the ground itself sank under him. It was Providence itself letting him down upon the solid rock foundation, where he might work with all his own true strength. Of his splendid triumphs there as opera conductor and composer, we cannot speak. Like every popular favorite he had his day of reverses. His lofty spirit could not conform to the caprices and ambitious tastes of the singers whom he had to manage, and whose quarrels divided the nobility into rival factions. For, strange to say, the opera dissension was made political capital of; and a formidable body of nobility conspired to break up Handel's opera. He made head against the tide with a giant's vigor, till he had lost all his earnings, and become diseased in body and in mind. Finally one arm was paralyzed. He was induced to leave cares and go over to Aix la Chapelle to recruit himself. He made summary work with this cure, as with everything. He sat thrice the usual time over the vapor baths; in three days he was exciting crowds to rapture, as he played like an angel just descended, on the organ of the neighboring church; and in six weeks he was in England again, composing operas as before. This was in 1736. He struggled on a few years more, but all in vain; the day had passed. The whole tide bore down against him; not only enemies whom he was too

proud to conciliate, but popular taste itself. Indeed, the Opera was but a fashion, and never really loved in England. The barren sentimentalities and trivialities of the Italian opera were no field for him. He was not born, like Gluck and Mozart, to bring out the peculiar genius of that sort of music. He was reserved for greater work. His quarrel with the singers was, in fact, a quarrel with the Opera itself, a contending against his own chosen position, a chafing against the wires of the cage to which he clung with mistaken fondness. He discovered it while he had yet strength left to turn the dark experience to account. He dropped the Opera, and took to the Oratorio. He had wrought so like a Hercules, for the love of it, because he was so full. He was a long time in finding himself out. The very glow of healthy activity made him careless as to the sphere he wrought in. Such a strong and ready engine finds its way unconsciously in whatever market is open for it. He was all this while only laboring for the *present*; and if he created any imperishable products, if he lavished on the immediate object more than that object was worth, it was quite unconsciously. Doubtless much of the pure ore of his own true genius long lay buried with the dusty volumes, the forty folios, of his forgotten operas, in the Royal Library. Rich mine that, with all its rubbish; and busily they are beginning now to work it.

The imperishable, the truly inspired songs and recitatives, scattered through the operas, will soon be separated from the rest; the part which belongs to Handel and to eternity will be separated from that which belongs to the days of George II. and the opera, and added to the classics of the art.

We cannot help remarking, in the Handel of those days, the publicity of the phenomenon. He loved the light. He passed his life in the eyes of all men. But there was not a particle of vanity or morbid ambition in this. Calmly he took his place there, and stood conspicuous, because it *was* his place. He never courted fortune; she came to him. His genius, we have said, was of a popular nature. It was for "old Sebastian Bach," his great contemporary (whom, by the by, he never saw), to stay at home in a small German town, and toil in solitude, producing gigantic works which he enjoyed in solitude and dedicated to Art for Art's sake. Handel was made to sway the minds of men. Bach was a mystic in music; Handel, the eloquent but thoroughly true and honest people's man. Bach's writings are now brought out from the dust of antiquity, like the buried leaves of a Sybil; Handel stood forth and prophesied before the eyes of men.

We have now arrived at the period of his greatest works. He sank in the Opera, to rise again in a glory which that could not give. He had already written several Oratorios, among others his "Esther," "Deborah," "Alexander's Feast," and recently his stupendous "Israel in Egypt." These were performed in the theatres during Lent, when operas were forbidden; and as they required no expensive scenery and decorations, he could not do better than address himself henceforward altogether to the public taste, which had declared itself so decidedly in favor of his earlier works of that kind. In 1741 he composed the work by which he is chiefly known—the highest and fullest expression of his soul, possibly the highest product of musical art, his "Messiah." It was begun and finished in twenty-one days! History has no other instance of such intense and lightning-like execution in any department of human activity.

We have not time to continue his history. He composed Oratorios till his death, which was in 1769, making him seventy-five years old. We only pause to contemplate two pictures. One is Handel in the full tide of success in England—the man of many cares, and who delighted in many cares, directing in the performance of his own operas, his great bag-wig the while vibrating, as it is said, with a peculiar motion that indicated his satisfaction and told the spectators when all went on to his mind. The other is the blind old man, led forward in the choir to make his obeisance to an audience affected to tears, before he sat

down to play the organ in his own oratorios. Then look at any picture of his full-length statue in Westminster Abbey, and recognize in his commanding form the like colossal proportions of his mind and character; calm, and steady, and cheerful, as his own open, placid countenance.

Let us now, then, approach the "MESSIAH." Let us study the plant in the full flower. Though not unsurpassed by others of his works in grandeur of execution; though not, like "Israel in Egypt," one vast mountain-chain, all ebournes; yet, for its blending of the whole variety—mountains, plains, villages and streams—into one warm and life-like landscape; for poetic unity, for the dignity of its theme, for never-ending influence upon the minds of men, carried about, as it is, like thoughts of home and friends, in the everyday, familiar consciousness of so many, embalming their Christmas associations, interpreting, to the heart if not to the head, the most pregnant sentences of Scripture; in fact, expressing all the essential juices of the Gospels, old and new, into one bright cordial, which goes straight and warm to the heart, quickening it into forgetfulness of dry dogmatics and the stumbling-blocks of tradition; for these, and many more good reasons, it must be regarded as his greatest work.

Strange as it seems, about the origin of this noble work there are several theories. Though but a century old, there is mist and uncertainty about its beginning, as if it were some old liad. The author is known, the date of its appearance too; but when and how did it originate in him? the date and manner of its creation? that is the question. And that is the question about all great works of genius. A certain mysterious suddenness marks their appearance; they are here, all fully organized and animated, to command our admiration; but of the first designs, the study, and the time it took to make them what they are, we can only conjecture. The grand, however near, has something of the obscurity of the distant and antique.

The usual account is this. Finding his operas fail, and weary with such trivial work; feeling that it was time now to do something more worthy of his genius and more befitting his years, as he was getting old; having always been of a religious turn; a staunch Lutheran in creed; well read in his Bible; particularly fond of the Prophets and of St. Paul; and deeply impressed with the one pervading theme of the Scriptures, the fall and redemption of man, he resolved to draw from all the resources of his Art, and put forth all his powers to make an eloquent exposition of his faith, in music, and interpret the Bible thus to the hearts of all men. In such a work he would discard the words and inventions of men. He would draw from the genuine fount of Inspiration; from the Scriptures themselves cull out the most pregnant sentences, and arrange them in an epic unity, like a small germ in which the whole tree should lie hid, needing only music to warm it out into full life. The story goes, that an English Archbishop, hearing of his intention, sent and begged him to "wait awhile, and he would write the words for him." But Handel replied indignantly, "Does he think that he can write better than prophets and apostles full of the Holy Ghost? or that I have not read and loved my Bible as well as he?" So he chose for himself such sentences as he wanted; and, having set them in due order, till they filled out the circle of his thought, began at the beginning and turned it into music.

So far as this is historical fact, it is well. But then in the main point, namely as regards its being a work of deliberate design on the part of Handel, it evidently is, and could only be conjectural. If it was, it is an exception to almost all great works of genius, which are not made to order, or from set purpose, but come spontaneously. Heaven knows how—grow with the growth of the man himself.

Far lovelier to the imagination is the theory which supposes the "Messiah" the result of slow, successive accretions; or rather, that it had a fragmentary and accidental origin; that he had long carried about in his head the independent

parts of it, till finally, in one glowing hour of genius, they were all fused into one perfect whole to the surprise of himself as of every one. This makes it seem more as if the design lay in the eternal counsels of Fate and God—as if the work was the culminating flower or fruit of the man's whole nature, and not the arbitrary manufacture of his will. This is stated by Zelter, perhaps the first of musical critics, in a letter to Goethe.

It is enough to mention these opinions. We proceed to examine the work itself. The main theme, which forms the nucleus and body of the Oratorio, is certainly the middle portion of it, which relates to the sufferings of Jesus upon earth, and which, taken by itself, is only another specimen of a form of composition so common among the early Church composers, called the *Passion*. Though not more than a fifth of the whole in length, yet in the consciousness of the hearer it occupies more than all the rest; for it is deeper and darker, so that we feel our way through it, and count the moments, and weigh each thought, and think not only of what we are now hearing, not only of "the sufferings of this present time," but also of "the glory which is to be revealed," while at the same time we look back upon that bright morning of promise, succeeded by this cloudy day. Swiftly fled the fond childlike anticipations of the first part, with its vision of shepherds, and starlight, and angels announcing the birth. Swiftly, too, without sense of time, we are buoyed up on those Hallelujahs and Songs of Immortality which follow. It was the wisdom of Art, thus to spend more words and notes upon the introduction and the close, diffuse in its treatment of the illuminated edges of the cloud, brief, condensed, and suggestive in painting its opaque body, on whose surface all this beauty plays.

Such, then, is the unity of the work. Such the way in which it is all evolved from the central theme, or "Passion." Life is often compared to a day. So also the "Messiah," which represents the whole story of life, its hopes, its toils, its everlasting results, embodied in the life of Jesus, may be said to correspond with the divisions of the day. On the dull and restless night of the overture breaks the red dawn of prophecy: "*Comfort ye, my people.*" The wear and tear, the fruitful weariness and woe of busy day-time, answers to the "Passion." Calm, crystal light from the red west at sunset,—the pure crescent of a new moon above, and the friendly stars still brightening, whispering faith, and waking a love which cannot think of death,—is the fit scenery of the sentiment that follows: "*I know that my Redeemer liveth!*"

And now let us try to do some justice in detail to our memory of this never to be forgotten music, tracing its songs and choruses along in order, and lingering as long as we dare in each favorite spot; a pleasant task, of which the hardest part will be the self-denial of having to pass rudely by many a beauty, if we would get through within any reasonable space.

Each part, beautiful as it is singly, must be understood and appreciated in its membership to the great whole. The overture, (a critic suggests,) is purposely dull. First, a slow movement in a minor key, significant of nothing but emptiness and weariness; then a quick, nervous fugue, a struggling as of many forces to disengage themselves and find relief; each, however, set against the other; a strife which ends in nothing; a helpless, hopeless, passionate impatience. This is the night of sinful and suffering humanity, and is the background on which the radiant form of Prophecy alights. The struggling fugue subsides, and remains in the imagination a night-mare which must be shaken off, a discord which cries for solution. The fever is at the crisis; relief must soon come, if at all.

And now steal in those fresh, Spring-like notes, from the instruments, in the major of the key (which happens to be that warmest and sunniest of all the keys, E major,—the same in which the sunny Haydn so delighted, the same in which he wrote the sunrise symphony in his "Creation.") and a clear, consoling, manly voice is heard:

"*Comfort ye, my people, speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, for her warfare is accomplished, her iniquity is pardoned;*" and rising to a tone of more eloquent and authoritative assurance adds: "*The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness: Prepare ye the way of the Lord.*" But observe, the music here is not dramatic. It does not impersonate the prophet and the voice in the wilderness; it hears them; or remembers them and muses on them. It is Israel with a heavy heart, when her need is the sorest, bethinking herself of her prophets and her precious holy sentences. And in this musing mood how naturally comes up the memory of other sentences, more minutely figurative, the "dear images" (as Rochlitz says,) which are dwelt upon and imitated in the song: "*Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low; the crooked straight, and the rough places plain;*" a species of imitation so literal and out of the province of true art, that it would require excuse in any other case, where feeling did not justify the fondling over trifles. And now comes the fugued chorus of joy, leaping forth as if it could not contain itself. The first phrase, "*And the glory of the Lord,*" is begun by the alto, and then immediately resounded in all the parts; then a second phrase, "*shall be revealed,*" with a more flowing rhythm, starts with the tenor, is pursued by the bass, then the alto, then the soprano, till all are whirled away in a swift and graceful play of hide-and-seek; and again a third phrase, begun and repeated in the same way, on the words, "*And all flesh shall see it together,*" comes in to increase the harmonious confusion. And so, buoyantly, wave upon wave rolls in and falls back upon others coming after, while the bass, in long loud notes—holding upon the words, "*For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it*"—seems like the boundless reservoir of Ocean behind all.

This completes the first sketch, or introduction of the Oratorio. It is all fresh and Spring-like, and full of what is now given in more detail.

A bass voice recites the words: "*Thus saith the Lord: Yet once a little while, and I will shake the earth, &c. . . . and the desire of all nations shall come,*" &c. But the confidence inspired by these words yields to a momentary misgiving in that most beautiful bass song, in the minor, "*But who may abide the day of his coming;*" which rises to wild terror at the thought: "*For he is like a refiner's fire.*" Then begins a single high voice in a musing, half involuntary tone, as if struck with the thought that there is hope in the words, "*And he shall purify,*" and then again, more confidently and with a prolonged and florid melody, "*And he shall purify the sons of Levi.*" The bass takes up the suggestion, and one part after another, till all grow enthusiastic with the thought, and the kindling fugue becomes one blended, heavenward soaring flame; when all the voices unite, "*That they may offer unto the Lord an offering of righteousness.*" The chorus dies away; and again we are introduced into the solitude of the believing heart, feeding upon its delicious secret, the hopes of prophecy. The deep, tender, full-hearted, innocent contralto sings over to itself the promise: "*Behold, a virgin shall conceive,*" and then gives way (like a child talking to herself, so in earnest with her own sweet thoughts, that she forgets she is alone) to a rapturous, ever varied, fondly repeated melody: "*O thou that tellest glad tidings to Zion,*" &c., so steeped in feeling! so heavily drooping with excess of love, and faith, and piety! so confident of the sympathy of all and everything! so much so, that all the sweetness and majesty of the skies seem to blend in it with the accompaniments! Trustful, happy child, to whose devout thought it is all smiles and sunshine, even in the midst of darkness! When she reaches the words, "*And the glory of the Lord has risen upon thee,*" the accompaniments cease, and the voice sinks slowly down, as in a swoon of delight, through almost an octave, and there our souls hang poised in the magical sphere of the flat seventh, when all manner of sweet dreamy imaginations, "children of the air," swim up round us in figures of the violins, and seem to balance themselves upon our shoulders, and

cling round our necks. And now from this blissful inner world of faith, from the holy recesses of the pious heart, we are led by a descriptive bass recitative to the world without; "*For behold, darkness shall cover the earth.*" But to us, prepared as we have been, it is a darkness big with expectation; and wondrously the music swells and brightens with the words, "*But the Lord shall arise, and the Gentiles shall come to thy light,*" &c. And in the song that follows, we see the people groping their way in darkness—darkness without and within. Here is no fine shading; no harmony of colors; for there is no light to see by; the harmony is all absorbed into dark unison; we feel our way along; the rhythm, the movement alone intimates what is passing in the dark; in stately, gloomy octaves, voice and instruments move on together.

Enough of these visions! the mind is over-full and must find vent. We are come to another of those grand halting-places, where the gathering crowd of thoughts, as they hurry on towards the consummation, must pause, as it were, and turn round and shout; another of those mighty choruses, each mightier than the last, which seem to sum up all that goes before, and measure the progress of the piece; or shall we call them periodical inundations, in which the silent depths of emotion and enthusiasm, which have been all this while secretly feeding the springs of the heart, rise and testify their fullness? It is the chorus: "*Unto us a child is born!*" Zelter says that in the original it was not intended to come in until after the "Annunciation." "After the shepherds," he says, "have heard the words of the angel in the field by night, and recovered from the terror, one party begins: '*Unto us a child is born,*' and toys innocently with the thought; then follows another in the same way; then the third, then the fourth, till at the words, '*Wonderful, Counsellor,*' &c., all unite: the flocks of the field, the hosts of stars of the whole heavens, all awake and stir with life and gladness." But in Mozart's arrangement, which is always used, this chorus, (for what reason I cannot tell,) comes first. I could not describe it better than in the words of Rochlitz:—

"Six—not more than six measures of *Ritornel* (instrumental symphony) contain at the outset all the musical ideas, of which this very long chorus is woven, with the exception of a single one, which Handel, for a good reason (as we shall soon hear), could not betray till its time came. These ideas are here plainly, but powerfully stated. They are so characteristic and expressive, that I have never yet been to a performance, without remarking, how every face, however serious and clouded over during the last passage, brightened up at the first sound of the instruments, before a single voice began. The soprano voice begins alone, in the principal theme of the music, announcing the glad tidings, '*Unto us a child is born, a son is given,*' while the instruments alternating with a second thought play on softly by themselves. Then the tenor takes up the same words with the same melody; but before it has half announced the message, the first, as if it could not contain itself, falls in again with the same tones, and carries it out with more spirit (while the tenor finishes) and with a richer figure (the third musical idea), in which joyous movement the instruments are almost hushed. Now the alto takes up the words to the first melody; that is interrupted by the bass, as the tenor was by the soprano; till the tenor, without instruments (except the continued bass), and in majestic solemn style, adds: '*And the government shall be upon his shoulders:*' the others, as if timid, merely say it over after; especially the vocal bass, slowly and stately coming up from the deep, as if thinking and doubting still. Then all, as if by inspiration, suddenly exclaim, '*And his name shall be called WONDERFUL, COUNSELLOR, THE MIGHTY GOD, THE EVERLASTING FATHER, PRINCE OF PEACE;*' and with that word '*WONDERFUL!*' all the fullness of the choir and of the orchestra, hitherto kept back, rushes together like many mountain torrents into one flood, and all souls how entranced before the power of this single accord, which Handel could not betray before, that it might surprise. The voices and instruments all together (except the trumpets and drums, reserved for still greater use), simply exclaim one of those lofty names—pause awhile, that it may have time to echo far and wide—and then exclaim another, still in the same chord, and pause again, and another, and so on—while the violins take up that first joyous figure of the soprano, soar up into the sky with it, and there in warbling thirds bind those single exclamations together. Handel in this chorus works over these same ideas, in essentially the same manner, and yet with the greatest variety, twice more; till all the voices, and all the instruments, and all the ideas unite at length, and at the climax of their inspiration proclaim the whole glad tidings yet again. A *ritornel* plays over once more the

principal themes, and lets the soul down gently and gradually from the ever-gaining and by this time too intense excitement."

And now comes the Christmas spectacle of the Nativity, an exquisite piece of picture music. It has been well likened to one of those altarpieces by the old painters on the same subject, exceedingly simple in its means, yet beautiful and full of feeling. First is the "Pastoral Symphony," a Siciliano movement, soft and flowing, confined to a very few of the simplest chords, the melody flowing in thirds (that first harmony which natural, untaught singers discover for themselves,) and all by the few unaided stringed instruments, which form the heart of the orchestra. To these Mozart has added flutes, and the effect is an all-pervading streaming up of sweetest sounds, as if they exhaled from the leaves and flowers, from all the pores of the earth. The air teems with melody "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiles." As Zelter says "you feel the starlight." This forms the overture.

Then comes the recitative, "*There were Shepherds abiding in the fields*" &c. Then there is a waving of wings in the air, nearer and nearer, as the approach of the angel of the Lord is recited; and then a clear, crystal, bell-toned voice, calm and without passion, announces the birth of the Saviors to the shepherds; and the violins fill the air full of wings at the words; "*Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host.*" In the song of the angels, which is composed of high and silvery chords, there is exquisite music, such as only floats down in our thoughts on a clear night in the skies, when the boundless firmament above mirrors the spiritual firmament within, and nature and we are one thought. At the words, "*Peace on earth!*" proclaimed in long full tones, there is a pause while the echo rolls away amid short, full, measured pulses of the instruments, which seems like the throbbing of all nature's sympathetic joy. And playfully are the words passed about among the multitudinous voices in the air, in broken fugue, "*Good will towards man.*"

This scenic interlude, or play within play, over, the grand business of the Oratorio proceeds; namely, contemplation and celebration of the great event with all its consequences. A soprano voice soars up like a lark into the blue of heaven, and pours down floods of rapturous, flowery melodies in the song: "*Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion!*"—Joy uncontainable—that cannot fly high enough, in the very excess of its joyfulness, feeling more than ever the chains of earth, so that in despair of utterance it yields at last to a sweet melancholy, and sinks so full of feeling in the solemn, almost condoling passage: "*He is the righteous Savior.*" Then follows: "*The eyes of blind shall be opened,*" &c., and that most heavenly air (again in the pastoral Siciliano rhythm) "*He shall feed his flocks,*" &c., so full of consolation, inspiring one with that holy sweet content, which sermons only make us feel the want of. Some one said of it, "God grant that this song may float before my mind, when I rest upon my death-bed. Gladly must the eyes close upon all that is left behind and that was dear to the heart, in the fullness of such hope." Then comes the chorus: "*His yoke is easy,*" &c.

This closes the first part. It is refreshing and elevating to stand right within the roar and spray of Niagara, if one can tarry long, and dwell at leisure on its various views and features. But to hurry rapidly by, with the hope of seeing and doing justice to it all in a given time, only irritates and dissipates the mind. There is a bend in the river, three miles below, where one sees the whole in the distance, and comprehends it easily, in all its beauty, if not in its sublimity. In this way we shall be obliged to treat the remainder of this Niagara of oratorios,—to stand further off, and give but a general, bird's eye view of the other parts.

The second portion, consisting of some dozen choruses and airs, describes the Passion, and constitutes, as we said, the body of the piece. For it is "the divine depths of sorrow," out of which the whole mysterious work of redemption is per-

fect. The music grows very deep here. You are reminded of the earnest business of life, of the serious price, the toil and study and long-suffering, by which all good must be earned. You no longer delight in the gay flowers and gems of countless forms of beauty which strew life's surface, gleaming in the sun; you are led down into the dark laboratory where, amid pain, privation and patience, these beauteous results are prepared. Most perfect type of this universal fact in human life was the suffering of Jesus. The first chorus, "*Behold the Lamb of God,*" with its dark minor chords, brings threatening clouds over us, which hang so low, as almost to suffocate; we are weighed down with intensity of gloom. Its rhythm, too, is that of the great restless heaving ocean, each swell thundering on the shore with a more ominous sound. This chorus is not so much the voice of the multitude; it is not as if you heard persons singing; but rather as if you saw them looking each other in the face in the stony silence of stifled woe. It is rather a descriptive symphony, performed by a great choir of voices, instead of instruments, for the sake of the greater mass of sound; a sort of vocal overture. And now comes the sweet relief of tears; now grief finds a voice in that most pathetic song ever written: "*He was despised and rejected.*" It is said that a friend, calling upon Handel while in the act of setting these pathetic words, found him actually sobbing. We must pass over the choruses and songs, which describe his persecution and the taunts of the multitude, only casting behind one lingering look of awe and admiration upon the sainted form who rises before us, mild, majestic, eloquently silent, as we hear the recitative: "*Thy rebuke hath broken his heart:*" and "*Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow.*" It is the apotheosis of grief. The whole part Zelter characterizes thus: "Suffering and death: brief, but not crowded; great, still, affecting; no torments, no crucifying, and that sort of thing; the sorrow of the just over the degradation of the good and beautiful."

I cannot leave this part however, without remarking upon the singular chorus: "*All we like sheep have gone astray,*" whose wild, mirthful, almost comic style, breaking in in the midst of so much sadness, has puzzled many critics. The most of an apology which Rochlitz has been able to make for it, is to suppose it necessary for variety. But genius never stoops to so low a reason. The smallest part of its work stands by the like inward necessity with the greatest, with the whole. To me this chorus does not seem to break the moral and poetic unity of the work, but rather to strengthen and complete it. The tramping, truant, reckless motion with which it sets out, the voices running away in all directions, each with a phrase: "*We have turned,*" and "*every one to his own way,*"—this is but sin glorying in its shame, and making the most of its hard case by getting up a little alcoholic exhilaration for the time. But the weight of the chorus lies not here. This is but the introduction and preparation by contrast for the main theme which follows. With what unerring fatality all this drunken furor subsides into reflection on the dread, retributive, other side of the matter, in the profoundly solemn adagio at the close: "*And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.*"

We must not stop to notice the many admirable things in the third part, which, beginning with the resurrection of Jesus, and the great chorus, "*Lift up your heads, O ye gates,*" (forming a finale to all this last), goes on to celebrate the fruits of his death, and describe the sending forth of preachers, and the triumphant conflict of the Word with the powers of darkness. This part, too, has its grand finale. Enthusiasm has reached the acme, and breaks forth in the celebrated "Hallelujah Chorus." Handel confessed, in his later years, that when he composed this chorus "he knew not whether he was in the body or out of the body." The simplicity and grandeur of its massive structure, and the universality of its sentiment, make it one of those works which never can be represented on too vast a scale. No multitude of voices can overdo it. There is no bloating or exaggerating, by any

representation, these great granite ranges in the world of musical art. In England, their traditional associations with the "Hallelujah Chorus," as performed at the great commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey, form a part of the national treasure. Dr. Burney closes his account of it thus:

"Dante, in his 'Paradiso,' imagines nine circles, or choirs of cherubs, seraphs, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs, saints, angels, and archangels, who, with hand and voice, are eternally praising and glorifying the Supreme Being, whom he places in the centre, taking the idea from the 'TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.' Now, as the orchestra in Westminster Abbey seemed to ascend into the clouds, and unite with the saints and martyrs represented on the painted glass in the west window, which had all the appearance of a continuation of the orchestra, I could hardly refrain, during the performance of the 'Allelu-jah,' to imagine that this orchestra, so admirably constructed, filled and employed, was a point or segment of one of those celestial circles. And perhaps no band of mortal musicians ever exhibited a more respectable appearance to the eye, or afforded a more extatic and affecting sound to the ear than this.

"So sang they, and the empyrean rang
With allelujahs."

The last part celebrates the great doctrine of immortality, opening with the song, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which it is well that we must hurry over, for no words are worthy of it. Who is not a believer while he gives himself up to that song? And who soon forgets it? In the doubts and fears of weaker moments, that will surely come to thee, recall its heavenly sound, and wait in peace till thou shalt be thyself again!

One thing here we would remark. What a mystery is this matter of the *keys* in music! Each seems a separate sphere or element. Here we are again in the clear, blue, sunny, upper air of E major, the heaven of prophecy, where those first tones of hope came upon us in "Comfort ye, my people." Then it was sweet dependence on a heavenly promise; now it is the very sense and inward realization of Immortality, "for now is Christ risen." It is too much to feel: too much for a poor child of circumstances; the miracle and glory of it must be celebrated in the thrilling trumpet-song, "Behold I tell you a mystery."

And what can we say of the triple accumulation of choruses at the end? First, "Worthy the Lamb," then, "Blessing and honor be unto him," which, if not more sublime, are at least more elaborate than the "Hallelujah;" and then, when the hearer thinks there can be no more, the vocal torrent bursts the shackles of words, and on the two syllables of "Amen," revels with all the freedom of an orchestra in the most magnificent of Fugues.

[Conclusion next week.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XIII.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10. I translate the following notice of a concert from the *Beobachter am Ohio* of Sunday, Dec. 5. This is a German paper published at Louisville, Ky.

"Whoever was present last Sunday evening at the Sacred Concert in the Apollo Hall, will certainly not fail to be present on this (Sunday) evening. The violin solos of the young virtuoso, Herr Anton Zöller alone are sufficient to chain an audience. As we hear, he will perform Ernst's 'Carnival.' His brother, George Zöller, will perform variations by Liszt on the piano. The theatrical corps will not fail to do their part, and will distinguish themselves, especially Herr Adlersberg, by the declamation of *des Glockengusses zu Breslau* (the Casting of the Bell at Breslau); and Herr Hermann by the production of several new songs.

Sacred, very!

Dec. 17. A correspondent of the *Boston Journal* writes from "t'other side,"

"You know everybody sings in Germany (except me,) and in one of these venerable Gothic buildings, one is filled with emotion to see the whole congregation rising as by one impulse, and singing an old hymn which perhaps Luther wrote—when perhaps in that very church Luther had often preached. The organs, of course, are the finest, and the arches and every part of the edifice will be filled with melody."

What an ear for music that correspondent must have!

Dec. 18. A foreign Journal brings a new instance of the skill with which the princes of the Austrian Imperial

house excite the affection of the people,—one that is worth translating:

The archduke, Francis Charles, spent some time at the baths of Ischl during the summer of 1849, and received a serenade one evening from the Band of the Ischl National Guard. One of the pieces performed pleased him so much that he sent to have it repeated. During its repetition, the chamberlain of the Archduke, a certain Count Wurmbrand, came out and ordered the musicians in an angry tone, to cease playing. "His Imperial Highness," added the Count, "does not like this everlasting tooting, and for my part it is enough for me to cast my eye upon this blue-coated rabble." The musicians of course withdrew in a rage, and the excitement of the people was such that they talked of breaking the Archduke's windows, giving him a *coluthumpian* serenade, &c. The principal physician of the place succeeded in quieting the people, by the promise of visiting the Archduke at the head of a committee the next day. The committee went, and was received with great politeness by his Highness, who was astonished and enraged at learning the object of the visit. The chamberlain was at once called, and received a strong rebuke for his false and impolite speech to the musicians. Wurmbrand endeavored to excuse himself,—he had been too much in a hurry; was very sorry, &c.

"Herr Count," said the Archduke, "to-morrow evening at 6 o'clock you will take your place in the balcony of my dwelling, beg pardon of the people, and then leave Ischl."

In the presence of the large crowd who assembled to see the spectacle, Wurmbrand obeyed the order of his master and immediately left the place.

Dwight's Journal to-day brings the conclusion of the article upon *Die Ruinen von Athen*, and to my utter surprise, I find the name "G. A. Macfarren" attached to it as its author. Surprise, I say, because Macfarren's name occupies a high and well-earned position in the musical circles of England. Upon his criticism of the music of *Die Ruinen* I have nothing to say, but the historical introduction to the article is a fair subject of comment.

Is it more than just to require of any one, who pretends to instruct, even though it be only in an article in a periodical, that he fully and carefully make himself master of all the authorities within his reach? Now Macfarren has not done this; for Schindler, to whom once in his article he refers, clears up some of his undetermined points, and the additions to Schindler, in the appendices to the English translation of his works, gives the necessary information upon others. The *Harmonicon* of course might have been consulted, and almost as assuredly might the writer have found a copy of "Beethoven's Studien" in London. That we all are liable to mistakes, no one denies, for authorities differ, and not seldom are wrong—but every one touching upon historic ground is bound to consult the authorities.

Let us see whether the well-known works above mentioned will not clear up many of Mr. M.'s difficulties.

(1.) "The overture was sent by Beethoven, with two others—which I believe were the overture to King Stephen, and the overture in C, op. 124—through Ferdinand Ries to the Philharmonic Society in London."

Now had the writer turned to Schindler, Vol. II, 231, he would have found the agreement between Beethoven and the Philharmonic, dated Feb. 5, 1816, in which it is stated that Mr. Neate took the overtures in July 1815; and on turning to Vol. I. page 199, he would have found that the overture in C, with the double Fugue, (Op. 124) was composed in the summer of 1822. I think that the third of the three overtures must have been the overture in C, op. 115. (See B.'s letter to Neate, Schindler, Vol. II. p. 227.") "Should you not have sent them (the three overtures) off, I should like to revise the overture in C major, as it may be somewhat incorrect."

(2.) "With the exception of the March and Chorus, 'Twine ye Garlands,' the dramatic music of the *Ruins of Athens* was, I have understood, discovered some eight or nine years ago in an unfrequented store-room of the Pesth theatre, where it had lain so entirely unheeded since its first production that its very existence had been forgotten."

Where did Mr. M. understand that? Now see Schindler again, Vol. I, p. 198: "The third of October, 1822—the name-day of the Emperor Francis—was fixed for the opening of the new Theatre in the Josephstadt, on which occasion the music to *Die Ruinen von Athen* which Bee-

thoven wrote in 1812 for the opening of the New Theatre in Pesth, with a new text, adapted to time and place, by Carl Meissel, several new pieces, and a new overture, was to be performed." Had "its very existence been forgotten"? Again, in the list published in "Beethoven's Studien" of the property sold at auction after the great composer's death, I find, "lot 164, *Ruinen von Athen*," under the general head of "Original Manuscripts left by L. von Beethoven, mostly perfect, written by his own hand, and not yet printed"—found in a stage room of the Pesth theatre eight or nine years ago! From other sources than those which alone I shall quote in these notes to the article in question, I happen to know that all the music as soon as used was sent back to Beethoven.

(3.) "I can form but a very faint conjecture as to the period at which it was composed."

The citation from Schindler above says 1812. [Schindler would seem to have made a mistake of a few months in his date, judging from a letter of B.'s, of which a manuscript copy lies before me dated Feb. 8, 1812. One sentence in it is "being interpreted," as I did not receive the overtures from Hungary until yesterday, that shall be copied as quickly as possible and sent to you. Moreover, I will add a March and vocal chorus to them, also from the "Ruins of Athens."]

(5.) "And all this while the Duet in G minor, the Chorus in E minor, and the Chorus in G in this same *Masque of the Ruins of Athens*, compositions which even Beethoven never surpassed, remained still unknown, unplayed save on the occasion of their original production."

The citation under (2) is a sufficient reply to this, as that shows that they were produced on the 3d of October, 1822.

(4.) Mr. M. speaks of John van Beethoven's sale of his brother's works unknown to the composer, &c. The passage in Ries (Schindler, Vol. II, p. 256) refers to op. 124, and not to one of the three sent to the Philharmonic. In the same volume, p. 272, is a letter to Ries in which the overture in C, op. 115, is spoken of as not yet published. Now, as at this time (1825) the Philharmonic had not seen fit either to perform or publish either of the three overtures, might not Beethoven feel himself authorized to consider them his property and use them accordingly on the Continent. [Op. 115, and op. 124, are reviewed in the German musical periodical, "Cæcilia," in 1826, as if just published, the former by Steiner & Co., Vienna, the latter by Schott, of Mayence.]

These are the principal points in the article from the *Musical World*, of a historic character, and they are all I care about noting; that the work as a whole is nothing very great is true enough. Beethoven, like Webster, needed something to draw him out. When he had a task set him, as in this case, and when he wrote the "Glorious Moment," in honor of the Vienna Congress, the result was task work; but that the Philharmonic did not make a mistake as to two of three overtures sent them, can hardly be affirmed by any one who has read the history of that Society's reception of Beethoven's 8th and 9th Symphonies.

"It is matter of very considerable wonder that Beethoven, who was most jealous of his reputation, should have submitted so weak a production to the public," &c.

Beethoven himself, in a letter—not included however in the English works, which the writer might have consulted—says, that the overture to the *Ruinen* is in a lighter (literally "lesser") style, but that it is suited to a light miscellaneous concert, or something to that effect. Mr. M. thinks it no wonder "that even Beethoven should have produced an overture that is without merit." Look now at the circumstances. Beethoven is now—toward the close of 1811—known as the greatest of composers. The people of Pesth, a principal city of Hungary, are to inaugurate their new opera house, and apply to him to prepare the music for the occasion. A grand overture is required to do honor to King Stephen—St. Stephen—him whose iron crown disappeared when Kossuth fled an exile and Hungary's liberty fell—an overture national in its character, and worthy of him whose name is still a name "to conjure by" with every Magyar. For this the overture in E flat, which the Philharmonic Society treated as they did the *Eroica*, the 7th and the 9th Symphonies! Which they thought unworthy of its author, but which from that day to this has not lost its charm

for a Vienna, a Berlio, or a Leipsic audience. Besides this, there was music to be composed to a little piece prepared as a mere show for the occasion—something to please the popular ear, something light and pleasing—something in comparison with the Symphonies, like the piano-forte Bagatelles of the same composer when compared with his wonderful Sonatas. This Beethoven wrote; for the purpose it was good enough. It answered the purpose, and all parties were satisfied. Afterward on another and greater occasion, when he has to do honor to the reigning Emperor, this light overture is changed for one of his mightiest creations, the overture op. 124, and the music adapted to the new circumstances.

That Beethoven should have sent the feeble one to London, I can only account for by a reference to the pecuniary difficulties under which he was laboring just at that moment when he had adopted his deceased brother's son, and was involved in the suit at law to keep possession of the boy against the wishes of the child's immoral mother.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 25, 1852.

Christmas!

There is music worthy of this day,—a day associated with those highest, holiest, deepest, largest sympathies of all Humanity, of which Music is the only satisfactory language. The air was full of music, angel voices, on the morning of Christ's birth; the heavenly instincts of humanity then, as it were, heard their own mysterious, yet native music from their too long lost and forgotten home of unity and peace and love and divine order, floating down upon this mortal sea of strife and selfishness and feverish, ignoble cares, reminding them of the true destiny, and inspiring hope of final reconciliation, man everywhere with man, and all mankind with God. The child that was born that morning was to grow up the type of perfect humanity, of a life all love and consecration to the cause of the Most High, which, properly considered, is the cause of every human being. In him history was to receive forever a bright, eminent solution of the mystery of this human nature, in the mazes of whose strange, contradictory impulses, blindly striving after unity and fulness of immortal life, yet working out continually unworthy differences and meanness, we all wander. Christ lived a model of Humanity at one with God. And the world by barren speculations, by disputes and arguments, in cunning words which define and separate and distinguish in their statement, until the living essence has almost escaped, has sought for so long to interpret and bring home his life and mission. Leave doctrinal discussion and exclusive creeds alone, and let music speak, music, which is the divine language of the great sentiments of humanity in which all can unite. The common worship of all Christendom is embodied more in its music than in any other medium. Large, humanitarian, all-embracing sentiments were the burden of the angel music at Christ's birth. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to man!" What music these texts have inspired, and how that music lives to unite our humane, upward aspirations in spite of all our intellectual and formal differences! The *Glorias* of the Catholic mass have a sweet, true sound to the most Protestant among us; humanity, in its hour of highest consciousness of a divine relationship, and of a unitary destiny, inspired them.

But we have the whole significance of Christ's advent upon earth embodied more completely and sublimely still,—we have the Christmas emotions and associations, all translated into grand and perfect forms of music, to be quickened into life as often as we will, in Handel's oratorio of "The Messiah," which was inspired, if ever any work of human genius is, directly from above. What worthier celebration of this day's happiness and this day's meaning, than to sit together where the vibrations of these grand, humanitarian harmonies shall through our senses reach our souls, and make us vibrate inwardly in unison of such high sentiment! We wish our country readers could be gathered in the city this evening, to partake with us of the high feast prepared with admirable care and thoroughness, and ample provision of means,—in our new musical temple, too, whose architecture harmonizes with sublime thoughts,—by our Musical Education Society. Wishing all to feel as we do about this music, and feeling that we have once, long since, said our say about it, we have ventured to occupy a large part of to-day's paper with an old record of the impression we received from Handel's oratorio.

Second Musical Fund Concert.

The Music Hall was very full on Saturday night, evincing increased confidence on the part of the public in the efficiency of the orchestra as recently in part reorganized. But there was one cause of complaint in the measures taken, with the very best wish of course, to accommodate all of the subscribers who applied for secured seats. So numerous were the applications as to encroach very much upon the alternate rows of seats that were intended to be left open to the earliest comers. But those, whose tickets bore no numbers, wandered about in vain search for any seats remaining unreserved. One spied a tempting vacancy through some one of the doors, but before he could reach it found it was reserved. So great was the complaint, both then and since, in private and in newspapers, that we understand the Society have concluded to return to the old practice of leaving all seats alike open. Certain it is, that there are but two practicable alternatives: either to number every ticket, or to have no numbering at all. We should prefer the former plan, since we feel it a serious tax upon one's time to go an hour or two beforehand to secure a good seat at a concert, and because in any case we like to know and go to just our assigned place, without any fuss or wandering about, even if that seat be the poorest in the house. Still, as there scarcely can be said to be a very bad seat in the new Hall, we are quite reconciled to the last decision of the Fund Society. We think it wholly unreasonable in the complainants at last Saturday's experiment, to speak, as some do, harshly of the Society, who of course were pushed to that experiment by the pressure of a very generally expressed public opinion in the matter, and by a very laudable desire to leave no room for such complaints as had been made after the last concerts of Sontag and Alboni.

As to the concert itself, the Symphony (Mendelssohn's Third) was given with a good deal of spirit, and more of the fine points of the music emerged into possibility of distinct recognition, than ever before in Tremont Temple times; es-

pecially we noticed as never before the bold outline of that passage in the first Allegro, where the momentum of the music accumulates to a tempestuous force and strings and basses and all rush up and down through several chromatic scales with fearful energy. That used to sound confused to us, if we remember. Yet the rendering this time was not so happy, as a whole, as at the rehearsal on the day before, and there were some *tempos* too spasmodically urged through. We were too much refreshed however by a new hearing of this admirable symphony to feel in any mood for criticism.

In the overture to *Leonora*, the outside trumpet flourish was very felicitously done, so as to give new force and beauty to the whole passage. The overture to "Robert Devereux" proved to be that of Donizetti's opera, instead of a new thing by Wallace, as misprinted in the newspaper programmes. Certainly no great of an overture. This, with two instrumental solos, and too much singing, made the second half of the concert a little *ennuyeux*. Yet there was much to approve and to enjoy in the vocal efforts of Miss WEBB, especially in her last piece, the "Happy Birdling," with flute obligato, by Wallace, in which she displayed a great deal of execution, and a clear, penetrating, oftentimes sweet quality of upper voice. The *Regnava nel silenzio*, from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, was given in good chaste style and feeling, but the voice labored with the effort and had not strength enough of low notes. "Auld Robin Gray" requires a woman's experience and the greatest dramatic power to make it other than irksome in a concert room; yet we were surprised that a young girl could do it so well.

When will our friends of the Fund Society give us at a concert some of those fine overtures of which we have had a taste now and then at their rehearsals:—say Cherubini's *Les Abencerages*, Beethoven's *Le Roi Etienne*, &c. Cherubini, especially, is one of the really great writers, of whom we all know too little.

Handel and Haydn Society.

We can but unite in the general chorus of praises which has followed the first performance of "Judas Maccabæus," on Sunday evening. As a whole, no former triumph of our old Oratorio Society stands out in our memory at all in comparison with it. The *Stabat Mater*, with Sontag, was sung as well, much better to be sure, in the solo parts; but a Rossini's *Stabat Mater* is a small thing compared with an oratorio of Handel. The spacious Music Hall was completely filled with audience, and a more unanimous attention we have never witnessed from the beginning to the end of so much solid music. The piece has been judiciously shortened by the omission of choruses and songs here and there, to the amount of perhaps one fourth of the whole, leaving it just long enough to occupy the ear and mind without fatigue. Not that any of the music is in anywise heavy or uninteresting. It is of the true Handelian stamp, bold, vigorous, buoyant, strengthening and inspiring to the soul jaded with the miscellaneous sweets and spices, both the eccentric and the common-place, of many lighter concerts. Give us Handel, when we want to be refreshed and set upon our feet, and made to feel the solid ground beneath us, and the clearest,

cheerfullest of skies above us. Give us one of his grand choruses to *orient* us after many idle, weak and dreamy wanderings and dallyings among more fashionable and less earnest Muses. Give us his grand way of working through an entire subject on a grand and massive scale, without a particle of flagging or of inconsistency from the beginning to the end, when our mind has grown distracted with a little of this and a little of that, good, bad and indifferent, served up in medleys for the blunted appetite night after night. Give us the repose of a grand action; and in becoming hearers of a Handel oratorio, let us be *quasi* sharers in the sense there is of real rest and recreation in the achievement of such broad and sound and generous work as his!

We cannot agree with a contemporary, with whom we have many musical sympathies, that this music was dull and heavy. There is much of course in our occasional moods; but we enjoyed every note of that music with a zest which we experience none too often. What can be more solemn, full of a manly and believing, not a weak, despairing sorrow, than the opening chorus: *Mourn, ye afflicted children?* What more rich and soul-stirring, what more musically interesting in its complicated structure, than the chorus before battle:

"Hear us, O Lord! on Thee we call,
Resolved on conquest, or a glorious fall."

That prayer is itself a battle, so earnest is it, so heroically pressing through the thick of difficulties. What more exciting than *Fall'n is the foe*, with the *pianissimo* whispers of the full chorus upon the word *fall'n*, or more inspiring than, *See, the conquering hero comes!* It is all full of variety and contrast, and all grandly beautiful to the end. By no means so great an effort as the "Messiah," or the "Israel in Egypt," it is still a noble, a delightful, a truly Handelian oratorio.

The choruses were all given with a precision, promptness, fervor and expression, and a regard to light and shade, which was in the highest degree satisfactory. One or two slight inadvertencies are scarcely worth the naming, where the whole was so good. A better choral performance on the whole we know not that we ever heard. This was doubtless due in a great measure to the conducting of Herr Bergmann and the admirable accompaniment by the "Germanians." It was most satisfactorily re-assuring, if one had any doubts before, to hear the violins take up that *Allegro* in the overture with such a firm and certain grasp; it made you feel that all would certainly go well. Much was due also to the conscientious drill to which the singers had submitted with a right good will.

The solos, coming all from amateurs, were better than we could have reasonably expected. Miss STONE sang *From Mighty Kings*, with the preceding recitative, with new truth of style and feeling superadded to all her old splendor of voice. How gloriously the high notes told throughout that hall! Mrs. WENTWORTH's sweet, *petite*, fine, clean little bird-like notes penetrated to every hearer, and her whole style and manner, so cheerfully serious and decent, seemed in harmony with her quaint song:

"Pious orgies, pious airs,
Decent sorrow, decent prayers."

The Duet, *O! lovely Peace*, by the two ladies, was far more successful on the repetition than

the first time, when their double trills, &c., were not quite in tune. Mr. FROST, for one not long enured to such arduous work, did himself much credit in *Sound an alarm*, and *Call forth thy powers*; his is a rich, clear, telling tenor; he gave the songs with the best energy he could, but they require a great deal more; and in the recitative he did not tread his way with that confidence which belongs only to an accomplished artist. Mr. HAMILTON's bass solos, otherwise good, suffered from bad intonation. The organ was *hors du combat*, but Mr. MÜLLER's prompt touch at the piano greatly reassured the singers. More hereafter.

☞ We must omit till next week any notice of OTTO DRESEL's gem of a Concert; also of the last "Quintette" and "Germania" Concerts. Yet we must note the very favorable impression produced at the latter by the young vocal *debutante*, Miss ELISE HENSLEY, who sang, between the parts, the aria from *Il Giuramento*. In spite of a slight tremulousness at first, her voice grew upon the audience by its rare power, richness, warmth and penetrating quality, especially in the high tones. She seemed animated by a true musical spirit, too, and to possess, although with little art as yet, some of the magnetic power which goes to make a singer. Her modest manner told, too, in her favor. There was unanimous and enthusiastic applause from the very large audience, most of whom could have had no prepossessions in the matter. She was admirably accompanied by JAEHL. When called out, she sang Schubert's *Ungeduld*, or "Impatience;" but it was taken entirely too slow; there was no *Ungeduld* in it, but it was given in the most patient and deliberate manner; besides, the song lay below her best register; yet it lacked not a certain peculiar magic of her voice and manner. We are sure such talent cannot be too carefully cherished and educated.

[With pleasure we give place to the following. Dance music is *not* beneath notice, so long as there must and will be dancing.]

The Germania Serenade Band.

MR. EDITOR:—Very many of your city readers have attended, last summer, the Afternoon Concerts of the Serenade Band, and are familiar with the high character of their performances in the Concert room. As you profess to chronicle the progress of music "in the Concert room, the chamber and in the street," I venture to hope that the music of the ball-room, (though not included in your prospectus), is yet not beneath your notice. What is the dance without music? And what is music unless it be good?

The writer has had the pleasure of hearing frequently the Germania Band in their capacity of cotillon band, and cannot resist the opportunity of using your columns to direct the attention of those who are interested in this department of music to the unusual excellency of their performance; as superior to that of the ordinary bands as their brass music is to that of our common street bands. Those who know, could expect nothing else from such artists as make up their number, headed by Mr. SCHNAPP; but there are many who, I doubt not, will be glad to know that the services of such excellent musicians can be obtained on ordinary social occasions. Besides their dancing music by the best composers, they have an excellent selection for parties at which such music is not required. W.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

Go to the Music Hall to hear HANDEL'S "MESSIAH" to-night. That it will be well performed, we have abundant guaranty, in the thorough chorus drill of the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY; in the experience and

science and authority of the conductor, Mr. WEBB; in the array of solo singers, which, besides Miss WEBB and Mrs. WENTWORTH, includes the rare talent of Miss LEHMANN, and Mr. ARTHURSON, so valuable in the tenor recitatives (only may we slip in an entreaty that this gentleman this time will trust his own good taste enough to render the opening recitative in its noble simplicity, as Handel wrote it, and not yield to the conventional embellishment of other singers); and finally in the orchestra, which consists of the *élite* of the Fund Society as recently re-organized. Remember, too, that whoever gets a ticket, gets with it a secured seat.

OTTO DRESEL's Second Soirée will take place on Friday, Jan. 7th. Particulars hereafter.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. "Judas Maccabæus" again to-morrow evening. It needs no words to ensure a crowded audience. Only twice more can it be given. After which we hear pretty confident intimations that Mme. SONTAG comes to sing with them again the *Salab Mater*. We wonder if that proved the most profitable of her concerts! After that, the Society will commence the study of Beethoven's "Mt. of Olives."

MR. FRY'S LECTURES ON MUSIC. Our readers will understand that these lectures cannot be given until the expenses shall be secured by *twelve hundred* subscribers to the course. Subscription books with prospectus will be open at the Music Stores next week. We learn that the "Musical Education Society" have volunteered their services to Mr. Fry for the choral illustrations.

FOR GERMANY.... Our young townsman, Mr. GEORGE W. PRATT, who has acquired good musical repute by his tact and efficiency as teacher in the Normal School at Newton, in the Musical Conventions, and as conductor of the choir at Park-St., sailed by Wednesday's steamer, to pursue his musical studies in Germany. He will probably stop a few weeks in England, and then make for Leipsic, where he will find our townsmen, C. C. PERKINS, deep in the study of Bach's fugues, and J. C. D. PARKER, earnestly following up the course at the Conservatoire. Success go with him! And with the *many* young Americans who are now seeking musical culture in Germany. Besides the above-named, there are in Fraankfort at this time two other young Bostonians on this worthy errand: Mr. WILLIAM MASON, recently announced for a concert there, and Mr. LEVI P. HOMER. Nor have we mentioned all.

FOR ITALY.... Our well-known teacher of singing, Mr. SALOMONSKI, leaves this week for a three years' residence in the Land of Song, with the view of superintending there the vocal education of a promising young pupil whom he takes with him. Mr. S. is a Polish refugee of good family and culture; his father was killed in the revolution of 1830; his sister resides as exiles in Paris. Having armed himself with the passport of American citizenship, he is now free to enter Italy, where it had been his wish to go before.

Of our two young townsmen, studying in Florence, MILLARD and SUMNER, we hear most flattering and reliable accounts of progress. The tenor of the former is the admiration of Florence. They have been there eleven months. Sumner devotes himself in earnest to the development of his rich baritone, which has "gained perceptibly in power, flexibility and style," nor has the "voice lost any of its freshness." He has already learned the operas of *Nabucco*, *Ernani*, *Beatrice di Tenda*, *Marino Faliero*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*, besides "quantities of cavatinas from other operas." A pretty fair year's work!

MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY.... We learn that Mr. FRIES has resigned the conductorship, and that Mr. SOCK has been elected to supply his place.

MR. L. H. SOUTHARD has been appointed music teacher to the new City Normal School. An excellent selection.

New York.

OPERA is now the word. Three Opera troupes! ALBONI opens at the Broadway, on Monday, in *Cenerentola*, with Sangiovanni, Rovere, Coletti, Pelegrini, &c. This is to be followed by *Semiramide*, *Norma*, *Fille du Regiment*, &c.... SONTAG opens on the 10th of January, at Niblo's, in *La Fille du Regiment*.... MARETZKE has returned from Mexico, with Steffanone, Bertucca, Salvi, and the rest.

On Saturday (Christmas) Evening, Dec. 25, 1852.

Handel's "Messiah."

THE MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY WILL PERFORM, AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

This Sublime Oratorio, with Accompaniments, full and complete, including MOZART'S ADDITIONS, as published in England. The Orchestra will comprise the leading members of the Musical Education Society, as recently re-organized. The Society has the pleasure to announce that

M^{lle} CAROLINE LEHMANN

has volunteered for this occasion; and likewise, in addition to her highly prized aid, the Recitatives and Arias will be sustained by

Miss MARY ISABELLA WEBB,
Mrs. EMMA A. WENTWORTH,
Mr. A. ARTHURSON, and
Mr. JONATHAN C. WOODMAN.

Conductor, GEORGE J. WEBB.
Organist, F. F. MÜLLER.

N. B. All seats will be sold by numbers, and no ticket will be issued except for a seat designated upon its accompanying check.

✓ Tickets at 50 cents, with secured seats, will be for sale at No. 4 Amory Hall, on and after the 21st inst.

Handel and Haydn Society.

SECOND CONCERT OF THE SERIES.

HANDEL'S GRAND ORATORIO OF JUDAS MACCABEUS,

Will be performed by the

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY,

On Sunday Evening, December 26, 1852,

AT THE

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

ASSISTED BY

Miss ANNA STONE, Mrs. EMMA A. WENTWORTH, Mrs.
T. H. ENMONS, Messrs. E. H. FROST, E. HAMILTON,
J. H. LOW, C. H. WEBB, S. S. CLEMENT, and the
GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Conductor, Mr. C. BERGMANN.
Organist and Pianist, Mr. F. F. MÜLLER.

Doors open at 6; Concert to commence at 7 o'clock.

Packages of Tickets for the Series of Six Concerts, at Two Dollars, or single tickets at 50 cents, may be obtained at the Music Stores, of the Secretary at 136 Washington Street, at the door on the evening of performance, and at the Tremont and Revere Houses on Sunday.

✓ In consequence of other productions, this Oratorio can only be repeated on the evenings of Dec. 26th and Jan. 2d. This notice is deemed proper in answer to the suggestions of parties from the neighboring cities and towns, who have expressed wishes to attend its performance.

J. L. FAIRBANKS, SECRETARY.

EXTRACTS from the "Rules and Regulations of the BOSTON MUSIC HALL."

1. No seat of any kind will be allowed in any one of the aisles or passages of the Hall, under any circumstances whatever.

2. No seat in the building shall be removed from one place to another, nor any seat be carried into the building from without, except by order of the Superintendent.

3. No person shall have a lighted cigar within the building.

4. No person shall touch the gas fixtures in any part of the building, except by order of the Superintendent.

8. The "Ladies' Room" is exclusively for female visitors to the Hall, as a cloak-room, dressing-room, &c., and gentlemen are not permitted to enter this room at any time.

12. The Superintendent will be in his office (entrance from Winter street) to receive applications for the use of the Hall and Lecture room, every day, (Sunday's excepted) from 3 to 6 P. M.

13. Persons heretofore hiring the Boston Music Hall, for the purpose of giving Concerts or other entertainments, shall be required to dispose of the seats by their numbers, unless, on special application to the Committee of Directors, this regulation shall be dispensed with.

Published, per order of the Board of Directors.
F. L. BATCHELDER, Secretary.

iii1

J. CHICKERING, PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER, 379 Washington Street, Boston.

Apr. 10.

tf

JOSEPH L. BATES, No. 129 Washington Street, Boston.

IMPORTER OF AND DEALER IN EUROPEAN FANCY Goods, Novelties, Perfumery, Stationery, Cutlery, Musical Instruments, Umbrellas and Parasols.

Articles for Presents—for the use of Travelers—of Utility and Ornament, constantly for sale at the lowest prices.
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PIANO FORTES REPAIRED, TUNED, & TO LET.
Apr. 10.

tf

REMOVAL OF BALCH'S PICTURE STORE
AND FRAME MANUFACTORY. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and patrons that he has removed from No. 10 Tremont Row, where he has been for the last ten years, to the

New Freestone Building, 92 Tremont Street,
Second Store south of Tremont Temple,

where he has greater accommodations for the exhibition of Pictures, and work-rooms for the manufacture of Picture-Frames, and hopes to receive a continuance of patronage from his former customers. He invites the attention of all to a fine collection of Paintings by the best Artists, Picture-Frames of all descriptions, Engravings, and works of art generally.

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Handel and his "Messiah."

AN OLD LECTURE. BY J. S. DWIGHT.

[Concluded.]

Having thus refreshed our memory of this great work, let us try to weigh it in the scales of an appreciating criticism, as a work of Art and of Soul.

1. The last impression which it leaves upon the mind, and the first to be recalled, is sublimity. It rolls away in the memory like distant thunder. Those choruses echo through one's life. They are the grand feature. They, more than any part, stamp the meaning of the whole upon us. If it were merely a physical sublimity, consisting in the grandeur of the masses, in overpowering, deafening effect, or in the vastness of the images suggested, this would not be the highest praise. But the sublimity is in the thought. Each chorus is the development of a sentiment so deep and universal, as to be capable of indefinite expansion. That which unites all minds finds utterance in them.

We perceive a uniform progress in these choruses. From first to last, each leaves the mind in a state of expectation which is more than fulfilled in the next that comes, and so they grow greater and greater to the last Amen. We seldom hear a succession of choruses, in which one does not in a measure neutralize the other, and

send you away more confused than edified. This we felt in the "Mount Sinai" of Neukomm; and even in the "Creation" of Haydn, where, however noble each chorus may be in itself, they do not follow each other up with that ever-gathering force which lends one onward momentum to the oratorio, and floats the whole mass majestically on. Full of separate beauties, you feel its want of unity. But in the "Messiah" each great chorus seems to gather up the last one with it in its on-sweep, as each wave only falls back into the arms of a succeeding greater wave, and both with accumulated force roll further in, and make a higher mark upon the beach. Such is the way with Handel. He never spends his strength too early. He never fails to answer expectation, let him begin on never so grand a scale; and he does not have to contract his forces with any niggardly economy, in order to come out at the great end of the horn.

Simplicity and profound treatment equally belong to these choruses; natural melody and all the resources of harmony. They are all elaborate Fugues; but the subjects of the Fugues are so simple, so expressive and characteristic, that every hearer recognizes them under every modification under which they reappear continually in the gathering, self-uplifting whirl of harmony. They are profound, yet easily understood. The theme is simple, the effect as a whole is simple, though swift and complicated the machinery by which it is wrought out. Recall here what was said of the essentially popular character of Handel's genius. He stood on the middle ground, between the scientific, mystic old church style, the Gothic fugue, and the light Italian melody; viz., on the Protestant choral. On that he built his art. Filled with the sentiment of that, he did not let its bald and naked form confine him; and the *choral*, the plain psalm of the congregation, became a *Fugue*. There is this peculiar in his Fugues; that they all point to the origin in nature of that form. When you hear the "Wonderful" or the "Amen" chorus, it is as if you heard a plain choral, only carried out to the full extent of its idea, that is to say, sung in the open air by a countless multitude. First you catch the melody of the nearest voices,—a simple tune which any child might sing. As it goes on, other and more distant voices reach you; you catch their first notes while the others are already in the middle of the melody; and both keep on while another and another wave rolls in; and finally all are mingled in a confused yet most harmonious chase; now one part, now another of the air is prominent, but not longer than the crest of one wave is uppermost on the great boiling ocean; and finally, when the flood is at its height there is a sudden pause—the silence which is louder than sound—the moment's suspense, when the great ocean-swell has reached its height,—and slowly, with ever-mingling, widening harmonies, it settles back. Thus Handel's Fugue is but the choral or psalm-tune, clad in its own sublime effects. It is the choral as handled

by Nature, the choral *as we hear it*. And thus in him Nature and Art are one; and the greater he is, the more we feel at home with him.

2. This would seem enough for one man. But from this sublimity, this mountain elevation, where we have ocean and land at our feet, sending up the sound of many waters, mingled with the reverberating Fugue of multitudinous voices, we go down with him into the still valley, and follow the musical murmur of the brook;—from the chorus to the song, from harmony to melody, from the sublime to the pathetic. Simple and earnest as Luther, deep and intricate, striving upward in ever-shifting, flame-like Fugue, like Gothic architecture, his choruses are thoroughly German. In his songs we live on the sunny south side of the Alps. Here his Italian culture shows itself; the melodious forms of the Italian opera, and the deep sensibility of his own heart. In melody he surpassed all of his time. And there are no songs which now so haunt the mind, and express so much to us, as some of those we have mentioned in the "Messiah." True, there is something antique and formal about them. At first we are offended by those long figures with which a single syllable is prolonged and played upon; for instance, the second of the word "*exalted*" in the song, "*Every valley*." But soon one learns to love even this, and to feel that Nature is not smothered by it, any more than she is by Shakspeare's rounded periods. And how often he forgets all conventional forms, and is purely original, pouring forth a strain, all of the heart, with nothing of the school!

Still more of this natural eloquence is in the recitative passages. When we have heard Braham sing, "*Thy rebuke hath broken his heart*," or that famous piece from "*Jephtha*," we are no longer surprised to hear it said that Recitative is only a little more than the common speech of the warm South. What is it but a more unreserved and child-like speech, such as would be natural to us all, if cold weather and caution, winter without and within, did not check expression? So it is said, the dog naturally howls or sings; it was intercourse with artificial man which first taught him to bark.

3. Picturesque effect is another memorable charm of the "Messiah." This, of course, is in the instrumental accompaniments. These are often highly descriptive, and surround the subject with a warm, rich scenery. If they often present images and special sounds or sights in nature, yet it is more in the way of suggestion than of imitation, and therefore fairly within the province of the Art. The accompaniment but does the work of association, telling what is present to our imagination, while we feel with the song. It is wonderful how characteristic and how indispensable Handel has made every little morceau of accompaniment and symphony; and yet they are the merest outlines. Instrumental music was a slight and meagre thing in his time. He only composed for the quartet of stringed instruments, with oboe and trumpet. Mozart filled it out with

the rich coloring of the modern instrumentation, with flutes and horns and bassoons, &c. A bold experiment, one would think! But so boldly and decidedly had Handel sketched, that the appreciating younger brother could not alter or pervert it; he only set it in a stronger light.

But it is as a whole that this work is most remarkable;—how it is evolved out of one central inexhaustible thought, of which each part is only one of the numberless manifestations, just as the flowers and crystals and living forms of the earth all tell of one inward principle of life. This it is that saves it from tediousness. We feel interested to complete it, as we do to complete our own life; the whole story of human life working itself out in harmonies. Its theme is universal; alike the concern of every individual. It is not a personal story, but the story of humanity. It is founded on a historical book, it is true, and celebrates a historical person; but the Bible history and the life of Jesus are typical of the inward history of every human soul. Hence the "Messiah" is not dramatic; it is epic: and it is lyric too. And so, if we take the "Messiah" for a standard, we are tempted to call it the *only* oratorio. The difference between it and all other oratorios (so called) is greater than the difference between them and other forms of Art.

The Oratorio was originally a sacred musical drama, bearing about the same relation to the first operas, that the old "Mysteries" bore to the first plays. But these were not entirely sung. San Filippo Neri founded the order of "Priests of the Oratory" in Rome, in 1540. He introduced spiritual songs and anthems to entice the youth to church, and caused stories from the Bible, like the Prodigal Son, to be set to music and sung,—one half before the sermon, the other after, that the expectation awakened by the first half might induce roving spirits to wait through the graver services and hear the story out. From these small beginnings the growth of the oratorio into the highest form of sacred dramatic music is easily understood. Oratorios on the continent of Europe were, until very lately, performed as operas on the stage. The "Moses in Egypt" of Rossini is still an instance. The "Messiah" presented a new and nobler model. It is no more dramatic than the Bible itself. And since its appearance oratorios (so called) have hovered doubtfully between the dramatic and the epic. Thus, of the oratorio of "David" one is tempted to say, "Why not dress out the characters and make a play of it at once?" its genius is so dramatic, while for form's sake it has those heavy choruses, which clog the action, and seem introduced because, after Handel, everything short of grand choruses seems trifling. Even Beethoven, who had a genius for the highest, repented of the too dramatic style and subject of his "Mount of Olives." Haydn wrought in wholly another genius, that of instrumental music; and his "Creation" may be called a great descriptive instrumental Symphony, with vocal accompaniments by way of interpretation, interspersed with hymns. It is of little consequence about a name, but the "Messiah" has so familiarized us with an august form of Art, that other works, called oratorios, look ephemeral and slight.

Such are the artistic qualities of this great work. But what is it which, independently of any form of Art, pervades and characterizes the whole? Handel himself. Do we not recognize in all this music the man of whom we have spoken? It is enough to mention one or two traits, which suggest the whole of his genius.

In the first place, calm, self-relying strength. A superficial measurement of this will not be idle. See it displayed in the magnitude and quantity of his labors; the thirty oratorios, the fifty operas, the countless anthems and concertos for the organ, and pieces of every form for instruments; and the greatest of all, the "Messiah," composed in twenty-one days! See it in his influence on public taste, especially in England, where it acts perhaps with a too great and paralyzing spell upon the national genius, just as too much reading of Shakespeare is fatal for the time to original production in young minds. If so,

however, the awakening will be with glory and with power when it comes. The genius of Handel is impressed on all English music. He is the school, and he is the world of Art with them. There are curious anecdotes to illustrate this. One of the conductors and organists of the "Ancient Concerts," a musical oracle of the last generation, is said to have played from memory, at one sitting, the whole of the "Messiah," the "Israel in Egypt," and one other oratorio of Handel. Curious zeal, too, is shown at the time of the great musical festivals. We are told of a certain eccentric rector, who never omitted this pilgrimage, and who often performed the journey on foot, singing over the whole "Messiah" to himself by the way, which just occupied the time of the journey, so that such a chorus or song always found him at such a place.

But this quantity was of an adamantine quality; and its influence was not a fashion, but is, as it were, elemental and forever.

And now, to come nearer to the characteristic in it, what strength in the least as in the greatest part of the work! With what an absolute grasp he handles everything, and does not so much invent and set a passage, as he establishes it. I would speak of him as the *Founder* of the Hallelujah chorus. Each part, each note seems held in its place by all the laws of nature; it does not cry out and justify its position, any more than the tree in the landscape, or the bend of the arch of the sky. We cannot well conceive of its being set otherwise. Through such works only, do we discover the laws by which to judge all works.

The strength appears also in variety. It is not hazarding much to say, that no composer is so free from mannerism as Handel. Count over the songs in the "Messiah," and what two are alike, except in being Handel's? Which would you be willing to leave behind, taking only the others for your specimens? No two of them are flowers, which can go by the same name; in each, you carry home a new variety. It is just so in the choruses and, especially in those which we have dwelt least upon, those which are not so much outbursts of praise, as parts of the action, and descriptive. Here he indulges himself in following out the individuality of each to his heart's content. The scoffing crowd in the chorus, "He trusted in God that he would deliver him;" the pastoral scene; the song of joy; each little episode—he puts his whole soul into it, as if it stood for himself, and there was nothing else to be thought of. He is as objective as nature in this respect, giving each figure a life of its own, and an absolute worth to each detail. And yet, freely as he goes out into this variety, he never violates the unity of the whole; all gravitates to one centre; each separate conceit, (if you choose to call it, each whim) harmonizes with the whole, and can no more be detached, than a rock or a house can fall off the earth.

Strength, which can disport itself in this free way without losing its balance, can afford to smile in the midst of its most earnest work. Humor is not far off, where we see such breadth and energy of style. Humor accompanies all healthy greatness, both of mind and character. Intense activity of every kind, even intense woe, smiles at itself. He who does not expend his strength, beyond all power of self-recovery, in a great effort, can even amuse himself with his work. So it is with some of these choruses. How he enters into the humor of the thing in the chorus, "All we like sheep!" And in the chorus, "The Lord gave the word: great was the company of the preachers," we almost laugh at the fineness of the thought; before the blast of the word, we seem to see them scattering like merry prattling leaves in autumn; like troops of locusts and little ants, they overrun the earth. It has sometimes been objected to the historian of the French Revolution, that, with all his sublimity and pathos, he seems not quite serious, but amuses himself with his heroes, and as he looks down curiously upon the earnest doings of his fellow men, seems to "talk baby" to them, and smile at the important little manninkins. But this is love laughing at its own fondness. So does genius sometimes get possessed with its own idea,

till it laughs out aloud at the exquisite folly. Such humor is not levity; but the play of lightning after a day of intense heat. And this suggests the other pervading quality of all his works.

Depth. From the depths of sorrow and painful earnest experience rise those mighty choral floods of triumph. This sunny, strong, rejoicing, self-possessed, unwearied nature, must have known, and toiled, and waited in those depths. For what knowledge of the heart, what sympathy with that heart's unspeakable woes, his feeling notes betray! "De profundis clamavi," should be the title of every chorus.

These are the major and minor moods of the man. Strength and depth. What is most characteristic in him, is the most impersonal. Peculiarities he has none, any more than the sublime simplicity of the old Bible narratives. He struck the key-note to universal experience, and sang to the hearts of all.

This, therefore, seems to be the one thing to be said of Handel and his "Messiah"; that it is not so much some *kind* of Music, as it is the soul of music itself. Music in its highest office, as the expression of the universal religious sentiment. An atmosphere of reconciliation between all minds, or rather, a medium between our mind and the universal; an outlet of escape from this whole element of opinions, differences, and contradictory views and interests; a promise, a foretaste of a better world; a language of a deeper consciousness and of emotions, which seek an answer and a home beyond this life—is Music. And when we call it the natural language of religion, we must understand a very Catholic religion; one which lies broad and deep under every heart, and in whose depths the superficial boundaries of creeds and sects cast not even a shadow. There is a Faith which is "the evidence of things unseen," or, of its own fulfilment; a consciousness of something more than we see; a love of something that exceeds our thought, yearning to be united with it; a trust in an Almighty Goodness, which we cannot comprehend, which daily care, and misery, and deceit, deny and contradict, and would fain drive out of our minds; a hope that sticks by us to the last, and assures us that love and truth, and all ideal thoughts are real, and that death, and sin, and sorrow, shall turn out to be the shadows; there is such a feeling, more or less clearly recognized, pervading all our life. No words can utter it. But in the unconscious tones of another, without words, we feel whether he too feels it. This was the beginning of music. And music has gone on, testifying of that unseen world within, till by the hands of her sublime succession of priests, her Handels, Mozarts, Bachs, Beethovens, she has filled the world with wondrous works of Art, with mystic love, which benighted minds can poorly understand, but which will never fail to quicken in after generations, in spite of business and frivolity, the higher life which first gave them being. To this part of us, speaks the higher voice of prophecy and of the Gospel. This gave force to Handel's music. Humanity's looking for and welcome of a Messiah—this properly is the burthen of all music. In music, as in sweet sleep, (which is a sort of prayer), we retire from the distracting world, forgetting our cares, letting our desires die out, and our poor will with them, and lay our heads in childlike trust upon the bosom of the great, safe, all-sympathizing, incomprehensible, protecting All.

1841.

Music in "Macbeth."

At a weekly meeting of the "Musical Institute of London" recently, a paper was read by Mr. Thomas Oliphant on the English dramatic music of the seventeenth century, and particularly the celebrated music in "Macbeth," generally ascribed to Matthew Lock, whose claim to its authorship, till of lately held to be undoubted, has recently been called in question, and sometimes positively denied. Mr. Oliphant's object was to bring forward such circumstances as might tend to throw light on this subject, and he accordingly entered into a number of particulars, both of fact and

criticism, full of interest in themselves, but hardly sufficient (as it appeared to us) to invalidate a title of which old Matthew Lock has remained in undisturbed possession for the best part of two centuries.

We cannot in this slight notice give any idea of the variety of interesting and entertaining matter contained in Mr. Oliphant's paper, which was rendered still more agreeable by vocal illustrations sung by Mrs. Newton, Miss Dolby, Mr. H. Phillips and others, and accompanied on the piano by Mr. Lucas. Mr. Oliphant gave a prefatory sketch of the state of English dramatic music from the beginning of the 17th century. He described the "Masque," the fashionable entertainment of those days, which employed the genius of the greatest poets of the time, including Ben Jonson and Milton; and the most eminent musicians, among whom Henry Lawes was the chief. One of these masques was Shirley's "Cupid and Death," the music of which was partly composed by Matthew Lock: and Mr. Oliphant gave, as a specimen, a song and chorus, in order to show the great inferiority of this music (known to be Lock's) to the music in "Macbeth." The argument, that Lock's known music is not comparable to the music in "Macbeth," and that therefore it is to be presumed that this music is not his, is very far from conclusive; and Mr. Oliphant, moreover, could have found specimens of Lock's music very superior to that which he produced. We have carefully examined the opera of "Psyche," undeniably by Lock, in which there are things which might have well been written by the author of the music in "Macbeth."

That the music in "Macbeth" was ascribed to Lock, at the time it first appeared, is unquestionable. Shakespeare's tragedy, altered by Davenant, was produced at the Duke's Theatre, 1674; and, as Mr. Oliphant stated, Downes, the contemporary annalist, who was for forty years the prompter of that theatre, expressly ascribes, in his "Roscius Anglicanus," a book of acknowledged authority, the music of the play to Matthew Lock; a piece of positive evidence very difficult to rebut. On the other hand, there is no evidence which fixes the authorship on any one else. Copies of the music have been found in the handwriting of Henry Purcell, and likewise of John Eccles; but though Purcell and Eccles may have transcribed a piece of music, at a period when there was less printing than there is now-a-days, it does not by any means follow that either of them composed it.

It was, however, shown by Mr. Oliphant that the music in "Macbeth," as we possess it, has undergone material alterations, and these not for the better. The oldest edition of the music in its present form is that of Dr. Boyce, published about the middle of the last century; but there is a MS. copy in the British Museum, supposed to be of the date of 1696. In the course of his lecture Mr. Oliphant had the principal pieces sung as they stand in this copy, and in the modern editions; and the superiority of the old version, in several instances, was strikingly apparent. This was remarkably the case in the chorus, "We should rejoice!" the song, "Let's have a dance upon the heath," and the chorus, "At the night raven's dismal voice;" in which the old version had the advantage in variety, expression, and even contrapuntal effects. How, or by whom, these alterations were made does not appear—probably by musicians employed by theatrical managers when the play was brought upon the stage at different times; and Mr. Oliphant, by comparing a passage of a symphony in Boyce's edition with the symphony to one of Boyce's own songs, made it appear probable that the Doctor himself had a hand in tampering with the music.

There is another curious circumstance to which Mr. Oliphant adverted. It is well known that the poetry of the music in "Macbeth" is not Shakspeare's, but partly from "The Witch," by Middleton, a contemporary of Shakspeare, and partly by Davenant. The original music to Middleton's play is extant, though nothing is known of its authorship. Mr. Oliphant had several portions of it sung; and it was evident, that,

though comparatively rude and inartificial, it had furnished many ideas to the subsequent composer of the music.

This able paper, with its illustrations, was listened to with great interest and pleasure by a large assemblage of distinguished musicians and amateurs. We do not know what conclusions were formed by the learned *cognoscenti* present; but we still preserve our faith in Matthew Lock, though it appears unquestionable, first, that he was in some measure indebted to an unknown composer of a previous age, and secondly, that the music, as known and performed, has been greatly altered since he produced it.—*English Paper.*

An Amateur Concert,

OR THE TRIBULATIONS OF A MUSICIAN.

[Translated from the French for this Journal.]

There is a proverb which says: "There is nothing more to be dreaded than a *diner d'ami* or an amateur concert." Proverbs are the wisdom of nations, and nothing in fact more true than the maxim I have just cited. One ought to esteem oneself very happy when both those pleasures are thrust on one at the same time; but it is very rare that, after having been obliged to partake of pot luck, composed as usual of the classic *pot au feu*, followed by some one of those benevolent dishes of vegetables which call to mind the happy days and succulent repasts of college; it is very rare, say I, that after this festive scene, you are not regaled by a little impromptu concert after dessert. It's the little girl of eight years who lets you judge of her progress. They request her to play something to please the friend of the family. But the dear child, who ordinarily takes her recreation after dinner, doesn't find it at all amusing to give an exhibition of her talent at such an hour, and makes a grimace a yard long.

"Come, come, let Monsienn see now that you're a young lady," says the papa, drawing his daughter towards the piano. The child resists, the father gets angry, and the virtuoso (*en herbe*), in miniature, commences to cry. The mother takes her part:

"Why do you treat her so roughly?" says she to her husband, "you know how timid she is, she's afraid to play now. Come, my child, be reasonable, if you play your piece well you shall kiss that gentleman who likes good little girls." Sweet perspective!

Unhappy mortal, you think all will be over when you hear a little miserable music: willing or unwilling you will be obliged to kiss the charming child, who, with the aid of her father's handkerchief, is occupied in a corner wiping her eyes. You must resign yourself to fate; after much ado, you have the pleasure of hearing: *Ah! vous dirai-je maman?—Je suis Seridor; Triste Raison*, and other simple airs of the same freshness, executed without measure, and with an obligato accompaniment of false notes. After this charming concert you are obliged to undergo the promised kisses and mingle your compliments with those of the enchanted family.

"Isn't she truly astonishing?" says the father. "Oh, she's gifted with a musical organization, truly. She remembers every air she hears sung—she has only practised two years. Her mother teaches her. Have you never heard my wife sing? she has a magnificent voice. Come, my love, you must sing Monsieur something. Pray, do give us the pleasure." You must again join

your supplications to those of the husband, who has gone to take down an old guitar, which takes him a quarter of an hour to tune. Then joining his voice with that of his dear half, they refresh your ears with *Fleuve du Tage*, or *Dormez donc, mes chères amours*. Ordinarily one takes his hat after the last verse, bids good bye, thanking the amiable couple for the delicious evening they have procured him.

I, whose nerves are very irritable, and who as a musician hold amateur music as an abomination, I have always taken care to find out whether the people in the house where I wish to lodge cultivate music; for however so little taste they may have for the divine art, I don't wish to hear them speak of it. As I have never been able to find a landlord who would consent to demand a certificate of my fellow lodgers' musical incapacity, I have been often obliged to change my lodgings. I have tried the most isolated places; but the street organs pursued me. One day however I thought I had found a peaceful retreat. I had hired a cottage on the plain of Monceau; during three days I enjoyed absolute silence, when one beautiful summer morning, I was startled out of my sleep at about four o'clock in the morning, by a score of drummers of the National Guard, who had a full rehearsal of all the *flaas* and *rrraas* capable of being produced on that harmonious instrument.

I saw plainly that repose was not intended for man in this world. I broke up house and returned to the bosom of the city.

I have become misanthropical; have broken all friendship with the human family from the time I rise till seven in the evening. I then direct my steps either to the Grand Opera, or the *Opera Comique*, where I saturate myself with real music, which bears not the slightest analogy to amateur music. I have cut all acquaintance with those whose families or relations are musicians, and have only kept up an intimacy with a retired lawyer, who I believed was an entire stranger to the fine arts. But the traitor had made himself an amateur, as I found out to my horror. About a fortnight since he invited me to share his dinner with him. It was the first time he had asked me, so I could not refuse; although he told me beforehand it was a *diner d'ami*, I overlooked that.

The repast over, I was preparing myself to set out for the Opera, when my old friend seized the skirts of my coat and insisted on my spending the whole evening with him, saying, "I have reserved a surprise for you this evening, with which if you are not content you must be hard to please."

We started out and arrived at Petits Champs street: "Now, we'll wait for the carriage," says my lawyer. "What carriage? where to go?" "My young friend, leave all to me. I repeat again that when you get there you'll be delighted."

After having waited a quarter of an hour, we saw coming at last one of those vehicles commonly called omnibuses. We mounted; but I don't know what presentiment made me fear some horrible catastrophe.

After half an hour's riding we stopped and got out. "Where are we?" "Rue de la Harpe." "Singular quarter for a party of pleasure!"—"Do you see that light in the fourth story? that's where we're going," said my friend. I followed

him; we groped our way up a rickety old staircase which conducted us at last to a door feebly lighted, on which I read in large letters, "CONCERT." Here I arrived, my limbs failed me, and I once had the desire to precipitate my unlucky friend from the top to the bottom of the stairs; but restrained myself. I kept quiet, only biting my lips, when he said to me with a smile of triumph: "Ahem! you didn't expect anything quite so nice as this?" The door opened and I entered.

I experienced at first that mortal restlessness which generally possesses one at the approach of any great danger; but soon after, that courageous resignation when the danger has arrived. I prepared for the worst.

The hall we entered was rather remarkable: In the centre was a piano covered with scores and orchestra parts; the music desks were ranged round about, and against the walls were hanging all kinds of instruments, from the piccolo down to the double-bass. A dozen individuals were already assembled. Our entrance was greeted with unanimous pleasure:—"Ah! it's Mr. Vincent; how do you do, Mr. Vincent; what pleasure to see you," etc.

After all this politeness I took Mr. Vincent into a corner; here are the details which he gave me of the assembly where we were: "This reunion has existed more than thirty years. Here for five francs per month, any amateur, no matter what his instrument, could come once a week and take a part in the overtures and symphonies that were executed. The musicians were furnished with the music and instruments which you see around. The place is warmed, lighted, one can even take a friend." "But," said I, "what are you going to do here?" "I? I've come to take my part." "You play some instrument then?" "Not at all; I don't even know how to read music, and that's just the reason I'm held in such high estimation by all. I take care never to place myself at a desk where there are less than two instrumentists. The director is a tolerably good musician, who sees perfectly all the mistakes that are made. As I content myself by making believe play, he has never noticed anything, so I pass here for a good musician. You ask me why I come here? Because the room is warm, that doesn't cost much, and the esteem I am held in gives me pleasure. The society besides is good: it is made up of students, clerks and trades people, who prefer this reunion to cafés and taverns."

While we were speaking there arrived quite a large number, and for five minutes had the director in vain knocked on his book with the bow to obtain a little silence.

"Come, Mr. Vincent, we'll commence. What instrument will you play to-day? Hold, we have beginners among the flutes, go and sustain those young fellows a little." My companion threw a glance at the desk where were three young men armed with their instruments. He takes down a flute from the wall and blows in it with all his might, as one would into a key; he produces from it the horrible sound of a whistle that might be heard a mile off. "Ahem! what a splendid *embouchure!*" cries out one of the young flute apprentices. Mr. Vincent smiles with a modest air, and the symphony commences.

While the horrible charivari goes on, I don't lose sight of my lawyer, who encourages his

young companions with an air of protection. The flutes couldn't succeed in making themselves heard; but during a silence an unlucky alto, a measure behind, is heard executing a solo not at all expected. The director jumps out of his chair, everything stops. "Pray, Mr. Vincent, take the alto part; we can never do anything well without that." Mr. Vincent doesn't wait to be asked twice, he puts by his flute and takes up an alto. They recommence, and this time all goes well. Mr. Vincent takes a pinch of snuff, uses his pocket handkerchief, and arranges his shirt collar during the piano passages; but when the forte arrives, he scrapes and saws the open strings with furor; his companions imitate him, and the altos are to be heard above everything else. At the conclusion of the piece, Mr. Vincent receives the felicitations of the director and all the executants.

They played in this manner, six overtures. What overtures, it would be impossible for me to say. I did not recognize a single one, although I was assured that they were all from the greatest masters.

At the end of the concert my head was ready to split. In order to return home I was obliged to take the arm of my lawyer, otherwise I might have killed myself; the noise of vehicles or the cries of *Gare* no longer reached my ears.

On entering the house, I mounted to my landlord's room, payed him what I owed, packed up and cleared out during the night. I had my things carried out of Paris, in the hope of there living in peace, sheltered from all importunities, even of my lawyer.

T. R.

Gleanings from German Musical Papers.

Some four or five years since a composer at Prague published a Mass in G, which proved to be on Franz Schubert's, composed in 1815. Ferdinand Schubert, having a copy of it in his brother's own hand, quietly placed it in the well-known Music Store of Diabelli in Vienna, to the great confusion of Mr. Robert Führer, the pretender. A German editor remarks, this mode of composition seems at the present time to be very popular.

All Art is at times burlesqued in Germany. The *scrapes* and drolleries of the painters, sculptors, musicians, &c., in the cities where they congregate, are as laughable as anything we hear or read of among the students in the Universities of that country. Once or twice a year, a day or two is devoted to sport. Some place of resort will be selected within a reasonable distance of Cologne, Düsseldorf, Berlin, or whatever city it may be, and thither all the artists resort. Musicians with all sorts of burlesque music; painters with burlesques upon the highest and finest efforts of the art; sculptors with every kind of oddity in form of humanity; they parade dressed in infinite varieties of costume, and each enacts his part. These annual convocations of the laughing-loving sons of the Muses are called to mind by the following account of a waltz, which we find in a musical paper, and translate for our readers. (What we call a "calathumpian serenade," they call "cat music.")

Herr Fahrback, music director at the Dowager Garden in Vienna, lately produced a "cat music" waltz, at one of his concerts, which in its kind may well be termed *classic*. To describe it would

be impossible; the waltz began with the most outrageous dissonances, which led to the theme. This was not played but "mewed" by the greater portion of the performers. In the middle of the piece occurred the old melody: "Three tailors went riding the city gates through," but given in such a hideous manner, that the audience were forced to hold themselves with both hands to keep from splitting.

Mozart's indescribably ridiculous "Musical Jest" is not the only funny thing, which his musical countrymen have given the world.

[From the Daily Advertiser of Dec. 20.]

DEATH OF HORATIO GREENOUGH. On Saturday morning, Mr. Horatio Greenough, whose alarming illness was announced a few days ago, died of a brain fever. He was born in this city, in 1805. He received his education in the Boston Schools, and he was here most highly esteemed as a man and an artist. He early exhibited, even while at school, a talent for the art by which he became so eminently distinguished, and which he prosecuted as the business of his life. He was graduated at Harvard College, in 1825, and soon after proceeded to Italy, where he devoted himself to the cultivation and improvement of the noble talent with which he was gifted. He has spent most of his life since in Italy, having only returned to this country on occasional visits. He resided principally at Florence, devoting himself most enthusiastically and laboriously to the pursuit of his art. There he accomplished, besides many busts, a great number of works which added to his constantly increasing reputation. The *Medora*—the *Chanting Cherubs*, and the *Angel Abdiel*, are among his beautiful productions in the early part of his residence abroad. About ten years since he finished his noble colossal statue of Washington, of which it was said some years since, with great truth, "We do not know the work which can justly be preferred to it, whether we consider the purity of the taste, the loftiness of the conception, the truth of the character or the accuracy of anatomical study and mechanical skill."—No one who sees this noble statue, standing as it does under the canopy of heaven, beside the Capitol in Washington, but feels that for once the grandest of all possible subjects has been managed by talent altogether equal to it, and with entire success, in the conception and execution.

Mr. Greenough's last great work, executed at Florence under a contract with the government, in pursuance of a resolution of Congress, made under Mr. Van Buren's administration, has not yet reached this country, but has been seen and universally admired by great numbers of persons who have seen it in Italy. It consists of an allegorical group of statuary designed to embellish the pediment of the Eastern portico of the Capitol at Washington, and it is represented as a work of exquisite taste in the conception and beauty in the execution. It was long ago completed, and the government ordered that one of the vessels of the squadron in the Mediterranean, when on its return to the United States, should be sent to Leghorn to take it on board. Mr. Greenough on being notified of this, caused the statuary to be properly packed and sent to Leghorn, for shipment, where it was delivered more than twelve months ago, and he came himself to this country for the purpose of superintending the arrangement of it, in the place of its destination. After long delay a vessel was sent to Leghorn, for the purpose of taking the work on board, but on account of an obstacle to getting the package down the hatches, it was left behind, and it there still remains, subject to such accidents as may befall it in a common store house.

The unaccountable delay in the transportation of a work to which Mr. Greenough had devoted the most successful exercise of his skill, requiring a great sacrifice of time, labor, and expense, is much to be regretted. It naturally subjected him to severe disappointment and mortification,

besides the inconvenience and loss of being detained from his home, and from the pursuit of his avocations in Florence.

Some years ago, in Paris, Mr. Greenough was united in marriage to Miss Gore, of this city, by whom he has several children. Mr. Greenough was most amiable in society, and in all the relations of private life. His great success in his art, and the reputation which it conferred upon him did not weaken at all his native modesty. He instinctively shrank, on more than one occasion, from public demonstrations of respect, which his fellow-citizens would gladly have offered him.

A few weeks since he exhibited symptoms of the disease which so suddenly terminated his life. The inconsiderate announcement throughout the country, that he was incurably insane, gave the first information to most of his friends of his illness. He had however two or three weeks before exhibited symptoms of mental disease, which caused serious anxiety to his near friends, and to some of those who met him only in public. How far the anxiety to which we have alluded above may have had an injurious effect on his health, we have not the means of judging. All efforts to afford relief, by medical treatment, proved unavailing, and he soon sunk under the violence of his disease. The community mourns the loss of one of its ornaments. To us a bright light is quenched. A man of genius is taken away in the apparent vigor of his days. For him the dark veil which momentarily shaded his bright vision has been lifted, and free from all darkness and doubt, "he walks in glory."

SINGING. Minnesota—which four years ago heard no music but the hi-e-hi-e of the Indians, accompanied by the instrumental thump upon the parchment head of a lard keg, and the stirring airs of the Fort Snelling band—now has a variety of professional talent in vocal music, and promises to become the land of song. We trust there will be no jealousy among these music teachers; for as a taste for music is cultivated among our people, the demand for instruction will increase. Especially should there be no evident rivalry among singers of the same choir; among non-professional singers there is no money at stake, and they can well afford to be modest and unostentatious. Below is a case in point which shows the danger of rivalry in this department of science.

A singer in the northern corner of Iowa recently dislocated his jaw in attempting to sing "high B." It appears there was a contest between the victim and a rival teacher as to which should be employed to teach a certain singing school, and the former made such desperate efforts to astonish the natives as led to the lamentable result above-mentioned:—*but he got the school.*—*Minnesota Pioneer.*

The following "order of exercises," for the "twenty-nine hundredth birthday of HOMER," which is to occur in the "Star Amaranth," is due to the imagination of a writer in *Church's Bizarre*:—"Invocation to the Throne of Grace, by Fenelon; Grand Hymn and Chorus, Music by Beethoven; Opening Address, by Cervantes; Birthday Ode, words by Pindar, Music by Mozart; Coronation-speech to the Poet, by Shakspeare. **THE BARD'S REPLY.** Grand Coronation Hymn, written and composed by Orpheus; Oration, by Cicero; Poem, by Tasso; Grand Hymn and Chorus, words and music by Milton; Closing Prayer, by Channing; Benediction, by Sanchoniatho.

It is a curious fact, that whereas the "first night" of any new play produced during the course of the last century, might, with all its particulars, be verified even now beyond any great possibility of question, the time and the place of the first performance of Handel's "Messiah" were matters of uncertainty only forty years after the event had taken place, when Burney was preparing his fourth volume of his "History of Music."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 1, 1853.

OUR BOSTON LIST. . . . We find the distribution of our Journal in the city by carriers so expensive and troublesome, that we are compelled to adopt the practice of many other weekly papers. Hereafter, those of our Boston subscribers, who wish their papers left at their houses by our carrier, will be charged at the rate of *fifty cents* per annum. It will then be at the option of city subscribers to receive their papers at the office of publication, or at their homes or places of business; in the first case, it will cost them \$2 per annum, in the latter, \$2.50.

Of course we do not make this new requirement for the present year of subscribers who have already paid; but it will be a condition of all future subscriptions or renewals.

☞ We are sorry to be obliged once more to jog the consciences of quite a number of our subscribers. Our terms, as plainly printed on the title page of every number, are \$2 per annum, *payable in advance*. Yet nine months of the year have run out, and we get no *quid pro quo* from many to whom our paper has been regularly sent, according to their order. We commend this notice especially to some whose names are attached to copies of the original pledges, on the strength of which we made our start in April last, and which read: "The undersigned agree to be held for one year's subscription, payable on receipt of the first number."

We beg our friends, (whose delinquency, we doubt not, evinces no worse sin than thoughtlessness,) to bear in mind that *we* pay the printer, paper-maker, carrier, every-body, week by week, as we go along; and as we do this for the benefit of our subscribers, (*advertising patrons* included,) it is but fair that they fulfil *their* part of the contract.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to our readers! As happy, as harmonious, as rich, as satisfying in all things, as it is and still bids fair to be in Music! As for the musical life, we enter the new year swimmingly; we enter with our ears ringing and our feet rhythmically lifted by the inspiring harmonies of Handel and Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Mozart and all those grand spirits. Do they not make a new world of this old wicked and prosaic earth? Who can be a skeptic, and without hope, living thus, with all the fine nerves of his nature daily vibrating in such an element of divinely blended tones? Think of our happiness in good old Puritan Boston and contrast it with the early theatre days, say less than thirty years ago, when if the orchestra in the "Old Drury" commenced an overture of Mozart, the audience cried out: "Give us *music!* play a *tune!*" and were not satisfied until the fiddles struck up without notes some hacknied "Hail Columbia!" or "Yankee Doodle!"

And all the Arts are springing up around us to adorn our life and surround our footsteps with the fair emblems of the life eternal. We are year by year setting more and more by the beautiful forms of life, and catching eagerly all hints that life itself may be the grandest Fine Art. Two of our chiefest teachers of the Beautiful we have suddenly been called to mourn; DOWNING and GREENOUGH! But their refining and inspiring influence has already passed into American life, and our giant young Republic shall not content itself with Spartan strength without at the same time more than the Athenian culture.

One word of ourself and of our prospects. The new year finds us nine months on our journey as explorer and observer and reporter to our friends in this more and more interesting and eventful world of Music, flinging in a postscript now and then about the other Fine Arts. We have heard kind and anxious inquiries: "How does your Journal flourish?" and hints that

one's readers like now and then to be informed about such things, that they even take a personal interest in the manager and his fortunes, as well as in the play, from time to time before them on the stage. Nay, it has come to us more than once, (to us the strangest of all news): "We hear it hinted that the Journal is to be discontinued; we trust it is not so;" and with a tone of such sincere concern as would most surely change that desperate purpose, had we ever entertained it, which we are happy to assure our readers we have never for a moment done. Our success, to be sure, is moderate. Our calculations at the outstart were moderate, our methods have been moderate. We knew that we were addressing ourselves to the few, who despised clap-trap as heartily as we did. Safely guaranteed for one year, and with a list of five hundred subscribers easily obtained through friends, we launched our little boat last April, resolved to devote the first year to making a paper that should be worthy to live, and letting it attract to itself in the meanwhile such support as it might through its own intrinsic force of character. Our list has gained as much as we expected, and still increases steadily and surely, although at much too slow a rate to yield immediate remuneration. Our paper, we are well aware, might be much better; it lacks several features, which we shall study the first opportunity to add to it. Yet we are constantly receiving the heartiest assurances that it is a welcome visitor where it now goes, and that the friends of music, who love music as an Art, desire its permanent continuance. We look to those already interested to plead our cause among their friends and send us new subscribers. If each, as we have said before, will send us *one* new name, the "Journal of Music" will enter on its second year abundantly able to stand alone.

Music in Boston.

What will Josef Gungl say? We have a mind to send him one of our papers and let him see the concert programmes for a single week. Gungl, the impudent, who writes letters in the German papers (See *Journal of Music* for Dec. 18,) about the *anti-classical* taste of us Americans, he having stoned us with polkas all the time he was here, even when we asked for *bread* of better music!

There are at this moment going on in Boston, either in rehearsal or public performance, four different Oratorios of Handel. The "Education Society" gave us the "Messiah" at Christmas, and are or have been studying "Joshna." The "Handel and Haydn Society" continue to repeat "Judas Maccabæus;" Mr. Hayter, senior, the accomplished organist at Trinity, is making the Oratorio of "Saul" the nucleus to attract and crystalize the elements of possibly a new and third Oratorio society. Sunday after Sunday, and last week two nights in succession, the vast Music Hall has been filled to its fullest capacity with deeply interested listeners to this great music. Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" and Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" also loom in prospect over the sea of this musical, mild winter.

Orchestral vies with oratorio music. In the same superb place you may hear every Wednesday and every Friday afternoon, in what are called "public rehearsals," and every Saturday evening, at grand concerts, alternately from the

"Musical Fund" and the "Germania" Societies, a Symphony of Beethoven, or Mendelssohn, or Mozart, or Gade, &c., &c., with quantities of the best overtures, classical and modern, with lighter music, and the extra charm of a JAEEL, or CAMILLE URSO, or whatever true star may have shot within this strong sphere of attraction.

Then there are the regular supplies of Chamber Music. Nestling like choice little flower beds in the quiet nooks of these large musical promenade grounds, the "Mendelssohn Quintette Club" and OTTO DRESEL's evenings with the dainty spirits of Chopin and Franz and Schumann, detain many footsteps fondly lingering.

Of all of these entertainments it may be said that they hardly "cost a song"; they rely not on the wealthy few, but are supported by the people, in a manner that gives pretty solid evidence of a sincere love for them. Indeed it is matter of literal history, whatever inferences may be drawn from it, that in the musical experience of Boston this winter, so far, nearly all light, miscellaneous, third rate concerts have been entirely excluded by these constant supplies of music of the above three orders. For a trifling sum we hear the grandest and the finest compositions often enough to grow familiar with them and to learn to love them. We have artists to minister to us, and not mere virtuosos speculating on a popular love of clap-trap. A more artist-like tone is growing in our resident musicians; they respect the demands of the more cultivated taste in the selections of their music; this we must thankfully acknowledge although we may yet have some hints to offer about the crudities, and incongruities and instances of lack of skill to avoid *tedium*, which appear sometimes in the most rich and select programmes.

Another entertainment, mingled with instruction, is inviting us for February. Most of the above materials will then be employed, should Mr. FRY's subscription warrant, in illustrating his vivid glimpses into the History of Music.

It is true that we have not Opera, nor a convenient place for Opera. But this too, we shall have ere long. There are rumors of negotiations with ALBONI for the Howard Athenæum, which may still serve upon a pinch—and a pinch or a squeeze it will be, if Alboni sings there. SONTAG, too, is promised with her troupe. And there is now vigorous action and a definite plan on the part of the gentlemen who have undertaken to supply Boston with a first class Theatre and Opera House. They have now the refusal of the whole estate, including the Melodeon and the land behind it to Mason street, one of the most central and convenient places in the city. They propose that the whole cost shall be \$250,000; and will proceed to build so soon as \$200,000 worth of stock shall be subscribed in shares of \$1,000 each. The matter is in the hands of earnest persons, and we have little doubt it is destined to succeed as signally as the project of a new Music Hall, whose realization we are now enjoying.

The Concerts.

We resume our review with the first Monthly Soirée of OTTO DRESEL, Wednesday evening of last week. This was none of your grand and showy concerts. It was more like a gathering of the true disciples "in an upper room," a goodly number for a feast so choice, and all appreciating, all delighted. The upper room was easily enough reached, however, and when reached proved quite pleasant, genial and good for musical effect. There were perhaps one hundred and fifty present, and there was room for as many more. The programme was the choicest we have ever heard; we have had other concerts rare for quantity of good music; but here *everything* was good, enough of the new to relieve the old and worthy

to appear in company with it, and all arranged with the utmost tact, all performed in unexceptionable manner.

First came a brilliant Allegro from a Sonata by Moscheles, for four hands, in which ALFRED JAEEL played the upper part to perfection, and in which it was curious and pleasant to note the entire yet harmonious contrast of temperament and style and genius between this happy, radiant, imperturbable son of Apollo, who seems to know no difficulties, and his more pensive, thoughtful, sensitive and self-criticizing brother artist. The first wins the multitude, the second takes a deeper hold upon the few. In the shade in this piece, in the next OTTO DRESEL appeared as composer and pianist, in an Andante and Scherzo of a Quartet, admirably rendered with the aid of those excellent artists, Mr. SCHULTZE for violin, Mr. BUCHEISTER, viola, and CARL BERGMANN, 'cello. This was a composition of much dignity, refinement and originality. The Scherzo (Intermezzo) was charmingly unique and piquant, and had to be repeated.

Then came three little German songs, new entirely to our audiences, and specimens of the very best modern German genius. Two were by ROBERT FRANZ, and one by SCHUMANN, all exquisite, especially the last, which is Schumann's *Widmung* (dedication) to his bride: *Du meine Seele*, &c., (Soul of my soul, heart of my heart—my dear delight—my world—my heaven—my grave, in which I have buried forever all my troubles, &c. &c.) the very melody of sincere, fervent and abiding love! These were sung by Miss LEHMANN with true feeling and satisfying richness of voice. The first part ended with an entire Sonata of Beethoven, one of his quaintest and most gracefully finished; new, too, to nearly all the audience, which Mr. Dresel rendered with faultless fidelity to the form and spirit of the composition, and with that fiery, nervous, crisp touch, which is his peculiarly, and which leaves the soul of each tone vibrating, with no undue expenditure of strength and noise. This Sonata was the rarest treat to our ears, of the season.

In the Second Part, we had Mendelssohn's first Trio, superbly played by DRESEL, SCHULTZE and BERGMANN; two more *Lieder* by Miss LEHMANN, one by Franz: "Mother, O sing me to rest," and Schubert's *Trockne Blumen* (Faded Flowers), the last of which she sang with real inspiration. Finally, Mr. DRESEL, with airy fingers, diffused some of the delicate aroma of CHOPIN (a Notturmo and a Mazourka), and ended with one of the brightest of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, which he called "Spring Song." All departed inwardly refreshed, inspired and satisfied, though with new germs of aspiration in them; for this was a concert in which the performers lost *themselves* in the spirit and intention of the music.

The third Chamber Concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, (Thursday of last week), had not its fair share of audience, owing to the storm. But the music was indeed choice. Part of a Quintet of Mozart opened the feast genially. Schumann's Quintet, for strings, with OTTO DRESEL at the piano, made the deepest impression by the grandeur, originality, fire and variety of its movements. (More music-lovers should have heard it, and they will have a chance at Mr. Dresel's next soirée.) Miss LEHMANN sang not only "Adelaide," fervently and truly as she always does, but some of the fine songs of Franz, &c., which she sang at Dresel's concert. A Quatour of Beethoven, not one of his most impressive, formed the closing piece; the concert as a whole would have told better, with Schumann's Quintet there.

The third "GERMANIA" concert, on the same night, filled the Music Hall, and was rich in fine

orchestral pieces. Beethoven's Fourth Symphony was played (we have to speak from the rehearsal), in a style more true and feeling than has been heard before in Boston. The Notturmo from "Midsummer Night's Dream" always sinks sweetly and deeply into the soul. Mendelssohn's overture to "Athalia," new to us, is full of wild and solemn grandeur, opening with a psalm-like strain of harmony. And the last overture, by Nicolai, to "Merry Wives of Windsor," was very bright and spirited and cleverly fantastical. The little URSO delighted everybody, as usual, and so did JAEEL; and CARL ZERRAHN, with his flute solo, if there *must* be flute solos, did the most graceful and artistic thing of the kind.

The "Messiah" was capitally sung by the "EDUCATION SOCIETY" on Christmas evening; especially in the choruses, which all went well. They suffered greatly in impressiveness, however, for want of the organ. (The directors of the Hall must really look to this.) To this cause, too, partly we must ascribe the omission of the two grandest choruses: "Worthy the Lamb" and "Amen" at the end, and the transferring of the "Hallelujah" to their place.

The solos generally were good. The gem of the whole was Miss LEHMANN's delivery of "He was despised," which she sang with the truest dignity and feeling, especially the closing part: "*He gave his back to the smiters*," which had always been omitted here. So too, "O thou that bringest," though the song runs rather low for her. It was her first attempt to sing in English, and all were astonished at the perfect distinctness and purity of her enunciation. Next we remember with most pleasure "Mrs. WENTWORTH in 'Come unto Him,' in which her voice seemed to expand into new volume with her earnestness of feeling and conception. Miss WEBB gave "I know that my Redeemer liveth" in a chaste and well-studied style, but was less happy in "Rejoice, greatly." Mr. ARTHURSON would still ornament the opening recitative with cadenzas. Mr. WOODMAN, though with rather a dry and cold quality of voice, rendered the commonly fatiguing *roulades* of the bass solos with correctness, ease and evenness.

Of the second performance of "Judas Macabreus" we have only room to say that it was another triumph for the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

Read OTTO DRESEL's next programme below. It is even richer than the first.... The MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY appear to-night under a new conductor, Mr. SUEK, whom the frequenters of those pleasant "Summer Afternoon Concerts" remember so favorably. We rejoice to see a Symphony of Haydn announced.... "Judas Macabreus" for the last time to-morrow evening.... The QUINTETTE CLUB offer a fine bill for next Thursday.... The last afternoon rehearsal of the "GERMANIANS" filled even the stage with audience, the largest crowd of the season. There were troops of happy children out to hear their inspired little sister, CAMILLE URSO.

PORTLAND, ME.—A new "Orchestral Society" commenced a series of concerts here last Monday. It is under the direction of Mr. JUNGNIKKEL, a name once favorably known in one of the fine German bands which visited this country before the "Germanians." The new society consists of four first violins, four second, two violas, one violoncello, two contrabassos, two clarinets, three flutes, two horns, two trumpets, one trombone, drums, triangle, &c. Such a combination may do much for music in such a city as Portland, and will, if well managed, draw to itself in time all the elements of a full symphony orchestra. We are happy to see by the papers, that the good people of the "down East" city are taking the matter up in earnest, meeting the musicians half way.

Miss JULIA WHELOCK, a young vocalist who seems to stand in high favor, has given several concerts here, assisted by Mr. A. P. Wheelock, Messrs. Kotschmar, Jungnickel, and others.

Prof. CROUCH, assisted by Mrs. CROUCH and others gave a concert of Sacred Music last week, at which songs from the "Messiah," "Creation," &c., were alternately sung by the professor and his lady, besides an occasional concerted piece with others.

The HUTCINSONS have been giving concerts here, on their way to Bath, Waterville, &c.

Better than all this for the Portlanders, the "Germans" have just made them a flying visit, giving two of those concerts, after which good music alone satisfies.

New York.

ALBONI IN OPERA. Her debut in *Cenerentola*, her greatest part, at the Broadway theatre, on Monday, and again on Tuesday night, is chronicled in all the papers as an immense success. The theatre was crammed at reasonable prices. Shall we quote from the newspaper ecstasies? The *Express* says:

"Alboni shone like the diamond of the first water that she really is, from first to last. They who have heard her in the *Finale*, ('Non piu mesta,') can form a reasonable idea of the glorious manner in which she went through the entire rôle. She was all herself, and acted with a delicacy and refined elegance which stamped at once the lady and the artist. The grand Scena, which is the climax of the brilliant part of *Cenerentola*, was so superbly sung as to set the audience off into raptures."

The *Mirror* says:

"Her singing, dressing, acting, were as near perfection as anything human we expect to be blessed with this side of heaven....Rovere took the house by surprise, and sang and acted the admirable part of Don Magnifico like a true artist. He was much and deservedly applauded. The Wine Cellar scene, we believe has never before been attempted in this country, not even by the Garcias. It was capitally rendered. Sangiovanni sang sweetly and smoothly throughout.

The *Courier and Inquirer*, a severer judge, says:

"Madame Alboni not only sang gloriously, but gave us a very naive and charming impersonation of the heroine of the old fairy tale. She sang of course always unimpeachably as to method, and three or four times during the evening, electrified her hearers by splendid efforts, but after all, the finale from *Nacqui all'affanno* was what we went there to hear. There can be nothing more enchanting in the whole range of comic music than her singing of this beautiful rondo."

Of her assistants, hear a writer in the *Tribune*, with a tone of much foreign experience:

"Signor Rovere, as the Baron, is one of the remaining fossils of the buffo parlante, now no longer written. He is a splendid artist in his walk. A voice not powerful, or particularly significant, but the veritable type of the rapid word-whirling, bustle-scattering, Italian buffo-national, inimitable, perfect—and, alas, passing away—such is Signor Rovere.

"Signor Sangiovanni executed his part respectably. In short, having a voice of decided volume, it is fluent, and suited to the light tenor parts.

"Signor Colletti is a conscientious artist, and executed his very difficult part to the gratification of many of his auditors. It is no trifle, however, to sing alongside of an Alboni.

"The mise-en-scène was as good as we expected. Better execution in the concerted pieces may be demanded on a second representation, and we would suggest less head-long rapidity in some of the pieces. The piece Englished 'My Lord, deign but to hear me,' was, in the *stretto* so whirled off that it might as well not have been sung at all. It was simply gibberish."

CHRISTMAS MUSIC. We received a programme of the music to be performed on Christmas at Grace Church; how it was achieved let the *Tribune* tell:

"During the course of the services, the following choice compositions were most excellently well rendered by the efficient choir (much increased for the occasion) under the able direction of Mr. Wm. A. King, the Organist of the Church: *Venite, exultemus Domino: Gloria Patri*, composed by W. A. King; *Te Deum laudamus*, composed by Richard Hughes; *Jubilate*, arranged by E. H. Schermerhorn, Esq.; Seventy-fifth Psalm, 4th and 5th verses, arranged from Beethoven, for Christmas day, by W. A. King; Christmas Hymn, with *Gloria Patri*, a new arrangement from Mozart, by W. A. King.

"After the sermon, Mrs. Bodstein (formerly Miss Julia Northall) sang the *Inflammatus* from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, (adapted to other words,) in a style and manner that reflected the utmost credit upon the gifted singer. The rendering of this *morceau* appeared to be keenly relished by the large congregation present."

At Trinity Church, too, there was some good music, including a *Te Deum* and a *Jubilate* by Dr. Hodges, Organist of the Church.

Philadelphia.

During the past month the local societies have commenced their respective series of concerts. The old MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY gave the seventy-eighth concert of the Society in their nice Musical Fund Hall on the 3d, with an orchestra conducted by MEIGKEN, and Mr. B. C. Cross as pianist. They had also the assistance of the

Miles. TOURNY, who sang German *Lieder* and Italian arias, of little Urso, Sig. CORTESE, tenor singer from Naples, and Sig. FOGHEL, violinist. The programme contained the overtures to *Otello* and *Oberon*, and for the rest a miscellany of songs, duets, cavatinas and violin solos, by Rossini, Bellini, Mercadante, Mendelssohn, De Beriot, Abt, &c.

The PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY followed in the same place the next evening with a yet lighter miscellany of overtures, arias, ballads, violin fantasias, &c., from Auber, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, Artot, and others. The singers were Mme. DE VRIES and Mr. FRAZER, English tenor. Mr. FLEMMER ("pupil of the great violinist Barnbeck, of Wurtemberg") played solos both on violin and horn. Leader and Conductor, Mr. CROSS.

The HARMONIA SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY opened on the evening of Dec. 2d, at the Unitarian Church (Dr. Furness's). The bill comprised choruses by Mozart, Haydn, and Rossini ("Night shades no longer") trios, quartets, &c., from Donizetti, André, Mozart, a duet by Glover, songs by Mendelssohn, Weber, &c., all in English. Conductor Mr. J. C. B. STANBRIDGE. This Society was formed in 1850 and incorporated the past year. It has weekly rehearsals, and intends, we understand, to present in a series of concerts the great works of Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, &c., in the very best style. The Harmonia Society will give its future concerts in a spacious and elegant new music hall, now building by Mr. Watson, in Chestnut Street, above Twelfth, and they have contracted with Mr. Stanbridge to erect there a noble organ, of the largest size, containing 2,900 pipes, and costing about \$7,000. The *Bulletin* says:

"It will occupy the whole upper portion of the handsome building erected on the site of the old Orphan Asylum. It has been constructed with a strict regard to acoustic effects, and will accommodate about two thousand persons. The stage and retiring rooms occupy the North end, and the organ gallery the South end. The height of the hall is such as to allow the erection of a gallery all around it, if it should be considered expedient. There are large ventilators in the ceiling, and openings for the same purpose all around the upper part of the wall, together with openings around the lower part for the admission of fresh air from below. The grand entrance will be on Chestnut street, and there will be additional doors for exit in the rear and through Mr. Watson's depository underneath, so that the hall can be emptied in a few minutes."

CINCINNATI. OLE BULL, with STRAKOSCH and the little PATTI, has been giving concerts to the unbounded delight of a Buckeye editor, who says of his playing of Paganini's *Introduzione*, &c.:

"It was a triumph over all triumphs in violin execution."

"We did not hope, since the spirit of PAGANINI passed away, ever to hear again anything so like inspiration."

As for Strakosch, this editor, "with a still vivid recollection of Herz and Thalberg, listened to the divine (!) Maurice with rapture." He says all sorts of fine things, too, of "el carissimo Signorina PATTI," eight years old, whose upper notes "strongly resemble the rich voice of a bird,"—what bird?—and suggests, "kindly," that "If the natural enthusiasm of the audience during the performance of 'Yankee Doodle,' were suppressed until the conclusion of the air, instead of breaking out in the middle, in pedal time-beatings, it would be far more gratifying to the artist."

Mrs. BOSTWICK, accompanied by the flutist SIEDE, and the violinist, APPY, has been singing here with much success.

NEW ORLEANS. "The French Opera has again placed itself favorably before the world of musical amateurs, by the manner in which Donizetti's *La Favorite* was performed during the week. We have heard this delightful opera often, but we never saw before the rôle of *Fernand*—that tragic, moving part—so excellently embodied as by Senor Bordas. He threw into it a delicacy and polish of expression, combined with deep feeling, that were novelties to a New Orleans audience, so long accustomed to *brulung* tenors. He never exaggerates, neither does he fall to the standard of mediocrity. His performance is a unity—one idea governing, smoothing the whole. Though he does not astonish, he satisfies.

"We have not such unqualified praise to bestow upon Mme. Widemann. Though a decided favorite of ours, we cannot help seeing that she gives way more and more to a desire to produce effect—to 'make a point,' as they say on the English stage—which half the time spoils her singing and distorts her acting."

"What a delightful voice Monsieur Dignet possesses! The *baritone* voice has always been our favorite above all others; it is so grave and manly, yet easy, full and

smooth. It calls for no effort on the part of the singer, and is tolerable when the tenor, basso, soprano or contralto, is not endurable, though, perhaps, better cultivated. But Monsieur Dignet's voice is cultivated. It is like listening to a well-played flute, in the lower notes, to listen to his singing of soft, delicate, tender passages. And after hearing him, we often wonder why, in opera, the lovers should always be *tenors*. Surely the *baritones* are ill-treated. As for the *bassos*—they are the most cruelly persecuted individuals, except in Italian *buffo* opera, that we ever met with. We can't imagine how Mr. Genibrel can sleep quietly. He is forever appearing before the public as a bloody tyrant, or a savage warrior, or a despotic Prince," &c.—*Beacon*, Dec. 19.

Advertisements.

Boston Musical Fund Society. SIXTH SERIES.

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THE patrons of the BOSTON MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY are respectfully informed that the Third Grand Concert of the Sixth Series will be given at the

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N. B. Ushers will be in attendance at the Hall on the evening of the Concert, in order to facilitate the seating of the audience.

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Conductor,.....Mr. C. BERGMANN.

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In consequence of other productions, this Oratorio can only be repeated on the evenings of Dec. 28th and Jan. 2d.

This notice is deemed proper in answer to the suggestions of parties from the neighboring cities and towns, who have expressed wishes to attend its performance.

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OTTO DRESEL, AUGUST FRIES, Mr. RIHA, Mr. LEHMANN and
WULF FRIES.
 2. Ave Maria—Song. Robert Franz.
Miss CAROLINE LEHMANN.
 3. Piano Solos:—Prelude and Polonaise, (op. 26) Chopin.
Fugue, in C sharp, Bach.
OTTO DRESEL.
 4. Barcarole—Song. Schubert.
Miss CAROLINE LEHMANN.
 5. Marche Caractéristique (op. 121, I.) for Piano, four
hands, Schubert.
ALFRED JAELL and OTTO DRESEL.
- PART II.
6. Variations for Piano and Violoncello. Mendelssohn.
OTTO DRESEL and WULF FRIES.
 7. Two-part Song:—
"Im Flüderbusch ein Vöglein sass," Otto Dresel.
"Autumn Song," Mendelssohn.
Miss ELISE HENSLE and Miss LEHMANN.
 8. Piano Solo—Sonata (op. 31, I.) with the Andante
of op. 14, II. Beethoven.
OTTO DRESEL.
 9. "Es grünet ein Nussbaum,"—Song, Schumann.
 10. Marche Caractéristique, (op. 121, II.) for Piano,
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ALFRED JAELL and OTTO DRESEL.

The Concert will begin precisely at half past seven.
Tickets, \$1, to be had at Reed's and Johnson's Music Stores.

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3. No person shall have a lighted cigar within the building.
4. No person shall touch the gas fixtures in any part of the
building, except by order of the Superintendent.
5. The "Ladies' Room" is exclusively for female visitors to
the Hall, as a cloak-room, dressing-room, &c., and gentlemen
are not permitted to enter this room at any time.
6. The Superintendent will be in his office (entrance from
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P. M.
7. Persons hereafter bring the Boston Music Hall, for the
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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ACOUSTIC ARCHITECTURE,

OR, THE CONSTRUCTION OF BUILDINGS WITH REFERENCE TO SOUND AND THE BEST MUSICAL EFFECT.

VIII.

We have next in order to treat of ventilation, warming and lighting, as applied to structures of the kind here in question. These are subjects that demand alike the attention of the architect, the philosopher and the philanthropist. Hitherto their importance, even in a sanatory point of view, has been too often overlooked or neglected. But aside from a due consideration for the health and comfort of a crowded audience, they are points which affect materially the acoustic properties of a room.

The conditions of the external atmosphere required for the greatest intensity, clearness and purity of tone, have been fully stated in a previous number. The effect of the different gases, and of a mixture of gases, vapors, or liquids of different chemical and mechanical natures, upon the communication of sound, has likewise been shown. From such facts and illustrations it is

plain that whatever conduces to the purity of the contained air of a room, to its quiescent and equable state, uniformity of temperature and freedom from draughts and partial currents, adds to the truthful interpretation of sound therein. We are convinced the matter has not yet been sufficiently considered in this light, although the attention of the public has at various times been directed this way.* Dr. Bell, in his instructive address delivered before the Massachusetts Medical Society, in May, 1848, on the Practical Methods of Ventilating Buildings, thus recognizes the claims of his subject in this particular.

"Under the recent advances in this science, a true ventilation is designed, also, to comprehend the acoustic relations of the air, as well as its more palpable and material admixtures. At first thought, it may appear somewhat fastidious, and even unphilosophical, to regard merely unwelcome sounds, recognized by the ear alone, in the light of offensive impurities, or rather as disagreeable additions to the medium in which we live and inter-communicate, yet no explanation will be needed by a body of medical practitioners, residing, in part, in large towns and cities, for considering the means of obviating, or alleviating, the annoyances and injurious imitations of painful sounds, in the same category with the disagreeably offensive, or actually malarious contaminations.

"It is a gratifying coincidence, which will most fully develop itself as the various modifications of the ventilating system are brought forward, that the improvements which have so fully satisfied the requirements of health and comfort, as respects respiration and purity to the senses, also meet the necessities of the ear.....The most persuasive and overpowering effects of eloquence, and the full weight of instructive attempts, thus mingle their claims for consideration in this useful science, as well as the more immediate and pressing demands of body and mind, for exemption from disease, prolongation of days, and the highest intellectual and moral exercises."

It is much to be regretted that the orator did not, in this connection, suggest the details of a plan that would satisfy, in his own view, the merits of the cause he so eloquently pleads. We have not, however, space in the compass of this essay to discuss the science of ventilation, as at present understood, and its application to buildings of various kinds, but can only refer to such of its principles as we conceive are best adapted to our present purpose, leaving the details mostly for the imagination to supply.

Regarding the main object of a true ventilation

* Vide Reports of the Parliamentary Committee in 1833 and 1835; and the able treatises on ventilation and warming by Tredgold, Reid and Wyman.

to be the constant removal of the vitiated air and its immediate substitution by fresh supplies, the proposition, now before us, is how most effectually to accomplish this end, with a just regard to the acoustic requirements which the uses of the structure demand. It is true we cannot, by any plan of artificial ventilation, fulfil all the conditions that would be desirable, for, as appears by the very nature of the case, there is required, in the room to be ventilated, a constant motion of the contaminated mass of air that its place may be filled with purer supplies from without, thus manifestly interfering with that state of absolute stillness and rest, which we have seen is essential to the perfect appreciation of sounds in the external world. But although such perfect excellence may not be obtained, we believe a nearer approximation to it can be made than exists in any hall for music of which we have knowledge.

It is a beautiful provision in nature, whereby the noxious products of respiration and combustion are carried upward by the mass of heated air with which they are mingled. Hence is derived an important indication for an effectual system of artificial ventilation. And it seems to us especially necessary in the present case, that, whatever modification circumstances may require, in other respects, the plan of introducing the pure air *from below* and providing for its discharge, when vitiated, *above*, should be rigidly adhered to. Thus shall we most readily and quietly ensure the removal of all existing elements of acoustic disturbance, with the least danger of admitting new causes of a like tendency.

In a room, containing a crowded auditory, artificially lighted and warmed in the usual manner, the air becomes rapidly loaded with the products of respiration and combustion, and, too often, by the addition of coal gas from the furnace flues. The changes induced by these processes, in the surrounding medium, are abstraction of oxygen and the addition of carbonic acid gas and moisture, with inequality of temperature and the creation of noxious draughts at various points, all which tend to destroy that homogeneous and equable state of the air which we have found so desirable in its acoustic relations.* With a given

* It has been determined from experiments on animals and from its observed effects on men, that an atmosphere containing one per cent of carbonic acid gas must be considered injurious to health, and as requiring immediate ventilation.—*Dr. Wyman's Treatise*, page 78.

W. T. Brande, Esq., states that he once examined the air in the upper part of Covent Garden Theatre, and

audience the result of these changes upon sound is appreciable, in general, in a degree inversely proportioned to the cubic capacity of the room.* In its general provisions, the plan adopted by Dr. Reid for ventilating the temporary House of Commons seems admirably fitted to meet the exigencies of the case. His system was devised expressly to satisfy both the sanitary and acoustic requirements of that room. We take the following condensed account of it from the published address of Dr. Bell before quoted from.

"A series of openings through the wall into a courtyard, admits the fresh external air to the basement of the building. A suspended fibrous veil, 42 feet by 18, hangs before the external openings, the object of which is to separate the mechanical impurities, especially the flakes of soot, of which the London atmosphere is full, 200,000 visible portions having been arrested in a single evening.

"The air thus screened, is next passed into a *receiving chamber*, constituting about one-third of the basement. A partition divides this its whole length. At the middle of this wall, an opening permits the air to pass through an apparatus in which, by a thousand jets of water crossing each other in every direction, it is washed and moistened. It then passes amongst iron tubes filled with hot water, by which its temperature is raised to any required degree. It now reaches a long chamber, parallel to the receiving chamber, from various parts of which apertures are left which allow the air to pass up into an *equalizing chamber* above, which extends under the whole Hall of Assembly. As the current passes up, it impinges against a flat board at each aperture, raised a short distance above, called a *dispenser*, which throws the air somewhat horizontally, breaking the upward current.

"No less than 300,000 gimlet holes of a conical shape, with the smaller orifice upward, to prevent clogging by dirt, allow the air to escape into every part of the room above; and to make its diffusion more perfect, a hair-cloth carpet, woven porously for the purpose, gives it an extreme and universal separation.

"The escape of vitiated air is provided for at the top of the room, where boles are left from one end to the other into a horizontal channel above, which is received into a descending flue passing to the ground and communicating with the lower extremity of a brick chimney, 110 feet in height. In the centre of this shaft, just above the termination of the flue, a fire is placed which constitutes the exhaustive power of the apparatus. The size of this room is 80 feet by 40, and 30 feet in height.†

Mr. John Sylvester, engineer, presented to the Parliamentary Committee a plan very similar in its provisions to that just described. He also proposed to admit the fresh air to the House, first passing it above a cast iron apparatus heated by steam or hot water, through small inlets over the whole area of the floor, and provided for its exit by apertures in the ceiling. The combined area of the apertures he estimated at about 665 feet, through which he supposed the air of the house would be changed six times per hour. He estimated the entire capacity of the house at 200,000 cubic feet.‡

In both these plans are recognized some important in it three per cent of carbonic acid gas, produced by vitiation and imperfect ventilation. The same gentleman also declares that coal gas destroys (for breathing) thrice its bulk of oxygen and fifteen times that of air.—*Vide Report of the Committee on House of Commons Buildings appointed in 1835.*

* For the striking effects of mixed media in obscuring and stifling sound, the reader is referred to the illustrations given in the second number of this essay.

† For a full description of these arrangements with diagrams, vide Reid's *Illustrations of Ventilation*, page 270 et seq.

An evidence of the remarkable uniformity of temperature maintained in the House of Commons, under this system, will be found in the tabular records in Dr. Wyman's *Treatise*, page 226.

‡ Report from the select Committee of the House of Commons, on ventilation, warming and transmission of sound, with the Minutes of evidence, 1835.

tant points, to which we would here direct attention as especially applicable to our present subject;—and, first, the *extreme diffusion* to which the air is subjected as it enters. In the ventilating and warming arrangements of our large halls for music and other public purposes, this most important principle is almost invariably transgressed. The hot air is admitted at two or three points, in large masses, through registers, not unfrequently placed along the central aisle of the room, and, not readily mixing with the surrounding atmosphere, rises in unbroken columns to the ceiling, whence it is at length diffused. By these shafts of heated air the sonorous vibrations are refracted, confused and obscured, the philosophical explanation of which results we have already shown in the analogous effect upon light passing through strata of different densities and natures. The testimony of Dr. Reid in this particular is important. In his evidence before the Parliamentary Committee, he says:

"Another interruption to sound is the great body of air rising from the middle of the House, when the heating apparatus is in action; from this cause members cannot hear on the opposite sides, or the speaker, persons at the bar."

One of the Committee also, when Reid mentioned this circumstance, stated that he had often noticed he could not hear a member opposite him distinctly, at particular times, unless he shifted his seat along the bench; and on examining the place he referred to, it was found that he had moved to a position where the hot current no longer passed between him and the member speaking.* If not found practicable to give the air on its admittance the universal diffusion suggested in the plans just quoted, being previously tempered, it can be made to enter beneath the benches all over the house, or through a continuous succession of apertures pierced in the floor, along the borders of the room, where an aisle might be left for that purpose. Better still, perhaps, a channel might be left in the walls close to the floor, and extending completely around the room, masked by perforated panel work, through which the attempered air would gradually flow into the apartment. It would be easy, in this way, to obtain an aggregate area of inlet apertures equal to that proposed in Mr. Sylvester's plan.

Not less important is it, also, to secure a *gentle and equable movement* of the entire mass of air through the apartment. With properly graduated inlets and outlets, arranged in the manner just described, together with the provision of a constant, controllable motive power (which is all important,) this result would naturally follow, were it not for other and foreign elements of disturbance.† Among the most serious of these is a predominance of windows in the walls, inducing cold counter currents, which, in descending, bring down with them also the noxious vapors from above to mingle with the air of the room

* In the old Tremont Temple the air was introduced in this way, as is still the case at the Melodeon in this city and at the Musical Fund Hall in Philadelphia. At the Metropolitan (formerly Tripler) Hall in New York the heated air is admitted through a series of registers placed along the sides of the room and escapes through a masked aperture in the centre of the ceiling: this, *so far as it goes*, is an improvement on the methods commonly employed amongst us, but the mode of lighting and the construction of the hall generally is faulty.

† Mr. Sylvester estimated that in his arrangements, the rate of the air's motion into the house would be half a foot per second, or about one-third of a mile per hour. At this rate, he says, a volume of air scarcely moves the most sensitive flame.

again.* This is an additional reason why windows in this situation should be as infrequent as possible; (we have before hinted at their injurious acoustic fluence in other respects).

Again, the various accessories and appendages to the main apartment are often a source of offence. Corridors, lobbies and entries, imperfectly warmed and ventilated, will give rise to sudden gusts and eddies of cold air, alike uncomfortable to the audience and injurious, in their general effect, on sound. Much can be done here, as suggested by Dr. Bell, by duplicating the doors at the extremities of every passage or entry, so that the one in front is not opened till that in the rear has thrown itself to.‡ Underneath deep galleries the atmosphere is in a different state from that in the body of the room, and hence the difficulty often experienced in hearing distinctly in such situations. Moreover the heated air which there collects, is all the while pouring out in front, whence it rises in a tenuous wavy sheet to the roof, to the manifest discomfort of the occupants of the gallery itself. In such cases a narrow aperture at the back of the projecting gallery, between it and the wall, would obviate these evils and aid in preserving the unity and homogeneity of the air in the main body of the house.

Care also should be taken in the arrangement of the ventilators in the ceiling, that too much sound do not escape as well as vitiated air.

Dr. Wyman instances the case of a chapel, in which an opening for ventilation was made in the ceiling of an organ loft, directly over the organ. When the chapel was crowded, he says, and the current through the opening considerable, the organ became nearly inaudible to those upon the floor. The difficulty ceased immediately on closing the opening. Sound, we have seen, does not easily turn at right-angles; taking advantage of this fact, these outlets, as we have elsewhere explained, can be contrived so that the vitiated air may readily enough escape, without a corresponding loss of sound.‡

From the Foreign Quarterly Review, for Jan. 1845.

Music in Germany and Belgium.

The prevailing musical characteristic of the present day is an immense activity in supplying the demand for novelty. Since the time when Gluck, Mozart, Haydn, Sarti, Sacchini, and Jomelli were contemporaries, what a change has taken place in the aspect of the musical world! Individual models of compositions may have declined, but what a multitude of composers has arisen, what an increase of music shops, what an important branch of European commerce, a true index to the public which supports it, has music become! Formerly, the most precious composition was with difficulty disposed of; now, the new works of Spohr, Mendelssohn, &c., are marketable commodities, that command at once for the copyright the price affixed by their authors. This eagerness in the public for new forms of

* In confirmation of this effect of a surface of cold glass in disturbing the quiescent state of the air of a room, vide Wyman's *Treatise*, page 125.

† In fact, the cross draughts, supplies from sources and emissions of air at points not determined by the motive power, would be utterly inconsistent with any uniformly arranged plan. As Dr. Reid well remarks, in a scientific plan, the apartment to be ventilated is to be deemed and treated as a piece of philosophical apparatus, the results of the operation of which are to be interfered with by no fortuitous influences.—p. 71.

‡ Saunders, in his treatise on theatres, recommends that these ventilators be closed during the performance of the piece and opened only between the acts. This, however, is going to the opposite extreme.

musical beauty may be traced to the gradual influence of the works of the great musicians of the eighteenth century, who, however, cultivated their art amidst many personal vicissitudes, which mingle regrets in the train of their triumphs. Not all the powers of Europe could produce a *Sinfonia Eroica*, or revive the melodious charm of a *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and yet Beethoven lived in apprehension of want, and Mozart could only exist by occasional resort to ball-room composition. The misfortunes of artist-life, during a period of transition in taste, were not confined to these illustrious examples; the chronicle of them during the last century, when patronage was confined to a few princes and men of cultivated minds, is unfortunately frequent and full. Their successors, however, have profited; thanks to them, music is now universally one of the necessities of polite life; moderate talents find an existence, great ones are amply rewarded. As for poor Mozart, who left this earth some two or three hundred pounds in debt, which his widow subsequently scraped together and duly repaid, what a source of "riches fineless" have his works been—what a legacy to Europe—to the world! Apart from what we owe him, as the minister to our most spiritual enjoyments, his works have been a constant benefaction to a large tribe of the humbler artists, singers, music teachers, and orchestra players, who owe to him, and others like him, a large proportion of the means to their physical existence.

In instrumental music Germany retains the pre-eminence over other countries, which she gained through the completion of the modern style by Haydn, and the revolution in the orchestra by Mozart. There is an atmosphere of artist-life in Germany peculiarly favorable to that branch of composition, which requires fancy, learning, taste, and feeling; in short, a stretch of the poetical faculty to which it is impossible to rise without the excitement of continual comparison and friendly collision. Continental living is altogether better adapted to this object than that of England; the social footing of artists is easier and more unreserved, and a more exact pace with the progress of the day is maintained. Even some Englishmen of talent have become very successful instrumental composers abroad, of which Onslow and the fine harpist, Parish Alvers, are examples; and we notice these artists more particularly as the preponderance of the merit of native composition has been for some years decidedly vocal. The advantages of the Kapellmeister consist in a perpetual intercourse with his art, as exhibited in its finest varieties of music for the church, the theatre, concert-room, or chamber; in the power to find recreation as well as study in his profession; in easy and assured circumstances, which leave his mind at liberty; and, above all, in freedom from the soul-blighting, mechanical routine of tuition. Admiration of something beautiful just performed is his inducement to compose, and affords him the necessary stimulus in composition: thus one work generates another. Without that natural *pabulum* to the mind of the composer, which is derived from an atmosphere of fine music, and social sympathies inspired by congenial taste, high composition cannot be carried on; the flame of genius burns feebly or totally expires. The tenure of the artist's position—constant production and constant excellence—is honorable in proportion to its difficulty, and it frequently happens in this strife that a man's most doughty antagonist is himself. We hardly know who would come unscathed out of the contest, did it not happen that music diverges into many styles; a man grown too famous in one may avoid comparison in another; habit comes to his assistance, he achieves a new success, and his fame in a particular style remains untarnished. And fortunate it is when ill-opinion is thus disarmed, for the more eminent the reputation and services of any master, the greater in general is the alacrity of the scientific world to discover the symptoms of his decay, and to obtain the first glimpse of the "bottom of the bag."

Of the living masters who have most honorably acquitted themselves in the career of the musi-

cian, we must hail as first the veteran LOUIS SPOHR. The European celebrity of this fine artist has been nobly earned;—it has been the reward of an immense and very successful application to composition, with an uncompromising fidelity to the *ideal* of his classical predecessors. It compensates somewhat for the inferiority of our own times in point of musical invention, that the improved condition of artists enables them to dispense with those popular considerations and appeals, from which Mozart and Haydn were never entirely free. Hence, in the finales to certain of their instrumental works, trios, quartets, &c., we see the obvious necessity of composers who must "please to live," exhibited in a condescension to the favor of the majority, to which the artist of the present day would not give an instant's admittance. All that he has now to do, is to follow out his fancy, write the best he can, and commit it fairly to the public—let who will admire or not. It is true that, with this severe standard of chamber music, and this entire absence of triviality and commonplace, we miss the fascination of Mozart's pen; the charming vivacity, the entire new face on every composition, and that most characteristic art, by which a mean or vulgar theme is suddenly represented under an aspect the most surprising and delightful to the connoisseur. It suits well with the qualities and condition of modern genius to be free from these difficult necessities of self-vindication. Spohr and Mendelssohn differ from the great founders of the modern school in nothing more than in the obvious mould of their composition: their new works seldom or never disclose entirely new scenes, free from reminiscences of themselves or others. With Mozart and Beethoven it was not thus; the physiognomy of their works is of an inexhaustible variety, and it must have been utterly impossible to the most gifted auditor of any new sonata, trio, or quartet, by them, to infer from one what would be the appearance of the next.

If, however, intellectual novelty be not the prevailing feature of modern composition, we have reason to admire the industry with which its place is supplied by new designs, new combinations and effects. Spohr, at an age when most men are not indifferent to repose, and when, by one of his approved good service to music, it might be most honorably enjoyed, has entered upon a new path in his art as a pianoforte composer. His first sonata in A flat, dedicated to Felix Mendelssohn, contains, in the opening allegro, one of the loveliest effusions of vocal style that the art has known since the days of Dussek. A designed compliment to the author of the *Lieder ohne Worte* seems to have excited all his powers of song, while the new medium of expression, a keyed instrument, and not a violin, has been favorable to his ideas, and corrected a vicious mannerism and monotony, into which his figures, for the latter instrument, have a tendency to run. His three new concertante trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, are characterized by a great superiority in the writing and effects of the stringed parts over those made by mere pianoforte writers, and supply that mixture of refinement of style, and difficulty of execution, which is the main requirement of the chamber music of the day. The master is evident in the handling of everything of Spohr's, from the two-part exercises of his admirable violin school, to the profound counterpoint of his double quartets. And yet, such is the peculiarity of Spohr—his predilection for a certain chromatic harmony—for the enharmonic change, for sundry closes and cadences, which are at once recognized as his, and give an unmistakable air to his music, that though he has attempted nearly all the styles of the art, he has completely succeeded only in a part of them. What he produces from the energy of his own nature is truly admirable; his feeling being profound and his taste exquisite; but when it becomes expedient that he change the style, he is not so happy. For this reason his operas, with the exception of the pretty and naïve '*Azor and Zemira*,' will be remembered chiefly for isolated beauties and single scenes of merits, rather than for connected and condensed

interest, as entire works. The same defect of fancy which militates against the success of his dramas, also places his orchestral symphonies, in the aggregate, at a distance from those of Mozart and Beethoven, which will not permit us to consider them very successful. Even the two last, "The Power of Sound," and the "Historical Symphony," descriptive of the various epochs of the art, seem neither in England, nor on the continent, to have realized the new effects that the programme promised. The most complete successes of Spohr relate to branches of composition, in which his mannerism has been less sensibly conspicuous as an impediment to gratification. His oratorios, "Die letzten Dinge," and its successor, the "Crucifixion," have a sweetness, gravity, and depth of religious feeling, to which nothing, in modern music, can make equal pretension; their feeling flows entirely from the author's breast, without reviving any idea of model or exemplar. Let us recall his numerous quartets, quintets, and double quartets, for violins, his concertos for violin, clarinet, &c., his magnificent overtures—of which that to *Faust* will always remain a striking example; the sacred music above-mentioned—his nonetto, and other pieces of harmony; his separate songs, and dramatic scenes, constructed somewhat on the model of Mozart,—and we have a *coup d'œil* of the available services to music, public and private, of this celebrated master. By his side we may now place for a moment one or two memorable artists deceased during the present century. HUMMEL, though limited in the range of his compositorial endowments, had a most pleasing warmth of fancy, and an air of inspiration in his composition, with a total absence of mannerism; he was also first rate in two styles—concerted pianoforte music, and in the masses of his own church. Since the death of Haydn, Catholic music has scarcely received any contribution so effective and splendid as the masses of Hummel,—whether clearness of the fugues, brilliancy and richness of the orchestral accompaniments, or a certain ecclesiastical gusto, are considered. The fault of the classical Hummel was a treacherous memory, which betrayed him into the unconscious appropriation of many good things, originally belonging to Mozart and Beethoven. It is remarkable, that neither Hummel nor Cherubini, another acknowledged master of the orchestra, contributed a single symphony to vary our slender stock of first-rate works of that class; Clementi was the only man of their rank of inventive genius, who had the courage to signalize his incapacity by an attempt. If the abstinence of musicians from any style in which perfection has been achieved, with numerous examples of the failure in it of the most redoubted talents, be any criterion of the difficulty and honor of the path, this retrospective glance certainly elevates Spohr as a symphonist. But, though interest and amusement are sustained by the productions of modern pens, we recede farther and farther from the poetical gusto of the style; the art, in its present condition, desiderates a revival—an entire freedom from the magical and absorbing influence of the past—a new pen, in which the dead shall not speak, as they do ever and anon in the novelties of Spohr and Mendelssohn. This too, has been attempted by Berlioz, in Paris, with ludicrous failure; and it seems to be the fate of symphony, that from the time of Holzbauer and Vanhall, the predecessors of Haydn and Mozart, to that of our own contemporaries, Berlioz and Potter, whole reams of paper should have been blotted to no other purpose, than to establish the indisputable pre-eminence of some thirty or forty classical works.

(To be Continued.)

[Communicated.]

The writer of this has recently been called upon in the course of his duties, to examine, somewhat critically, the various Church Music Books which have been ushered in upon us during the past two years. Many *musically* ungrammatical passages have been discovered, a part of them owing their existence to mistakes of the printer, and a part to an oversight of the authors.

Again, passages have been discovered, which do not in their construction come in conflict with the laws of progression, yet discover a shocking want of correct and refined taste on the part of their originators. On the other hand, many tunes are to be found in the works alluded to, which are highly creditable to those whose names are connected with them as authors. But there exists, in a large number of the *common metres*, a peculiarity (to call it by no harsher name) which demands an explanation. In order to be fully understood, a portion of the Treble of "Newry," a tune on the 130th page of the "Melodia Sacra," is here introduced.



Chos - en of God, to sin - ners dear,



Let saints a - dore the name; They trust, &c.

Observe that no longer time intervenes between the close of the second line and the first note of the third line, than between the close of the first and beginning of the second lines. Is this consistent with the poetry? Does it satisfy the ear when performed merely as a musical phrase? Is it rhythmical? Reference might also be made to the tune "Werner," on the 96th page of "Cantica Laudis." On page 110 of the same work, in the tune "Forth," a *pause* is placed at the close of the second line, thereby obviating the difficulty, and indicating the author's view of the matter. These suggestions are made, not in a fault-finding spirit, but as a challenge to further remarks from those interested in the subject.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 8, 1853.

OUR BOSTON LIST. . . . We find the distribution of our Journal in the city by carriers so expensive and troublesome, that we are compelled to adopt the practice of many other weekly papers. Hereafter, those of our Boston subscribers, who wish their papers left at their houses by our carrier, will be charged at the rate of *fifty cents* per annum. It will then be at the option of city subscribers to receive their papers at the office of publication, or at their homes or places of business; in the first case, it will cost them \$2 per annum, in the latter, \$2.50.

Of course we do not make this new requirement for the present year, of subscribers who have already paid; but it will be a condition of all future subscriptions or renewals.

Joseph Haydn.

Our local orchestras, when they began to initiate us into the mysteries of symphony music, took us at once to the sublimest height which that form of Art has reached, to the symphonies of Beethoven; and these we have heard winter after winter, more or less, for at least fifteen years. If there have been any alternation it has been in favor of still more modern masters, as Mendelssohn especially, and Spohr, Gade, Schumann, and so on; while only occasionally has a glance been cast at Haydn and Mozart, who went before Beethoven, the infallible oracles of all lovers of instrumental music in the generation before us, and oracles which respond with a marvellous undying virtue yet, whenever earnestly consulted. Historically, to say the least, our symphony education here in this community is miserably deficient, as regards the great elder brothers of Beethoven, and though we do not begin to exhaust or half appreciate his full significance, we can lose nothing by weighing and

admiring the earlier Art in some respects so perfect, upon which he built. Our "Musical Fund" orchestra gave us the other night a symphony of Haydn; in honor whereof let us recall, as likely in some degree just now to interest our readers, the record of such studies as we made of this delightful master some ten years ago.

Every one must have felt, in the overtures and accompaniments of an Oratorio or an Opera, that the instruments in a measure suggested a scenery and back-ground to the whole. More and more would naturally be made of this; till finally the orchestra became principal, and human life became part of a landscape, which formerly was only a slightly-sketched back-ground to a subject from human life. Thus music followed the very order of the arts which address the eye. Art first wrought with an overwhelming consciousness of the Infinite; and her first work was to erect a massive, all-enduring pile, as a sign of looking up to God. Then she turned to the human, and carved human forms and groups. Then she looked at Nature and began to paint her loveliness. So music first upreared her great Egyptian pyramids to God, forgetful of all else, in her Handelian choruses; then sang the loves and griefs of mortal life; and finally reached her landscape-painting in the separation of the orchestra from the voice, in the invention of the Symphony. Do not think that *all* is said for instrumental music, when we have called it landscape-painting; but it is enough for our present object.

We come, then, to the "Father of Instrumental Music." JOSEPH HAYDN (whose name is never mentioned among French writers without the addition, "that great man") was born on the last day of March, 1732, in the little Austrian village of *Rohrau*. His father was a poor wheelwright, and parish sexton; his mother had been a cook in the family of the lord of the village. Less precocious than Handel or Mozart, his first musical exploit was at the age of *five*, when, with two pieces of wood to represent a fiddle and fiddle-bow, he would keep time to his mother's singing, accompanied by the father on the harp,—their usual Sunday and holiday recreation. A relation, who was a schoolmaster, and a crabbed one, in another village, was struck with the accuracy of the child's sense of time, and took him home to teach him music, among other things. He kept him three years, years of stern discipline. It did not crush his buoyant nature, but only kept him active, and by the end of that time he had learned to read, and write, and sing; the rudiments of music, a little Latin, and some touch of the violin and other instruments. He had a fine voice, and when he was eight years old, *Reuter*, the chapel-master from Vienna, who was drumming up recruits for his choir, saw a fine future *virtuoso* in the boy, and so he became a chapel-boy in the church of St. Stephen's. There he sang eleven years. If in other things he fared hardly, living in a cold garret, and poorly fed, he had time enough (for the boys were only used two hours each day), and, as he had the taste and the will, he made the most of it to carry on his musical studies. Nothing else could tempt him. When at play in the court with the other boys, if he heard the organ from the cathedral, he was sure to creep in, and stay till he had drunk every sound. At thirteen, he began to be haunted with the desire to compose, and showed his master the score of his first attempt at a Mass, which he returned with ridicule, telling him that "he had better first learn how to write." It was just what he had wanted; if he had had any money to pay anybody to teach him the rules of counterpoint, he would not have had to guess at them. He resolved not to be discouraged; he got a few shillings from his father for clothes, and with this contrived to buy some dry, obscure old treatises, into the heart of which, through the thick hedge of technicalities and rules, he worked his way as he could and would, without a teacher. He said, "he never studied less than sixteen hours a day."

He was now nineteen years old; and his voice

broke. That, or a roguish trick which he played upon a comrade, cost him a dismission, if not an expulsion from the chapel. He was fairly set adrift without chart or pilot, or even a plank between him and the water; turned into the street in the night, no money in his pocket, no home to go to. Luckily, a peruke-maker, who had admired his fine voice in the chapel, took compassion on him, gave him the use of a garret, and a seat at his frugal table. By playing and singing about at different churches all day long, he just supported himself and repaid the kindness of his host; and at night, in his cold garret, worked away at his counterpoint books with a rickety old harpsichord, making a thousand little discoveries of his own, separating the arbitrary rules from those founded in nature, and happy as a king. The first six sonatas of *Emanuel Bach* were a treasure to him; he could not stop till he had played them through. "Any one who knows me thoroughly," he said, "will see that I am under great obligations to Emanuel; that I have seized his style, and studied him with care; indeed, that author himself paid me the compliment of saying so."

Who does not see already that this youth will succeed? that he is one of the enterprising class of minds whose difficulties are all at the outset, when it is almost a fine game, with exuberant strength and spirits, to fight one's way through them. Simply obedient to his one ruling passion, entering every opening without fear or fastidiousness, regular and persevering at his work, he will find a sphere, and will never after, like a proud Handel, quarrel with the world; nor like a sentimental, imaginative Mozart, with himself. Not long after, he was living, in somewhat better circumstances, at the house of a man whose daughters he instructed, in the same house with the celebrated Metastasio. He composed piano-forte sonatas for his pupils, which were published and admired. These introduced him to patrons, who, knowing only his name and works, were surprised to find the object of their admiration one so poor and threadbare. New pupils and new orders for compositions soon enabled him to dress in a respectable suit of black. Doubtless, what troubled him most, at this period, was some small sediment of doubts which still remained at the bottom of the cup after his self-taught solution of the theoretic points. But he soon met a skilful alchemist, if not one of the most willing. The Venetian ambassador took him on a tour to one of the watering-places, together with Porpora, once Handel's rival in London, now poor and old and cross, but a profound harmonist, who had also the true Italian art of singing. Haydn paid him every officious attention, not dismayed by his rough reception; but brushed his coat for him and cleaned his shoes every morning; till the old man smiled perforce at such disinterestedness, and, seeing that he had talent, gave him some valuable lessons. A serenade, which he performed with two of his companions about the streets at night, introduced him to the buffoon, Curtz, who could appreciate good music, and paid him well for composing the music of a comic opera—"The Devil on Two Sticks." Some trios, and first attempts at quartets for stringed instruments (of which he wrote over eighty in the course of his life, all esteemed amongst the greatest ornaments of one of the most difficult and classic forms of music,) increased his fame, if not his fortune; for there was no copyright for him. Eight years passed in this way, which makes him twenty-seven, when the event happened, which secured him peace, comfortable support, and the very sphere for labor which his genius craved for the rest of his life.

In 1758, he had entered the service of Count Mortzin—one of those Austrian noblemen, of almost boundless wealth and power, whose residence in Vienna in the winter made it a city of palaces. Many of them were amateurs, and kept their own orchestras. They were the Medici, and Vienna the Florence, of the modern music. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, most of the magnates in the new empire of instrumental harmony, there had their reign. Here he composed his first symphony for one of the private concerts of

his patron. The old Prince Esterhazy, the head of the wealthiest and proudest of those families, happened to be present. He knew good music, and asked to have Haydn transferred to him, to be his second chapel-master. It was granted; but the composer being sick and not present, nothing more was thought of it: till finally a friend of his in the prince's orchestra persuaded him to compose a symphony in honor of the prince's birth-day, to be performed under Haydn's own direction, at his estate in Eisenstadt, a little town in Hungary. In the middle of the first Allegro, the prince interrupted the performers, and demanded to know who composed such admirable music. Haydn was led forward, trembling and blushing. "What, is the music by this Moor?" (His complexion was dark, and those who were jealous of him could sometimes call him a "vulgar looking little fellow")—"Well, Moor! from this time you are in my service. What is your name?"—"Joseph Haydn."—"Haydn! I remember that name—you belong to me already—why have I never seen you?" He was too confused to answer; and the imperious man proceeded: "Well; go and dress yourself like a professor; do not let me see you any more in this trim, you cut a pitiful figure. Get a new coat, a wig and buckles, a collar and red heels to your shoes; but I particularly desire that they may be of a good height, in order that your stature may correspond to your intelligence; you understand me; go your way, and everything will be given you." Not a little grieved at the loss of his fine hair, he slunk back into the corner of the orchestra, and appeared next day at the prince's levee, looking ludicrously enough in his grave costume. How would Handel, or Beethoven, have met such arrogance! I would not repeat this well-known story, did it not contain a moral relating to the whole appearance and development of Art. At that time the musical composer, were he ever so great an artist, was only a servant and an inferior in the establishments of the great. It is otherwise now. But is it not a fact of some significance, that every divine visitant of this earth first undergoes humiliation? It was so at first with learning and the arts; scholars and artists were in bondage to, and patronized in a most humiliating way by those immeasurably their inferiors, only surrounded with the pomp of circumstance. Music came, the Messiah of the eighteenth century. It, too, must serve its time in Egypt, must drudge like Hercules, a deity in disguise; must be despised and patronized. Out of the "Moor, and vulgar-looking little fellow," trembling before the imposing splendor of the imperious Esterhazys, was to proceed a glory, which alone entitles them to a thought out of their own age and circle. Prophets born in slavery; rude, unfashionable, unimposing; too busy with their own glorious work, to waste much thought on their own dignity; yet proud and prompt enough when their own territory was invaded, flattering the false taste of neither lord nor emperor.

In his new situation, Haydn had all he wanted; freedom from care, sphere for labor among those who could appreciate the art, if they did not dream of treating the artist as an equal. Thirty years of cheerful, regular, successful work, with so little of variety or incident, that the history of one day may serve for the whole, show how well he was contented. Unlike Handel's thirty years of opera-life in England, they were neither years of publicity nor of proud contention with annoying circumstances. In the little town of Eisenstadt, for the private pleasure of a prince and for the pleasure of the work itself, he was producing his long list of immortal symphonies and quartets and masses, and was famous all over Europe long before he knew it himself. Buoyant and pliant, he had little or nothing to vex him; no rival where he reigned absolute, no false taste to propitiate. There was only one unhappy circumstance (and this again shows what an unsuspicious, all-accepting child the artist is in the world) which disturbed his domestic peace. The peruke-maker, who took him in, in those dark days, had proposed to him a marriage with his daughter, which, in his thoughtlessness, more from

gratitude than love, he accepted. He kept his word; and now behold him doomed to a scolding wife, and a house full of priests and monks, for whom she had a mania. This was too much, and Haydn (in everything else a pattern of fidelity and temperance) was fain to seek consolation in the society of a fair singer in the prince's service, and ere long separated from his wife. If ever there is a case of the act pure of all thought of sin: if ever a vitiated society is answerable for the misconduct of one of its members, this was such a case;—the act contrasts with his character, which was anything but irregular and loose. It never struck into the core; yet we say, would the blemish were out! We have his history for thirty years, when we imagine him rising early every morning, dressing himself with the utmost neatness, with the diamond ring the prince gave him on his finger (without which he could not compose), seated at a little desk by the side of his piano all the morning, writing, never idle, never hurried; then conducting rehearsals or operas in the afternoon, and passing the evenings with his friends. If his ideas were clogged, he would say over his rosary, like a good Catholic, and then they flowed fast enough; and, in gratitude, he would write "*Laus Deo*" at the end of the work. Now and then he spent a day in hunting; and if he went to Vienna, his standing order of the day was only interrupted till he reached there. In the prince's service his outward position was precisely his position in Art, namely, at the head of an orchestra. He had nothing to do but invent musical thoughts and hear them executed by a band of his own training. And now, if we imagine all his outward circumstances to be mere shadows and passing thoughts; if we imagine the court and the palace and its fashions, and all that, to be no more to him than the clouds are to busy men in Wall street; if we imagine that orchestra his world, and the whole bee-hive of happy musical thoughts in his head his life, we shall have Haydn separated from what was not Haydn, the artist in his magic sphere. To understand him, we must form an idea of an orchestra; for Haydn at the head of his orchestra marks a new era in music; namely, the emancipation of music from its subservience to the other arts, to poetry, to words; the cultivation of music *pure*, music its own interpreter, music for the sake of music, and not for the sake of illustrating, adorning, or expressing a thought or sentiment.

With the orchestra music completes and fills out its own world. The orchestra is a world. When we hear it properly we forget that there is any other world. This is the last attainment of Art. We know that statues were first only imitations of men, for the sake of the likeness; then imitations with some, but only a secondary regard to beauty. But when we have stood before an Apollo Belvedere, or a Laocöon, what was it that transported us as the subject itself never could? The statue seemed surrounded with its own atmosphere, seemed to enchant the air with its own style, and to hold us spell-bound within the charmed element, utterly forgetful that there was another world but that which this masterpiece of art filled. The sense of Art itself was awakened in us; and we felt that Art has its own world, independently of any casual reference to things in this world. So with instrumental music. Until about the time when Handel went to Italy (1708) instrumental music was nothing but an accompaniment to the voice. With Corelli and his school, instrumental music, but in a few parts, had acquired a distinct being. Handel used it for scenery and back-ground to his songs and choruses. The form called Symphony, or a long piece of several movements, &c., was invented soon after; but was only for the four stringed instruments, with two oboes and two horns, playing in unison with them. Even this could not be called an entire emancipation of the peculiar genius of music; because these pieces were still only imitations, instead of accompaniments to the voice. Now, to be sure, quartets, trios, even solos on instruments, bring out the genius of music; because now the orchestra has been heard, and these aim to imitate its wonderful effects, or at least to suggest them or sketch up to

them. When Haydn appeared, the number of instruments had become much greater; the capacities of each had been brought out by skilful players. It was for him to put them all together, and organize them into a living whole; composing for them such music as should bring out the genius of them all combined in the most beautiful effect.

In comparing orchestral music to landscape painting, I of course did not mean that it is solely or chiefly an imitation of Nature; but rather that this development of music coincides with the development of a poetical sense or feeling of Nature; the problem of it is to combine the greatest variety into a perfect unity; and, as in Nature, to give every part its individuality and separate life, while they so blend and work together, either by harmony or contrast, that one thought shall make itself felt as the soul of the whole. A melody is an individual sentiment; an accompaniment gives it a back-ground and sets it in bolder relief; but a symphony finds the correspondence of Nature to the feeling of the heart, makes all things share our mood and become its language. If it be joy, then, in the intermingling melodies, and crude half-discords brightening into harmonies, and all the coloring and shading of the various qualities of tone of various instruments, we have, as it were, all the joyous sounds of nature responding and sharing our joys. This is the continual feeling which we have with Haydn. In the orchestra, each instrument is a character; has its distinct genius; according as it is subdued or prominent, is the whole complexion of the piece changed. Thus the oboë is pastoral; the bassoon, with its low reedy tones, seems like Pan himself; the double bass is an Atlas sustaining the whole mass; the horns always seem to come from the woods, and from a distance: sometimes, to one who hears music in a mood for picture-making, they seem, with their long mellow notes, like a flood of golden light poured in across the back-ground of a landscape, bringing out the shape of every little mote and insect in the fore-ground, and making all its figures bolder. And there is no end to such imaginings. But one thing is established, that in the symphony each of the twenty parts has a character to sustain, and yet the sentiment of the whole is one. And a true symphony, a deep work of Art in that form, will be more or less to the different minds who hear it, in precise proportion to their own depth, just as Nature is. Haydn caught the harmony, the grace, the cheerfulness of Nature; and all his music seems an exposition of life in harmony with Nature. His symphonies were instantly popular; everybody enjoys them, as we do a refreshing walk or a pleasant conversation; an enjoyment which costs us nothing but a genial spirit and a sense for beauty. There are minds to whom Nature is more than beautiful, more than refreshing; for them Beethoven wrote.

Haydn's public life did not commence till he was almost sixty years. In 1791 and '94, he made two visits to England, of a year each, being invited to compose and conduct symphonies for the orchestral concerts established by Salomon, for whom he composed twelve of his greatest works. On his way home he gave concerts; and with the proceeds of all this, which made a little fortune, he retired from the Esterhazy house, and bought himself a little cottage in a green lane in one of the suburbs of Vienna, where he quietly passed the rest of his days. It was in 1795 that he commenced his greatest work, the Oratorio of the "Creation." This was at the suggestion of the Baron von Swieten, an enthusiast about the imitative powers of music, who wrote him the words. Haydn was two years about it. In England he had heard the music of Handel, and a loftier ideal now hovered before him. When urged to bring it to a conclusion, he said: "I spend a long time upon it, because I intend it to last a long time." It was soon heard and admired throughout Europe. Two years afterwards he produced the "Seasons," a similar Oratorio (if it may be so called), to words from Thompson. This was his last great work; and already his powers were fading. The account of the last performance of the "Creation" in his presence is truly

affecting, and forms a beautiful farewell to the sphere of his long labors. All Vienna was assembled in the theatre; the old man was brought into the door in a chair, with a flourish of trumpets, when he was met by the Princess Esterbazy and other distinguished persons and conducted to his seat amidst all the beauty, nobility, and refinement of the place. A physician remarking that he seemed too much exposed to the cold, instantly the richest shawls left the shoulders of their fair wearers to wrap up the old man warm. He was too much affected by the performance to remain through the whole, and he was carried from the room, bowing to the orchestra with tears of gratitude in his eyes, amid the plaudits of the whole assembly.

He did not long survive this excitement. Sinking rapidly under the pressure of age and infirmities, haunted by the fear of poverty and disease, too weak to play or compose, he depended more and more on the visits of his friends for variety. He used to send around a visiting card, on which was printed a strain of music to the words, "Gone is all my strength; I am old and weak." Finally, the thunders of war drew near to disturb his quiet retreat and shake the o'er-ripe fruit from its stem. The bonib-shells of Napoleon's army fell about his cottage. In vain he tried to quiet his trembling domestics, saying, "There can no evil come where Haydn is;" in vain he roused himself to sing "God save the emperor," with a feeble voice;—while seated at his piano he fell into a kind of stupor and expired on the 31st May, 1809, at the age of 78. And so the broad, full, placid stream of his life, flowing equally on, never plunging down in fierce cascades, never rising above its banks, reflecting faithfully every bright and sunny thing upon its bosom, passed into the ocean of eternity.

A long and uneventful life; but, we may say, he coined every happy moment of it into imperishable music. 118 symphonies, 82 quartets, 20 masses, several oratorios, operas, songs, and smaller things for instruments innumerable, and nearly every page of it accounted classic—this was living to some purpose; this was winning a blessing from every fleet-footed hour as it flew by!

[Conclusion next week.]

Concerts of the Week Past.

MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY. The storm detained more people, than the "celebrated" Hungarian singer, Mme. FERENCZY, drew, on Saturday. Fortunately there were no more there to be mortified in that respect. It was the old fatality of this Society, that seems to have always followed its announcements of "first appearances" of celebrated *prime donne*. Was ever the *Scena* from *Der Freyschütz* vulgarized to such a *yodling*, street-organ singing style! All sympathy and honor to the brave Hungarians, who have artists among them as well as heroes! But no amount of patriotism, American or foreign, can reconcile us to what is positively not artistic in a festival of Art. And this leads us to ask again here, what we have often asked elsewhere: Where is the great importance of having *any* singing at all in the Fund concerts? Have we not all reason to be satisfied with their good symphonies and overtures, even if we get nothing more? At all events, better no singer, than one who is not unquestionably an artist. The standard of general taste among us has much risen; and our audiences are *ennuied*, provoked, mortified by singing which might once have made the semblance of a *furore*; they grow more frank too, and pretend less to be pleased when they are not. Those bouquets flung with such deliberate awkwardness before the song began, were not allowed even to commit the audience to the most frigid half-applause when it was over.

But as we said, leaving the songs aside, was there not interest enough without them? The Symphony by Haydn (one of the Salomon set, in E flat) was an exquisite, complete feast in itself. It was played with spirit and precision under the firm *baton* of Mr. Suck, who proved himself, not now for the first time, a capital conductor. The only faults were too much nervous motion on his part, and that appearance of rigidly *drilling* his orchestra, which belongs rather to a rehearsal than a concert, but which was excusable, perhaps necessary, under the circumstances, seeing that hardly a week had intervened since the crisis in the orchestra which called him to the helm. To the same reason, too, we must attribute, we suppose, a certain overdoing of the *forzandos*, giving a somewhat too rough, spasmodic character to portions of the music. Perhaps we ought not to expect to hear these done with ease and delicacy, until the orchestra have been thoroughly disciplined into the habit of noting them at all.

The arrangement of Schubert's *Ave Maria*, by Mr. Suck, in which the melody was taken first by the violoncello, then by the oboë, and then by the flute and clarinet in unison, was played with fine expression and encoored. The overture by Cherubini (*Les deux Journées*) was nobly impressive, and the lighter concert overture, by Kalliwoda, (Op. 65, in G,) rendered for the most part with a good deal of delicacy. Mr. RIBAS' Variations on the Corno-Anglaise (rather a dull solo instrument) proved him to have lost none of his old cleverness.

We sincerely hope, for the success of the Fund orchestra, that all its members will co-operate cheerfully and heartily with the new leader, who we hear is wise enough not to accept the post permanently, until he has first tried and been tried in the element which he will have to sway. Some one in the gallery *hissed* when the conductor first made his bow; but the rudeness, with its few faint echoes, was promptly drowned by the most re-assuring plaudits of all the rest of the audience.

The third and last performance of "Judas Maccabæus" did new honor to HANDEL and the society that for forty years has borne his name in Boston. The organ was the chief want. Of the choruses we need say no more, save that they give the lie most summarily to the old saw that "familiarity breeds contempt." Mrs. WENTWORTH is truly a delightful oratorio singer, as pure and true in style and in the rendering of her author, as she is in the faultless intonation of her voice. Verily we are not ashamed of "native talent." Mr. Low took Mr. FROST's part, as principal tenor, in the second performance, and save in the recitatives, where he was not crisp and positive enough, nor wholly true in pitch, he sang with a truly beautiful quality of voice and good expression; his tones told nobly in the repeat of "Sound an alarm." Mr. FROST resumed his part last Sunday, showing more certainty and freedom in the recitative of his first song, which alone we heard. Mr. HAMILTON, too, added to his very firm, reliable reading, the beauty of an intonation not inclining to such sharpness as the first time.

For a few Sundays now the Handel and Haydn Society will withdraw from publicity to study Beethoven's Oratorio, which will be given for the remaining three performances ere long.

New Music.

From Geo. P. Reed & Co., the publishers, we have received the following:

Notturmo from "Midsummer Night's Dream," by MENDELSSOHN, arranged for piano for two, and for four hands. This is the most charming reminiscence one could have out of all that inimitable fairy music; the deepest and most human, soul-like portion of it;—the very music one would love to go to sleep by. The arrangement seems to be quite satisfactory.

Variations for the Piano, by BEETHOVEN. Sixth of the series. The theme of this is a sweet and soothing lullaby: *Kind, willst du ruhig sein* ("Child, wilt thou be quiet");—a melody which Beethoven fondles with and varies, with exquisite inventiveness and through a length of fifteen pages, as if he loved it and was loath to leave it.

Elegie, by ERNST, arranged for piano by TH. KULLAK. We have all admired this rich and melancholy, we might say religious, Adagio for the violin, as played by Herwig, Vieuxtemps, Sivori and all the great violinists. Good piano-forte transcriptions of these few enduring gems of the concert room are a convenience and a treasure, enabling us to recall fugitive delights, or at least to judge deliberately how far the composition has deserved its popularity. Pianists will find this a pleasant piece of practice.

Eight Melodies of SCHUBERT, transcribed for Piano, by STEPHEN HELLER. No. 1, *Adieu* ("Last Greeting.") This is not like the difficult and expanded transcriptions of Liszt; but it is a perfectly simple transferring to the piano of every note that is in the original, both vocal melody and accompaniment. The melody is given to the left hand, as if sung by a tenor voice. In this way, one who is not a singer can read and sing over in his mind those admirable songs of Schubert.

MENDELSSOHN'S *Six Two-Part Songs*. Arranged for Piano by F. Suck. Nos. 1 and 2. "I would that my Love," and "O, wert thou in the cauld Blast." These are arranged on the same principle as the above, with a strict fidelity, requiring more skill than appears, and they will enable the pianist to spend sweet moments with one of the world's half a dozen most inspired song-writers.

Our Leipsic Correspondence.

LEIPSIK, Dec. 12th, 1852.

GLUCK AND RICHARD WAGNER—SCHUMANN'S SYMPHONIES—GADE'S LAST WORKS—TWO OPERAS OF MOZART—DREYSCHOCK IN CLASSICAL MUSIC—MOSCHELES.

The *Alceste* of GLUCK and the *Tannhäuser* of WAGNER—the Alpha and Omega of the musical Alphabet—have been, among the many, the two works (heard since I came to Germany) which have left upon my mind the strongest and most opposite impressions.

Perhaps the greatest pleasure I have ever had from music, I experienced in listening to the *Alceste*, at Berlin; and certainly the most tedious evening I ever spent under the influence of an operatic work, was that which I endured at Dresden under the sleep-inspiring and long drawn out recitatives of the *Tannhäuser*. Neither is the speaking of these two works in one and the same breath, altogether irrelevant, since Wagner believes himself to be the creator of what Gluck really did create, and of which his attempt is nothing but a most incomplete and pale copy—namely, Dramatic Recitative. Now, this is the strong point of all Gluck's immortal operas—his personages relate their sorrows and joys in what seems the natural vehicle of expression for human feelings—an impassioned and Rhythmical Declamation—but this is with the greatest art interspersed with exquisite bits of simple melody, serving to refresh the ear of the listener, and keep

up a state of unalloyed delight. With Wagner, one enters upon a vast desert of monotonous declamation, in which no green oasis is to be met with—plodding onward, with a dull musical sermon ringing in one's ears. But twice in the whole opera is an idea to be met with—one in the overture, and a march in the second act—the rest is all the same dragging, whining series of complaints and spasmodic cries, now and then broken in upon by a shivering dissonance. One would have gone down on one's knees for a melody of the Italian school, no matter how common.

And now that one is discussing the *chef-d'œuvre* of what a witty friend of mine well names the "Broken Crockery School," the 2d Symphony of SCHUMANN, (in C dur,) given at the last Gewandhaus Concert, comes in for a short notice. Its title should be the Battle of the Dissonances. Noise is its great characteristic, and it is so crowded from beginning to end that, like a hedge of briars, one can neither see through it nor get over it. I like the first one (in B dur) very much better, although the ideas are not to my mind. Truly symphonic in their character, they are pleasing and interesting.

Another new work which we have lately heard in Leipsic is GADE'S *Comala*—truly poetical in story and musical conception. The story of *Comala* is taken from Ossian. The young maiden beloved by Fingal, waits, surrounded by her maidens, the return of her lover from battle, and believing him among the slain, whose spirits in mournful procession pass before her, dies of a broken heart. The work opens with the Duet at parting, between *Comala* and Fingal; then comes the chorus of warriors. To distract the anxious watching of their mistress, one of her maidens sings an exquisite ballad in which the rest join in chorus—this is broken in upon by the wailings of *Comala*, and a very powerful chorus of spirits, perhaps the finest thing in the work—then *Comala* dies, and Fingal returns flushed with victory, to find, alas, his beloved and promised bride, dead. A chorus of the warriors and maidens in praise of the lost one concludes this very touching and poetical Ode Symphony. Gade will be here in a few days, I suppose, and I hope we shall hear a good deal of his music at the Gewandhaus. A new work by him, called *Frühling's Phantasie*, for piano, quartet and orchestra has just been published here, and will doubtless be brought out under his direction.

Last week we had MOZART'S exquisite opera, the *Entführung aus dem Serail*, at the Leipsic Theatre. It was very nicely sung, and is so pleasing in its numberless and fresh, pure melodies, besides being much more adapted to our modern ideas of stage exigency than the "Titus" which I saw some time since at Berlin, and which is perhaps open to the charge of being a little old-fashioned for a modern audience, that I wonder it has not been a permanent favorite in all the great Continental cities. But so it is, managers prefer to feed the public with that which, though called new, is really old, being but a cold and poor copy of what has been written before, rather than revive works of the great masters, which are really new and unknown to the greater part of the present generation. Nowhere in the world, excepting at the Royal Opera House in Berlin, can the musician hear Gluck's Operas—works which must conduce to his lasting improvement,

models as they are of the purest and highest school of operatic writing. The Grand Opera in Paris, with all its splendid resources, and which should hold for its dearest boast, that these operas were written for it, leaves them to oblivion; and without the poor excuse that they are no longer fitted to the modern stage, because they need great singers, expensive decorations, a fine ballet, in short all those appliances so prodigally heaped upon works like the *Juif Errant*, the *Corbeille d'Oranges* and the *Enfant Prodigue*—the hearing of which I humbly hope to be spared.

At the last and ninth Gewandhaus Concert, Herr A. DREYSCHOCK, the celebrated pianist, played with great effect the Concerto in G minor of Mendelssohn and a noble Fugue of Handel's. So you see, even the most modern of the moderns, must at Leipsic range himself somewhat under the classical banner.

The playing, and the admirable improvisations of Professor MOSCHELES have been among my greatest pleasures this winter. There are few if any among modern artists, who can compare in command of the resources of musical science with this representative of the great musical epoch, now so nearly faded out of sight—and among the many who have developed the possibilities of Piano playing within the last twenty years, none have a more exquisite touch, or so perfect an understanding of the Legato playing. The Leipsic Conservatoire is not a little fortunate in being able to put its scholars under such painstaking and conscientious direction as Professor Moscheles is ever willing to bestow upon them.

P.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

The "GERMANIANS" to-night give us in their superior style, that grand Symphony of Schubert, to which many of us will go with an appetite formed at the "Summer Afternoon Concerts" of Mr. Suck's little orchestra. Little CAMILLA plays twice, including De Beriot's *Tremolo*, &c., on that passionate Adagio to Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata." JAELL plays part of the Mendelssohn Concerto, for our first knowledge of which we thank HATTON; and Miss ELISE HENSLEY again sings the Romanza from *Il Giuramento*. Still other riches will be found in the programme on the last page.

OTTO DRESEL'S second Soirée has been postponed, on account of Thackeray's last lecture, from Friday to Monday evening. The continued illness of Miss Lehmann, too, has necessitated a change of programme from that advertised in our last Saturday's paper. But the new one (see below) is rich and choice and various enough for any lover of pure music. Besides Mr. Dresel's own genial interpretations of BEETHOVEN, BACH and CHOPIN (the three greatest poets of the piano), he offers us an entire Sonata of Hummel, for four hands, with ALFRED JAELL, the glorious Quartet of SCHUMANN, with the Mendelssohn Club for the string parts, and some Variations by MENDELSSOHN, for piano and cello, the latter by WULF FRIES. That an audience can be entertained with Chamber music, even with no vocal *entre-mets* between the solid instrumental courses, was abundantly and encouragingly proved at the last Mendelssohn Quintette concert, which was honored by the largest and the best pleased audience of the season, sincerely as Miss Lehmann's absence was regretted.

ALFRED JAELL'S Concert in the New Music Hall, postponed by Chickering's fire, is to come off on Tuesday, and most brilliantly, if there be any virtue in a superb programme, and in a rare concourse of assistant talents, in addition to his own. It is a happy idea to engage the German "LIEDEKRANZ," who sang with such acceptance at the "opening." Then there will be little Urso, and there will be OTTO DRESEL, and the GERMANIANS in two of the solid sort of overtures, and in Littol's "Symphony Concerto" accompanying JAELL, who will play, besides, both popular things and fine things, from the warbling trills of Willmers up to the daintiest conceits of Chopin. But the programme is on the next page; read it.

We have been favored with the perusal of a letter from Sig. BENEDETTI, who is residing in Milan with his lady. Near there, RUBINI, whilome the world's great tenor, has his villa, living like a prince. Benedetti was astonished at the *freshness*, as well as marvellous power and beauty of his voice, and intimates the possibility that RUBINI will pay a professional visit to America, accompanied by himself and his fair TRUFFI. Who will not be glad to see and hear them all?

Messrs. George P. Reed & Co., as if there were no end to the demand for solid music, have just published, entire, Beethoven's Oratorio of "Eugeni," (the English words and subject, now very commonly adopted for the original form of "Mount of Olives.") It is similar in form and style with their beautiful edition of "Elijah," but is a much shorter work, and will be sold for about half the price of that, which certainly is getting an oratorio "for a mere song." Those who look forward to the next "Handel and Haydn" performances, will do well to procure copies.

OPERA IN BOSTON. The lessee of the Howard Athenæum, Mr. Willard, corrects the report that SONTAG has engaged that house for Opera. But it is true that Mr. W. is in negotiations with both SONTAG and ALBONI. And who doubts that we shall have them both in turn? Do they not keep unremitting race together like North River steamboats, heading into every landing almost "cheek by jowl?" Together they started in New York; in Boston they only missed one another; together (i. e. separately at the same time) they gave concerts in New York again; together went to Philadelphia, to Baltimore, to Washington; together they both give operas in New York, and both appear (Alboni this week, Sontag next) as "Daughters of the Regiment," a character which one can scarcely conceive to be at all suited to either of them, except merely musically. One will come to Boston, and if one comes, both will come, reasoning from uniformity of cause and effect. Both will meet hearty welcome; and the opera-lovers have great joy in store.

Foreign.

WEIMAR. The success of Hector Berlioz here has been remarkable. His opera of *Benvenuto Cellini*, which the musical public of Paris failed to understand, has been fully appreciated at this artistic capital. Berlioz was present at the two first representations of his work. The execution, on the whole, was admirable. The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar has conferred upon Berlioz the decoration of the White Falcon. The artists presented him with a silver *baton*, and combined with a large body of amateurs gave him a grand dinner in the Hotel de Ville. The dinner was followed by a ball. The cantata of *Romeo and Juliet* was performed entire, with the most complete success. Berlioz was summoned forward at the end, loudly applauded by the audience, and complimented by the Grand Duke and Princesses of Prussia. It has been mentioned that one or two of the Leipsic critics, who abuse every composer except Robert Schumann, came to Weimar for the purpose of anathematizing Berlioz, but went away entirely converted by *Benvenuto Cellini*.

PARIS. At the Italiens, Rossini's *Otello* has been followed by Bellini's *Sonnambula*. The Amina was Mlle. Bertramelli (alias Mlle. Bertrand.) Her success was fair, and many parts of her performance meritorious. Calzolari and Belletti were the Elvino and the Rodolpho. Meanwhile the star of Verdi is once more rising, and the editors are in ecstasies. Luisa Miller is in preparation for Sophie Cruvelli, whose unrivalled talents are now no longer disputed. The incomparable Vivier has returned from Constantinople, in good health and spirits, more spiritual and fascinating than ever.

STOCKHOLM. Mlle. Normani, a young English *prima donna*, has created a great sensation here as Fides, in the *Prophète* of Meyerbeer. So great has been her success with the public, that every place in the theatre was secured for ten nights in advance.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Association will be held on MONDAY EVENING, January 17th, at 7 o'clock, at the Tremont House.

For the Directors,
JAN. 3. 2t F. L. BATCHELDER, Sec'y.

OTTO DRESEL'S SECOND MONTHLY MUSICAL SOIRÉE.

WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10, 1853,
IN MR. JOHNSON'S MUSIC HALL, (in the New Building next south of Tremont Temple,) assisted by

ALFRED JAELL,
AUGUST and WULF FRIES,
EDWARD LEHMANN,
FRANCIS RIHA.

PROGRAMME.

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| PART I. | |
| 1. Sonata, four hands,..... | Hummel. |
| 2. Variations, for Piano and 'Cello,..... | Mendelssohn. |
| 3. Sonata,..... | Beethoven. |
| PART II. | |
| 4. Prelude and Polonaise,..... | Chopin. |
| 5. Fugue, by,..... | Bach. |
| 6. Quartet,..... | Schumann. |
| 7. Marche,..... | Schubert. |

The Concert will begin precisely at half past seven.
Tickets, \$1, to be had at Reed's and Johnson's Music Stores.

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A Paper of Art and Literature.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ACOUSTIC ARCHITECTURE.

IX.

MODES OF WARMING AND LIGHTING—FRETTED WALLS
—REID'S PLAN OF A POROUS FLOOR—GALLERIES—
ORCHESTRAL PLATFORM—ARRANGEMENT OF ORCHES-
TRA AND CHORUS—PARABOLIC REFLECTORS—EFFECT
OF AGE ON THE ACOUSTIC PROPERTIES OF A ROOM
—CONCLUSION.

So intimately joined are the departments of ventilation and warming in their practical operation, that in treating of the former subject we have necessarily included, to some extent, the latter.

Connected with the warming of a building, such as we are now considering, there are two points of practical importance that are mainly to be considered, viz: First the propriety of uniting the mechanical appliances for heating and ventilation in one and the same plan; secondly, the nature of the apparatus to be employed, whether steam or hot water pipes, or the common furnace.

As regards the first of these questions, it appears to us preferable, considering all the objects to be accomplished, that the fresh air should be so

attempted on its admission as to serve also to warm the apartment. In this way, while we gain an equally efficient ventilation, we can better secure a uniform temperature and avoid the existence of injurious currents, than if the warm and cold air were allowed to enter at different points. It would be well if the room were always warmed, previous to its use, to within a few degrees of the point required when the audience are present, inasmuch as the entering current will not immediately mix with air of a different temperature. To serve the purposes of a summer ventilation, or to allow the admission of cold air, if required, without its passing across the heating apparatus, a very simple arrangement only is necessary.

Concerning the second point, our preferences are decidedly in favor of the use of steam or the mild hot water apparatus, over every other system of which we have any knowledge. The question of its greater expense, we conceive, should not be placed beside its manifold advantages. As this is not the place for the discussion of these points, we refer the reader to the able treatises of Tredgold and Arnold for a full exposition of the superior virtues of the plan we would adopt; suffice it for us to say here, that in this way, only, do we believe an agreeable, salubrious and equable atmosphere in a large room, can be made certain.

But not only are the methods to be employed in the ventilation and warming of a building intended for sound deserving of a careful consideration; the manner of *lighting* the apartment also is not unimportant. Here the same principles are to be kept in view that have been previously stated. In the ordinary methods of artificial lighting, whether from gas, oil, wax or tallow, the air of a room is rapidly contaminated and admixed with the various products of combustion before enumerated. Moreover, by their injudicious position and arrangement, these lights have often a powerfully disturbing effect upon that state of quiescence in the air of an apartment which we have found so essential for the exact appreciation of sound. From this cause the foot-lights in front of the stage are inconvenient and objectionable, as the waving stream of hot air above them induces an amount of rarefaction, which impairs alike the sound and the distinctness of vision. A similar influence, as respects those seated behind them, has the row of gas burners so commonly affixed to gallery fronts and balconies. Chandeliers, also, pendent from the roof, however beautiful to

the eye, are offences to the ear, which a rigid regard for acoustic excellence in a room demands to be prohibited. Perhaps the extreme of consideration, in this respect, amounting almost to fastidiousness, is to be found in Dr. Reid's *exclusive system*, as he calls it, which he proposed for lighting the new Houses of Parliament. Here the illuminating source was entirely outside the space to be lighted, the light being diffused from pendants in the ceiling, or passing down through a cornice of glass which extended all round the room. Commenting on this plan, in the volume before alluded to, he remarks:

"It will be obvious, that in some buildings, few lights would be more practically useful and agreeable than a series of gothic pendants with illuminated drops, appearing like stars diffused over the ceiling."

The system of lighting adopted in the Boston Music Hall is such as to avoid entirely the acoustic disturbances above mentioned, while, at the same time, it acts as the effectual motive power to the ventilating arrangements of the Hall. Here, as in the celebrated Philharmonic Hall at Liverpool, the gas jets are placed on the top of the cornice, at a height of fifty feet above the floor, and all the products of combustion escape immediately through the ventilating apertures above.

Having thus alluded, in a general way, to the main objects of ventilation, warming, and lighting, as applied to halls designed for acoustic effect, we leave the subject, for it would be out of place here, even if it were possible, to enter minutely into the description of a plan, that might comprehend all the virtues and avoid the evils we have named. We are sincere in the belief, however, that the condition of the common medium "in which we live and intercommunicate," and through which all sounds are conveyed to the ear, is a subject demanding the attention of the architect, who aims to construct a fitting abode for his kindred art, no less than the material shapes with which he would form and limit its bounds.

At this stage of our subject, there still remain a few points for consideration, which have a bearing upon the complete result.

It has been a mooted question among many, whether the surface of the walls and ceiling, in a room intended for sound, should be plain or broken at intervals by pilasters, panels, and ornaments of various kinds. The opinions of the architects before the Parliamentary Committee were divided in this particular; but the bulk of general evidence is decidedly in favor of the

latter plan. Mr. J. Scott Russell advocates the use of pilasters against the walls of a room, to interrupt the oblique waves which fall along the surface, and constitute reverberation, on his theory.* Although our own views, as previously explained, differ, in some essential points, from those adopted by Mr. Russell, as to the nature of reverberation, they would seem even more strongly to require the conditions he has laid down for the amelioration of it; and, as we hinted when treating of the subject of harmonic relations in musical rooms, we would also argue the propriety of placing such pilasters, or other projections, at points corresponding with the nodal dimensions of the wall. For analogous reasons we believe that coffers, cross-beams and deep mouldings in the ceiling are beneficial to sound. Practically, there is certainly much to favor these views. The best music halls in England have their walls treated in this manner. Says Robert Dale Owen:

"It may be remarked that the ribs with deep mouldings intersecting each other on the Norman or Gothic vault, and thus paneling its surface, are not to be taken as mere ornamental features. In churches or halls designed for public speaking, as also in spacious school-rooms or the like, if the ceiling, whether flat or arched, be deeply panelled, the reverberation of the voice is checked, so as greatly to aid the speaker. Had the caissons in the dome over the Representatives' Hall in the Capitol at Washington been *actually sunk*, as in that over the Senate Chamber, instead of being merely *painted* on a smooth surface, it would undoubtedly have rendered that Chamber somewhat more suitable for public speaking."†

It was made an important feature in Dr. Reid's plan for a House of Commons, that the porous floor, while it allowed the diffusion to the attenuated air, admitted for the purposes of ventilation, provided also a ready means of escape for the excess of sound reflected from the ceiling. But it would seem, under ordinary circumstances, as though the clothing of the audience and the cushioned seats on the floor of the hall afforded sufficient material for the absorption of sound. And it is an easy matter to increase this effect to any required extent, by the judicious employment of upholstery and carpeting.

GALLERIES are generally regarded as prejudicial to sound. But they are almost necessary evils, when it is required to accommodate with comfort an auditory of three or four thousand persons, without extending unduly the area of the floor. What adds much to their injurious effect is the unreasonable depth with which they are ordinarily constructed, thus necessitating for their support the use of pillars, by which the pulses of sound are interrupted and broken:—and when, as is mostly the case, these galleries have floors shelving back to the wall, with no provision for ventilation at that point, they serve as vast receptacles for the impure air beneath. It

* It is a mistake to suppose that Mr. Russell has the merit of having first suggested the use of pilasters in this connection. They were recommended by Dr. Reid many years before, and on much the same grounds as those subsequently adopted by Mr. Russell. *Vide Report on House of Commons Building, 1835.*

† The ceiling of the chemical lecture-room in the East wing of the Smithsonian Institution is a Norman groined vault, intersected by ribs with deep mouldings. This room is found to be perfectly adapted for public speaking, and free from any unpleasant reverberation—*Owen's Hints on Public Architecture.*

Vide also Inman and others in confirmation.

seems to us, moreover, that a gallery, although it be so fashioned as to escape the evils just mentioned, is injurious in other respects, to the musical qualities of a room, when placed in immediate contact with its walls; for by impeding the free vibration of the latter, it must tend to destroy their resonance, acting, in this case, much in the same way as a damper placed upon a vibrating string, or a mute on the bridge of a violin.

The position of the ORCHESTRAL STAGE has become fixed by custom. There are those, however, who would have it removed to a point nearer the centre of the room, and for good philosophical reasons. Chladni and Herschell are among the advocates of this change, on the ground that the original impulse, being then more equally distant from all the walls, the hearer would suffer less from the effect of secondary or reflected sounds. On the same principle it might be urged also that the platform should be raised much higher from the floor than is usual, in order to lessen the appreciable amount of reflection from the roof. Considered wholly in reference to the truthful interpretation of the sound by the room itself, such is no doubt the correct doctrine. But in the first instance, we should lose the benefit of a solid reflecting surface behind, which serves to reinforce the original sound by a reflection so nearly synchronous with it as not to be appreciable by the ear; and in both, a considerable portion of the assembly must be deprived of a favorable view of the occupants of the stage. It is better, perhaps, to adopt a middle course between the two in this respect, aiming to satisfy, as nearly as may be, the acoustic requirements of the room with a just regard to the comfort and convenience of the audience.

A word here as to the disposition of the singers and instrumental performers themselves. The "Diarist," in a recent number (Nov. 6,) of this *Journal*, with his usual keenness of remark, has very properly suggested that this is not a matter of indifference as regards musical effect. So far as position *can* do it, the various voices and instruments should be so grouped and arranged as, by the hearer, to be recognised duly as parts of one integral whole; and for this most complete fusion and blending of all in one, there is required, in every plan, some common point, towards which the sounds may be delivered. The extremes should be within a moderate neighborhood of each other, and those in rear but little raised above the performers in front; not, as it seems to us, for the reason suggested by the Diarist, "that all may operate on the same stratum of air;" for, in a well constructed music room, as we have attempted to show, no *strata* of air will exist; but for the greater sympathy of feeling and consequent co-operation of action thereby of necessity gained, than when separated and individualized as they otherwise are.

Parabolic reflectors and recesses of other forms in rear of the orchestra can be productive but of injury to the general effect, for inasmuch as all upon the stage cannot be on the focus, the greater indistinctness and confusion only will follow from their use.

Again, newness of structure has its influence in the sounding qualities or intonation of a room. Here, as in many musical instruments, age seems in some measure to mellow down the asperities at first noticed. How this results it is perhaps not

easy to explain. Can it be that from the constant vibration imparted by the sonorous impulses to the solid materials some change is gradually induced in the arrangement of their integral molecules, after the manner in which agitation sometimes affects the intimate structure of crystallizable bodies? But doubtless much is to be attributed to the natural effect of time in drying and consolidating and thoroughly assimilating the structure in all its various parts.

We here conclude our imperfect essay, ending as we began, with the regret that architects and scientific men have not honored with a more careful attention a subject so full of interest and so intimately connected with the welfare of an Art, which is almost universally known and appreciated. U.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review, for Jan. 1845.

Music in Germany and Belgium.

(Continued.)

In justice to MENDELSSOHN it should, however, be observed, that his symphonies, of which a very respectable family is by this time accumulated, show progressive interest: his last in A, heard here during the late Philharmonic season, is rich in the newest and most impressive orchestral effects, and though he has certainly attained the period of life at which the artist has generally reached his culminating point—the vivid fancy of youth being in him now tempered with the judgment and experience of considerable practice—it would still be hazardous to attempt to set bounds to his career. The individuality of this most interesting master is not less striking than that of Spohr, though manifested in a totally dissimilar manner:—while the one is wedded to the peculiarities of his own elegiacal style and graceful turn of harmony and cadence—the works of the other are characterized by an adroit fusion of all the classics of the art. Of the composers from whom Mendelssohn has most liberally borrowed, the principal are certainly Bach and Beethoven. We speak this in no dishonorable sense; for his charming and discriminative reminiscences have not only been highly conducive to the gratification of the amateurs of the day, but have consolidated the principles of true taste, and awakened new faith in the classics—we allude to it, therefore, rather as a fact in connection with his compositions, which imparts to them their strongest character and coloring. To catch the tone and style of the greatest musicians without suffering them to degenerate or awaken mean comparisons, could only be accomplished by great native power, profound science, and varied resources, blended with a principle of combination as rare. We cannot, and would not, separate Mendelssohn from those of his musical idols with whom his entire intellectual and sensitive being is involved, to ascertain the exact merit and extent of his originality. It is for him to pursue rejoicingly the path that he has selected, and for the public to enjoy.

Seated at the piano as solo or concerto player, Mendelssohn certainly realizes the most complete idea of the accomplished artist. Trusting much to his impulses, and capable of great emotion and enthusiasm, he is yet never transported in the improvisation of his cadenzas into any combinations of the difficult, the surprising, or the eccentric, which his execution imperfectly masters. There order reigns throughout; and the hearer has only leisure to admire the uncommonly forcible and polished execution when he has dismissed his surprise at the far-sighted calculation of effect, the *keeping* maintained with the composition in hand, and the fine extravagance of fancy manifested. The extempore cadences of Mendelssohn to Bach's triple concerto, performed by him, Thalberg and Moscheles, at the morning concert of the latter, and to Beethoven's piano-forte concerto in G, performed by him at a concert of the Philharmonie Society, were certainly the most memorable things of the last London musical season. On

the former occasion it was extraordinary to notice the diminished lustre of that professed master of effect, Thalberg, when required to illustrate Bach by the side of Mendelssohn—not only were the ideas destitute of the true character, but even the touch seemed inferior—and so powerful and appropriate was the form of cadence selected by Mendelssohn (an unison passage in double octaves which recalled the fantastic style of the pedal solos in Bach's organ fugues), that when once heard each previous attempt was forgotten, and this alone seemed to stamp truth and conviction on the mind of the connoisseur.

As a composer for the piano-forte, Mendelssohn has effected a large opening for the best music in his *Lieder ohne Worte*, which from being gently attractive at first, through pleasing melody and novelty in the harmonic disposition of the hands, has gradually extended itself in designs of greater elaboration that demand a first-rate execution to express them, and revealing many fine combinations and new effects peculiar to the author's style of playing, at length interested the whole body of musicians. This new form of composition, which originated with Mendelssohn, seems happily designed to give local habitation and a name to certain little jets of fancy and effect, probably not worth the development of a sonata, and yet too good to be lost. Accompanying these lighter effusions we have concertos, piano-forte quartets, and trios—and sonatas, chiefly of late, with violoncello obligato—a combination in which the composer has worthily followed up what Beethoven long since most admirably began. In all his chamber music for the piano-forte and stringed instruments, there is reason to admire the broad and open style—the masterly accompaniments and the fine contrast of effects. Some of the solos of his piano-forte quartets (of the one in B minor for instance), may be distinguished as the finest specimens of brilliant harmonic figure—combining the utmost clearness in the progressions with rapidity of movement—that modern times have produced. In his quartets for stringed instruments, of which we are sorry to say we have heard but few, he appears to us less successful—seeking effect at the expense of greater difficulties than belong naturally to that refined style of chamber music, and often employing more counterpoint than fancy or feeling.

An organ performer and a devoted student of that sacred instrument, Mendelssohn is found naturally in his element in fugues and church performances. "St. Paul" is a sombre and severe specimen of the modern oratorio—its science and elevation of style extend at times to the characteristics of Bach and Handel; but the ardent beauty of the latter is wanting; and though the hearer is often exalted in the course of the performance, his final sensations are those of weariness. Vocal melody is certainly not the forte of the composer, correct as is his theory with regard to the style—the simplicity and purity of sacred song. The interest of the well-known air "Jerusalem," if air it can be truly called, is purely harmonic. Herein is the deficiency which may prevent our receiving any numerous collection of extensive sacred compositions from Mendelssohn; for popular favor, or, indeed, any permanent impression, in pieces of great length, diversity of air is required, and not merely of chorus or orchestral effect. In shorter sacred compositions he has, however, succeeded perfectly; and in none more so than in his motets for female voices; and in his "42d Psalm"—the lovely opening chorus of which, and the verse for five men's voices, will equally interest the admirers of Beethoven, and of our later English cathedral writers.

The newest effort of the composer has been dramatic—music to a German version of the *Antigone* of Sophocles. Freed here from the necessity for solo and air, which must have brought him into immediate contact with Gluck and Mozart, he has expressed in choral strophe and antistrophe, the striking and universal sentiment of the Greek tragedian. Nor has he suffered to escape in this congenial work of chorus-writing those means of new effect, which the appliances and improved cultivation of the modern lyric

stage had placed at his disposal. In this work, we for the first time meet with recitative delivered in the gigantic tones of a chorus in unison—and also with another effect, which, though capable of historic precedent, has through disuse become a novelty in the musical drama, namely, spoken words accompanied by symphony. The expression by instrumental music of sentiment and situation carries us back to an early age of opera, and brings in review the "Pygmalion" of Rousseau, the "Ariadne in Naxos" and "Medea" of Benda, and the "Semiramis" (a lost monodrama) of Mozart, all of them works founded in the true philosophy of the art, and in their degree conducive to the perfection ultimately attained by opera; yet rather, if we rightly recollect, aiding the expression of the actor by the interspersion of symphony as in accompanied recitative, than attempting the simultaneous movement of music and language. Some slight idea of this last may, perhaps, be revived in those who have witnessed the incantation scene of "Der Freyschütz," which, before its monsters come into operation, delights every poetical mind, and is certainly very solemn and imposing.

In fact Mendelssohn's greatest fame will not be obtained in the direct track of Mozart and Beethoven—nor yet in that of Bach and Handel; it is his excursions into "fresh fields and pastures new," from which he always returns with honor, and with the advantage of a first discoverer, that raise him in opinion, and seem most aptly to fulfil his mission as an artist.

[To be continued.]

CAMILLA URSO.

[A friend has kindly translated and condensed for us the following sketch from an article in *La France Musicale*, by M. Giacomelli.]

CAMILLA URSO belongs to an Italian family, which has rendered considerable service to art. Her father, Salvator Urso, born at Palermo, in 1810 was the son of a distinguished musician, and himself received a thorough musical education. He established himself at Nantes, where he was organist of the Church of the Holy Cross. At the age of six years, she was one of the most charming children in the world. Her musical sensibility was so exquisite, that the slightest sound caused her to weep or laugh according as it expressed joy or grief. Her father, from an early period, devoted all his time to the education of this interesting child, whom he looked upon as a superior being, committed by Providence to his care. The occasion which first revealed to Camilla her vocation and when she made choice of the instrument which was to give her, at such a tender age, the joys and glories of the artist, deserves to be related:

Her father had taken her to a Mass of St. Cecilia in the Church of the Holy Cross, where he was organist. The temple had been sumptuously decorated for the solemnities of the day and the rays of the autumn sun, shining through the windows of stained glass, shed a grave and religious light upon the nave. At the moment when Camilla had taken a place at her father's side, a well trained orchestra gave the opening chords of the *Kyrie Eleison*. Soon the sound of the organ and of the voices of the choir joined with the harmonies of the instruments. From that moment, Camilla remained motionless as the pillar against which she was leaning; all the pomp of the divine service had disappeared from her eyes; she had but one sense left—hearing; and, while other children of her age were gazing with curious eyes upon the altar, blazing with tapers, and the gilded vestments of the priests, Camilla saw nothing, heard nothing but the music and the

singing. Finally, the service being finished, the music ceased, the crowd began to retire, while she still stood, as if listening, mute and motionless as a statue. Her father was obliged to take her by the arm to make her conscious that they were alone and that it was time to return home. Camilla followed and confided to him, on the way, all her impressions. What she had found to be most beautiful, most touching in the midst of the Mass of St. Cecilia, the instrument which had most charmed her among all those whose sounds rang among the vaults of the church, was the violin, the king of instruments, the violin, whose tones weep and sing like the human voice, that instrument which best obeys the hand, the most efficient agent of the will and the inspiration of the artist. "I wish to learn the violin," said the little Camilla, resolutely, to her father.

M. Urso, like a sensible man, did not attempt to oppose an inclination announced in so characteristic a manner; he procured a teacher of the violin for his daughter, and himself taught her the first elements of music. Nature had endowed the child with those rare qualities which are the certain indications of an irresistible destiny. The progress of Camilla was so rapid, that, at the end of about a year, she appeared, for the first time, in public, at a concert given for the benefit of the widow of an artist.

The debut of the young virtuoso produced an immense sensation. The principal journal of Nantes speaks as follows of her performance on this occasion: "Never had violinist a pose more exact, firmer and at the same time perfectly easy; never was bow guided with greater precision than by this little Urso, whose delivery made all the mothers smile. Listen now, to the *air variée* of the celebrated De Beriot; under these fingers which are yet often busied in dressing a doll, the instrument gives out a purity and sweetness of tone, with an expression most remarkable. Every light and shade is observed, and all the intentions of the composer are faithfully rendered. Here come more energetic passages; the feeble child will find strength necessary, and the voice of the instrument assumes a fulness which one could not look for in the diminutive violin. Effects of double stopping, *staccato*, rapid arpeggios—everything is executed with the same precision, the same purity, the same grace. It is impossible to describe the ovation that the child received. Repeatedly interrupted by applause and acclamations, she was saluted at the end by salvos of bravos and a shower of bouquets."

Shortly after this concert, M. Urso, desiring to perfect the education of his daughter by placing her under the greatest masters, did not hesitate to abandon the position which he held at Nantes, in order to establish himself with his whole family at Paris, where, as soon as he arrived, he presented himself to M. Massart, professor at the Conservatoire. Struck by the extraordinary talent of Camilla, and deeply interested in her by the sweetness of her disposition, Massart admitted her to his class, and wished beside to give her private instruction. With such a teacher, the young pupil could not but make the most rapid progress. One who heard her at this period at a private *soirée*, says of her: "Her attitude was at once modest and confident; one would say that she had a consciousness of herself, of her talent—and that this conviction inspired her with the boldness which is indispensable to

the success of all who would offer themselves for the suffrages or to the criticism of the public. This strength which springs from confidence in his own resources, is as necessary to the artist as superiority of talent." Success followed the young artist everywhere. Dilettanti, artists, every body, overwhelmed her with praise and loaded her with bonbons and toys; a kind of ovation to which the little Camilla was not yet of an age to be insensible.

Proud of the success of his daughter, M. Urso, with a view to better his modest circumstances, started on a tour through the departments. It was a succession of triumphs. Then a series of concerts in some of the German cities, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Mayence; another series of ovations. Finally, the Urso family returned to Paris, where Massart was awaiting his pupil with impatience. Camilla returned with new ardor to her studies, under the skilful and paternal direction of her excellent professor. In a few months she made her appearance in the public concerts of Paris, before audiences whose verdict decides the fate of aspiring artists; at the *Salle Herz, Société Polytechnique*, the Conservatoire, the Association of Musical Artists. Everywhere her success was the same; and crowned with the approval of these audiences, she now, in the words of her biographer, "is walking in the steps of the greatest virtuosi." She plays the violin, not as any well organized child might play, after a certain period devoted to study, but indeed with a skill truly prodigious. Her *pose*, her energy, her bowing, reveal the consummate artist. But what is most surprising, is the sentiment of her execution; she excels in that essential expression which comes wholly from the soul, and which the composer, from lack of means to note and write out, abandons to the discretion and intelligence of the executant."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 15, 1853.

Joseph Haydn.

In our last number we sketched his life. His music is easily characterized.

1. He is remarkable for the perfection of *style*; for neatness and elegance in all the details, happy arrangement, and perfect ease and clearness in the exposition of his ideas. He is the Addison of music, only a great deal more. He is the most genial, popular, least strange of all composers; no wonder the French call him "that great man." All those who enjoy clear writing, who love to see everything accomplished within the limits of graceful certainty, feel as safe with Haydn as the scholar with his Cicero and Virgil. We say of him, "*that is music*," in the sense in which we say "that's English." Whatever thought he had (and he had many), it came out whole and clear, it suffered nothing in the statement. He understood the natures of instruments so well, that they blended as unobtrusively in his symphonies as individuals in the best-bred company. How nicely he adjusts the matter between melody and harmony! The harmony gives out melody as a mass of glowing coals gives out light, wandering flame upon the surface; it is all one fire. Haydn's music is (so to speak) easily understood. It

keeps the mind awake, like lively, easy conversation; but does not task the brain, does not excite any longing which it cannot satisfy. Hence it is perfection itself to those who want nothing deeper; and it can never be otherwise than agreeable to those who do. Its charm is infallible as far as it goes.

2. What we next remark is its sunny, healthful, cheerful character. It is the happy warbling of the bird building its nest. It is not the deepest of music; but is welcome to every one as the morning carol of the lark. It has not the tragic pathos of Mozart and Bellini; nor the yearnings and uncontainable rhapsodies of Beethoven. But it is good for the deep-minded sometimes to leave brooding and speculating, and for the sentimental to flee the close air of their sad sympathies, and rising with the lark some bright, cool morning, go forth and become all sensation, and enjoy the world like a child. Such a morning walk is an emblem of Haydn. The world is fresh and glittering with dew, and there is no time but morning, no season but spring to the feelings which answer to his music. He delivers us from ourselves into the hands of Nature; and restores us to that fresh sense of things we had before we had thought too long, or worked ourselves into that morbid and intense self-consciousness when our eyes seem actually to burn into everything they look at—when we accept no one's action simply, without asking the intention, and see no fresh bloom of beauty from too clear sight of the skeleton beneath. Quick, versatile, elastic, graceful, expressing himself fluently, he is the Mercury among the musical gods. Beethoven called himself the Bacchus, who presses out the wine of inspiration for his brother mortals. Handel was the strength and serenity of Jove; (and this recalls what Mozart said of him: "When he pleases, he strikes like a thunderbolt.") Mozart may pass for the Orpheus who moved the stones to sympathy. One function of Hermes, however, Haydn has not—that of conducting souls to the mysterious other world. He loves this earth too well; in the sunny present he rejoices, and has none of the yearnings or superstitious forebodings of the heart. He sings always one tune, let him vary it as he will, namely, the worth and beauty of the moment, the charm of reality, the admirable fitness and harmony of things. Not what the soul aspires after, but what it finds, he celebrates; not our insatiable capacities, but our present wealth. Surprise and gratitude and lively appreciation for ever new beauties and blessings—a mild and healthful exhilaration—just the state of his own Adam and Eve in Paradise!

He knows not how to be sad. He listens to the nightingale more like a curious school-boy, than like a lover who thinks that the grove has caught the melody of his own secret, dainty sorrow. Hence he never succeeded in dramatic music, though he composed many operas. Of course he includes the shades as well as the lights of the landscape in his picture. Still it is a landscape. The glooms and storms of human life are painted like the glooms and storms of nature. Sentiment and passion and mystery all make parts of one cheerful picture. He describes a passion, but does not express it. This must be said even of his "Canzonets," which he composed in England, and in which he seems almost to have stepped upon the brink of a new and deeper element. "*She never told her love*," "*Recollection*," "*Fidelity*," "*Despair*," &c., all are exquisitely drawn, and deeply shaded; most natural transitions into some of the darker keys of the music of life; but we feel how easily we may pass out again. His melancholy amounts to hardly more than regret, and a sort of serious musing upon happy times gone by. "*Pleasing pain*" might be the title of all, as well as one of these songs.

His deep and sad strains are only minor variations of a happy tune, little cloud-shadows on a sunny meadow. "*O, tuneful voice*," seems, in its form and style, to have suggested Beethoven's "*Adelaide*;" but the one is only a sober pause to catch the echo of retreating joys; the other wakes all our longing for the unattainable.

Haydn's, therefore, is the music of one who loves nature; of one alive to every impression. In his music every thought acquires the grace of form, the richness and delicacy of coloring, with which every object blends into nature. He could not do a thing ungracefully, any more than a Greek; though he has a wanton, frolic vein, and can sometimes paint a rout of drunken satyrs as well as a choir of nymphs. But in his love of nature, nature plays a much greater part than he himself. Nature is more than the observer. He loses himself in her sights and sounds; gives himself up to sensations, and the simple feelings they awaken; but does not, like Lear, impress his own mood upon the elements.

Is not his great work, then, the true exponent of his genius? Was he not the very man to compose the music of the "Creation;" to carry us back to the morning of the world, and recount the wonders which surround us, with a childlike spirit? Is it not his art to brighten up the faded miracle of common things; to bathe our wearied senses, and restore the fevered nerve of sight for us, so that we may see things fresh and wonderful, and a "*new-created world*" may rise amid the "*despairing and cursing*" of the falling evil spirits that confuse and blind us (to borrow a thought from one of the first choruses)?

The "Creation" consists of three parts, taking for its text the Mosaic account. In the first part is described the emerging of order from chaos; the creation of light; the separation of the firmament, of sea and land; the springing up of vegetation, and the setting of the sun and moon and stars; and ends with the magnificent chorus: "*The heavens are telling*."

The second part contains the creation of animated nature; the animals, and lastly Man; and ends with the more elaborate chorus: "*Achieved is the glorious work*."

The third part represents Adam and Eve in Paradise, admiring each other, and the beautiful world around, and praising the Creator; and ending with the still more elaborate and rapturous fugue: "*The Lord is great*."

The characters in the two first parts are three angels, Raphael, Uriel, and Gabriel (bass, tenor and soprano). After the symphony or overture, which represents a chaos and the elements struggling to disengage themselves, one part after another rising a little way and falling back into confusion, till finally the ethereal flutes and the more soaring instruments escape into air, and the darker sounds are precipitated, and everything sounds like preparation, the discord almost resolved,—an angel recites the words: "*In the beginning God created*," &c., but "*darkness was upon the face of the deep*." To represent the "*Spirit of God*," now, "*moving upon the face of the waters*," a soft, spraylike chorus of voices steals in; and after the command, "*Let there be light*," the instruments are unmutted and all the discords are resolved into the full chord of the natural key, and "the audience is lost in the effulgence of the harmony." To represent light by loudness, some may think a poor device. But music does not seek to represent the light, but the surprise produced by its sudden appearance. What greater shock could be given to all our senses, than the sudden admission of light into total darkness? Then Uriel (angel of light) in a descriptive song develops the idea, shows us the flight of the spirits of darkness, and in a subterranean chorus we hear their mingling, falling voices, wildly modulated by the depth they traverse, on the words, "*Despairing, cursing, rage attends their fall*;" and in a fresher, brighter key the first day is celebrated, and "*a new created world appears at God's command*." The same order is pursued with each of the other days. First, the angel recites the words from Scripture; then in a song describes the phenomena; and then a chorus celebrates the new day.

Throughout the whole the instrumental parts are principal—the voice but gives the interpretation. Thus after the angel has recited: “*And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament, from the waters which were above the firmament.*” all the phenomena of the air, the blast, the thunder, the soft rain, the beating hail, the flaky snow, are described in so many little passages of symphony, and after each the voice supplies the interpretation. Then bursts forth the choral hymn, “*Again the ethereal vaults resound the praise of God, and of the second day.*” In like manner another song describes the separation of land and water, the rolling and heaving of ocean, the emerging of mountain tops, the rivers winding through wide plains, the purling brooks. And another, the flight or song (whichever is most characteristic) of the birds, the mounting eagle, the lark, the cooing of the doves, the song of the nightingale; another, the roar of the lion, the leap of the tiger, the contented browsing of the cattle, the sporting of the great leviathan. All this is so exquisitely executed, and presents such a variety of beautiful novelties, even without regard to the meaning intended to be conveyed, that we almost forget that it is treason against the true spirit of the art, and a playing of tricks with music.

We cannot enter into all the beautiful details of this great work; nor shall we speak particularly of the surpassing sweetness and melody of its songs; nor its joyous choruses, which are wonderful in their way, but without the grandeur, or the simplicity, or the progress of those of Handel; the chorus which closes the first part—“*The heavens are telling,*” being decidedly greater than any which follow. But the truth is, the chorus does not bring out the genius of Haydn. The orchestra and the symphony are his sphere; and it is as an orchestral, descriptive work, and not as an oratorio in the high religious sense, that we are most interested in the “*Creation*.”

How far music may imitate or describe outward nature, is a question which must always be left open. That sounds do suggest scenes is unquestionable. It is natural when hearing an orchestra, to think of the harmony of colors. Some sounds in nature are actually musical, like the notes of birds, and the fall of water. All sounds in nature make music, when heard at a sufficient distance to allow them to become well blended. Thus motion is one of the essential elements of music; we speak of a rushing, gliding, falling, rolling passage of music. Add to this all the associations with feelings and states of mind which the qualities of different instruments possess, and it is evident what an orchestra can do in this way. If it is not allowable to describe outward objects by music, it is often necessary to bring up outward objects in order to describe music.

A piece of music never suggests the same precise train of thought to any two hearers. It only awakens the same feelings, wins them to its mood. If then, incidentally, all these little descriptive means concur to confirm the associations which naturally arise with every feeling, it is well. But to aim first to paint a picture, or to tell a story, is to leave the true and glorious function of the art, to make it do what it was never meant to do, and excite the same kind of admiration which a mountebank would by walking on his head. Literal description of objects is not the province of music. Music has all the vagueness of the feelings of which it is the natural language; but through an appeal to the feelings may suggest more than words can tell.

Thus, when we are told that Haydn, in composing a symphony, always had some little history or picture in his mind, we must not suppose that we are to look for such a story or picture in it, when we hear it; but only that he wrote it under the influence of such emotions as the imagining the story would inspire.

It is only, however, in some few details that the “*Creation*” is liable to the objection of too literal imitation. We can pardon some few freaks and injurious conceits, when they are so exquisitely done. But in its whole style and spirit the “*Creation*” is an expression of feelings,

an expression of childlike wonder and joy and gratitude and love. It expresses the exhilaration of calm, creative activity. It refreshes the mind to that degree that all sounds become music to it. It inspires us with all the grateful sensations of morning and spring. And we go away from it feeling the same gratitude for it that we do for nature.

Concerts of the Past Week.

The fourth Concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB (last week), drew much the largest audience of the season, and we have reason to believe, the best pleased audience, notwithstanding that the music was entirely instrumental. This was encouraging for Chamber Concerts, and proves that the interest in pure music is deepening and widening. But for one fault,—the excessive length and superficial character of two solo pieces in the second part,—we are inclined to think that the whole programme would have passed off with *gusto* and without a particle of *ennui* on the part of any of the audience; for, that the fatigue (such as there was) arose not from the classic portion of the music, was shown by the manifest revival of attention and of satisfaction in all faces, the moment that these variation pieces were succeeded by the strong, deep, glorious Quintet of Beethoven, which formed the finale. This Quintet, one of the young giant's earliest works, (No. 1, in E \flat , Op. 4.) was strongly marked by his peculiar spiritual characteristics, and made us feel that the hand of a master had taken firm hold deep down near the roots of our inmost nature. Mr. RYAN's clarinet solo between the two quartets in the first part, was a short and pleasing melody, effecting more diversion than the long Variations aforesaid. The beginning and the end of the concert were the great things. We have spoken of the last. The first was the Fourth Quartet of Mozart, in E flat; a perfectly happy, heavenly emanation of genius unalloyed and in its most spiritual mood. It is not dramatic, it is not sentimental, it is not *effective* in the modern sense; it is a consummate specimen of the learned, contrapuntal style. As to meaning and interpretation, we know no better term to apply to it than *transcendental*, for such must all such abstract music as true quartet writing ever be; that is, it has a meaning, which transcends our powers of speech, which cannot be resolved into a dramatic history, a picture of nature, &c., &c., but which speaks to something in us quite as real as all this. And yet this of Mozart, while so learned in structure, while so spiritual in meaning, is so clear and sensuous and naive and objective, especially in the Minuetto and Finale, that any child almost may be delighted with it as with the simplest pastoral air. We cannot undertake any analysis of it; but we are moved to translate what is said of the Andante movement by our Russian biographer of Mozart, who in his very confession of the impotence of all criticism with regard to such music, really characterizes it happily. Our extract goes back far enough to take in his description of the common routine of musical criticisms.

“The Quartets dedicated to Haydn, of which the first three were written in the year 1783, the fourth in 1784 and the two last in 1785, fix decisively the beginning of Mozart's classic period in the twenty-seventh year of his life. These masterpieces of instrumental music no longer show, like his preceding operas, that mixture of

the beautiful and the mediocre, nor those traces of the taste of the day, which time threatened to cover with rust. Nothing in the Quartets reveals the date of their composition; everything in them is and ever will be but of yesterday. Criticism stands unnerved before these works, in which there is nothing to criticize, while their character too admits of no positive analysis. I might indeed get over the difficulty, were it my duty as a penny-a-liner in some musical paper, to furnish a detailed report upon the Quartets of Mozart. There is a conventional routine by which such articles are manufactured. They give the key, the tempo and the rhythm; they indicate the æsthetic character by one or more epithets borrowed at random, if the language do not itself offer fitting ones; they single out a period of the melody, a passage of the bass; furthermore, if the criticizing master makes some claims to learning, he explains the kind of double counterpoint which has guided the connection and alternation of the themes in their development; he points out the suspicious fifths, the hidden octaves, the ambiguous accords and the intervals which grow uncertain in their progression, &c., &c. All this is not very difficult; but for what profit is it to the reader? what does it tell him, which he could not learn as well or better by just looking through the notes? what communion is there between the grammatical skeleton thus shown him and the indwelling spirit of the work? It is as if one in estimating a poem should limit his remarks to the structure of the verse, and leave aside the poet's thoughts and purpose. In many cases musical criticism could not do otherwise; it is reduced to choosing between these barren analyses and utter silence, unless it will take refuge in an involved style.

“We open at random the collection of Quartets, that are to be separately examined. Chance serves us well; we have the Andante of the Quartet No. 4, in E \flat major, before our eyes. What shall criticism say about it? It will say that it is an *Andante con moto* in A \flat major, $\frac{4}{4}$ time; that it contains many syncopations, retardations and imitations; that it is an excellently worked up piece, has a mystical coloring, is of an astonishing effect; and that is all that positively can be said about it. But to what state of the soul, known or possible, based on the present or reserved for the future, shall the impression of the piece be referred? Is it a dream, a vision, an ecstatic trance? Is it a result of magnetic clairvoyance, which changes the methods of ourceptive faculty, and substitutes new organs in its place; or is it the beginning of a new birth, in which the conditions of time and space already vanish?

“An impalpable theme, without periods and contours, swims in the harmony, and pervades it everywhere, like a melodic fluid. Passing from one voice to another, it leaves behind it, in the one it has just quitted, a sort of long, nebulous train, and thereby joins itself to itself again, begetting in its combinations with other figures, a succession of veiled images, of floating shadows, in which the soul seems to recognize the emblems of unknown things, whereof it has dreamed, or had some dim presentiment. Out of the midst of this twilight harmony, so filled with enigmatical phantoms; there rises ever and anon a question from the deep, accompanied with a certain panting, as if the soul had taken distance to run for-

ward and break through the spell that controls and hinders it from penetrating to a clear consciousness of that which it perceives. The rhythm would fain indicate the cessation of outward motion; the tied and accented quavers in the deep tones of the Bass rustle like silence in the ear; the numerous retardations, which rob the melody of its contour and the accords of their natural clearness, effect as it were a sort of fading out of visible objects. All is mute and tranquil; all is outwardly at rest. The vision is of a purely spiritual nature. What a piece! even Beethoven, the great announcer of the mysteries of the soul, has conceived nothing supernaturally truer, nothing more divinely mystical!"

The Quartet by Mendelssohn, Op. 2, for Piano and strings, though one of his earliest works, in which the Mendelssohnian peculiarity is not very fully developed, proved highly animating to the audience, and one movement was repeated. As a composition it shows at least fire and a true musical nature, and is brilliant throughout. Mr. TRENKLE, as pianist, more than confirmed the highly favorable impression of his first performance in this kind of music. His touch is eminently clear and neat, his reading sure, and his conception and rendering of the music true and artist-like. His genuine modesty is greatly in his favor throughout.

One word as to solo-playing, variations, fantasias, and the like. We think we can with safety venture to assure our friends that there is no necessity for them, so far as their audience are concerned, to try to spice a solid programme by interminable flute solos, or by torturing the violoncello into variations of Russian and Irish airs, which thereby lose all that there is Russian or Irish about them, without much edifying the hearer. If some *divertissement* be needed, let it be something brief, and true and characteristic; a "song without words" if we cannot have a song with words, or something genuine and simple. If exhibition of one's virtuosity is needed, as for instance on the violoncello, then why shall not an artist, like Mr. WULF FRIES, choose such variations as those really artistic and interesting ones by Mendelssohn which he has played so admirably on a subsequent occasion with Mr. Dresel? Is a piece less diverting because there is something in it?

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY. The fourth Subscription Concert, on Saturday evening, was notable in the first place for the largest and most brilliant audience which the soft light of the Music Hall has yet flowed down upon. It was truly a grand, and enchanting spectacle; even the stage was covered with audience, somewhat to the deadening of musical vibrations; and all the doors were filled with standers, giving a scalloped outline to the gaily peopled balconies. There must have been 3,000 persons, and we are told that hundreds could not gain admission. And think of all this vast assembly listening with every sign of interest throughout the four very long, novel and complex movements of Schubert's Symphony in C! This was admirably rendered, with prompt, intelligent response on the part of every instrument to the clear indications of their most competent conductor, who seemed to have a perfect comprehension of the great work and author to be interpreted. We were this time fully satisfied as to the real greatness of this sym-

phony; last summer, when our little orchestra played it, we could not quite get over the suspicion, that crowded as it was with thoughts most musical and most original, and rich exceedingly in instrumentation, and glorious with the real Schubert earnestness and fervor in its every note,—that still it had the fault of too much repetition of certain of its themes, especially in the Scherzo (the longest one we ever heard) as if the composer, failing to carry out his design and bring full unity into his crowding ideas, had been forced to begin again and again. But the themes were worthy to be clung to and not willingly dismissed; and this time we felt that we had not got any too much of any portion of this profound music. It was all inspired, all strong, all worthy of FRANZ SCHUBERT. We should like to hear this symphony at one of the afternoon "rehearsal" concerts, as we have noticed that symphonies seem to have a peculiar relish in those hours;—for instance the *Pastorale* last Wednesday.

The *Sommernachts-Traum* overture, played as the Germanians play it, has become a periodical necessity to the popular ear, and was played, we dare say, for the three hundredth time or more, to the undiminished delight of all listeners. What a refining, dainty dream to be musically mingling in the daily thoughts of old and young!

The "Torchlight Dance" (*Fackeltanz*), by Meyerbeer, was something new,—an orchestral piece in his best vein, full of a trumpet-toned exhilaration; and, by the way, the trumpet had some nice work to do in it, and did it nicely. JAELE played the last half of Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto with a brilliancy of touch, a faultless purity of outline, a boldness and breadth of style, lacking no delicacy wherever it was required, such as we could hardly hope or wish to hear surpassed; with such a pianist, seconded by such an orchestra, Mendelssohn's fine work received full justice; it was only to be regretted that we did not have the whole of it.

The little CAMILLA URSO, now a prodigious favorite, drew her bow in deeper and more earnest music than she has tried before,—namely, De Beriot's Caprice, with *tremolo*, upon that solemn Andante in the "Kreutzer Sonata" of Beethoven. It was as perfectly rendered as her lightest things, and with all that earnestness that is written in the rare concentration of her pale, intellectual forehead, and with a largeness of tone, all vibrating with feeling, which one would think entirely beyond her years. She is a new wonder now each time that we hear her play. She also performed the *Souvenirs de Bellini*, by Artot, and, in answer to a most uncompromising *encore* gave what must have been a fantasia of her own upon the popular tune of "Old Folks at Home," playing the theme with a simplicity and sweetness of tone and a certain peculiar deliberateness of style, that almost made it beautiful. Her variations were graceful, brilliant and not common-place.

Miss ELISE HENSLER sang again the Romance from *Il Giuramento*, accompanied by JAELE, and being vehemently applauded she repeated the same. The beauty of her voice and natural charm of her singing impressed even more than the first time. The want was of experience and artistic finish, and above all of that passionate *abandon*, which is in the nature of such Italian music.

OTTO DRESEL'S Second Soirée delighted a somewhat larger circle than his first. The charm of such concerts is unique; they should be cherished as almost the only kind of concerts in which *everything* is ordered by a purely artistic sentiment, and in which there reigns throughout the unity of an idea. True, we have, or should have something of this in an opera or an oratorio; but there, even when the pieces and the performers come up to the mark, there are still disturbing influences in the show and stir and always to a great extent unsympathetic state of large and fashionable and heterogeneous audiences. On the small scale of the chamber concert it is more

possible: one true artist orders all, composing his programme (and indirectly thereby his listening company) with the same study of affinities and contrasts that go to the composing of a picture or a piece of music. Mr. Otto Dresel is eminently that man. Of course there is the limit of his own individuality, his own special sympathies and culture; but these are large and liberal and high, a guaranty of pretty extensive communion with the master tone-spirits and of utter exclusion of all hacknied common-place and clap-trap. Novelty, however, enters into the ideal of these little feasts, as much as cultivation of the classics. They are peculiar in that they present us always something *new* in the best sense; we go to them with a certainty of fresh and fine experiences. But the new is not necessarily that that was created yesterday. Mr. Dresel introduces us in the first place to works, seldom or never heard, by the great familiar names of Bach, Beethoven,—works which sparkle with the newness of wine opened in old bottles that have lain away a century, or of the diamond that has been for ages hidden in its cave. Then, as if to show that this eternal youth of genius is still operative, and for select variety, he gives us specimens of the really *genial* (we use the word in the German sense, as the adjective of genius) piano-forte and song composers of this present day; of men like Chopin, Schubert, Schumann and Robert Franz. It is well to have some one to do this for us; we can get Variations à Paganini, and Italian Cavatinas, and Thalberg Fantasias, and all these forms into which the musical sensibility of the age so runs, and perhaps runs to waste, from everybody and everywhere; sincere genius does its work more quietly and needs its special interpreter to make us aware, amid the *virtuoso* din, of its existence.

This time a fatality balked Mr. Dresel's best exertions to give his audience some singing and make us still farther acquainted with the remarkable songs of Schumann and Franz,—not to say also Schubert. Yet the whole concert gave the rarest satisfaction. The Sonata by Hummel, which he played with ALFRED JAELE, (the latter taking the first part), was a brilliant, vigorous composition, noble in its forms, full of beauties and difficulties and was finely rendered by the two artists. Mr. WULF FRIES claims especial thanks for the skill and feeling with which he played the violoncello variations, by Mendelssohn, accompanied by Dresel. Those were variations, worth the labor of learning! The first part closed, as before, with a Sonata of Beethoven;—a rare one, which we have known from notes and for years longed to hear, but till this night in vain. It was No. 1 of Op. 29, leading off with a fantastic, fiery, nervous theme in G. This Allegro is in the right impatient, stormy young Beethoven mood; but if we are wildly hurried away by it, we are rewarded with episodes of rarest sweetness; what an aftertaste of exquisite and tranquil bliss, as of a mood full of love to all things, is left in the mind by that concluding passage of *molto voce* dominant seventh chords, alternating at intervals of silence with louder ones, now climbing and now echoed in deeper octaves! Mr. D. had his reasons, (critical ones worthy of respect, and which it would be interesting to hear) for substituting the Andante of one of the other Sonatas for the proper Adagio of this. We should have been pleased to hear the Adagio which Beethoven put there; it develops beauties and depths of meaning as it goes on, even if the opening theme be somewhat tame and unoriginal for Beethoven;—by no means justifying, however, the absurd likeness which a London critic, (as we just now read in the *Musical World*) discovers between it and Haydn's song: *In native worth and honor clad!* It is but an imperfect, chance resemblance of a couple of bars. The Rondo Finale was inexpressibly beautiful, an uninterrupted flow of the most *naïve*, sweet, imaginative melody that ever refreshed dry, mortal brain.

The second part opened with solos by Mr. Dresel: viz. a charming Prelude and Polonaise of Chopin, and a Fugue of Bach, with the lightest, airiest, fancifullest of themes, woven into a fairy web of sparkling counterpoint, in which learning was as happily concealed under poetic senti-

ment, as chemistry is in some little purple delicate cloud of a warm sunset. This was earnestly encored and repeated. Next came Schumann's Quintet, as before played at the Quintette Club, with Dresel at the piano, which grew upon acquaintance, taking a deep hold on the hushed audience. Finally JAEEL and DRESEL played for four hands a characteristic quick march of Franz Schubert, that was full of an inspired *furore*, strong and original throughout, and wholly remote from all common types of quicksteps.

ALFRED JAEEL's great concert in the Music Hall was highly successful; but it deserves fuller notice than can come into the small space we have left ourselves this week, and it shall have it.

The Musical Review and Choral Advocate, published by Mason and Law, New York, comes to us in an enlarged and altogether improved form. It is a monthly paper, of sixteen handsome pages of the size of our own *Journal*, and is edited by C. M. CADY, who certainly gives proof in this first number of ability, vivacity, good sense, and a true interest in music. The peculiarity of the paper is its devotion to Psalmody, warmly espousing the cause of Mr. Lowell Mason; but it takes notice also of other departments of music, and presents a readable collection of musical news, correspondence, criticism, besides four pages of music, in the form of chants, anthems, glees, &c.

OUR LEGISLATIVE LIST! Music is surely bound to influence the destinies of this great people. She has actually found acceptance at the State House and is occupying the thoughts of our grave legislators. For yesterday, to our agreeable surprise, a list was handed us of about forty names of Representative and Senatorial gentlemen, ordering the "Journal of Music" to be sent to them during the session. We hail it as a sign of the growing consequence of Music, and we congratulate our politicians on the introduction of harmony into their councils. Verily we are beginning to learn wisdom of the old saying: "Let me make the songs of a nation, and you may make its laws."

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

The MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY offers us to-night a novelty of mark in the first Symphony of ROBERT SCHUMANN. We shall see if our ears confirm the report of our esteemed Leipzig correspondent in our last. There is also the solid and worthy attraction of CAROLINE LEHMANN's voice, who, we rejoice to learn, is sufficiently recovered from her illness. There was no trouble about seating the audience last time.

We are requested to remind those of our readers who may be members of the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, that their Annual Supper will take place at the Tremont House, on Monday Evening next, at 9 o'clock. The business meeting is at 7.

MR. DRESEL, yielding to the wish of his subscribers, who would secure these rich feasts ere this fresh musical summer sickens into its dog-days, has concluded to give his soirées at shorter intervals than once a month. See programme of the next, for Monday 24th, on next page.

MR. FRY's subscription list grows apace, and already bears many of our first names. We commend to all a perusal of the Syllabus of his course and the notices of the New York press, prefixed to the subscription books in all our music stores and hotels.

HON. JONATHAN PHILLIPS has made a donation of One Thousand Dollars to the Boston Music Hall Association.

New York.

ALBONI IN OPERA. We copy from the *Home Journal's* description of her *Figlia del Reggimento*:—

"After the opening chorus had been performed in a truly execrable manner, and the frightened marchioness had been happily got rid of, Signor Rovere, as the Sergeant, came upon the stage, and a melodious gurgle behind the scenes announced the instant coming of Maria, the spoiled child of fifteen hundred fathers. She came, dressed in the usual red skirt with black stripes around it, a dark-blue jacket with round buttons, an open vest, her hair behind her ears, and a black, low-crowned hat fluttering with red ribbons. It was a dress which, without being very becoming to her person, partially concealed its most conspicuous misfortune. She came quickly upon the stage, took off her hat with an air, bowed, brushed up her hair, and advanced with a step as much like "tripping" as could be expected. When she began to sing, we were struck with the odd contrast between the rich solemnity of her melodious tones, and the energy of her gesticulation. As we before remarked, it was as though Dr. Hodges should play a waltz upon the organ of Trinity. The audience evidently felt the incongruity, and, during the first scene, manifested little enthusiasm. But how soon their coldness vanished! The kettle-drum scene was an unexpected triumph. She drummed in a style that would pass muster in a French barracks, and the lively scene was warmly encored. The first great moment, however, was when Maria was taking leave of the regiment to enter upon the enjoyment of her newly discovered rank. There was no incongruity then. With her handkerchief pressed upon her streaming eyes, her old friends sorrowing around her, she poured forth a flood of melting lamentation that can never be forgotten by any that heard it. All the resources of her wonderful voice were displayed; and her acting was worthy of her voice. The effect cannot be described. Yet a greater scene than this was to come. The second act reveals the some-time Daughter of the Regiment restored to the rank and to the home of her ancestors. The inevitable aunt of comic opera is giving the newly found heiress the equally inevitable music lesson..... We can convey no adequate idea of the spirit and fire which Madame Alboni threw into its representation. How charmingly she imitated—surpassing—while burlesquing, the lessons of the aunt!—then crumpling up, in comic disgust, the music of the piece, and throwing out her feet in boisterous march up and down the stage with the merry sergeant, filling the vast and crowded theatre with the most magnificent and stirring music that ever flowed from the throat of woman—rising triumphantly above the crash of the orchestra, and only lost in the thunder of acclamation which burst from every part of the theatre.

Sig. ROVERE is pronounced on all hands a most admirable buffo, and all praise his performance of the Sergeant. The orchestra, too, is found quite satisfactory.

On Monday ALBONI sang in *La Sonnambula*; "and never more exquisitely or powerfully," says the *Tribune*. "We do not understand how they have called her inanimate. We do not know a singer with a truer, more vital, more touching power of expression. Nor is she at all deficient as an actress." Sig. Pellegrino, who made his debut as Elvino, is set down as "a miserable singer,"—"voice, style, bearing not tenth rate."

SONTAG IN OPERA. The right musical Countess has appeared twice in the "Daughter of the Regiment," on Monday and Wednesday, the same nights with Alboni. We glean a sentence here and there from the report in the *Tribune*.

"In this showy, open-boxed house (Niblo's) were collected last night upward of two thousand people..... The Overture opened well. Some forty-eight instruments gave an unusual sonority and variety to the composition..... Superlative side-drumming prophesied the trade of war to come, when the curtain rose. The revelation of the soldiery was fair. The chorus was comparatively strong, well dressed and well drilled..... Madame Sontag looked remarkably well. Her costume was undeniably excellent..... She had the *Corpo di Baccar* about her..... The regimental ditty was taken very much slower by Madame Sontag than ordinary, and in a very pronounced manner. The drum scene was properly left in the hands of the drummer-boy, for it is a rule in French armies that the *vivandière* distributes wine, &c., to the troops and does not beat the drum: a tradition which Madame Sontag has observed with military precision..... Signor Badiali is an admirable actor and singer. His voice is potential, and his 'making up' thoroughly in keeping with his bluff accents..... Signor Pozzolini did not sing as well as in the *Paritani* at Metropolitan Hall. Colds are about, and he may have his quota. So pure a tenor does not bear any ordinary shortcoming without its being observed. We have never seen justice done to the beautiful singing and voice of Signor Pozzolini. Considering the rarity of tenors, he should be handsomely recognized. In the music-practising, the Daughter was full of genuine frolic; and there ensued a rich spray of floriture, that would have made old Porpora rub his hands with glee. There was a stubborn effort at an encore, which Madame Sontag quietly resisted.

There are some scenes which do not bear encores..... The opera passed off admirably saving the anti-climax of the singing-polka by Alary, which was thrown in as a grand final air in the same way that Balfe's waltz is appended to Madame Alboni's version..... Great praise is due to the care bestowed on the mounting of the opera, the accuracy of the chorus and orchestra, and the entire dash, spirit and brilliancy of the execution."

England.

MONS. JULLIEN seems to have been of late the great topic of the London *Musical World*, if not of the musical world of London. Indeed his praises occupy that paper too much, to permit us an entire faith in his genuine artistic management. It looks like a determined effort to write him up for the American market. They do say that a large part of his orchestra of a hundred consists of men of straw, the mere *ripianists*, cheaply paid, therein being to the real and well paid artists in the proportion of four or five to one. How that may be we know not; it certainly is not so stated in the *World*, and in the numerous authorities, whose puffs it gathers up from week to week into its columns. The *Times* says that the vogue of these popular entertainments was never greater than during the series just closed. Then as to catering to the lighter tastes and heels of the multitudes, by waltzes, promenades, &c., it is stated that, although he began so, he has kept gradually infusing more and more of the classic element, until finally he has given what he terms a "Mendelssohn Festival," the first half of the programme being devoted exclusively to that composer's works. Says the *Times*:

"The house was crammed, and the promenade and galleries, if possible, were more inconveniently packed than on ordinary nights; and yet the crowd—a vast number of whom were of course standing—listened for two hours to a programme wholly devoted to that kind of music which has been sneered at, in certain quarters, as tedious and "slow," and listened, moreover, with a closeness of attention and a keen perception of the beauties that would have reflected no discredit on the privileged audiences of the Philharmonic and *Conservatoire*. After this, whoever can refuse to believe that a healthy taste for music is diffusing itself among the population must be unusually hard of persuasion. The first part of the selection comprised the following pieces:—

Symphony in A, (No. 2).....	} Mendelssohn.
Rondo Brilliant, Piano-forte....M. Alexandre	
Billet.....	
Concerto, Violin....Mr. H. Cooper.....	
Music in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' (entire)]	

This was soon followed by a "Beethoven Festival," of which it is said:

"The programme was more than usually long; the first part devoted entirely to Beethoven's music, comprising two symphonies (the Pastoral and the C minor), an overture (*Leonora*), and a piece for piano-forte, orchestra, and chorus (the *Fantasia* in C). Such a selection proved that no compromise was meditated, and that M. Jullien addressed himself with confidence to the amateurs of good music who abound in the metropolis. The justness of his anticipations was demonstrated in the enormous crowd that flocked to the theatre, and in the undeviating attention paid to the performance. Both the symphonies were given entire, with the 'repeats,' and in such a manner as to guarantee all that has been said in favor of M. Jullien's orchestra. The choral *fantasia* was a novelty at these concerts. It is one of the most poetical of Beethoven's compositions. Departing entirely from the symphonic form, it is a *fantasia* in the strictest sense of the term, and may be pronounced, without hesitation, the finest ever written. The idea intended to be illustrated, is that of a lady extemporizing on the piano-forte in presence of a numerous company, who, at first inattentive, are gradually attracted to the instrument, until near the conclusion, enchanted by the performance, they take up simultaneously one of the melodies she has just improvised, and sing enthusiastically the praises of music. M. Alexandre Billet, to whom the piano-forte part was entrusted, entered fully into the poetical meaning of the composer, and executed the whole in a style which left no room for criticism. The orchestra was admirable, and the chorus much better than usual. The audience, as delighted as the imaginary audience of Beethoven's *improvisatrice*, re-demanded the *fantasia* unanimously.

His final concert, Dec. 11, is described with enthusiasm. It comprised a medley of quadrilles, piano-pieces by Miss Arabella Goddard, the song of the Queen of the night, from the *Flauto Magico*, by Mlle. Anna Zerr, the *Euryanthe* overture, part of a symphony, and extracts from Jullien's own opera. And soon, we suppose, we may expect the creator and king of "Promenade Concerts," and author of *Pietro il Grande*, upon our shores. Whether he come with twenty or the whole hundred of his men, he will find it not altogether easy to displace the "Germanians" in the great and small musical centres of our land.

Boston Musical Fund Society.

THE patrons of the BOSTON MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY are respectfully informed that the

Fourth Grand Concert

OF THE SIXTH SERIES WILL BE GIVEN AT THE
NEW MUSIC HALL,

On SATURDAY EVENING, January 15,

For which occasion they have secured the valuable services of
M^{lle} CAROLINE LEHMANN,

Who will sing several popular pieces.

A Grand Symphony by R. SCHUMANN, Op. 38, will be performed for the first time.

The Overtures of "Jessonda," by Spohr, and "William Tell," by Rossini, will also be performed by the Orchestra.

Single Tickets, at 50 cts. may be obtained at the usual places and at the door on the evening of performance.

Doors open at 6—Concert commences at 7 o'clock.

N. B. Ushers will be in attendance at the Hall on the evening of the Concert, in order to facilitate the seating of the audience.

Per order,

JOS. N. PIERCE, Sec'y.

CHAMBER CONCERT.**The Mendelssohn Quintette Club**

Respectfully inform their Subscribers and the musical public of Boston, that their

FIFTH CONCERT

Of the Series of Eight, will take place

On Thursday Evening, January 20, 1853,
AT THE MASONIC TEMPLE.

Among the pieces presented will be Mendelssohn's 2d Quintette, and Mozart's 4th Quartette, (repeated by request.)

Tickets 50 cents each, to be obtained at the usual places. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Concert to commence at 7½ precisely.

**OTTO DRESEL'S
THIRD MUSICAL SOIRÉE,**

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 24, 1853,

IN MR. JOHNSON'S MUSIC HALL, (in the New Building next south of Tremont Temple,) assisted by

MISS CAROLINE LEHMANN,
WILLIAM SCHULTZE, and
CARL BERGMANN.

PROGRAMME.**PART I.**

1. Grand Sonata, A minor, for Piano and Violin, . . . Beethoven.
Adagio Sostenuto. Presto.
Andante con Variazioni.
Finale, Presto.

OTTO DRESEL and WILLIAM SCHULTZE.

2. Ave Maria—Song, Robert Franz.
Miss LEHMANN.

3. Scenes from Childhood: Little Pieces for Piano
Solo, Schumann.
1. About strange countries and people.
2. Curious Story.
3. "Tag."
4. Child heseeking.
5. Happiness enough.
6. Important occurrence.
7. Reverie.
8. Knight of the Hobby-horse.
9. Child falling asleep.
10. "May, dearest May, soon thou art here again!"

II Hunting Song.

4. Rauschender Wald, mein Aufenthalt: Song, Schubert.
Miss LEHMANN.

PART II.

5. Piano Solos: Fugue, C minor, Bach.
Bereuse, Chopin.
Scherzo, F sharp minor, Mendelssohn.
6. "Es grünet ein Nussbaum," Song, Schumann.
Miss LEHMANN.
7. Second Trio for Piano, Violin, and 'Cello, Mendelssohn.
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SCHUMANN AND WAGNER.

[H. F. CHORLEY writes as follows to the London *Athenæum* of the impressions he has recently received in Leipsic, from the music of these two new lights of "young Germany." We copy it as representing one side of a question which now so divides the world of music abroad. The writer, even if his opinions smack of strong prejudice, is earnest, independent, genuine in the entertainment and expression of them. It will be seen, some of his strictures bear upon the symphony performed last Saturday in Boston.]

Young Germany is in a fever which, should it last, will superinduce an epilepsy fatal to the life of music. As yet, however, the most vehement upholders of the new school are not altogether comfortable in their faith. They meet, protest with all manner of evasions—they fly to the ancient resorts of weakness—they set up the most threadbare screens of incompleteness. It is wonderful, for instance, to remark how long a persevering seeker may wait; how far he may wander before he is admitted to be capable of judging of the compositions of Dr. Schumann. He has always been hearing the wrong work. Should he find quartets (though led by Herr Ernst) dull, monotonous, in idea stale and trifling, he will be referred to piano-forte music. Should this appear to him so licentious in its discords and suspensions that half a dozen false notes on the part of the

player would be of small consequence, he will be requested to believe in some unheard *lied*, more "objective," as the jargon of the day runs. Should he meekly suggest that the best of good *lieder* could hardly establish the reputation claimed for the new master, the upholders of Dr. Schumann will take a last refuge in symphonies; especially in a Symphony in B flat, described by them to be a master-work. This I heard at Leipsic, with less than little satisfaction. In all such cases of disappointment there is an answer ready stereotyped, and thought to be decisive. The listener who cannot be charmed is sure to be reminded how the great works of Beethoven were misjudged at the outset of his career. But the examples are not parallel: Beethoven's works were for a while misunderstood, I venture to reply, because Beethoven was novel. The works of Dr. Schumann will by certain hearers be forever disliked, because they tell us nothing that we have not known before, though we might not have thought it worth listening to. To change the metaphor—as well, it seems to me, might the *pentimenti* and chips of marble hewn off the block and flung to the ground by a Buonarrotti's chisel, if picked up and awkwardly cemented by some aspiring stone-patcher, pass for an original figure, because the amorphous idol was cracked, flawed and stained—had the nose of a *Silenus* above the lip of a *Hebe*, and arms like *Rob Roy's*, long enough to reach its knees—as such *centos* of common phrases and rejected chords be accepted for creations of genius because they are presented with a courageous eccentricity and pretension.

This Symphony in B flat, by Dr. Schumann, for instance, however difficult it may be to admire, is not difficult to follow. The leading ideas, though neither large nor fresh, are sufficiently distinct. The principle *allegro* starts with a bold phrase, and its second subject is simple, but neither are of special interest; and though the listener may recognize occasional ingenuity of treatment, he must screw up his courage to abide the frequent wrench of modulations and discords which are little short of surgical. The second movement, a *larghetto* in E flat, triple time, has a flowing but insipid subject, on repetition varied by rich figurative accompaniments, after the pattern set by Beethoven in his grand orchestral *adagios*. But whereas he adorned, Dr. Schumann oppresses his theme. The effect is that of dullness laid upon dullness. The *larghetto* passes off into a *scherzo* in G minor. Here the composer reveals his individuality more clearly than in the former movements, by introducing varieties of rhythm. To succeed in satisfying by such abrupt alternations, requires a combination of sound taste with lively imagination, not here displayed. Whereas Beethoven in his model-works always observed proportion, harmony, and inter-dependence of parts, even when his fancy soared the freest, and when his ideas were most prodigally lavished. Dr. Schumann seems habitually to find any change, whatsoever, admissible, provided it be but a change. Another instance of this oddity

may be cited in the *rondo* to his Piano-forte *Concerto* in A minor; where the monotonous limping of the second subject, in place of piquing the ear, harasses it by producing an effect of lameness which retards the animation of the movement. In the Symphony, after a number of changes having been gone through, the *scherzo* comes to a drawing pause, which is a surprise, not a suspense, since there is no warning or preparation for the cessation of the movement in favor of any other, nor any reason why several more *trios* should not have been added, so curiously is coherence outraged where contrast is intended, and climax missed in search of strange excitement. Lastly comes the *finale*, which has a busy theme; too small in its intricacy for symphonic treatment,—and in its manner not more winning than its predecessors. Less pleasurable music, in short, I have rarely made acquaintance with. Were Dr. Schumann's fancies of the freshest—were his construction felicitous—were his harmonies really new,—they would be heard under heavy disadvantage owing to the ungraciousness of his instrumentation; since, though he must be said to treat his orchestra cleverly, the general effect is heaviness without pomp and harshness without brilliancy. Yet, not to leave a single means untried, our composer does not scruple to introduce the triangle to set off a meagre phrase in his first *allegro*, and condescends to bring back the theme of his *rondo* by a flute *cadenza*, fit enough to prepare the public for its favorite dancer in her most obtusely-angular attitude, but at variance with the spirit of music in which, for the sake of professed depth of thought and sincerity of purpose, we are rudely required to dispense with everything like beauty. This, however, is only according to the use and custom. The mystagogue who has no real mysteries to promulgate would presently lose his public, did he not keep curiosity entertained by exhibiting some of the charlatan's familiar tricks.

Such are a few of the considerations which have occurred to me on making further acquaintance with the writings of the composer put forth by Young Germany as superior to Mendelssohn; nay, as having taken up composition where Beethoven left it, and having done what Beethoven did not—because he could not—do. But Dr. Schumann is as clear as truth and as charming as grace themselves, if he be measured against the opera composer who has been set up by Young Germany, at the composer's own instigation, as the coming man of the stage:—I mean, of course, Herr Wagner. Concerning this gentleman's arrogant self-praise, and the love borne him by his congregation, the *Athenæum* has already spoken; and I need only say, without qualification or preface, that a hearing of his "Tannhäuser," at Dresden, confirmed to the utmost every impression made by "Lohengrin." Such pleasure as that opera can excite is not musical, but belongs to the choice and treatment of the legend. This is attractive and haunting, because of its fantastic romance, in spite of some defects

in stage arrangement. The tale of Dame Venus, the pagan demon goddess, who held her court in the bowels of the Thuringian hills, with whom a Minnesinger sojourned for awhile, and the fatal consequences of such sojourn had already served as bases for one of Tieck's most charming *Märchen*; and Herr Wagner has not unskillfully interwoven it with one of those idyllic contests for the palm of song which also belong to the knightly old times. There is a thought, too, of great beauty in the last scene; in which, having returned to the *Warburg*, where his temptress dwells, and narrowly escaped from her fatal fascinations, the Tannhäuser is recalled to earthly consciousness by the death-song chanted over the bier of the mortal maiden whose heart had broken for his sake. I cannot but think that it must be sympathy with the spirit of this story which can enable even the German public most soaked in transcendental mysticism to endure the manner in which it has been set to music by its inventor. Herr Wagner hardly practises what he preaches. Resolute on destroying all stage conventions, he is nevertheless determined on making his musical dramas please by every stage accessory and trick. The German managers speak with dismay of a peremptory pamphlet circulated by him, reproving the Dresden theatre for its inefficient and parsimonious execution of the "Tannhäuser," and protesting against the performance of his opera, unless it be dressed out with every conceivable luxury for the eye. Being his own librettist, this novel philosopher in search of truth has no scruple against writing his opera book in rhymed verse, though he will have neither airs nor duets, and only the smallest number of concerted pieces possible. Though he does not hesitate to reduce his singers to nines whenever it pleases him, Herr Wagner caters his best for the orchestra. Now, what truth is there in the perpetual noise of a band, if literal presentation be the object in view? Why should not the orchestra be silent throughout a whole scene—supposing the terror or pity of the situation to require it? In one respect, however, Herr Wagner is consistent. His aversion to melody is equalled by his poverty in the article. Small matter whether he hides from *motivi* or whether *motivi* hide from him, there are only two subjects meriting such a name in the "Tannhäuser," these being the themes wrought into the overture. For, though a tolerably brilliant March, in the second act, sounds a marvel of beauty in the midst of such a wearisome chaos of spasmodic sounds, it is rhythmical rather than melodious. Yet, if ever there was a tale claiming an entirely opposite mode of treatment, it is this. The magic Bower of Venus, with its nymphs, bacchanals, and syrens demanding something more voluptuously sweet than such a grotesque mixture of flute and cymbal as would fitly serve for table-music to the wicked and deformed old fairy *Carabossa*, when she sits down to dine on her cookery sauced with poisons. The herd-boy's song on the rock in the morning-scene trails along rapidly, independent of the pilgrim's hymn with which it was meant to be combined. The contest of minstrels resembles nothing so much as a series of dreary sermons delivered by several men, in neither recitative nor *aria*, to a harp accompaniment. Alas! out of their stupefying preachment there is not to be extracted even as little as "that sweet word Mesopotamia," on the gain of which the old woman went home satisfied that she had not lost her time at church. The final *stretto* after their tiresome prosing was as welcome as is a glimpse of daylight to men waking from a night-mare, merely because it contains a few bars of climax for the voices which are successively introduced, and subsequently grouped according to the commonest Italian receipt. How low must the opera goer be brought when he can think of Verdi with complacency and longing!—in the last act, monologue frantic succeeds to monologue whining; and how either can be learnt by the singers is a mystery.—But conceding that "Tannhäuser" is to be considered merely as a recitative opera written after the leading fashion of Lulli, with an orchestra tenfold stronger than Mlle. de Montpensier's

marmiton ever dreamed of, it is a failure, if tried by its own rules. The recitative is bad and untrue; because it possesses none of those cadences ministering repose to the ear which are indispensable to the recitation of verse, and which habitually belong to the parlance of every civilized human being. Perpetual strain, perpetual emphasis, perpetual awkwardness of interval,—these are Herr Wagner's materials for that true declamation which is to carry out with improvements the famous canons of Gluck, and to make of music that utterly unmusical thing in which all the dilettanti delight.

Yet more, in the use of that huge conventionalism, the orchestra—to which every other conventionalism is to be sacrificed—Herr Wagner does not seem to me felicitous in "Tannhäuser." The overture pleased me more when I heard it given by Dr. Liszt's two marvellous hands on the piano than when it was rendered by Herr Reisinger's capital and sensitive band. There is a want of proportion and of richness in the filling up, owing to which, certain of the effects meant by the composer to be among his strongest come forth but feebly. This is to be felt in his treatment of the introduction, and yet more strongly in the *coda*, where a whirling and busy figure for the violins (owing to ill calculated sonority) is overborne by the harsh and blatant brass instruments, in place of being wrought up together with them into a rich and well-balanced *fortissimo*. Not only are the singers throughout the opera tormented as concerns their intrinsic occupation, but the acutest tones of the violin, or the group of sourest flute notes, are employed high above the male voices, without the latter being indulged with due support from beneath. After the sarcastic and arrogant depreciation of MM. Meyerbeer and Berlioz published by Herr Wagner, the world had a right to expect from him something far more rich, brilliant, and peculiar in his instrumentation than they have received. But the discoveries and innovations made by his betters he employs in the uncouth fashion of a school-boy; writing audaciously in proportion as his real knowledge is limited.

Such without exaggeration are my impressions of "Tannhäuser,"—a work not to be endured to the end without melancholy wonder at the pains it has cost, and yet more painful amazement at its being found admirable by recipients from whom a truer taste might have been expected. There is comfort, however, in thinking that beyond Herr Wagner in his peculiar manner it is hardly possible to go. The saturnian of licentious discord must have here reached its climax. It is true, the "conventionalisms" of the orchestra have still to be destroyed;—only, were this done, since all pretext of music would cease, the thing produced would no longer be within the domain of Art, but would rather come under the care of a society for the suppression of nuisances.

Letter from New York.

OUR FRIEND TONWACKER—"DISCIPLINE"—MUSICAL SILHOUETTES—ALBONI IN OPERA.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1853.

MY DEAR DWIGHT:—In this great whirling vortex of a city I have enjoyed no pleasanter hours than those I have spent in our friend Tonwacker's studio. I call his room a studio, for though he is not a painter, nor sculptor, nor designer, he is an artist of the highest grade, and his room is one of the most artistic places I know. We often meet with painters and sculptors who love music. Tonwacker is a musical artist, who loves pictures and statues, and all forms of beauty. And indeed how can the sister arts ever be separated? Yet we do meet with strange cases of divorce. Tonwacker's room is a little temple of taste and beauty. Though a devoted priest at his altar of a grand piano, around which cluster piles on piles of the music of the best masters of present and bygone days, T. adorns his sanctum with the choicest engravings, statues, vases and

other beautiful things; so that you feel as you recline on his ottomans, and gaze around, a sense of completeness in these arrangements alone, and hardly ask for a subtler, deeper beauty. Yet you have it—and it flows out from that grand rosewood altar when in contact with the magical finger-ends of him who ministers before it.

Delicious Sunday mornings—better than going to church—delicious evenings, those—when I have sat there, perhaps with a sympathetic friend or two, all in the mood of it, burying myself in the cushions, with one of my friend's cigars fresh lighted, listening, dreaming, and looking around at his Claudes and Raphaels and Venuses. But his music will not let you dream: it is so intense, it is so impossible not to be all ear and soul while he is giving you such fine renderings of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, and I know not how many more—all noble strains that make you sigh that they are so fleeting and you cannot stamp them on your brain and memory as you do on your heart, forever. True, deep-souled artist, is my friend. Nothing but the best contents him. How expressive, how splendid is his execution! How the room vibrates and rings as he dashes through the marvellous intricacies of the music! Luxuriously lounging on his ottomans and slowly puffing the aromatic weed, I am in a little Elysium for the time. My eye naturally seeks some picture on the walls in correspondence with the music. Delicious, dreamy, delicately sensuous Chopin begins, and I am floating at once in the luminous distances and Arcadian temples of Claude. Grand, heroic, melancholy Beethoven leads me to a bronze gladiator, or a stormy waterfall foaming over the rocks—Mendelssohn, to a Madonna and child of Raphael—yet all in turn lead me through all the shades of feeling, changing from one mood to another with magical modulation—and I can fix no comparisons or correspondences between music and picture; for it is the privilege and glory of this divine Art to present an epitome of the ever shifting lights and shades that play incessantly at the bottom of the heart and imagination.

What select and private seasons of worship these are of Sunday mornings or of secular evenings in this little tabernacle of Art, you, my dear editor friend, know as I do. We have met there more than once.

And ah! do you remember that evening of thorny and bitter disappointment, when a choice number of us were assembled there, some to play and some to listen, and all to enjoy, hungry and thirsty for music—we had all set our hearts upon a summer night of ambrosia and nectar—and how our expectations were pitched neck and heels out of window by the messenger from the room below, from the gentleman who must needs be ill of a nervous fever that very night of all nights in the year, and the grand piano must not be touched the whole evening! Our friend had just had the instrument newly tuned, and had run over a little preliminary flourish on the keys, like a grace before meat. The wax candles were blazing freshly on the piano and on the tables—the feast was set, the guests were met, or dropping in one by one—some half dozen of us—when there was a tap at the door—it was the messenger—dark messenger of doom, from below—with a request that Herr Tonwacker would refrain from playing that evening. It was a bucket of cold water on the fire of our hopes. Never shall I forget the

sullen, blank despair on the face of our host. There was no help for it. Social duties must triumph sometimes over private inclinations, and even divine Harmony be silenced. There was Dirk, the violinist; there was Kaufmann, the pianist; there was the Bohadji, and you, and myself. All dropped in—all nearly dropped down when made aware of the dismal fact. There was no particular use in swearing, yet some of us swore inwardly. I am sorry for human nature, but there was no pity for the poor individual below with the nervous fever. Why must he interfere with us? Why couldn't he be moved to another room? Was it not a hotel, and had not our host a right to do as he pleased? It was the first time such a message was ever sent to him. And we stared blankly at each other, silently chafing, like caged eagles. It was clearly a case of "Nothing to be done." But a thought strikes our host. There was a house he knew, very near, where there was a grand piano, and the family he believed were out of town. We might adjourn there. He would go and see. He went; he returned; he shook his head. No—the family were still there, with visitors besides. Nothing was to be done but sit down, gulping in our grief, and (some one said) "talk scandal." One of us deliriously muttered a dim suggestion about going down town to a certain piano-warehouse to satisfy our thirst for harmony—miserable ghost of a hope! It only raised a ghastly smile on our faces. So we sat down and sought in social talk to find a vent for our feelings, which more than once overflowed in noisy manifestation; and I fear the sick gentleman reposed very little after all—for though silence is "golden and divine," we were not her worshippers that night. We swallowed our wrath, but we were wicked boys still, and felt it hard that the river of our spirits should be dammed, however we might apply the process to other things. If you rub a cat's back the wrong way, there will be sparks. We were rubbed the wrong way that night, and the unpleasant friction was the occasion of many brilliant sparkles of wit and merriment, spite of our griefs. Still, I remember that evening as a mysterious ordination of Providence. "They call this discipline!" faintly murmured our epicurean Bohadji. We pocketed our disappointment, and I felt as if it was one of the miniature pocket-editions of the great Riddle of Destiny.

Slighter interruptions to the flow of soul, in our friend's room, sometimes occur. The other morning Mr. Microcosm stopped in after church, and in the intervals of the performance, threw off little snapping sparks of criticism on the distinguished singers he had heard abroad. They were like flint pebbles thrown into the flowing water—we turned from gazing on the beauty of the glassy river, and looked to see who threw the stones. They succeeded in attracting a little notice to himself, Mr. M., and showed him to be a man of experience, a savant among the singing stars of Europe. Then there was Mr. Toozy-moozy, who looked delighted with everything that Tonwacker played, sometimes murmuring his approbation aloud, and looking around at the company. If Mr. Microcosm knew much, he certainly could feel, and determined to let all know, by smiles and nods and bravos, how his susceptible heart was stirred within him. And there was Angelo, who said less, but felt and knew more than he uttered. It was a pleasure to listen with him

and to meet his eye at some delicious passage. There needs very few words after good music. "*Il vero omaggio alla musica sta in silenzio*," say the Italians.

Speaking of the Italians, I heard the other night our magnificent Alboni in the *Sonnambula*. How well she adorns this familiar old favorite! She poured herself out in those delicious melodies, showing us all the heights and depths, all the richness, variety and cultivation of her matchless voice. There is no effort in her singing, and it seems to come as easily as talking. It is truly the "bird's warble." Her performance of Amina quite satisfies the sense. But how miserably she is supported! Signor Pellegrini, the new tenor, so far from supporting any one will hardly himself be supported. It will not do for him to sing on the same stage with Alboni. Barili sang "*Vi ravviso*" badly enough. His notes were often so false and uncertain that it was positive pain to listen. The rest of the company chirped and twittered like so many sparrows. The choruses, however, were pretty fairly done.

But now I must say *addio*! Some time I may send you another letter—that is if I find anything to say and any time to say it. Yours, X.

Puritan Dread of Instrumental Music.

The Portland *Eclectic* has the following curious reminiscences. The first is from a correspondent.

In the year 1720, one hundred and thirty-three years ago, in a discourse entitled "The Joyful Sound, reaching to both the Indies," the Rev. Cotton Mather thus speaks of the use of instruments in the praise of God:

"The *Sound* of the *Silver Trumpets* which entertained the Ancient *Israelites*, in and for their solemn assemblies, was no less *Typical* than *Musical*. In these days of the New Testament, we have the *substance* of the Instrumental Musick, which was of old used in the Worship of God; the *Shadow* is vanished away. The *Shadow* was of old confined unto the *Temple*; but the *Substance* we have now in every Synagogue. The usage of Instrumental Musick in our Public Worship of God, hath been long since disrelished among His Faithful People. *Justin Martyr* long ago exploded it. Yea, *Aquinas* himself, as late as less than Five hundred Years ago, decried it. Indeed it was one of the *Last Things* which the *Man of Sin* introduced, in the Worship of our SAVIOUR, which he had already filled with a Multitude of *Superstitions*. We will then for the present look on the Jewish *Trumpets*, and *Organs* too, as a part of the *Abrogated Pedagogy*."

This extract is precisely as it was printed at the time of its delivery. It is interesting to notice the change in the notions of the appropriateness of church music which a century and a quarter has produced upon the minds of "His Faithful People." Now the Organ seems to furnish a large part of the foundation upon which to raise the structure of church pride.

Apropos to which, the editor relates an anecdote of

WOODEN SINGING.—Our correspondent's article on another page reminds us of the pertinacity with which an old divine of our acquaintance resisted the introduction of instrumental aid in the praises of the sanctuary.

The "young people," desiring to improve their music, had brought into church a viol and flute, or some other wind instrument, although aware of the old minister's dislike to "wooden singing," which he classed with "paper preaching," as entirely destitute of the spirituality becoming the house of God. When he saw the offending instruments in the hands of the performers, he refused to read his hymn as usual, and proceeded

to do his own singing without the assistance of the choir.

On a subsequent occasion the instruments were brought in and concealed until the hymn was read. They were then brought out and the singing commenced, blowing and scraping included. But the triumph of the orchestra was short. Near the close of the first stanza, the parson, not being able to restrain his holy indignation longer, said to the choir with a very decided aspect and tone—ONE VERSE!

A letter from Trieste, in the Breslan newspaper, states: "Among the remarkable sights in our town must be recorded the appearance of the celebrated composer Rossini, who has purchased property here with a fortune of 2,000,000 francs. Rossini is a great amateur of fishing, and may be seen every day, as he puts out to sea in his elegant and commodious gondel, to entrap with net and hook the brisk inhabitants of the deep; but it is far more comical to see the corpulent old *maestro*, girt with a white apron, sitting as a salesman in the market, where he himself turns his booty into money; for he is no less a mercantile than a musical genius."

From the Foreign Quarterly Review, for Jan. 1845.

Music in Germany and Belgium.

(Continued)

Spohr and Mendelssohn are, in England, the only acknowledged representatives of German art, while their country, truly viewed, is actually an ant-hill of musical labor. Performers no longer wait to have compositions written for them, but compose for themselves, and the capacity to execute this task respectably is almost as common as the talent of the solo player. The numerous specific distinctions in the old-fashioned generic term musician are thus abolished, and to be in modern times an artist on the violin, piano, or any other instrument, includes, at least, such a knowledge of composition as a man may require to exhibit himself, and more particularly to dispose favorably in his concerto of the rarest feats which he may have mastered in his private practice. By this prudent economy nothing is lost to the player, however his composition may suffer in point of connection, unity, and true inspiration. The music shops of Leipsic, Frankfort, and Berlin, teem with these "occasional" compositions, fantasias, &c., the productions of virtuosi for themselves, which having performed with "unbounded applause," they commit to paper and print during the first ebullition of popular astonishment. These things, evanescent as the spring fashions, are highly characteristic of modern Germany, where no one is too poor to publish, or so unhappy as not to find a publisher. The last century was one of manuscripts, of which some memorable specimens have struggled into light—the present one, notwithstanding its luxuriance of paper and print, seems to address itself principally to a posterity of trunk-makers and cheese-mongers.

[Here follows a notice of instrumental composers of the second rank, and of GADE, which we have already copied in our notice of the Second "Germania" concert. See *Journal*, Vol. II. No. 11.]

We can do little more than indicate the state of instrumental solo composition, such an enormous troop of artists and adventurers at present occupy that profitable field. The piano-forte is in an anomalous state:—with a mechanism brought to such perfection as should render it one of the most delightful of instruments, it is but too frequently employed in public to delight gaping curiosity by a low species of harlequinade in which music has no share.

We can sympathize with the enthusiasm which may naturally arise on seeing the almost invincible difficulties of the mechanism of the piano-forte thoroughly mastered; but this sensation is transient, the spell of surprise is at length broken by the mere congregation of the wizards, and, without music to fall back upon, how poor the chance of a permanent reputation! The Liszt,

the Thalbergs, the Döhlens, the Meyers, *et hoc genus omne*, what is their reputation as musicians—as composers? Nothing—they have absolutely produced nothing but the pompous and imposing inanities which form their private exercises. The profit, which any one may fairly calculate upon who has accomplished the art of making the public stare, offers a great bait to cupidity, and life, shifting the scene from town to town, sweeping in the proceeds of performances, and amid the perpetual jollity of new acquaintance, may have its charms. But the poet musician, without quitting the solitude and stillness of his chamber, we must not forget, has entertained still greater audiences. And how much more nobly, let HUMMEL bear witness, whose delightful church and chamber music have associated, with the sylvan retirement of Weimar, feelings as strong as any that Goethe or Schiller have connected with it in poetry. We mention this master, whose solid works are before the public of Europe, the rather because his appointment is now possessed by Liszt, a man who has produced nothing; for which degeneracy how he will answer to his patrons, or to the “inexorable judge within,” is more than we can tell. Liszt made Kapellmeister at Weimar, and Dreyschock at Darmstadt, may encourage ingenious youth to practise the scales and emulate the *Tarentella furiosa* and *Galope Chromatique*—hardly to undergo the severer ordeal of contrapuntal study. But though a new *Hexenmeister* of this bad school, a Dane named Willmers, has appeared, again out-Heroding Herod, we trust that it is nodding to its fall. A strong party, supported by all the good taste of the country, has declared in favor of the classical in form and style, and endeavored to rescue the genius and character of the piano-forte from the eccentric usage which threatens to overwhelm them. Sonatas of the old solid construction are welcome revivals at the present day, not only from Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Thalberg, but from younger pens desirous to identify themselves with music at any rate, even should the wish rather than the accomplishment be discerned. This is a hopeful symptom in the music of Young Germany; another peculiarly appropriate to this age of restoration and conservatism is the passionate recognition of the merits of the old masters. Mortier de Fontaine, a pianist of celebrity, has not only performed in public several of Handel's concertos for keyed instruments, but has found sufficient encouragement to publish them. Then, again, we now possess, for the first time, collected into one uniform edition, in ten volumes, beautifully printed, and as carefully edited by Czerny, the whole of the piano-forte or Clavier works of J. S. BACH, among which are several most exquisite fugues never yet published. A work repeatedly commenced by various continental houses, and as often laid aside through distrust of public encouragement; a work the essence of which is abstract and remote, and whose beauties are ideal and profound, is a testimony to the progress of the actual musical world not easily confuted. How delightful to the musician to be enabled to drink at the same Helicon which nourished the infant genius of Mendelssohn! While we listen to the remains of this immortal master, proved by his chromatic fantasia, the undoubted founder of the modern school, for the modulation therein exhibited, and that of Beethoven seems absolutely coeval, we can scarcely believe in the existence of a public, eager for waltzes or trifles of mere ostentation, ambitious of difficulty for its own vain display—still less in that of artists willing to pander to them.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XIV.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16. Turning over the leaves of a volume of the *Leipsic Signale*, the following passage from a letter dated Utrecht, March 19, 1848, caught my eye, and seems to be worth translation.

“Two years since we made the acquaintance of the young pianist, ALFRED JAEEL. He has just returned to

us, and appeared in the fourth City Concert in the G minor Concerto of Mendelssohn, the *Fantasia sur la Son-nambula* of Thalberg, a Study by Carl Mayer, and *La Pompa di Festa* of Willmers. His playing is now hardly to be recognized, for he has most completely overcome his former faults, and has reached a very high point of perfection—such, indeed, as to raise the astonishment of all his hearers. At the present time this youth is certainly one of the greatest piano-forte virtuosos of our times, which is saying not a little, when we consider how many great performers we now have. Herr Jaell was called out, and gave in return a *Fantasia “Io viva!”* a posthumous work of von Weichern, a former pupil of Friedrich Schneider, which called forth renewed applause and ‘bravos.’”

Jan. 16, Sunday, 3 P. M. A military company is marching up Broadway, from a funeral, to the music of a drum and fife, playing an old familiar muster-field air, I believe the ‘White Cockade.’ Good Sunday music!

Jan. 17. Positive, comparative and superlative:

GOOD.—A city paper says of Alboni in ‘*Sonnambula*,’

“When Alboni sang ‘*Ah! Non Credea*,’ the applause was vehement; but ‘*Non Più Mesta*’ was the gem which bore the palm of an encore.”

BETTER.—Another paper says:

“On Monday she (Alboni) appears in ‘*Norma*,’ as *Lucrezia Borgia*, at the Broadway.”

BEST.—A third has the following:

“*Metropolitan*.—Mad. Alboni, at the request of numbers of her admirers, will give a grand sacred oratorio, at the above hall, this evening. The principal musical gems selected are the ‘*Stabat Mater*,’ Prayer from ‘*Moses in Egypt*,’ and ‘*Cujus Animam*.’”

Hugely pleased last evening with the programme of the “world-renowned” Alboni’s “Grand Oratorio of Sacred Music”—not by the usual typographical errors alone, but by some of the parts as given. For instance:—

Recitative and Chorus, “*Facut Ardeat*.”

Quatour, “*Finnati Vulnerati*.” (Wounded Fishes?)

Cavatina and Solo, “*Facut Portem*.”

Quatour, (a sole Voci) “*Quando Capus Morietur*.”

Was nearly as much delighted with the Grand Overture of “*Stabat Mater*,” by Mercadante, Full Orchestra.

Heaven forbid that I should insinuate that Mercadante did not compose this magnificent overture—but really it seemed throughout as if it could only have flowed from the inexhaustible genius of the Music Director himself—our Paganini! As it is not to be supposed that Mercadante would compile a “Grand Overture of *Stabat Mater*” from the themes and airs of Rossini’s work, tacked and stitched together any way, the familiar strains of the *Inflammatus*, the *Quis est homo*, the *Cujus animam*, the violoncello opening, &c. &c. occurring in it, only prove that the deep religious feelings of Signor Saverio Mercadante, and Signor Giacomo Rossini, when roused by the sad poetry of the *Stabat Mater*, found vent in strains note for note the same, so far as possible—when one was manufacturing an overture, and the other composing music to the words! Vivat Signor Mercadante!

N. B. The Overture was applauded—some.

N. B. No. 2. Curious, is it not, that the same performers, under one leader, give us light and shade beautifully, under another, play right square through, as though there were no such thing. The horn-playing was the best I ever heard in America.

A correspondent tells us that Handel’s “*Messiah*” was first performed in Boston, at King’s Chapel, *fifty-seven years ago*. Mr. Selby, a Londoner, was the organist. It is probably well known that the organ, still used in this church (now Rev. Dr. Peabody’s) was selected by Handel a year or two more than a century ago. Its diapasons are still of the richest and sweetest known.

Addison tells us in his *Spectator*, (140 years ago,) that Handel was called the “Son of Apollo,” the “Orpheus of the age,” when he composed in a fortnight his opera, *Rinaldo*.”

The catalogue of the music in the British Museum fills *sixty-seven* folio volumes.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 22, 1853.

Concerts of the Past Week.

ALFRED JAEEL is now, we suppose, generally acknowledged the foremost pianist who has visited this country. Evident to any one, who once hears him play, in whatever music, is the brilliancy of his touch, the liquid purity and smoothness and consummate finish of his passages, the well-conceived, clear, elegant rendering of the whole piece, with just regard to light and shade and fair proportion, and full bringing out of every point, and above all, the happy certainty and ease with which he does it. But one must know him, as Boston audiences have now had such frequent opportunities to know him, throughout the widest range of music, of all styles and authors, old and new, to feel wherein he is most wonderful. He is master of most that has become classical, from Bach and Beethoven, to Mendelssohn and Chopin, and of all the bewildering brilliancies of the Thalbergs, Liszts, Littolfs, Willmerses, and all the minor would-be Titans that try to take the Olympian heights by storm, piling up Ossa upon Pelion of new and frightful finger tasks. No matter how terrifically swift and tortuous and crowded the fantasia, or how learned, closely written, fraught with meaning the sonata, trio, or concerto, he performs it, so that not a note or expressive feature of the work is lost or marred, as if it were mere child’s play to him, and as if he never knew or dreamed of knowing any difficulties.

He certainly possesses the genius of execution. It is not any possible method or amount of practice that could place another by his side, unless equally gifted. We have almost thought he played with *too* much ease. He revels in these exercises of ready reading, facile rendering and retentive memory. There is some analogy between his playing and Alboni’s singing. The power comes to him as it were without prayer or study, or the inward soul-struggles of the serious artist. Better artists we have perhaps known, in the larger senses of the term, but never a better pianist. Jaell has not always been true to the mission required of such rare powers; he has been prone to forget himself in the gay sunshine of applause; he has been too willing to play trivial things, as if the piano were a plaything and his debt chiefly to the younger and more thoughtless portion of his audience. Perhaps this was but in the smallest part his fault; older artists (with how few exceptions!) have set him the example; and the public is at fault for listening too approvingly, and indirectly seeming to demand, the music which but tickles idle senses. Jaell having the power to make true audiences, has been too *complaisant* in letting audiences make him. Yet, so far as we know, he has always met a serious challenge manfully and shown that he could “face the music” set before him by the most exacting classicist. And it is due to him to own, that in the two winters he has spent in Boston, he has interpreted to us a pretty long list of compositions of the nobler masters. With Jaell there are identified in our memory two Concertos of Mendelssohn and one of Beethoven, (which is thrice as much of that kind of music as we have heard from any other); two or three trios each of

the same masters; many works of Chopin, &c., &c. And finally at this grand concert, on the 11th, which it is our pleasant duty now to chronicle, he has introduced us to one of the most imposing specimens of ultra-modern compositions, which in the opinion of many (himself included) is as truly classic as it is strange and difficult. We mean the "Symphony Concerto" by the Brunswick virtuoso, Littolf.

Littolf is said to be a man of remarkable talent. Daring and adventurous he is, ingenious and determined in carrying through strange ideas, in strange forms and strange combinations of instruments,—as any one might know that listened to the work in question. But whether he have genius as well as talent, whether a poetic fire glow at the heart of his inventions, or whether there be much heart in them, remains very doubtful to us after a single hearing. It was a work of extraordinary difficulties, in the grand symphonic form, with four movements, tasking the perceptive and executive faculties of the pianist to the utmost, while the several themes were so passed round from instrument to instrument, and all so closely interwoven, that orchestra and piano-forte alike seemed principal, or rather claimed attention as one whole. It was Jaell's crowning triumph in the way of execution; octave passages of incredible rapidity, lightning-like leaps from bass to treble, and all sorts of difficulties were achieved, with only a little more air of determined concentration, but with his usual complete success. The "Germanians" of course did full justice to the orchestral parts. The novelty and hardihood of the composition piqued our curiosity at first; but we confess to a sense of weariness before it was through. Ingenious it was and bold, but did the whole grow naturally and genially out of first germs, or was it not mechanically forced through? What shall we say of that opening theme, consisting of two notes, tonic and dominant, a theme which the kettle drums could repeat in their turn, —a sort of empty, rhythmical mould of two bars, into which no glowing metal seemed to be poured! Curiously enough it was wrought through into a compact symphonic or sonata movement, and one admired the brilliant effects continually occurring; but it sank not into the soul like a symphony, or even a concerto, of Beethoven or Mendelssohn.

Then what commonplace and trivial, what almost Yankee country dance melodies were those in the *allegro vivace*, which kept the little octave flute so pertly busy! But perhaps we need to be enlightened by a second hearing. The piece plainly did not suffer in the manner of performance.

Mr. Jaell's next piece was the Ballade (in G minor, op. 23) by Chopin,—a piece as full of poetry and meaning as it was suited to call out all the young virtuoso's executive powers. How magnificently he played it! As a light afterpiece he gave the Willmers bird trills. His own fantasia on *Le Val d'Andorre* was brilliant and graceful, but otherwise leaves no distinct impression in our mind. Little CAMILLA URSO played like a ripened artist with him the "Tell" duet of Osborne and De Beriot, as well as the Fifth Air Variée (solo) by the latter.

The German "LIEDERKRANZ," under Herr KREISSMANN, gave some admirable specimens of nice *ensemble*, light and shade, *crescendo*, &c., in the singing of four fine German four-part songs. Especially beautiful was the last piece; *Unter*

allen Gipfeln ist Ruh (sung also at the Opening Festival of the Music Hall). There were about forty male singers, all unprofessional, and in fact mechanics; but it was encouraging to hear such excellent music produced by so indifferent an average of voices. Herr Kreissmann was honored in his pupils.

The two overtures by the GERMANIANS, Mendelssohn's to "Athalia" and Beethoven's to "Leonora," were a concert in themselves,—to us the most satisfying music of the evening, and we never listened to them with more unalloyed pleasure.

Mr. Jaell's audience, though the Music Hall had capacity for many more, was very large,—at least fifteen hundred persons,—which proved the high estimation in which he is held, seeing that he can be heard at every Wednesday afternoon rehearsal of the Germanians for an almost nominal price.

FOURTH MUSICAL FUND CONCERT.—This drew the largest audience of the season, and was in many respects the most creditable to the orchestra of all its efforts thus far. Signs of improvement, of new life, new unanimity, new ambition, were evident throughout the performances. And for this we thankfully give credit, and upon it base excellent hopes for the future, notwithstanding that the principal work of the evening, Schumann's Symphony, suffered not a little in the representation. This was to be expected. The Symphony was new and strange in style, and extremely difficult. The orchestra, it is well known, is just passing out of a protracted crisis, and is still in a transition state. It is a pity that the work of re-organization did not take place in the Summer vacation, instead of now in the middle of a concert season and in the very thick of the winter's campaign. Instead of severely noticing defects, it is our duty to read and reflect encouragement in the fact that the society is fairly in the way now of improvement. The orchestra has shrunk some in numbers, and will ere long, we trust, find reinforcement; what is left is more homogeneous and select; yet a certain drag of hacknied routine, a certain spiritless, mechanical habit remained to be overcome. The new leader, Mr. Suck, who seems happily to have won the confidence of the musicians, called suddenly to the helm, with small room for rehearsal between the concerts, and knowing well that an orchestra can only be re-animated and built up by degrees, is forced to try experiments. And a very natural experiment it was to endeavor to stimulate them with a sense of overcoming difficulties, and lift them out of the dull ruts of habit by the excitement of some new and arduous enterprise. Hence for once the Schumann Symphony was ventured. Under such circumstances an approximate success was to be hailed as great encouragement.

We doubt not, very various opinions were formed of this composition among the audience. To many its novelty (without superficial brilliancy) and its very richness, fulness, earnestness of meaning made it dull, and would have made it so, had it been ever so perfectly presented. On the other hand, the thoroughly initiated, intimate admirers of Schumann (what few there were there present) were naturally keenly sensitive to every fault of execution, and could scarce contain themselves from crying out about the murder of

their hero. For ourselves, while not unconscious of shortcomings in the performance, amounting in several instances to positive blunders and misfigurings of important passages, we were yet agreeably surprised (and so we know were many others) by the clear and forcible impression of the whole work which we found stamped upon us. If parts were blurred and confused; if here and there passages were roughly rendered; if movements were unduly hurried or retarded (a matter about which we could only surmise, not knowing the work beforehand); if flutes and oboes and violins sometimes returned a thin and feeble answer to the over-ponderous blasts of the trombones—still an imposing, although now and then obscured, outline loomed before us of a grand, consistent, original, inspired whole. It moved us to respect and to desire deeper acquaintance with the new symphonist whom Chorley (see article on first page) and the London critics sneer at as the mystagogue of "Young Germany." We must own, too, to much more pleasant impressions of this same symphony in B flat, now that we have (although so imperfectly) heard it, than were promised us in the last letter of our friend in Leipsic (See *Journal* for Jan. 8th.)

Of the symphony itself we attempt now no description. We trust the orchestra will yet further study it, till the warmest Schumannite may find the whole of his ideal of it in their presentation; and, when so mastered, may it claim another hearing before the half-convinced or wholly unbelieving public.

The overtures to Spohr's *Jessonda*, and to "William Tell," the latter especially, were given with unusual delicacy and precision. That of Spohr was new to us; but so much of beauty was realized, with such freshness of well-blended coloring and fineness of outline, that we actually thought of the "Germanians." We must confess we are losing the relish of orchestral *arrangements*, like that of Schubert's *Lob der Thränen*, played with such acceptance to the audience. We are aware, and thankfully, that these things have superseded of late things still less artistic, as arrangements from Verdi, Polkas, Potpourris, &c., and that they have served to interest a larger public in the divine melodies of Schubert. But orchestral opportunities are too precious, not to be jealously used for making acquaintance with our large musical legacy of nobler treasures which shine through the medium of the orchestra alone. And does not every winter prove, that the more symphonies are played, the wider and more earnest audience they find. What are the busy 'requests' and *encores* of a few thoughtless people, fond of polkas and light music, compared to the silent, deeper, and less outwardly demonstrative feeling of the real mass of the musical community? We have enjoyed these "arrangements," both as given by the "Germanians" and by Mr. Suck; they have raised the popular standard several degrees; but we are confident that our audiences can already bear and will ere long demand even stronger meat than this, unless the "sweet-meats" party should again prevail, to the destruction of all healthy tone in the general musical stomach. Thank Heaven and thank Beethoven, we do believe that we are past that danger.

We congratulate the Society on the accession of so artistic a horn player as Mr. HAMANN. His solo was well selected, an expressive Adagio, not too long, and without the fashionable nuisance of

absurd variations; and from the sweet, pure, feelingly modulated tones of his instrument it breathed like a mysterious voice of melody from forest depths. All was within the true sphere and genius of the instrument.

Miss LEHMANN sang with admirable effect, if not with all the Italian flexibility and pathos, the *Una Voce* and *Ernani, involami*; and her two English songs, especially "Comin' thro' the Rye," in which she adopted Jenny Lind's embellishments, were quite felicitous and full of spirit.

☞ The first monthly number of the *Illustrated Magazine of Art* is on our table. Its appearance is quite English. There is a refined solidity, a thoroughness and exactness about its articles and woodcuts that makes one think that both must have been produced in England. Both are excellent. There are sixty-four solid royal octavo pages of well-written matter, such as we rarely meet in periodicals. That on the history of the House of Commons is quite instructive, and is illustrated by a finely engraved interior of the new hall. Good representations are given of the whole series of Retzsch's "Pegasus in Harness." Also portraits of Chaucer and of Goldsmith, some fine landscapes, the Wellington funeral pageant, and illustrations of the whole process of steel pen making, besides other choice and interesting matter. It is far above all other pictorial serials in this country, and costs but twenty-five cents per monthly number. Redding & Co. have it.

A VETERAN GONE.—"The trumpet shall sound" no more with the mortal breath of JOHN BARTLETT. He departed this life on Sunday, at the age of fifty-three, and was buried from Rev. Mr. Kirk's church on Wednesday, followed to the grave by his old comrades of the Musical Fund Society and Brigade Band. He was one of the founders of the latter at least thirty years ago. John Bartlett was a type of the American musician of the past generation. He was the hero of our music-loving boyhood, before we had known artists in that line. Yet in the new and higher dispensation amid which we live, shall we be ungrateful for that trumpet whose tones are associated with almost the earliest impulse given to our love of music, in those old Brigade Band marches, (better marches than they play now-a-days, we ween), and since then with Handel's "The Trumpet shall sound" and "Let the bright Seraphim," and with that long swelling A, that holds out so gloriously through that sublimest episode in the Scherzo of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony? We have better artists to do those things for us now, but Bartlett's trumpet shall not be forgotten by a Boston boy.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

The "GERMANIA" Concert to-night will be a rich one. It opens with the descriptive Symphony of SPORR, "The Consecration of Tones," a work full of skilfully contrasted beauties, and remembered with delight by many in past seasons. An overture, too, by SCHUBERT! does not that excite fine hopes? The *Tannhäuser* finale, by WAGNER, something new from MEYERBEER's *Struensee*, and CHOPIN's Concerto, with JAELL;—all this for orchestra. And besides all there will be Miss HENSLER's voice and URSO's violin.

BEETHOVEN'S "CHORAL SYMPHONY." This mighty work is soon to be performed for us, for the first time, by the "Germanians." Volunteers from the "Handel and Haydn Society" are rehearsing the chorus parts. This will make the list of the nine Symphonies complete in Boston, and will be the great musical event of this eventful season. We heard it once attempted in New York, in Castle Garden, some six years ago, at a so-called 'Beethoven Festival,' and by a huge extempore orchestra. The

rendering was confused enough, but still we shall never outlive the vague impression of the grandeur of the music.

OTTO DRESEL's bill for Monday evening is as dainty and as solid as either of the two preceding. The Beethoven Sonata this time is for piano and violin—SCHULTZE's violin. The Trio, Mendelssohn's second, with SCHULTZE and BERGMANN. For Piano Solos, Mr. D. plays a specimen each of Bach, Chopin, and Mendelssohn, and a whole series of little gems from Schumann's *Kinderscenen* and *Album*. Miss LEHMANN sings entirely new songs from Schubert, Franz, and Schumann.

OPERA IN BOSTON. Mme. ALBONI is actually coming and opens at the Howard Athenæum on Monday, Jan. 31st. Then there will be excitement!

Indeed it already makes itself felt. The approach of the great contralto seems to have greatly quickened the subscription business towards the New Opera House project. Yesterday morning the amount of shares taken had gone up from \$60,000 to 125,000,—leaving \$75,000 to be raised. The refusal of the land expires in a day or two. Pray be in season, gentlemen, and let not our city lose this glorious chance.

MISS ELISE HENSLER. We understand that this young lady will probably soon leave for Europe to pursue her musical studies.

The Germania Musical Society, at whose concerts she has appeared with so much success, propose giving her a benefit concert at an early day, for which occasion we bespeak the favor of our musical public who so nobly responded to a similar appeal made by Miss Phillips a year since.

New York.

THE OPERAS, both of ALBONI and of SONTAG, are always crowded, although both come on the same nights. The critics generally seem best pleased with Alboni's Rosina. The N. Y. Times thus compares the two presentations of "The Barber."

"There was nothing remarkably good in the support to Sontag in this opera, beyond the capital Barber of Badiali, and the orchestra led by Eckert. Roeco's debut was a disappointment. The new basso came unheralded, and will probably be suffered to go in the same way. The tenor, Pozzolini, was rather tame, as well as weak in voice, and, as to acting, a contemporary has well remarked that he left it all to others. Both Opera Houses are sadly off for a leading tenor, and Sontag's manager had better secure one, before he attempts in other cities what he pretends to do in this—a first class Opera.

"The Rosina of Madame Alboni is generally, we might almost say universally conceded, a complete success. Her rich and beautiful voice and quick and admirable perception of character, certainly grow rapidly on popular favor, with each successive composition. It is due to the Broadway troupe to say that she was only supported last evening. Signor Rovere proves himself a host as the buffo of the piece, and it has probably never been better done on the New York stage. The tenor, for a rarity, was not only in fair voice, but united with it, a good degree of spirit. The Barber of young Colletti was, of course, behind the veteran of the Niblo Company, but the orchestra not so; Signor Arditi leads with much satisfaction. The Don Basilio was infinitely better done than at the other house."

GOTTSCALK, the young Louisiana pianist, who composed the *Bananiér* that Jaell plays, and other brilliant pieces in the modern school, and who has been captivating the natives therewith in France and Spain, arrived last week in the Humboldt. The *Home Journal* says he is "a handsome young fellow," and a man of talent, too.

PHILADELPHIA. The German Singing Academy performed Mozart's "Requiem," on Wednesday evening, at the Musical Fund Hall. They were assisted by the "Young Männerchor."

NEW ORLEANS.—During the week the opera company have given "Jerusalem," *Robert le Diable*, and *Semiramide*. The first was well received, but the house was by no means full. Bordas and Paola sang with much spirit, and were in good voice, but the opera went off heavily. *Robert le Diable* met with a much better reception.

On Monday will be brought out, for the first time this season, Halevy's grand opera, "The Jewess," and on Tuesday it will probably be repeated. Thursday evening will witness the first performance of *Otello*, and thus, on Saturday, we may also expect a second representation. Jan. 8th.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Eighth Promenade Soirée came off at Irving Hall Jan. 11th, and among the pieces per-

formed by the orchestra, we notice the grand *Pol Pourri* from Meyerbeer's opera, "The Prophet," and also the Overture to *Fidelio*, by Beethoven. These concerts have a varied and free and easy character, that causes them to be deservedly popular, while the manner in which they are got up, secures respectability.—*Exchange Paper*.

CHICAGO PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. A society with this name has recently been formed in this city of the lakes, which, it is said, has musical talent enough, if properly directed, to give it a high rank in the Western hemisphere of music. G. P. Abell, Esq., has been elected vocal conductor.

ST. LOUIS, Mo. We have seen an annual report, made last autumn, of the progress and condition of the "Polyhymnia Society," which we take to be an orchestral society, controlled chiefly by amateurs. It had given seven concerts during the year. The Report complains of small pecuniary income in proportion to expenses, nearly \$400 having been paid out to professional musicians, among other things, and proposes certain wholesome changes, which were substantially adopted, the principal of which were: the appointment of a competent professional musician as director of the orchestra and instructor of young men in the most necessary instruments, the introduction of classical music, the increase of the musical library, &c. LYMAN D. MORRIS was elected President, and WILLIAM ROBYN Musical Director. Eight concerts are to be given annually, and one for the benefit of the poor.

OLE BULL'S Concerts in this city, with STRAKOSCH and the infantile *prima donna*, PATRI, called forth from one of the newspaper critiques, at the end of much measured praise, the following, which is hopeful talk for the far West:

"We would respectfully intimate to Ole Bull, that there is a glorious minority in this city, who would esteem it a privilege to listen to him in something from the classical authors—Beethoven or Mendelssohn."

BUFFALO ACADEMY OF MUSIC. A Buffalo paper says:

"This excellent institution continues on its successful career of usefulness. The Oratorio of David is 'under rehearsal,' and will be brilliantly brought out. Its schools are in successful operation—one for young ladies, others juvenile, (in churches and various quarters of the city). The Academy thus far has been admirably managed in all its departments, and it has been peculiarly fortunate in the selection of its musical conductor, Prof. W. F. WEBSTER, who is one of the best and most successful instructors in vocal music that ever visited our city."

INDIANAPOLIS.—Great Convention of Brass Bands on the 22d of February next! Upwards of thirty bands, says the *Ind. State Journal*, have accepted an invitation to attend. It is proposed to unite them into one vast band of nearly four hundred instruments. Mr. G. B. Downie is the moving spirit. Shade of Washington, what a noisy birth-day celebration!

THE RICHMOND (VA.) SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY, organized early last summer, and now in full operation, with a fine prospect of success, is well calculated to be the means, or instrument of making the necessary systematized effort for the attainment of so great an object as the cultivation of public taste for sacred music. We understand that it numbers at present about 150 ladies and gentlemen; that they are mostly communicants of the several religious denominations of the city, who recognize among themselves no sectarian distinction; and that they possess a very respectable amount of musical talent and qualification. Their constitution and by-laws contemplate, not only their own improvement by weekly practice, but the improvement of all classes of the public by the establishment of schools for instruction throughout the city.

MILWAUKIE. There is an orchestral Society here of Germans, who, wherever they locate in the wide West, scatter some seeds of the good music of the *Vaterland*. We have the programme of the "Twenty-sixth Concert for the Members," Jan. 10th, '53. It contains part of a Trio for strings by Beethoven, two Songs by Beethoven, one with chorus and orchestra, the bass song from the *Zauberflöte*, besides more modern things.

SAN FRANCISCO. Music is fast establishing her humanizing oracles amid the noisy carnival of the gold-hunters. A paper of Nov. 16th contains a letter from Sig. Biscaccianti, explaining the composition and require-

ments of a true Italian Opera company, the expense, &c., and announcing the desire of the *troupe* then in Lima to visit California. The Signor proposes a plan of subscription, and should it be realized, engages to set out for Lima and make all the arrangements. The Californians, we doubt not, can support an opera, and with the opportunity of the *troupe* above named, and of so fine a *prima donna* as the BISCACCIANTI, should proceed to prove their love of music at once.

By latest dates, Dec. 16th, Miss CATHARINE HAYES had given five concerts in San Francisco. The *choice of the first seat brought \$1,165!* The Fire Companies gave the lady an escort; and there was quite a *Barnum furor*. The *Alla California* thinks her great in ballads, but hardly up to Italian opera, or Handel's songs. Mr. Loder was her conductor.

A Philharmonic (orchestral) Society has been organized here, under the conduct of Mr. GEORGE LODER, who has filled the same post honorably in New York.

London.

THE NEW HARMONIC UNION, Mr. Benedict, conductor, gave its first public performance in Exeter Hall, Dec. 17th. The performance is pronounced admirable.

"It consisted of the sixth Motett of John Sebastian Bach, and Mr. Charles Horsley's new oratorio, 'Joseph.' The orchestra and chorus numbered five hundred performers, including the most eminent instrumentalists of the Philharmonic and Opera bands. The principal singers were the Misses Birch, Miss Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Lawler, and Mr. Beale.

"Bach's vocal music may be said to be unknown in this country, and yet some of his great sacred works are scarcely inferior in grandeur and sublimity to those of Handel himself. The motett performed last night was but a small specimen of his genius; but it made a beginning, we hope, to the gradual production of his 'Passione.' This motett was entirely choral, unrelieved by the admixture of any solo passages. It was, however, a piece of most masterly counterpoint, rich and grateful to the ear, and terminating with one of those grand Lutheran chorales of which we have such fine specimens in the works of Mendelssohn. It was carefully sung, but with too uniform a coloring; and the organ was overplayed. Bach's motetts are meant to be sung without accompaniment, and are so sung in Germany.

"The libretto of Mr. Horsley's oratorio is constructed very much after the form of Mendelssohn's 'St. Paul,' and 'Elijah.' The story of Joseph and his brethren is told in the words of the book of Genesis, intermingled with passages of devotion and reflection extracted from the Psalms, and other parts of the Scriptures. The narrative is given in a series of recitatives; and the dialogue and other portions form the airs, concerted pieces, and choruses. The music does great honor to the genius of the composer. The oftener it is heard, the more it will be appreciated.... We were struck with the admirable manner in which the vocal parts are written, both in the solos and choruses. The phrases are round and flowing, always within the natural pitch of the voices.... Mr. Horsley, too, is a master of the art of instrumentation. His orchestral parts are rich, varied, and full of delicate and beautiful combinations. But he is infected with the prevailing vice of the day; he brings his drums and brazen instruments into such violent action, that design, melody, and harmony are lost amid the astounding din.... In one place he has made an oversight in his reading of the libretto. When Joseph relates to his brethren his dream presaging his future greatness, he is repeatedly interrupted by their abrupt exclamations of displeasure. These are made into short, stormy choruses, in which Mr. Horsley evidently had it in view to produce effects similar to the clamor of the furious multitude in 'St. Paul' and 'Elijah,' but he ought to have remembered that here there was no clamorous multitude, but only the eleven youths with whom their brother was conversing....

"His choruses, with few exceptions, are in plain harmony, of note against note, like the harmony of a chorale, or psalm tune, and without those imitations, responses, and other contrapuntal resources which give variety and interest to choral music. Where such variety is given, it is by florid figures in the orchestral accompaniments. But as a set-off against all this simplicity, there is an 'Amen' fugue at the end, as formal and scholastic as any admirer of the old school could desire. In the airs and concerted pieces there are many charming things. There is a quartet, 'The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous,' which is most beautiful, and worthy to be compared to the finest of Mendelssohn's pieces of the same kind."—*London News*.

The Programme of the Union, for 1852-3, promises that:

The second performance of the season will comprise Mendelssohn's 'Walpurgis Night,' Beethoven's 'Ruins of Athens,' a New Overture, composed by Mr. Henry Leslie, and a Piano-forte Concerto, by W. S. Bennett, to be performed by Miss Arabella Goddard. Mr. Pierson's new Oratorio, 'Jerusalem,' which has recently created considerable sensation, will also be put in rehearsal, and produced.... It is contemplated to prepare during the season, Mendelssohn's 'Lobgesang,' &c.; Bach's *Passione* and Motetts; and some of the ecclesiastical

music of Mozart, Weber, Spohr, Cherubini, &c. The secular works will comprise, besides those already mentioned, Handel's 'Alexander's Feast,' Haydn's 'Seasons,' and 'Leonora,' a new *cantata*, by Mr. Macfarren.... The eminent composer, Mr. William Sterndale Bennett, has undertaken to complete the composition of a new sacred work, which they confidently hope to be able to perform before the termination of the present season.

The SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY performed the "Messiah," Dec. 10th, in which the new soprano, Mme. FIORENTINI, seems to have charmed the critics. Among the works to be brought out are "Judas Maccabæus," Mozart's "Requiem," and Beethoven's great "Mass (the 2d) in D."

Paris.

Just now the *Grand Opera* may be said to be a world without a *prima donna*. The principal lady, Madame Tedesco, has a mezzo soprano voice, two octaves and more in extent,—rich, even, powerful, and so far as tone goes, more effective than Mme. Alboni's, because it is more brilliant. As a singer, however, Madame Tedesco is but a *huchaback* Alboni, without warmth, or charm, or extraordinary facility. As an actress, she has no power, and pretends to none,—stands solidly still,—and lets the play be played out without offering any interference. There is small chance of her long keeping her present position. Ere long, too, the *Grand Opera* will have to seek for a new tenor;—since M. Roger is paying the penalty of ambition by singing on a reduced allowance of voice, while M. Gueymard, who had a golden opportunity, instead of improving it by taking a singing-master, conceived himself thenceforward called on to cry aloud, and do little beside. The recent revival of *Moïse* has made it too clear that he has neither grace, taste, nor expression. On the other hand, M. Obin, who performs the part of *Moïse*, has made a most favorable impression by his grand bass voice, well-regulated method of singing, and expressive dignity as an actor.

M. Réber's 'Le Père Gaillard,' at the *Opera Comique*, is simply one of the most charming French comic operas, old or young, that was ever written: so eminently charming, and comic, and French—so full of fresh melody and neat musical ingenuity.—*Athenæum*.

Advertisements.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

Fifth Grand Subscription Concert

OF THE

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY,

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ON SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 22, 1853,

ASSISTED BY

CAMILLA URSO, Miss ELISE HENSLEY,
and ALFRED JAEHL.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Grand Symphony, No. 4, in F major, Op. 86, "Die Weihe der Töne,".....L. Spohr.
(Characteristic Tone-Picture, in form of a Symphony.)
2. Concerto for Piano, in E minor,.....Chopin.
(With full Orchestral accompaniment.) ALFRED JAEHL.
3. Le Tremolo, Caprice sur un Theme de Beethoven,
for Violin,.....De Beriot.
Performed by CAMILLA URSO.

PART II.

4. Grand Overture to the Opera "Rosamunda,"
(manuscript,) 1st time,.....Franz Schubert.
5. Aria, from Don Pasquale, "La Morale in tutto questo,".....Donizetti.
Sung by Miss HENSLEY.
6. Grand Polonaise to the Tragedy "Struensee,"
1st time,.....Meyerbeer.
7. Duet, Piano and Violin, "William Tell," (by request,).....Osborne & De Beriot.
Performed by ALFRED JAEHL and CAMILLA URSO.
8. Finale, "Tannhäuser,".....R. Wagner.

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MISS CAROLINE LEHMANN,
WILLIAM SCHULTZE, and
CARL BERGMANN.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Grand Sonata, A minor, for Piano and Violin,.....Beethoven.
Adagio Sostenuto. Presto.
Andante con Variazioni.
Finale, Presto.

OTTO DRESEL and WILLIAM SCHULTZE.

2. Ave Maria—Song,.....Robert Franz.
Miss LEHMANN.

3. Scenes from Childhood: Little Pieces for Piano
Solo,.....Schumann.

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2. Curious Story. 7. Revue.
3. "Tag." 8. Knight of the Hobby-horse.
4. Child beseeching. 9. Child falling asleep.
5. Happiness enough. 10. "May, dearest May, soon
thou art here again!"

II Hunting Song.

4. Rauschender Wald, mein Aufenthalt: Song,.....Schubert.
Miss LEHMANN.

PART II.

5. Piano Solos: Fugue, C minor,.....Bach.
Berceuse,.....Chopin.
Scherzo, F sharp minor,.....Mendelssohn.

6. "Es grünet ein Nussbaum," Song,.....Schumann.
Miss LEHMANN.

7. Second Trio for Piano, Violin, and Cello,.....Mendelssohn.
Allegro energico e con fuoco.
Andante espressivo.
Scherzo.
Finale.

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3. No person shall have a lighted cigar within the building.
4. No person shall touch the gas fixtures in any part of the building, except by order of the Superintendent.
5. The "Ladies' Room" is exclusively for female visitors to the Hall, as a cloak-room, dressing-room, &c., and gentlemen are not permitted to enter this room at any time.
6. The Superintendent will be in his office (entrance from Winter street) to receive applications for the use of the Hall and Lecture room, every day, (Sundays excepted) from 3 to 6 P. M.
7. Persons hereafter hiring the Boston Music Hall, for the purpose of giving Concerts or other entertainments, shall be required to dispose of the seats by their numbers, unless, on special application to the Committee of Directors, this regulation shall be dispensed with.

Published, per order of the Board of Directors.
F. L. BATCHELDER, Secretary.

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[From Cocks's Musical Miscellany.]

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

This distinguished artist and great composer had the good fortune to be born in circumstances which removed him from those sinister influences so often found to check or pervert the full and rational development of talent. He was the son of a rich merchant and banker, at Hamburg, and was born in that city on the 3d of February, 1809. Besides being thus favorably placed, Felix Mendelssohn entered upon the breathing world encircled with the areola of ancestral renown. He was the grandson of Moses Mendelssohn, a light of philosophy and science, as well as one of the most brilliant exponents of Jewish literature—whose name, moreover, is connected with music by more than one æsthetical disquisition in the course of his profound and varied works; among which, if we recollect, is to be found a treatise on "equal temperament."

The early development of the musical faculty in the young Felix Mendelssohn forces him into a comparison with the precocious Mozart; but his more fortunate position saved him from the many evils resulting from the premature drudgery of public display.

His earliest musical instructor was the natural guardian of his infancy—his mother; and on his father removing to Berlin, when Felix was but four years old, the child was placed under the

musical tuition of another lady, Madame Bigot, to whose enlightened and affectionate care Mendelssohn was always proud to own his obligation. At this period, he was frequently accompanied by the witcheries of Baillot's violin. In tracing the progress of his perfect and well-conducted musical education, due weight should be allowed to these favoring circumstances, from which the future composer, no doubt, derived much of the faultless expression, the tenderness, and the playful gaiety with which his works overflow.

At the age of eight years, he was esteemed amongst his friends a minute prodigy—and not without reason. He could then play at sight the most intricate scores of Bach, and, without premeditation, transpose Cramer's exercises into all sorts of keys. He also evinced a wonderful faculty in extemporizing upon a given theme. At this period, he was put under the care of the severe and methodical Zelter, the contrapuntist, while his practice on the piano was directed by the romantic Louis Berger, whose enthusiastic nature set its stamp upon the susceptible heart of the incipient musician.

Zelter was not the man to give ready way to fervid impressions, yet the extent to which "his glorious boy," as he called him, had wound himself round his rigid affections, is manifest from the eagerness with which the professor desired to introduce his pupil to the "great man" of Germany, Goethe. When Sir Walter Scott, in his latter days, met Goethe, the eyes of Europe were fixed with intense interest on their interview. But here we have to tell of the mighty German genius permitting the introduction of a child of twelve years. Zelter, writing to Goethe, in 1821, tells him—"I desire to show your face to my favorite pupil before I die." Upon the circle which surrounded Goethe as its centre, the young musician made a profound impression, winning, at the same time, the affection of all, by his boyish openness mingled with those little *espiegleries* which belonged to the pupil of Madame Bigot, and the spoiled child of his mamma. It was on one of these occasions that he stopped in the midst of the performance of a Fugue of Bach. His quick and delicate ear was offended by an informality in the score. He insisted that there were consecutive fifths. Hummel was present, and was lost in astonishment upon discovering that the passage actually contained "covered fifths," which had hitherto escaped detection. Hummel's wonderful performance on the piano-forte made a deep impression upon young Mendelssohn, so much so, that he burst into tears when once asked to play after him.

Felix had composed several works for the piano; but it was not till in 1824 that he appeared as a writer before the public. In that year were published two Quartets for violin, tenor, violoncello, and piano (Op. 1), the young author being then not fifteen years old. These were followed by a Grand Duo in F minor, for piano and violin; a Quartet in B minor; and several other works. Among others, the Opera named "Die Hochzeit

des Camachos." The last-named opera, in three acts, was performed in Berlin, but without any remarkable manifestation of public approval.

Before his father would allow him to devote himself to music as his profession, he took him to Paris to consult the then aged Cherubini. The ordeal proposed by that consummate musician to test the proficiency of the aspirant was the composition of a Kyrie for chorus and full orchestra, which was accomplished to the perfect satisfaction of the renowned judge. This decision it was which gave to the world its future Mendelssohn. Animated by this encouragement, he resumed his studies under his former esteemed masters, and successively produced the works from Op. 5 to Op. 12; besides several Quartets, and an Octett. About this period he made the acquaintance of Moscheles; and, as early as 1827, was performed in public that charming production of his pen—"The Midsummer Night's Dream," (*Der Sommernachtstraum*).

But it was in England that his most brilliant successes were to be won; and in the hearts of Englishmen that his talent was to be lastingly enshrined. Through the mediation of Ignace Moscheles, the banded artists of the Philharmonic Society extended to the talented stranger the right hand of friendship—and, in the year 1829, Mendelssohn was in London, and at once understood and cordially responded to that appulsive sympathy which the performance of his works, by the Philharmonic Society, evoked, and which forever bound him to this hospitable soil. The splendor of his reception in England gave him an extemporaneous fame throughout Europe. In 1831, we find him at Rome, where the "Walpurgisnacht" of his early friend, Goethe, occupied his eminently artistic pen. There also he pieced together the inspirations which he had previously conceived amongst the basaltic caverns of the Western Isles of Scotland, and the romantic "Hall of Fingal" was the result. This Overture was performed in London, in 1832. While at Rome, also, he struck into a new line of composition, altogether his own, in those matchless "Lieder ohne Worte," which prove, beyond denial, that music has its poetry, as well as poetry its music. His agreeable exterior, his cultivated intelligence, and the independence of his position, made him to be everywhere received with distinction. And on his second visit to London, in 1832, he found himself quite identified with the artistic *monde* of that capital.

In the meantime he had travelled in the combined quality of tourist and musician, through Scotland, France, Germany and Italy; and, after four years' improving and ennobling absence, he returned to Berlin; but not to make that home of his boyhood his exclusive residence. "In 1834," says M. Fétis, "I found him again at Aix-la-Chapelle, whither he had betaken himself on the

* This must mean the overture, which he composed in 1825, at the age of sixteen. The other portions of that music were produced many years later.—ED.

occasion of the Musical Fête of the Pentecost. He was then twenty-five years of age; his former youthful timidity had given place to the assurance of the acknowledged artist, and even to a certain air of *hauteur*. Until 1836, he continued to direct the fêtes at Dusseldorf and Cologne; and then retired, in consequence of his finding it impossible to keep in accordance with the artists and amateurs of Dusseldorf, where he resided. During this year, he spent a considerable time at Frankfort; and while there he married.

Throughout the period of his celebrity, he was not only distinguished for his compositions, but universally run after as a performer. Language was exhausted of its tropes and figures in the fruitless attempt to describe his unsurpassed excellence as a pianist; and the churches were invaded by crowds, who thronged the aisles when he was expected to play on the organ. In a word, the only thing he could not do on the organ was to "play the congregation out." The more effectively he played, the more fixed the congregation remained—the more artistically persuasive his intimation to depart, the more determined were they not to go; and an instance is on record, how once, at St. Paul's Cathedral, the vergers, impatient to clear the church and get their supper, managed to give an effectual blow to the energy of the performer by surreptitiously stopping the bellows.

It was, possibly, his transcendent skill as an executant that led to the notion, about this time generally received, that Mendelssohn was deficient in genius—the possession of the lower faculty being taken as a negation of the higher. It is possible, moreover, that the strict and formal discipline of the erudite Zelter had swathed the infant mind of his pupil in bands of rigid form, which retarded its development; yet, perhaps, only to render its maturity more beautiful and perfect. However this may be, Mendelssohn was spoken of as a distinguished talent rather than as possessing a name likely to rank with Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart. In reference to this opinion, M. Fétis has the following remarks:—

"The childhood of M. Mendelssohn gave birth to the hope that we should see another great musician in Germany; his earliest works gave indication of more talent than it is usual to find in youth, but did not seem to realize the qualities of genius which were supposed to be in him. There were, however, even in 1830, tendencies to originality in his productions, particularly in the Overture of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which I heard at Paris; but it was easy to see that they were rather the fruits of research and labor, than of inspiration. Since then the artist has been continually growing; and his manner has developed every day more individual qualities. His Concerto in G minor for the piano-forte, his Octet, and, above all, his Oratorio of 'St. Paul,' are works of *grande portée*. Among his most beautiful compositions are also mentioned the Cantata which he wrote for the anniversary fête of Albert Durer; another composed for the fête given by M. Alexandre de Humboldt to the naturalists assembled at Berlin; and also his 'Walpurgis Night,' on the poem of Goethe: also a Symphony for the fête of the Reformation, which has been performed at many of the great musical reunions. M. Mendelssohn shows at once fecundity and much ease in the composition of his works. The 'St. Paul' seems to me to be that which affords most hope for his *avenir*. In that piece he has found means to unite the classical qualities of the best masters of the German school with a certain boldness of good augury. In fine, this young artist (M. Mendelssohn has not reached his thirty-first year) is incontestably, up to this day, the musician who affords most hope to Germany, and comprises in himself the future school of that country. Talent does not always manifest itself in the same way; and but few examples are known of that vigor of invention which burst forth with Rossini at the age of twenty; with others, and even with the impetuous Beethoven, originality was the force of meditation. The same phenomenon appeared in the talent of Gluck."

The prophetic spirit, gleaming through these judicious criticisms, was amply accredited by Mendelssohn's subsequent career, unhappily but too brief. In 1846 he completed, and, on the 26th of August, himself conducted at the Birmingham Festival, the Oratorio of "Elijah;" the reception of which left his warmest admirers nothing to desire.

But it was in the decrees of that unsearchable Providence, which often only shows us the highly gifted,

"— To mock our fond pursuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain,"

that this star, the cynosure of all observers, should stoop to the horizon before it had reached its culminating point. During his last visit to England, the keen eye of anxious friendship might trace the secret ravages which the ethereal spirit within had made upon his delicately organized frame. He was for the most part invisible to the innumerable friendly inquirers, whom his celebrity brought about him, at No. 4 Hobart-place, Eaton-square, where he had fixed his temporary residence. So numerous, indeed, were the calls made upon him, that his old and faithful servant, in answer to an inquiry, exclaimed, "Ach! me almost run down—dere be so many visitors."

The honors which were accumulated upon him were oppressive to the constant sense of fatigue which possessed him. To a young friend, who begged him to play after the triumphant conclusion of the Birmingham Festival, he replied mournfully—even with tears—in expressive, but imperfect English, that he could not play—"write and practice too much," he continued, "no strength—cannot play;" and, placing his attenuated hand upon his pale forehead, exclaiming, "Oh, my head! my head!" he looked up to heaven, whither he was fast hastening. The abiding shadow of the unseen world was settling upon him.

In 1837, he had accepted the post of Director of the Concerts at Leipzig. In this city he continued to reside till his death, which happened on the 6th of November, 1847.

Thus, at the age of thirty-eight, died this great and accomplished man. In the early period of his decease, Mendelssohn strikingly resembles Mozart, who died in his thirty-sixth year. Of Mozart it cannot be said that he died prematurely. His faculty was developed with amazing rapidity; and, from the very early age at which he began to hold a place in public estimation, his artistic life was by no means short. Although a painful apprehension to the contrary embittered his last days, yet he lived long enough for fame. Not so with Mendelssohn. However extended his mortal span might have been, his fine talent would have continued, in all probability, to unfold and discover fresh beauties as long as his natural faculties were perfect. He died in the period of full promise, withered in the spring-time of his genius.

NIELS W. GADE. Mr. Chorley, by way of appendix to the strictures, which we copied last week, upon Schumann and Wagner, speaks (more hopefully than he did eight years ago in the *Foreign Quarterly*) of the Danish composer:

Though together with Herren Schumann and Wagner I speak of Herr Gade as a composer whose works are well received by a selection of the musical public in Germany, it is not because his spirit is akin to theirs. He belongs to the romantic school, it is true; but he has some real claims. These reside in a certain national individuality which (to speak fantastically) is in harmony with the snows and the glittering and the glancing meteors of the North. An ear of ordinary delicacy must be made aware by hearing Herr Gade's music that its composer is neither German nor French. But though pure, wild, and strange, it is apt to be monotonous. The pleasure decreases as the work goes on; even as a few pages of Ossian are found enough to satisfy the least *blasé* and most dreamy of readers. In the prelude to his overture, *Im Hochland*, a delicious,

almost crystalline sound is got from the orchestra, which well befits the form of the phrase. The *allegro* begins brightly enough, still, wild and northern in its tone of gaiety. But the charm wears out, the spirit flags, and the expectation raised by so sweetly strange an invitation is followed by disappointment. A similar result was produced by a *Sonata* for piano-forte and violin, in A minor, commencing with exquisite delicacy, but falling off in interest as the composition proceeds. It is said that in his later works, Herr Gade has succeeded in emancipating himself from the limits and seductions of his nationality to a considerable extent. I cannot, however, help fancying that a composer who has begun in a tone so decided and peculiar, must possibly always belong to that body of national musicians of which Chopin may be called the brightest illustration, and to which Mr. Erke, and M. Glinka belong, and not to that higher company of Palestrinas, Mozarts, Bachs, Handels, and Beethovens, who speak to all countries. Be his future what it may, however, Herr Gade is certainly one of the few rising musicians to be looked out and listened for by all who take a natural and healthy interest in Art as proceeding by development, not by destruction.

Stanzas from the German.

My heart, I bid thee answer—
How are Love's marvels wrought?
"Two hearts to one pulse beating,
Two spirits to one thought."

And tell me how love cometh?
"It comes—unsought—unsent!"
And tell how love goeth?
"That was not love that went!"

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Translated from the German of E. Ortlepp, by H. Kreissmann.

I. THE WALK.

On a beautiful evening in spring, a gray-haired old man walked in silence through the solitary fields. Sometimes, as if in deep meditation, he would stop, and then again, with head bowed down, would sit, lost, as it were, in dreamy reverie. His soul was indeed filled with a deep grief, to which he in vain sought to give utterance. He longed once more for the unattained aspirations of youth, all that he had sighed for, yearned for, but never possessed. Bitter, scalding tears trickled down his withered cheek. His heart was full of sorrow, and yet the world greeted him with its beauty; the sunset shone with mellow rosy light upon the earth; all around him seemed full of life and bloom; full of peace and joy; he alone was sad—sad even to death.

Years had passed since he had heard the song of the cuckoo or the nightingale, his favorites. Around him were a thousand happy sounds, of birds, of brooks and rustling trees, the chiefest joy of all creation to his music-loving ears, but long since shut out from him forever—for BEETHOVEN was deaf—and thus, cut off from the cheering voice of nature, he stood apart also from the sympathy of his fellow men; there were none to understand his raptures or pity his woes. The beloved, who had betrayed him, rose up before his mind, and his heart writhed with the bitter remembrance. The images of friends glided past him, but how few were they, while of those who had wounded his inmost soul, how great was the number!—He beheld the rich and the powerful, who could not appreciate his merit;—he saw them pass him with proud indifference, or gaze on him with vague curiosity. He saw extended before him the city that did not value his works, that so unfeelingly suffered the immortal genius within him to be a prey to the mean and earthly cares of a joyless existence. Then bitter indignation seized him; anger and hatred mingled in fearful discord with his gentler feelings; he clenched his fists; curses were on his tongue, and his otherwise mild and loving heart boiled and heaved like a volcano pregnant with destruction and ruin.

He thought of his childhood, when he suffered cruelly even at the hands of his father, but thought also of his tender mother, loving him with all a mother's fervor, and her memory fell like a ray from heaven upon the darkness of his soul. He recalled the gloomy hours, when conscious of his future greatness, unnoticed and unknown, he wept in solitude and struggled against maddening despondency; but the glowing light of evening recalled also those happy moments when, on the pinions of artistic inspiration, he soared above the dust of earthly splendor and of earthly misery.

He beheld the forms of his heartless persecutors moving by him with scornful laugh, saying of the holiest and most divine effusions of his noble mind—"an insipid nothing;" but the revered image, too, of "Father Haydn," rose before him in all his joyous, loving nature, full of friendly, smiling geniality—and then his heart melted in soft emotions.

He sat, deeply wrapt in these dreams. Before his glowing imagination floated a thousand joyful images—and when he raised his eyes—lo! it was indeed no delusion, for before him, in the radiant glow of evening, gazing at him with loving eyes, stood "Father Haydn."

"Dost thou descend from the regions above," he said, addressing the radiant image, "Dost thou approach to summon me to that realm for which my weary, shattered soul has pined so long?"

"Alas! poor soul, glorious and lofty genins, thou sublime master," replied Haydn, with a gentle smile, "why art thou so sad? If I were indeed to announce to thee the hour of thy departure—behold me in blissful joy!—wouldst thou not gladly follow me? Hast thou not reached thine aim? An aim that makes all earthly glory blush! Dost thou not still remember what I once said to thee—*Could I but begin anew, I would create works of quite another stamp, worlds of harmonies never yet heard or dreamt of!* This was reserved for thee! My prophecy is fulfilled in thy works, and thou canst now with joyous pride depart to a higher immortality, where thy crown shall have no thorns."

"But yet one thing weighs heavily on my heart," sadly replied the other, "I cannot depart in peace until I shall have sung my swan-song. It may cost my life, but then I will gladly go hence."

"Thus it is decreed to thee," said Haydn, solemnly, "I announce it to thee, thou shalt not live to see another spring, but then thou shalt dwell above the stars, thou shalt revel in delight over thine own symphonies, that have been dead to thine ears so long. Thou shalt listen to the melodious tones of a divine language as thou dost now listen to me."

"Oh! what bliss," cried the other in ecstasy, "that a higher, a miraculous power thus enables me to hear the tones of thy voice. Think, O exalted friend, how could a fate more wretched have befallen me? But alas, answer me once more, shall I indeed finish my 'swan-song,' ere I go hence?"

"Thou shalt, and for a thousand years it shall be heard. I consecrate thee, and endow thee with strength from heaven, that thy last creation may contain all that as yet has lain unuttered in the inmost depths of thy soul; that it may be a revelation of thy holiest self; at first, rejected and not understood, it shall gradually be comprehended and wondered at; then, later, entirely appreciated and loved, until it is finally praised and admired without limit forever! And now, farewell, we soon shall meet again!"

The vision vanished. Had an excited imagination conjured it up before him in his solitude, or was it a reality? He suddenly felt his genius awakening within him as if from a long slumber; his eye glanced wildly at the vault of heaven; flashes, as of lightning, shot across his mind; his whole being was in tumultuous emotion. He snatched the paper from his breast and wrote hurriedly a few notes; A minor—anxious and suspended emotion—trembling expectation.

"Gloomy again," he exclaimed, "I wished indeed to sing of joy that soars above sorrow,—and still I feel that this is my true and long-sought beginning."

He cast an anxious look upon the little sheet, and returned it to his breast with others that he had in like manner enriched with musical ideas. Suddenly an inward emotion overpowered him and falling upon his knees and convulsively clasping his hands, lifting up his moist eyes to heaven, he exclaimed—

"Oh God! grant me my hearing—grant once more, but for a few moments—that I may hear! It is only thus that I can do it! therefore I entreat thee, O my God, I beseech thee ardently, grant me this one prayer; let my ears once more drink in the voices of the spring!"

And he heard the voices of the spring; enraptured, he wished to rise, but his emotion was too powerful, he sank upon his knees again as if in prayer.

He listened to the rustling trees, and the joyous warbling of a thousand birds; he drank in the deep-drawn melancholy notes of the nightingale and the voice of the merry cuckoo from the neighboring forest; with increasing rapture he heard the murmuring of many brooks, the roaring of the waterfall, and the sound of distant thunder. With these mingled in his ears the burring hum of insects, the waving of the corn-fields around him, and the clarionet of the solitary shepherd, piping with sweet and mellow notes, the divine choral:

"Rejoice greatly, O my soul!"

Still upon his knees, he joined softly in the choral, whilst the tears poured down his cheeks with joy and thankfulness. The theme he had so long sought now at last unfolded itself,—The *glorious hymn of joy*.

And now, again, these moments of bliss have vanished; the melodies of nature's sublime music have died away in softer and softer echoes upon his ear. Joyless and soundless deafness is returned. All around him again is dead and silent.

II. THE CONCERT.

Strange indeed are the opinions that I have been compelled to hear of thy last, thy glorious work, immortal master, who hast in succession lifted me through all the heavens. Why should so many years pass by, during which thy mighty creation existed but in lifeless score? Why was there none to listen with enthusiastic devotion to thy most precious gift to the world? Why is it that till now I have never drunk in with rapturous astonishment the beauty of thy "swan-song"? Rise up, pale shadow, from thy grave! Let me embrace and thank thee for the happiest, the most exalted hour of my existence; to thee alone do I owe it!

How, even in the rehearsal, was I delighted, charmed by the unbroken chain of beauties! But at the concert, where the dawning glory shone out in full splendor, it was as the brightest day before me! Then was the mighty theme of the symphony no longer hidden. "The joys of our existence pictured upon the gloomy shadows of our sorrows; a picture as of light dawning in upon us from a profound night of despair, void of all consolation."

Already had I beheld all the lovely magic forms, all the fearful demons conjured up by the spell of these enchanting harmonies, and now again were they to rise up before me in this exalted hour! With anxious, trembling motion the *Allegro ma non troppo, un poco maestoso* began. The second violins and violoncellos commenced pianissimo, their whispering of fifths running in double triplets, the horns sustained softly the chord, the first violins and the violas came in "sotto voce," with their mysterious passages, fifths everywhere darted forth like lightning from a threatening cloud, until at length the octave gains supremacy, and, in a passionate "unisono," modulates into the fearfully flashing chords in D minor, which seem to disclose to the astonished listener the boiling rage of inward despair.

Now the same play with fifths begins in D minor; but this time the "unisono" of the octaves changes into B flat major; thus we have, even in the beginning, the light and shade of the whole symphony; first, tormenting grief, succeeded forthwith by a victorious conquest over it. But

grief and sorrow rush in upon us in new gushes, until the wind instruments come in with their soft and heavenly modulations; violins, violas, and violoncellos mingling with them; abrupt, powerful chords in B flat major,—pure, living joy prevails, when the full orchestra unisono, in swelling waves of joy, concludes the first part of this movement.

The second part again begins in D minor, passes into D major, and changes with a wonderful effect into G minor. Sad modulations of the clarinets, oboes, and bassoons,—seeming as though it were the language of deep and melancholy grief, weeping over long past happy hours, strains in C and G minor, interwoven with the ground-theme, follow. In distorted mockery the bassoons repeat the deeply moving passages of the basses in B flat major. Alas, those sweet voices of consolation did not prove true, they did not fulfil what they promised. We behold all the ideal creations of our youth; they have become frightful caricatures. Then our strength fails, we cease to struggle on, we submit to grief, when we stand at the end of our years, when youth and friendship, love and all, all is gone, and we see nothing before us but the open grave.

What shall we say of the "Scherzo molto vivace?" Is it not redolent with life, is not the whole a web of striking individuality and surprising genius? We are at once swept along into the magic ring of a strange, dancing, tragi-comical joyfulness.

The second violins begin the theme pianissimo, the violas follow, succeeded by the basses; the stringed instruments sport with the melody; the wind instruments seem at first merely to look on, and in single notes to give vent to their astonishment. All at once the steady viola takes the flute, as it were by the hand, leading it along into the merry dance; the oboes follow, and, after a few hesitating measures, the whole orchestra, possessed by the seducing example, join in with the rest. All is joyous, fluent, natural, full of flexibility and sparkling wit. It is one of the loveliest, the most charming of Beethoven's creations. But if the Scherzo paints the dancing, laughing, sporting, life-stirring, and perhaps more sensual joy, the "*Adagio molto e cantabile*," (B flat major,) and the following "*Andante moderato*," (D major,) portray the bliss of mind, that fills the soul in dreams of another world, and freed from all earthly cares, lull us into a heavenly peace. The whole is pervaded by a calm and unspeakable happiness.

When we hear the tempestuous dissonant "tutti" of the last movement for the first time, we recoil and think Beethoven possessed by madness. But again, how everything appears in a different light, when we consider it as connected with the idea of the composer. Grief and sorrow had already been conquered in the joyous Scherzo and happy Adagio. Now the newly armed enemy rises once more and ventures with all his crushing power a last assault. "Whither shall I fly before thee, thou hellish demon, that forever chasest me with flashing sword from out my paradise? Where shall I again find my happiness? Here those threatening, torturing fifths pursue me; there the motley and whirling crowd confronts me! But see! they vanish! it was a mere delusion! Hark! what soothing sounds! Is that the longed-for joy? No! it is not. An empty sound deceives the ear."

But now the grand and lofty recitative of the basses (in D major,) finally removes these torturing doubts. And now we have come to the passage, when the masterly portraying of longing devotion, enthusiasm and triumphal joy, draws ever closer circles around our souls until the inmost recesses of our hearts are filled with ecstasy.

It was certainly a happy thought of Beethoven, to connect Schiller's "Hymn to Joy" with the Choral, "*Rejoice greatly, O my soul*," of which we are reminded in the last continuing principal themes. First the basses play it through twenty-four measures alone, then the violoncellos and violas have the melody, the bassoons then join. Again the twenty-four measures, and now the whole orchestra comes in, taking it once more

through twenty-four measures, thus rising higher and higher, till all our being seems carried away by triumphant joy.

Now again, a few more strange and gloomy passages, but suddenly a voice resounds singing:

"Friends, no more these mournful sounds,"

upon which Schiller's great "Hymn to Joy" follows.

The closing movement is the crowning glory of all, and is unsurpassed in loftiness and grandeur of conception. The soul revels in a sea of joys—it is as though Beethoven, before his departure from this world, had poured out all his deepest and most divine feelings, until the whole ends in triumphant and all-conquering bliss. One idea reigns throughout the whole of this towering work. Everywhere we behold that singular and original God of the muses, the God of smiles and tears. Let us bow in adoration before the master genius who bequeathed to us this divine symphony, this work of tears and raptures, of darkness and light, of hellish torture and heavenly bliss.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review, for Jan. 1845.

Music in Germany and Belgium.

(Continued.)

The art of Orpheus on the violin seems to have been little cultivated since the death of Paganini, which is in some respects an advantage to good taste—though Ole Bull still cleaves to the money-making of the craft, and entertains with *diablerie*, which is equally well rewarded by the public and the connoisseurs, and brings coin on the one hand and disdain on the other. Less profitable than the pianoforte, the violin has happily in its train fewer charlatans, and the removal of pecuniary temptation to the abuse of their powers, renders its professors the most absolute votaries of the art. The German school, renowned for its technical solidity, from the days of Fraenzl to Spohr, and the reputation of which is still so well supported by Molique, David, &c., is at present considerably influenced by the admirable artists from time to time turned out of the Conservatorio of Brussels, and who as naturally migrate to Germany as the young water-fowl moves by instinct to the pool. De Beriot, partly, if not wholly, withdrawn from public life, has devoted his leisure with the greatest advantage to the prosperity of this institution. He has enlarged by twelve his stock of concertos, and imbued his young countrymen and pupils with the chivalrous style, and the fine qualities of tone and intonation, and with the elegance and variety of bowing, for which he has long been conspicuous. This Belgian infusion has ameliorated the purely German system of the violin, whose solidity tended to heaviness; it has added originality and lightness to the *coups d'archet*, and in some measure assimilated the salient features of the various continental schools. A violin player, properly so called, will now hardly be discovered by his play to belong to any one nation in particular—the French are solid and scientific, the Germans light and elegant, the Belgians both; in fact, a long peace has so diffused intercourse, and encouraged community of studies and feelings, that strong features of nationality are disappearing from groups and masses, and are detected now chiefly in the peculiarities of individual artists. One distinction most truly earned by Germany regards the technical part of musical education. It has multiplied the finest artists, by watching genius in the bud of infancy, bestowing on it the most philosophical culture, and gathering its fruits only when mature. The youthful perfection which has been manifested on the violin of late years has been truly surprising; if, indeed, anything can be rightly so admitted, where *work* has been gained from ingenious, happily constituted children, and each step of it directed by consummate experience. What is to accrue from the manhood of such a boy as Joseph Joachim, who, at the age of fourteen, performed during our last London musical season such pieces as Beethoven's Concerto, Mendelssohn's *Ottetto*, Beethoven's Sonata, dedicated to

Kreutzer, &c. &c., all of them requiring finished style and great powers of physical endurance, it may be for some future amateur to discover. The whole relation would seem fabulous, were it not told of a boy wonderfully endowed, both intellectually and corporeally. That this early development of the musical nature is, however, a work that incurs risk, and should be prosecuted with caution, we have lately had a melancholy instance in the death of one of the Eichorns, at the age of twenty-two—formerly in the tenderest infancy a *Wunderkind*, and then, with his little brother, astonishing Spohr and other good judges of the difficulties of the violin with feats that were deemed prodigious. Such is too often the fate of talent—it ripens into the great artist, or becomes an early sacrifice to death.

Pre-eminence on the violoncello belongs also to Belgian art; and the modern concerto style of that instrument, in which the whole finger-board is traversed, and the strings crossed up to the bridge, with a great display of flexible bowing, and variety of *coups d'archet*, assimilates the mechanism and manipulation to those of the violin, while thus its successful cultivation depends as much on muscular power and endurance as on musical requisites. The violoncello, played as it is now played in continental concert-rooms, is a truly formidable instrument—it now attacks all the difficulties of the violin; the rapid and brilliant allegro, with its double notes and octave passages—the vocal adagio, with its modifications and fine inflections of tone, the piquant rondo, with its playful and eccentric phrases,—are all given by it in turn, and at the end admiration is often divided between the address and taste of the player and his immense physical power. A finished specimen of endurance and mastery combined was lately given by Demunck, a young man, professor of the violoncello in the Conservatorio of Brussels, by performing at one of the concerts of that institution, an arrangement of De Beriot's Violin Concerto in B minor, a feat that excited general astonishment among all who were able to judge practically of its arduous character. But the first man of the day in the new art of handling the violoncello, an art which has made it even transcend the violin in the variety of its effects, is undoubtedly the Belgian violoncellist, Servais. He takes this position naturally and unopposed, having now added to that fine practical skill, which was so justly admired in England, a solid reputation as a composer for his instrument. Servais, and his young countryman, Vieuxtemps, the violin player, do great honor to the music of Belgium; their progress in Germany has been rendered doubly successful by excellent compositions as well as performances, their names have become classical, and half the young aspirants to instrumental celebrity on the continent hope to make a more auspicious commencement by producing themselves in one of their pieces.

The interest felt by the Germans in the cultivation of stringed instruments is not confined solely to grand displays of mechanism and of difficulty successfully combatted; but is distributed between concert-room music and the quartet style, which is still the delight of the most polished musical society. The classics of this art, as established by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, do not satisfy the ardor of the day for new pleasures, nor quell the rising ambition of young artists—quartet composition is, therefore, a strong feature of the chivalry of modern music; it is a constant form of publication, exhibits a variety of pens and as varied success, with one object unchangeably in view—reputation. The art can never, we suspect, fall into any great danger of total neglect and decay while this abstract motive is well supported. Robert Schumann of Leipzig has gained great applause by his *début* as quartet composer, and from one quartet or another, out of the numerous attempts made, some in the old and symmetrical form of Haydn, some in the fantastic style of Beethoven, or in the piquant and effective manner of Onslow, a fair contribution of interesting novelties is gathered, and in a mode of writing which the greatest

musical wits have confessed to be difficult. Mozart, in the preface to his six quartets, dedicated to Haydn, speaks expressly of the "labor and pains" which their composition had cost him. But, whatever may be the relative merit of new quartet composition, the charm of that social style of performance is certainly carried to its height in Germany at the present day. Sometimes it unites four composers, in which *réunion*, if the composition rendered be really no better than it would be in the hands of merely practical artists, there is something still to flatter the imagination. At other times a family of brothers has been seen to devote themselves entirely to social practice and improvement; custom confirming always as a theory founded on experience, that towards the true beauty of quartet performance there will ever be something more wanting than the presence of four competent players casually brought together. The chamber concerts at Leipsic, during the early part of last year, presented a great attraction in Mendelssohn's "*Ottetto*," led by David, with the parts of first and second tenor sustained by the composer and Neils W. Gade, of rising orchestral celebrity. We may be sure that the violas on this occasion were not the least listened to, and it will be a new gratification to the admirers of the genial Mendelssohn to know that he can become the heart of the social musical circle in this humble capacity.

[To be continued.]

Fac-simile of Haydn's Visiting Card.

After the completion of 'The Seasons,' Haydn wrote nothing but three quartets, the last of which ends in so abrupt a manner, as if a sudden spasm of the heart had forever terminated the intermitting flow of thought.

From the year 1802, he never quitted his villa at Gumpendorf, near Vienna.

Whenever he wished to remind a friend that he was still "in the land of the living," he sent him his visiting card, upon which was engraved the closing passage of his last quartet, and of which the following is a fac-simile (as near as types can make it):—



Joseph Haydn.

The music stops short at the middle of the phrase, without reaching the cadence, and thus most graphically expresses the languid state of the author's health:—

All my strength has left me now,
Old and weak am I.

MUSIC IN MISSISSIPPI.—A lady writes from this distant State to the *New York Musical World and Times*: "It is distressing to think, that in a rich and beautiful country like this, there is not the least cultivated taste for music—nothing beyond strumming a waltz or polka on the piano, or singing a negro melody. The household establishments are superior, equipages fine, and there are numbers of pianos of the best finish. But, beyond this nothing can be said. It is a perfect *Bæotia* as regards the musical art. Now, sirs, were it not I fear to trespass upon your time, I would show you that the fault is not with the people here; they desire the best education in every respect, for their children, and are willing to spend, and have spent freely for that purpose. You, at the North, are mainly responsible for this evil. Numberless young persons from these re-

gions are educated with yours, and such teachers as we have, come from the Northern States always well recommended. Yet, in sixteen years' residence, in the interior of the South, I have never seen a tolerably taught musical scholar return from your schools, with the exception of three or four from a Mrs. Condar's, (that is as near as I can get the name,) in your city. As to the teachers, there was not one in twenty that I could not have instructed to advantage myself; and if there be a *monstrum horrendum* to me on earth, it is a Down-East music teacher; especially the feminines. Understand, I mean those that inflict themselves upon *this* country. I know that there are many deserving the highest honors in their own."

Fine Arts.

Massachusetts Academy of Fine Arts.

The first semi-annual Exhibition of Paintings opened at the old Art Union rooms, 37½ Tremont Row, on Monday. We had the pleasure of *assisting* at a preliminary private view on the Saturday before. It was an hour most pleasantly spent. Pleasant it was to meet so many of our artists there in person, all happy, as it seemed, with good hopes and omens for the new experiment. And well they might congratulate each other, if we may trust at all our own hasty first impressions of the small, but really choice and interesting display upon the walls. We saw more character, more variety and individuality of excellence there, (for the number of specimens) than ever before in such exhibitions of American paintings. And the collection is none the worse, for being, like a certain political party, "conveniently small." A few good pictures are far more refreshing to the eye and soul, than those wildernesses of painted canvass, through which one wanders, confused and fatigued, to search out here and there one picture that repays examination. There were just seventy-five pieces in the catalogue.

Of course we shall not presume, after an hour's casual glances, to criticise, or pronounce any one or two the best among the whole; for it is quite possible that some of the best escaped us altogether. But we may safely say, that the "White Mountain" scenery by Kensett, of New York, is a picture of itself enough to *make* an exhibition. It is one of the best productions of that admirable artist, and one of the highest achievements thus far of American landscape painting. There is an unostentatious truth and depth about it; it gives you the *feeling* of the scene, with all its solemn beauty. The mountains in the background with their vast sweep, still and earnest, the forest stretching from the foreground far back, and the quiet subordination of every detail swallowed up and blended in aerial distance, so wide, so wild, that looking we could almost hear crows caw;—all made us feel our mountain mood growing upon us again as when we were there last autumn. It is a noble, an ideally faithful, a masterly landscape. Our own Champney's studies of nature in the same grand region are also represented in several pictures, which charm, and with a charm that wears well, by their fidelity to nature, their finesse of natural beauty, their fresh, quiet, *naïve*, healthful style.

There are capital landscapes, too, by Casilear, a New York artist; a life-like picture of "Egg-rock," and the peculiar charms of sea and shore at Nahant, by C. P. Cranch. H. G. Wild has some studies remarkable for luxurious warmth of coloring, and a keen feeling of what is characteristic in scenes and persons. One is a glowing evening twilight, another a barn-yard sketch, another a happy illustration of Gil Blas presented to the actress. Cropsey of New York must send us a better specimen of the landscape talent, for which he is justly distinguished.

There are some excellent portraits, especially No. 66, by C. L. Elliot, one of the best we have seen for a long time. The copy from Rembrandt, of a solid, venerable, Jewish head, by Hoit, is grand and marvellously like an original. The crayon portrait of a child is one of the most exquisite productions of Cheney's masterly pencil; and there are several fine ones by Charles Martin. William Willard's fine, bold, full length portrait of Jenny Lind is there too; and there are several of Ames's best. Harding's Allston lends a fine pervading presence, as of a tutelar genius, to the room; but his Webster is a preternatural and painful exaggeration. There is a sweet head of a child, by Alexander.

One of the most striking and elaborate works is an allegorical painting, by Rothermel, of Philadelphia: "The Laborer's Vision of the Future." It is a powerful and impressive picture, evincing strong and vivid imagination and great power of designing and grouping; as does all that we have seen by this artist. But it has the faults of all allegorical pictures. There is a decidedly melodramatic tone of coloring about it. The idea embodied is a noble and humanitarian one; it is a vision of kingcraft and priestcraft judged, and honest labor redeemed and glorified; but the treatment, so far as tone and coloring are concerned, is too intense and *red* republican; there is no repose in the whole picture, not even in the principal figure, that of the Redeemer, nor any of the celestial group; one look and atmosphere of anguish is over all, and no tranquility or smile of triumph anywhere. Yet the picture shows decided power, and is well worth attention.

These are but a few hurried notes. Future visits will afford new texts for perhaps juster observations; for we are no critic in this line.

We rejoice that the suppression of "Art Unions" does not leave our artists without an organization whereby their labors may be fairly represented before a sympathizing public. The Academy plan is better than the Art Union. It is free from the lottery element, and it provides schools for artists. This Massachusetts Academy is organized upon a solid basis, and the names of its officers are a guaranty that the work is commenced in good earnest. We do not, to be sure, much fancy the practice of *honorary* Presidents, &c., from among political dignitaries; Governors and Mayors are not necessarily artists or amateurs. But there is a strong board of Directors, in which a goodly number of our foremost artists figure, and it is they undoubtedly who give the tone and do the work. Besides (we know not whether such an idea was intended or not,) we are reconciled to the Honoraries, by the hint implied therein of a most excellent and sound idea: namely that the State ought everywhere to be the nurse and guardian of Art.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 22, 1853.

THE COMING WEEK will be truly an eventful one in the musical world hereabouts. First comes ALBONI and the OPERA, on Monday night. On Thursday is the anniversary of MENDELSSOHN'S BIRTH-DAY, which will be duly honored at the "Quintette Club" concert in the evening, by copious selections from his music. Last and greatest, on Saturday, the "Germanians" are to bring out, for the first time, the sublime "CHORAL SYMPHONY" of BEETHOVEN. This alone should be event enough for *one* week.

The past week, too, has been distinguished by an event of no little moment. Most of our readers are by this time probably aware that the New Opera House became *un fait accompli*, by virtue of the meeting of subscribers at the Revere House on Wednesday evening. By the report of the Committee it appeared that \$194,000 had been subscribed, leaving only \$6,000 to be

raised. A resolution was then passed authorizing the Committee to purchase the estates of the Melodeon and the Old Riding School, from Washington to Mason streets, every subscriber present answering "yes," to the number of 151, which was more than the two thirds required by the terms of subscription. It was also voted to increase the capital stock to \$250,000. Another season will give to Boston an Opera House superior to any now existing in the Union.

Worthy to be named, too, among the significant events of the week were: 1. The enormous audience at the last "Germania" afternoon rehearsal, amounting by actual count of tickets to *three thousand and fifty-seven* persons, and filling every seat and standing place in the new Music Hall, so that many sought admission in vain. This was only a little more than what we behold every week, and these rehearsal audiences, listening to classic symphonies as well as lighter music, are to be counted an important feature of Boston life.

2. The Benefit Concert of Miss ELISE HENSLEY, being the God-speed to another young native vocalist, who sails for Italy on Wednesday to pursue her studies, at the expense of a number of our music-loving citizens. This was to be last evening, too late for notice in to-day's paper.

The Choral Symphony.

This last great musical expression of the aspiring soul of Beethoven, which we are to hear next week, is now seldom performed in Germany without the accompaniment of some printed analysis or programme in the hands of each listener, as a clue to the unity and purport of the music. Many of these have been written, some in the form of romantic fiction, some metaphysical, and some technical. Of the former kind we give a specimen on a preceding page. It is, especially in the first half, rather too intensely sentimental, and somewhat of our own Mrs. Ellet style. Still, in a popular way it indicates the origin and character of the work. Next week we shall give another, more profound, written by the famous Richard Wagner, who parallels the various *motives* of the symphony with texts from Goethe's "Faust."

Until within a few years this last great symphony had been performed here and there but once or twice in Europe. It was always approached with a certain mingling of awe and doubt, as if it either were too great for anybody's comprehension, or the work of genius in its last fit of insanity, as well as physically deaf; but the general conviction after all is that Beethoven knew well what he meant when he composed it, and that into it he has crowded more of himself, and more nearly reached the aim of all his strivings in Art, than in any work before. Certainly it is not a work to be comprehended and fathomed by a single hearing; its strange and most elaborate structure, the stupendous grandeur with which it goes on building itself up, like a wild vast mountain region, its frightful difficulties for performers, and its length, occupying almost an hour and a half, make it desirable to hear it many times.

Let us improve so fine an opportunity as this offered by the "Germanians," who are preparing for it *con amore*, like earnest artists, filled with reverence for the mighty master and martyr of their holy craft. Coming so seldom, perhaps

never again, it demands, and it will certainly repay, an extra stretch of patient and profound attention.

It was composed in 1823, about three years before Beethoven's death; and seems to have been an attempt to crowd the whole expression of himself into one great effort. Its first performance was at that memorable time, when the artists and amateurs of Vienna addressed a memorial to him, lamenting the obscurity in which he had kept himself during the universal deluge of Rossini-ism and the triumph of superficial, showy music over the genuine Art of Germany, and beseeching him to produce his two latest and grandest compositions,—this Symphony and his solemn Mass, at a benefit concert. Beethoven declined reading the paper until he should be alone. "I arrived," says Schindler, "only just as he had finished its perusal. He communicated to me the contents, and after running them over once more, handed the paper quietly to me; then turning towards the window, he remained sometime looking up at the sky. I could not help observing that he was much affected, and, after I had read it, I laid it down without speaking, in the hope that he would first begin the conversation. After a long pause, whilst his eyes never ceased following the clouds, he turned round and said, in a tone which betrayed his emotion: 'It is really gratifying! I am much pleased!' To Schindler's entreaties that he would accept the proposal, he replied: "Let us get into the open air!" After a great deal of discussion and management, not without innumerable provocations and intrigues on the part of selfish managers, the concert was arranged. Still it was a glorious day for Beethoven and for Art. "The theatre was crowded. The master, standing with his back to the proscenium, was not even sensible of the tumultuous applause of the audience at the close of the Symphony, until Mme. Unger, by turning round and making signs, roused his attention, that he might at least see what was going on in the front of the house. This acted, however, like an electric shock on the thousands present, who were struck with a sudden consciousness of his misfortune; and as the flood-gates of pleasure, compassion, and sympathy were opened, there followed a volcanic explosion of applause which seemed as if it would never end."

And he has left us no key to the interpretation of this music, which visited his soul inwardly, while the outward sense of beauty was entirely closed and deaf, except the constant expression of his music and his life! We have seen somewhere in a German novel, which we cannot lay hands upon again, a suggestion that the whole progress of Humanity and the procession of the ages are represented in this Symphony. Whether there be anything more than fancy in this, we cannot judge. But one thing we know, that it ends with a choral hymn, whose sentiment is the consummation of man's social destiny; and it commences with a strange rustling of barren Fifts, suggestive of no thought but emptiness or chaos. While working out his idea he felt that he had exhausted the orchestral forces, and was for a long time at a loss how to proceed to bring the composition to a worthy close; at last he exclaimed to one of his friends, "I have it!" and produced his tablet on which was written: "Friends, let us sing the immortal Schiller's Hymn to Joy—*Freude, schöner Götterfunken*." The biographies of the great

composer, several of them, contain a strange scrawl in which the words and notes of this were hurriedly sketched.

"The ode 'To Joy' is a jubilee of all mankind, and has the sublimity of the holiest hymn. No thought has poetry in it, if this has not. Imagine a convivial meeting of men *as men*, and all ideals are in a moment realized, and conviviality becomes a holy rite; for on what common ground could men so meet, but on the ground of the essential oneness of all souls, the identity of all men's highest interests and aims. A jubilee of the human race, felt through all hearts as such would be holy, would be the realization of all religions. This is, if we think of it, the sum of all our human aspirations.

"The boundless yearning, which is the foundation of our being, and which is nothing less than a yearning to embrace the whole, has found its natural language in music. It is an interesting fact, and one which gives us a glimpse into the deepest philosophy of the Arts, that Beethoven, the most spiritual of composers, should have landed, after one of his sublimest adventurous flights on the ocean of sounds, in this song 'To Joy.' The feelings which revelled in pure harmony, grew weary of their very freedom; they would return to the human; they would have an articulate voice; and they found it in this ode of Schiller's. As in outward life he had been a fruitless longing for the peaceful joys of the family circle, so in his art he returns with all the yearnings of memory and love to men; there grows in him a longing for *human* music, for song, and it leads him to the climax of his creative power. The ninth symphony, with chorus, is written. Here, in the widest reach of his art, he embraces all the results of his life. With giant force he summons around him the giant forces of the fullest and most active orchestra; they must, they are obliged to play around him:—and their deep, murmuring, tempest, and their light, frolic dances, waft his longing onward, till it dissolves into tenderest regret, into melancholy, sweet renunciation. But all this can satisfy no longer. The harmonies drop away; and the instruments themselves (in the style of recitative) pass into the manner of the human voice. Yet again do all these forms float dream-like over us, when human voices take up the recitative, and lead it into Schiller's song 'To Joy'—a union-song of all mankind. Nothing can be more moving, nothing lets us look so deeply into his breast, as when first the Basses, then the singers, join so simply, so like a people's chorus in the words 'Joy, thou brightest, heaven-lit spark,' and surrender themselves to the soft love and longing, which seeks but *men*, only *men*—requires only communion with men, and knows and will know nothing higher."

Concerts of the Past Week.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The last evening (Jan. 20th,) lingers sweetly in our memory, even amid all the musical crowds and excitements of the week; and chiefly by the potent spell of the opening and concluding pieces. That heavenly Quartet, No. 4, of Mozart, was repeated only to make each appreciating hearer more in love with it. How truly the writer, whom we before quoted, characterized the theme of the Andante: "An impalpable theme, swimming in the harmony and pervading it everywhere, like a melodic fluid!"

Mendelssohn's posthumous Quintet, (op. 87, in B flat) was remarkably well played, and by the vigor of its *Allegro Vivace*, the sad, wild ballad-like spirit of its *Andante Scherzando*, and indeed the characteristic beauties, rising at times to grandeur, of the whole, made a deep impression. Of all that intervened between this fine beginning and conclusion—enough in themselves for a concert—we care not to recall much, except the confirmed favorable impression of that sincere and modest young artist, Mr. TRENKLE, who did justice to the piano-forte in a rather light and common-place Trio by Hummel. Sig. GULDI's song

from *Martha*, and *Don Pasquale* "Serenade," were hardly here in place.

OTTO DRESEL fulfilled the letter and the spirit of his third programme, on Monday evening. At these choice little, genial occasions, we can fancy ourselves present at the tempting feasts of Chamber music that we read of in England, in which Charles Halle is the presiding genius. Mr. Dresel is a pianist somewhat after the same order, and his programmes are improvements, if anything, upon the same models.

Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata" was finely played by DRESEL and SCHULTZE; the sweet-toned, true, expressive violin of the latter only needing a little more fire and less fear of occupying the foreground. Some of those delicate and dainty variations to the Andante required just the nerve and touch of Dresel. The string of little characteristic piano pieces, by Schumann (nine from the "Scenes from Childhood") and one from the "Album") formed a delightful novelty; they were a sort of musical essence extracted from the little interesting every-day occurrences of our childhood. Some thoughtless whispering somewhere in the remoter portion of the audience disturbed the charm a little. The C minor Fugue of Bach, the Berceuse of Chopin, and the Scherzo (in F sharp minor) of Mendelssohn, were each most admirable in their kind. Mendelssohn's Second Trio was played *con amore* and effectively by DRESEL, SCHULTZE and BERGMANN, making an impressive conclusion of a most rare evening.

Not the least part of its rarities were the songs by Miss LEHMANN. That "Ave Maria" by Robert Franz, is the most precious acquisition made to the Song-Album of our memory for a long time. It is a real Ave Maria,—not a strain of romance, with common *arpeggio* accompaniment, like Schubert's, but a deep, religious composition, reminding one of old Italian masters, and yet original. The impression of it lived through the whole, and it was re-demanded at the end. The singer was in fine voice and threw her soul into it, as well as into Schubert's *Trockne Blumen*, with which she answered the encore. Another deep and noble song of Schubert's: *Rauschender Wald*, &c., seemed hardly appreciated by the company. But Schumann's airy, delicate little strain: *Es grünet ein Nussbaum*, was enough to betray the most hardened misanthrope into a smiling reverie of blissful love.

THE FIFTH GERMANIA CONCERT, we have barely room to say, was as crowded and successful as ever. Spohr's descriptive Symphony, the "Consecration of Tones," came out one entire, clear, warm picture, in the admirable rendering of the orchestra. The Overture to "Rosamunda" was common-place enough to have come from a commoner man than Schubert. The Polonaise from *Struensee* was in the *ultra* straining-for-effect style of Meyerbeer, though the melody itself was vigorous and pleasing; the Polonaise form being in itself one of the eternal types of beauty. The finale from *Tamara* still charmed by rich instrumentation and flowing melody, more than it informed us of Wagner, whose music, by his own theory, is nothing if it be not word-wedded.

JAELL played the Concerto of Chopin with delicacy and clearness; and little CAMILLA discoursed like an earnest artist upon the theme from Beethoven with De Beriot's variations, and bore her part successfully with Jaell in the duet from "Tell." Miss HENSLEY made by far the best impression yet by her excellent selection of the air from "Don Pasquale." It suited the best tones of her voice, which all who hear admire, and which, ripened and informed under the best influences of Italy and Germany will one day, we doubt not, redeem fairest promise.

Now is the time to furnish yourselves with Davidson's *Illustrated Opera Books*. G. P. Reed & Co., 17 Tremont Row, have them. They are vastly superior to the common librettos, for which we have often had to pay high prices. Each contains, in cheap but elegant form, not only the words (Italian and English) of the opera, but the musical notes of the principal melodies. Davidson's series already includes all the operas in which ALBONI sings, and in fact about all those now in vogue.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

Mme. ALBONI opens at the Howard, on Monday night, in *Cenerentola*, one of her very finest parts. The "Germanians" will be in the orchestra.

Miss ELISE HENSLEY is to sail for Europe by next Wednesday's steamer. All success attend her!

The MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY offer an admirable selection for to-night. A symphony by Mozart will be particularly refreshing after so many Titanic strivings of Beethoven and Schubert and Schumann as we have been lately witnessing. The overtures are noble ones, and the voice of Signora ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS will renew pleasant memories.

MR. FRY'S LECTURES. Our readers are reminded that the subscription list will positively close on Tuesday next; and that our chance of hearing the lectures this season depends on the obtaining of a sufficient number of subscribers by that time.

The New Hall over Williams Market, corner of Washington and Dover streets, now nearly finished, is described as very elegant, convenient, constructed for acoustic effect, and large enough to seat over 1600 persons. It has a noble organ, built by Simmons & Co., which we shall describe hereafter. It will soon be inaugurated with the oratorio of "Saul," now rehearsing by a new chorus society, under Mr. HAYTER, aided by the Musical Fund orchestra.

In the spring the Tremont Temple Hall also will be finished, with seats for at least 2200; and thus there will have been added to Boston, within the present year, three elegant first-class music halls.

The QUINTETTE CLUB offer a plentiful and choice selection of MENDELSSOHN'S music, in honor of his birth-day, for next Thursday evening. See announcement.

England.

LONDON. The *Athenæum* thus speaks of "the manner in which Music is pushing out shoots in every corner of this vast metropolis":

"The advertising columns of the *Times* that announce the finishing of St. Martin's Hall and the preparation of the New Philharmonic Hall under the auspices of Sir Charles Fox, advertise also 'New Music Rooms' in Euston Square, and a new 'Victoria Vocal and Instrumental Society' in formation towards Chelsea. The Panopticon in Leicester Square is in the hands of the decorators; and from the preparations for the new organ that are in progress there, it appears as if gigantic 'demonstrations' are contemplated,—since from the arrangement of the manuals it is obvious that three players are to be employed simultaneously. As for the 'Amateur Choral Meetings,' 'Club Concerts,' 'Lectures on Church Music,' 'Ballad Entertainments,' &c., advertised, to keep pace with them is obviously not possible. It must suffice us to remind 'priests and people' that never has there been in England a time so propitious for the furtherance of sound musical objects as the time present,—while we point out that never was success more impossible to high profession without perfect performance.

"We hear from entirely opposite sides of the musical world, of two English ladies entering the field as *contralto* singers, with more than the ordinary chances of success. One is Miss Felton, who sang the other evening in 'Elijah' when it was given by the *London Sacred Harmonic Society*. The other is Miss Huddart, who is familiar to London playgoers as a well-esteemed actress. Her past studies of verbal declamation may be turned to good account should she decide on becoming a singer. The charge of coldness brought against English vocalists, in nine cases out of ten, arises merely from habits formed in early youth,—which connect the idea of "consciousness" and inmodesty with emphasis in utterance. Let the *soito voce* tone of English social intercourse be ever so agreeable to persons of sensitive nerves,—observers must be satisfied that it has cost the world many an impressive and interesting artist.

"Another new English Oratorio, Mr. W. Glover's 'Emmanuel,' is advertised as about to be performed by the Cecilian Society in the course of the season.

Paris.

OPERA COMIQUE. A real success is reported of *Marco Spada*, the new opera by MM. Scribe and Auber. The music is said to be "good, vigorous and interesting," including a romance from the defunct *Corbeille d'Oranges* (which opera also was hailed in its time as thoroughly successful). Mlle. Duprez was the heroine, and pleased as much as the *Athenæum* foretold that she would. A private letter speaks of her as "a brilliant, graceful, distinguished singer—but delicate;" whereupon the *Athenæum*

adds: "We hope that this delicacy will be judiciously watched over; and that no overwork may add the young lady to the too long list of modern singers who have a short life and a merry one!"

THEATRE LYRIQUE. *Tubarin*, an opera written by M. Alboize and composed by M. Georges Bousquet, draws full houses. The music is said to have the charms of gaiety, facility and melody.

Verdi's *Luisa Miller* has been given at the *Italiens* four times with undiminished success. CRUVELLI enchains her audience nightly. Mlle. Vera was well received as Adina in the *Elisir d'Amore*. Belletti and Calzolari are both praised in Belcore and Nemorino.

There is a quartet party at present to be heard in Paris, consisting of MM. Maurin, Sabatier, Mns. and Chevillard, who perform Beethoven's Posthumous Quartets most excellently. These difficult and deep compositions have been as thoroughly read as they are thoroughly rendered by the gentlemen named,—and without that super-precision and over-solicitous coquetry of accent which impair the hearer's pleasure in most French execution of German music.

A new MS. violin *Concerto* by Vieuxtemps, and introduced at his first concert, has created a real sensation.

MARSEILLES. The re-opening of the *Cercle Lyrique* has lately taken place. Rossini did not decline the proffer of honorary president. In a letter to the directors of this Musical Athenæum, as spiritual as complimentary, he accepted the presidency with profound thanks. The banquet-hall presented a *coup d'œil* truly magical, and the greatest hilarity and the most amicable feeling reigned throughout the entire repast. At the dessert, M. Boze, President of the Office, gave a series of toasts. But that which carried the most extravagant applause, was the health of Rossini, which M. Boze delivered as follows:—"Gentlemen, I have the honor to propose the greatest musical name of modern times—to the immortal author of the *Barbiere* and *Moise*—to that sublime genius which has been able to realize, with the same felicity, passions the most dramatic, and characters the most comic—to the sire of thirty *chefs d'œuvres*, who, of his own accord, snatched himself from his laurels in the midst of his glory, and whose regretful silence has created a void so deeply felt on our lyric scenes—to our honorary president, to Rossini!—a name endeared to all lovers of art—a name popular in all corners of the globe, and which will transmit itself from age to age, ever young and fraternally united with the mighty name of Mozart."

Madame Lafou has achieved an immense success in *Norma*. All Marseilles is in raptures with her. Madame Chardon, too, has been lauded infinitely in Adalgisa. Ernst has arrived, and will soon give a concert.

Germany.

DRESDEN.—The celebrated flutist, FURSTENAU, well-known of amateurs even in Boston, has just died at the age of 89. He accompanied Weber to England.

COLOGNE.—At the Society's Concerts, M. Ferdinand Hiller conducted Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. He has since left for Paris.

GRAFENBERG.—Leopold De Meyer is said to be dangerously ill at the water-cure establishment of the late Priessnitz.

BERLIN.—The anniversary of Mendelssohn's birth (Feb. 3d) will be celebrated with great pomp in the garrison church, where he was organist. The programme will consist of two hymns of the great master and his oratorio of "St. Paul," executed by 400 musicians and amateurs.

Mlle. Joanna Wagner is said to have injured her voice here, by singing above her register.

BRUSSELS.—The music of Meyerbeer's *Struensee* was played lately at the concert of the Conservatoire, under the direction of M. Fétis, with great success.

The Paris fashion of the *cafés chantants* has been so successful here as to injure the theatres. Not only light romances and gay songs are heard, amid the euphony of clinking glasses, cups and saucers; but Rossini's *Slabat Mater* has been given at one of these *cafés*. Another announces the engagement of the late prima donna of the great theatre, Mme. Casimir.

Advertisements.

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Jan. 29.

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3. No person shall have a lighted cigar within the building.
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5. The "Ladies' Room" is exclusively for female visitors to the Hall, as a cloak-room, dressing-room, &c., and gentlemen are not permitted to enter this room at any time.
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ing who shall be queen, a person who, discontented with the
world, has become a Recluse in the forest, is appealed to as
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ond Part consists mainly of the ceremonies of the Coronation
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[Translated for this Journal.]

Richard Wagner's Programme to the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.

It is a difficult matter for any one, not intimately acquainted with this wonderfully significant work of Art, to understand it on the first hearing. Hence it may be permitted to offer some aid to that considerable portion of an audience, who find themselves in this predicament; not indeed with a view to imparting an absolute understanding of Beethoven's masterpiece—since that can only come from intimate personal study and insight—but simply with the hope of furnishing some hints illustrative of its artistic arrangement, which in the great peculiarity and entirely unimitated novelty of the work might escape the observation of the unprepared and easily confused hearer. Taking it for granted that it is the essential problem of the higher instrumental music, to express in tones what cannot be expressed in words, we think we can approximate to the solution of an insoluble problem by calling in the aid of words of our great poet GOETHE. These, to be sure, stand in no immediate connection with Beethoven's work, and can in no wise indi-

cate the meaning of his purely musical creation with any thoroughness. Yet so nobly do they express those higher moods of the human soul which lie at the foundation of this symphony, that in the impossibility of any fuller understanding one may content himself with identifying these moods, so that he need not go away from a hearing of the music without at least some apprehension of its purport.

FIRST MOVEMENT (*Allegro ma non troppo, D minor*).—A most sublimely conceived conflict of the soul, struggling after joy, against the pressure of that hostile power, that stations itself between us and all earthly bliss, appears to lie at the foundation of this first movement. The great main theme, which at the very outset steps forth from a gloomy veil in all the nakedness of its terrible might, may perhaps, not altogether inappropriately to the sense of the entire tone-poem, be translated by the words of Goethe:

"Entbehren sollst du! Sollst entbehren!"

[This in most of the translations is rendered: "Renounce! Thou must renounce." But the word *entbehren* does not signify "renounce." The meaning of the phrase is, (for it cannot be given in a word), that it is the destiny of man always to have wants which cannot be satisfied.]

Opposed to this powerful enemy we recognize a noble spirit of defiance, a manly energy of resistance, which to the very middle of the movement rises to an open conflict with the adversary, in which we seem to see two mighty wrestlers, each of whom leaves off invincible. In isolated gleams of light we may discern the sweet sad smile of happiness, that seems to seek us, for whose possession we strive, and from whose attainment we are withheld by that maliciously powerful foe, who overshadows us with his nocturnal wings, so that even to ourselves the prospect of that far off grace is dimmed and we relapse into a dark brooding, which has only power to rouse itself again to new defiance and resistance, and to new wrestlings with the demon who robs us of true joy. Thus force, resistance, struggle, longing, hoping, almost reaching, again losing, again seeking, again battling—such are the elements of restless movement in this marvellous piece of music, which droops however now and then into that more continuous state of utter joylessness, which Goethe denotes by the words:

"But to new horror I awake each morn.
And I could weep hot tears, to see the sun

Dawn on another day, whose round forlorn
Accomplishes no wish of mine,—not one;
Which still, with froward captiousness, impairs
E'en the presentiment of every joy,
While low realities and paltry cares
The spirit's fond imaginings destroy.
And then when falls again the veil of night,
Stretch'd on my couch I languish in despair;
Appalling dreams my troubled soul affright;
No soothing rest vouchsafed me even there," &c.

At the close of the movement, this dreary, joyless mood, growing to gigantic magnitude, seems to embrace the All, as if in grand and awful majesty it would fain take possession of this world, which God has made—for JOY!

SECOND MOVEMENT. (*Scherzo molto vivace*.) A wild delight seizes us at once with the first rhythms of this second movement: it is a new world into which we enter, in which we are whirled away to giddiness, to loss of reason; it is as if, urged by desperation, we fled before it, in ceaseless, restless efforts chasing a new and unknown happiness, since the old one, that once sunned us with its distant smile, seems to have utterly forsaken us. Goethe expresses this impulse, not without significance perhaps for the present case, in the following words:

— "The end I aim at is not Joy.
I crave excitement, agonizing bliss," &c.
— "In depths of sensual pleasure drown'd,
Let us our fiery passions still!
Enwrapped in magic's veil profound,
Let wondrous charms our senses thrill!
Plunge we in time's tempestuous flow,
Stem we the rolling surge of chance!
There may alternate weal and woe,
Success and failure, as they can,
Mingle and shift in changeable dance;
Excitement is the sphere for man!"

With the headlong entrance of the middle-subject there suddenly opens upon us one of those scenes of earthly recreation and indulgence: a certain downright jollity seems expressed in the simple, oft-repeated theme; it is full of *naïveté* and self-satisfied cheerfulness, and we are tempted to think of Goethe's description of such homely contentment:

"I now must introduce to you
Before aught else, this jovial crew,
To show how lightly life may glide away;
With them each day's a holiday;
With little wit and much content,
Each on his own small round intent," &c.

But to recognize such limited enjoyment as the goal of our restless chase after satisfaction and the

noblest joy, is not our destiny : our look upon this scene grows clouded ; we turn away and resign ourselves anew to that restless impulse, which with the goading of despair urges us unceasingly on to seize the fortune, which, alas ! we are not destined to reach so ; for at the close of the movement we are again impelled toward that scene of comfortable indulgence, which we have already met, and which we this time at the first recognition of it repulse from us with impatient haste.

THIRD MOVEMENT. (*Adagio molto e cantabile*, in B flat major). How differently these tones speak to our hearts ! How pure, how heavenly soothing, they melt the defiance, the wild impulse of the soul tormented by despair, into a tender and melancholy feeling ! It is as if memory awoke within us,—the memory of an early enjoyed and purest happiness :

"Then would celestial love, with holy kiss,
Come o'er me in the Sabbath's stilly hour,
While, fraught with solemn and mysterious power,
Chimed the deep-sounding bell, and prayer was bliss."

And with this recollection there comes over us once more that sweet longing, that is so beautifully expressed in the second theme of this movement (*Andante moderato*, D major), and to which we may not unfitly apply Goethe's words :

"A yearning impulse, undefined yet dear,
Drove me to wander on through wood and field ;
With heaving breast and many a burning tear,
I felt with holy joy a world revealed."

It seems like the longing of love, which again is answered, only with more movement and embellishment of expression, by that hope-promising and sweetly tranquillizing first theme, so that on the return of the second it seems to us as if love and hope embraced, so that they might the more entirely exert their gentle power over our tormented soul. It is as when Faust speaks, after the Easter bells and chorus of angels :

"Wherefore, ye tones celestial, sweet and strong,
Come ye a dweller in the dust to seek ?
Ring out your chimes believing crowds among."

Even so seems the yet quivering heart with soft resistance to wish to keep them off : but their sweet power is greater than our already mitigated defiance ; we throw ourselves overpowered into the arms of this gracious messenger of purest bliss :

"O still sound on, thou sweet celestial strain,
Tears now are gushing,—Earth, I'm thine again !"

Yes, the bleeding heart seems to be getting healed and re-invigorated, and to be manning itself to that exalted courage which we think we recognize in the almost triumphant passage, towards the end of the movement. Still, this elevation is not yet free from the reaction of the storms survived ; but every approach of the old pain is instantly met with renewed alleviation from that gentle, magic power, before which finally, as in the last expiring gleams of lightning, the dispersed storm disappears.

FOURTH MOVEMENT. The transition from the third to the fourth movement, which begins as it were with a shrill shriek, may be pretty well indicated again by Goethe's words :

"But ah ! I feel, howe'er I yearn for rest,
Content flows now no longer from my breast." —
—"A wondrous show ! but ah ! a show alone !
Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where ?
Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life, whereon
Hang heaven and earth, from which the blighted soul
Yearneth to draw sweet solace, still ye roll

Your sweet and fost'ring tides—where are ye— where !
Ye gush, and must I languish in despair ?"

With this beginning of the last movement, Beethoven's music assumes decidedly a more speaking character. It quits the character, preserved in the three first movements, of pure instrumental music, which is marked by an infinite and indeterminate expression. The progress of the musical invention or poem presses to a decision, to a decision such as can only be expressed in human speech. Let us admire the way in which the master prepares the introduction of speech and the human voice, as a necessity to be expected, in this thrilling Recitative of the instrumental basses, which, already almost forsaking the limits of absolute music, as it were with eloquent, pathetic speech approaches the other instruments, urging them to a decision, and finally itself passes over into a song-theme, which sweeps the other instruments along with it in its simple, solemn, joyous current and so swells to a mighty pitch. This seems like the final effort to express by instrumental music alone a secure, well-defined, and never clouded state of joy ; but the untractable element seems incapable of this limitation ; it foams up to a roaring sea, subsides again, and stronger than ever presses the wild, chaotic shriek of unsatisfied passion upon our ear.—Then steps forth toward the tumult of the instruments a human voice, with the clear and sure expression of speech, and we know not whether we shall most admire the bold suggestion or the great *naïveté* of the master, when he lets this voice exclaim to the instruments :

"Friends, no more of these tones ! rather let us sing together more pleasant and more joyful strains !"

With these words it grows light in the chaos ; a definite and sure utterance is gained, in which we, borne upon the subdued element of the instrumental music, may hear now clearly and distinctly expressed, what to our tormented striving after joy must seem enduring, highest bliss. And here commences Schiller's

"HYMN TO JOY.

"Joy, thou brightest heaven-lit spark,
Daughter from the Elysian choir,
On thy holy ground we walk,
Reeling with ecstatic fire.
Thou canst bind in one again
All that custom tears apart ;
All mankind are brothers, when
Waves thy soft wing o'er the heart.

CHORUS.

"Myriads, join the fond embrace !
'Tis the world's inspiring kiss !
Friends, yon dome of starry-bliss
Is a loving Father's place.

"Who the happy lot doth share,
Friend to have, and friend to be—
Who a lovely wife holds dear—
Mingle in our Jubilee !
Yea—who calls one soul his own,
One on all earth's ample round :—
Who cannot, may steal alone,
Weeping from our holy ground !

CHORUS.

"Sympathy with blessings crown
All that in life's circle are !
To the stars she leads us, where
Dwells enthroned the great Unknown.

"Joy on every living thing
Nature's bounty doth bestow,
Good and bad still welcoming ;—
In her rosy path they go.

Kisses she to us has given,
Wine, and friends in death approved ;—
Sense the worm has ;—but in heaven
Stands the soul, of God beloved.

CHORUS.

"Myriads, do ye prostrate fall ?
Feel ye the Creator near ?
Seek him in you starry sphere :
O'er the stars he governs all.

"Joy impels the quick rotation,
Sure return of night and day :
Joy's the main-spring of Creation,
Keeping every wheel in play.
She draws from buds the flowerets fair,
Brilliant suns from azure sky,
Rolls the spheres in trackless air,
Realms unreached by mortal eye.

CHORUS.

"As his suns, in joyful play,
On their airy circles fly,—
As the knight to victory,—
Brothers, speed upon your way.

"From Truth's burning mirror still
Her sweet smiles th' inquirer greet ;
She up Virtue's toilsome hill
Guides the weary pilgrim's feet ;
On Faith's sunny mountain, wave,
Floating far, her banners bright ;
Through the rent walls of the grave
Flits her form in angel light.

CHORUS.

"Patient, then, ye myriads, live !
To a better world press on !
Seated on his starry throne,
God the rich reward will give.
For the Gods what thanks are meet ?
Like the Gods, then, let us be :
All the poor and lowly greet
With the gladsome and the free ;
Banish vengeance from our breast,
And forgive our deadliest foe ;
Bid no anguish mar his rest,
No consuming tear-drops flow.

CHORUS.

"Be the world from sin set free !
Be all mutual wrong forgiven ;
Brothers, in that starry heaven,
As we judge our doom shall be.

"Joy upon the red wine dances ;
By the magic of the cup
Rage dissolves in gentle trances,
Dead despair is lifted up.
Brothers, round the nectar flies,
Mounting to the beaker's edge.
Toss the foam off to the skies !
Our Good Spirit here we pledge !

CHORUS.

"Him the seraphs ever praise,
Him the stars that rise and sink.
Drink to our good Spirit, drink !
High to him our glasses raise !

"Spirits firm in hour of woe—
Help to innocence oppressed—
Truth alike to friend or foe—
Faith unbroken—wrongs redressed—
Manly pride before the throne,
Cost it fortune, cost it blood—
Wreaths to just desert alone—
Downfall to all Falsehood's brood !

CHORUS.

"Closer draw the holy ring !
By the sparkling wine-cup now,
Swear to keep the solemn vow—
Swear it by the heavenly King !

Animated, warlike sounds approach : we fancy that we see a troop of youths marching up, whose joyous, heroic spirit is expressed in the words :

"As his sons, in joyful play,
On their airy circles fly,—
As the knight to victory,
Brothers, speed upon your way."

This leads to a sort of joyful contest, expressed by instruments alone; we see the youths plunge boldly into battle, of which the crown of victory shall be Joy; and yet again we feel prompted to cite words of Goethe:

"He only merits liberty or life,
Who daily conquers them."

The victory, of which we doubted not, is won; the exertions of strength are rewarded by the smile of joy, which breaks forth jubilant in the consciousness of bliss *newly earned* by conquest:

"Joy, thou brightest," &c.

And now in the high feeling of Joy the expression of the universal Love of Man bursts forth from the swelling breast; in sublime inspiration we turn from the embrace of the whole human race to the great Creator of all things, whose benign presence we declare with clearest consciousness, yes—whose face we in a moment of sublimest transport imagine we behold through the blue opening ether:

"Myriads, join the fond embrace!
'Tis the world's inspiring kiss!
Friends, yon dome of starry bliss
Is a loving Father's place."
"Myriads, do ye prostrate fall?
Feel ye the Creator near?
Seek him in yon starry sphere:
O'er the stars he governs all."

It is as if now revelation justified us in the beatific faith: *that every man was made for Joy*. In the most powerful conviction we respond to one another:

"Myriads, join the fond embrace!"

and:

"Joy, thou brightest," &c.

For in the league or communion of divinely sanctioned universal human love, we may enjoy the *purest* joy.—No longer merely in the thrill of the sublimest imagination, but in the expression of a directly revealed, sweetly inspiring truth we may answer the question:

"Myriads, do ye prostrate fall?
Feel ye the Creator near?"

with:

"Seek him in yon starry sphere," &c.

In the most confiding possession of the happiness vouchsafed, of the most child-like susceptibility to joy regained, we now surrender ourselves to its fruition: innocence of heart is restored to us, and with benediction the soft wing of Joy is spread over us:

"Thou can'st bind in one again
All that custom tears apart;
All mankind are brothers, when
Waves thy soft wing o'er the heart."

To the mild beatitude of Joy succeeds now its jubilee:—jubilant we clasp the world to our breast; shouting and revelry fill the air like the thunder of the cloud, like the roar of the sea, which in everlasting motion and beneficent agitation quicken and sustain the earth for the joy of Man, to whom God gave it that he might be happy thereupon.

"EMBRACE, YE MILLIONS! IS NOT THIS THE KISS OF THE WHOLE WORLD? BROTHERS,—O'ER YON STARRY DOME MUST A DEAR FATHER DWELL.—JOY! JOY, BEAUTIFUL SPARK OF DEITY!"

From the Foreign Quarterly Review, for Jan. 1845.

Music in Germany and Belgium.

(Concluded.)

It is pleasant to observe among the musicians of the actual epoch, some who bear the names of certain great organists formed in the school of Sebastian Bach, viz.: Krebs, Kittl, &c. These are, doubtless, the descendants of composers, in whom, after lying dormant for a generation or two, the spirit of music is again awakened. We are thankful even for a name that revives associations with great masters or solemn styles of music, and we could not see among the able organists of Berlin, that of Thiele without remembering that such a name is connected historically with the formation of Handel's individual and majestic style on the organ. Meantime new names have sprung up allied to deeds of fame in composition and practical skill worthy to forestall antiquity. Adolph Hesse, organist of the cathedral of Breslau, is one of this class. He has written the most excellent organ music, besides six symphonies for the orchestra, that are exceedingly well received among new compositions of that kind; while his playing discovers a noble style, and a mechanism so neat, smooth and distinct, that Spohr, mentioning him with admiration, once exclaimed 'He makes the pedals sing.' The musical traveller who visits the cathedral cities of Germany, finds the imposing effect of the spacious and venerable *Dom Kirche* greatly enhanced in most cases by the size, magnificence, and architectural symmetry of its enormous organ, an edifice itself, and not an unimpressive one even in its silence, adorned as it is by sumptuous wood-carvings, by figures of jubilant angels with uplifted trumpets, and every symbol of sacred harmony and solemn adoration. The liberality which furnished these fine instruments is like the whole plan of Gothic ornament and architecture, one of the magnificent mysteries of the past. Such an organ as we have described, of an immense semicircular front covering the whole breadth of the choir, and rising to its greatest height at the wings, angel crowned, stands in the cathedral of which Hesse is the principal organist. This, with its noble pedal pipes, and endless stock of combinations, might well pique the skill and invention of the artist, who, in this particular instance, has become the first performer of his country; but similar advantages enjoyed here and there by others, together with the quiet life of Germany, have conspired to keep organ music at a very high state of cultivation, and we take this pursuit, which is often prosecuted with great ardor in comparative solitude, to realize as much of Arcadian simplicity and enjoyment as musical life is capable of affording. We have followed, with great pleasure, Hesse to Paris, whither he was invited to display the effects of a new organ erected in the church of St. Eustache, and to introduce the German style of organ playing, as exhibited in the execution of Bach's fugues and Toccatas. We can imagine the surprise with which this fine music, with its splendid examples of the obligato pedal, must have burst upon the French artists, who, though not destitute of talent of a certain order, were wholly so of mechanism, playing to their extemporary compositions nothing but *pizzicato* basses, and that only with one foot, while the other rested very conveniently on a ledge made, as it seemed, for that purpose. Notwithstanding this backwardness in the management of their organ, the musicians at St. Eustache understood and relished good music; the motets of Palestrina were the order of the day among them, and from the appreciation of so severe a style to that of Bach's organ music, is but a gentle gradation. Let us hope that Hesse has established a school of execution which will shortly find as many disciples in Paris as it has already obtained among the rising musicians of London.

* * * * *

There is little encouragement in the present state of Catholic Church government to attempt to supply new orchestral compositions for the service,—masses, motets, &c., of which so many ad-

mirable specimens have been furnished within these few years by Hummel and Cherubini. Indeed it seems doubtful at present whether orchestras will not be entirely forbidden to assist in the offices of the Catholic Church, a movement to that effect having taken place in Flanders, the especial domain of popery; but still, under orders so imperfect in authority, and so partially influential, that the musicians driven from one church have found refuge and countenance in another. It is not a very easy or a very safe matter to attempt innovations where pleasure has for a series of years gone hand in hand with duty; and the restoration of the austere plain chant of the Gregorian era, endangers heresy in those who are accustomed to the benignity and graciousness of religion according to the beautiful version of it given in Mozart's and Haydn's masses. We know of no more portentous thing than the sounds of a Gregorian *canto fermo* delivered in a requiem or other solemnity from the thick throats of a number of hale priests, who seem as if they had learned music of bulls, bass-horns, and ophiocleides; the effect of their unison on the nerves of a sensitive stranger is tremendous, it fills the imagination with gloom and horror. But the impression of this atrabilious music is weakened by habit, and though one must here recognize a powerful engine if occasionally employed, or in the hands of a good composer, yet nature resists continual denunciations, and vindicates a pleasantness as her constant mode of life even in religion. Curiously enough it happens that while the Catholics are identifying their service with this severe, unisonous chant, the Puseyites are endeavoring to introduce the same into the reformed Anglican church; by which we may see that the Gregorian *canto fermo* is a powerful lever in religion, and of admirable utility as a first step in the assimilation of creeds. This innovation will, however, certainly meet with resistance in Germany, particularly at Dresden, Munich and Vienna, where there are fine orchestras which have tended much to incorporate music with divine service in those places, and to render one hardly distinguishable from the other. This is, perhaps, as it should be; ancient doctors having discovered, in the elements of harmony, the symbols of the Trinity. At all events, whatever disagreements may exist among the hierarchy as to the proper style of church music, the mass, according to the form which its music has assumed in the hands of Haydn and Mozart, possesses devotees who will support it independent of churches and the opinion of zealots. This they do purely out of musical enthusiasm: the mass exhibits such admirable varieties of treatment, admits such pathos, elegance, choral grandeur, and beauty of instrumentation, that it stands out, like the symphony, a test of very peculiar talents in the art of composition, appreciable by secular ears as well as those of the orthodox. Thus Reissiger employs himself with much zeal in extracting new effects from the fine choir and orchestra of the church of Our Lady at Dresden; and others, without his advantages, are tempted to the same kind of employment through the premiums offered by private societies, and their own natural inclination to the task. The protection of church music by persons totally unconnected with the church, is a peculiar characteristic of this age—it is a thing of passion and sentiment like the Gothic arch, or storied window, those mute chroniclers of faded chivalry and romance—and the feeling abounds alike in Germany and in England. Perhaps no more memorable instance of it was ever given, than when, a year or two ago in London, some of the first musicians and amateurs met together to perform "Tallis's Litany," after a dinner at a tavern. The enthusiasm of publication, whether of Catholic or Protestant music (for in this distinction of creed are unknown), keeps pace with that of performance. Whatever excellence the past has, which may be conducive to modern delight or advancement, finds its way into public. Among the novelties of old music, that the musicians will view with delight in the immortality of print, are a number of the manuscript cantatas of Sebastian Bach, of which one hundred and thirty-four were collected at Berlin about the commencement

of the present year. We shall now see this great composer—incontestably, as facts have proved, the most voluminous musical author that ever lived—placed by the side of Handel in vocal composition. It were presumption to anticipate a futurity of thirty years as to the probably then existing opinion upon these great composers; but the march of time and opinion, at present, is strongly in favor of Bach, a man whose style necessarily awaited an age of cultivation for due homage. This Albert Durer of music seems to have anticipated all the grace and charm of modern melody, without having made further acquaintance with the Italian models of his day than might be found in an occasional journey to hear Hasse's operas at Dresden. The cadences and harmonies of Mozart and Beethoven abound in his works, as they do also in the works of the great Henry Purcell; while Handel, who had travelled in Italy, has decidedly a more antiquated air.

WHISPERING IN CONCERTS.—The following anecdote from the life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli should be printed on large cards in every concert room, and it might do good in some private houses.

A party had gone early, and taken an excellent place, to hear one of Beethoven's symphonies. Just behind them were soon seated a young lady and two gentlemen, who made an incessant buzzing, in spite of bitter looks east on them by the whole neighborhood, and destroyed all musical comfort. After all was over, Margaret leaned across one seat, and catching the eye of this girl, who was pretty and well dressed, said, in the blandest, gentlest voice, "May I speak with you one moment?" "Certainly," said the young lady, with a fluttered, pleased look, bending forward. "I only wish to say," said Margaret, "that I trust that, in the whole course of your life, you will not suffer so great a degree of annoyance as you have inflicted on a large party of lovers of music this evening."

[From a Letter in the London Musical World.]

Music in Paris.

I was delighted with the theatres. I visited the Grand Opera twice, the *Opera Comique* twice, the *Italiens* once, and one or two of the minor theatres. The Grand Opera is a magnificent house, decorated with great splendor and taste, and admirably constructed with a view to general convenience. The pit—decidedly the most comfortable I ever sat in—is divided into three compartments—the orchestra stalls, the parterre, and the amphitheatre stalls. The last named place is the best part of the house for seeing and hearing. There are but few private boxes—at least enclosed boxes—and this certainly subtracts from the aristocratic appearance of the theatre. The same thing is remarked at the *Italiens* and the *Opera Comique*. In fact Paris in its theatres is like Paris in its streets. All is splendor and show. The privacy and exclusiveness of fashion is wanting. The band of the Grand Opera is very fine; more perfect, perhaps, than that of the Royal Italian Opera, but neither so powerful nor possessed of such soloists. In the obtaining of pianos, and in accompanying singers pianissimo, it is capable of reading our orchestras a lesson. The chorus of the Grand Opera, too, is excellent, and far surpasses that of either of our Italian houses. On the other hand, we surpass the French theatres in our scene paintings and decorations. I had a good opportunity of judging on this point in the new ballet *Orfa*, and the *Roberto il Diavolo*. The ballet was splendidly got up, and its groupings especially could not be excelled; but in the scenery I saw nothing that could be brought into competition with the paintings of Grieve, Telbin, Beverley, or many others I could mention. Nor did *Roberto il Diavolo* at all come up to what I had expected from the Grand Opera. Indeed, in no respect—the chorus excepted—could the production of Meyerbeer's great work at the *Academie Imperiale* (now so called, in place of *Royale*),

bear comparison with that of Covent Garden. I did not hear a singer who pleased me, except Mlle. Le Grua, and she certainly promises well. She has a lovely voice, and sings like a musician. If she could get away from the Academy, she might make a great artist. If she do not,—

I was wonderfully pleased with Fanny Cerrito. She is more graceful and piquante than ever. She has grown much thinner, and now indeed dances like a thorough-bred fairy.

At the *Opera Comique* I missed *Marco Spada* twice. I saw an act of *Giralda* with which I was not deeply enamored, and the *Domino Noir*, which was capitally performed, and delighted me as much as ever. In the last-named opera Mme. Ugalde was very charming and very French.

At the *Italiens* I saw the far-famed *Luisa Miller*, and found no reasons why it should be famed, but many why it should be far. The story is not bad, but the music from first to last is devoid of interest. I listened in vain for a melody. I could not catch a tune—even a Verdi tune. How the work keeps its position on the stage is to me a miracle. Sophie Cruvelli, you will be delighted to learn, is greatly improved. While all her former fire, magnificence, and enthusiasm remain, she has subdued them more, and rendered them thereby more prominent and effective. Sophie was accustomed to give her genius too much of the spur and too little of the bridle. She has amended all that. Moreover, her vocalization is all the better for a little more finish and artifice. Her Luisa Miller is a very great and a very chaste performance. In one scene I admired her more than ever I did. She carries the audience completely away with her nightly in this play; and if you know anything of the audiences of the *Salle Ventadour*—which you do—you will allow this is doing wonders. Sophie Cruvelli is in immense favor with the Parisians, and the whole vogue of the *Italiens* must now be attributed to her. Meyerbeer, I understand, is enraptured with her, and would bring out his *Africaine* directly at the Grand Opera, if he could procure Sophie for his heroine. It is to be hoped for the sake of art and the Grand Opera, that Meyerbeer may be enabled to procure Sophie Cruvelli for his new opera, *L'Africaine*. *Ernani* has been produced under a new title, *Il Proscritto*, Victor Hugo having, it is said, refused permission to allow his drama to be used. I did not see *Il Proscritto*, but the cast was much the same as you have seen at Her Majesty's Theatre last season and the season before. *Don Giovanni* is in preparation. Signor Lorenzo will be the Don and Sophie Cruvelli Donna Anna. Vigorous efforts are being made to bring out Mozart's chef-d'œuvre in a worthy manner; but I have my doubts as to the issue.

I had the good fortune to dine with Meyerbeer one day last week. The company invited was select and distinguished. I recognized Hector Berlioz, M. Méry, the brilliant wit and friend of Rossini; MM. Fiorentino and Theophile Gautier, the worthy confreres of Jules Janin among Parisian feuilletonistes; Jules Lecomte; M. Girard, conductor of the band of the Grand Opera; and Dr. Bacher, the great diplomatic dramatic agent. Others were present whom I did and did not know. The banquet was princely, and Meyerbeer played the courteous host in a manner that might have served as a model for his Imperial Majesty even in the Palace of the Tuilleries.

Vivier is in Paris, and walks the Boulevards, filled with good things, like a turkey stuffed with truffles. His company is sought everywhere. The Emperor sends telegraphic despatches from the Tuilleries to the Turkish Embassy, where Vivier resides, and invites him to a small tea party. Vivier takes time to consider whether he will obey or not; and when he has made up his mind, finds it too late to go. But the Emperor knows him, and invites him again with more *empressement*. Whoever goes to Paris, and falls not into Vivier's society, is indeed unfortunate. Vivier is a living fountain of humor, the waters of which are sparkling, fresh, and ever changing. Whoso has not drunk thereof hath lost a draught, the flavor of which would live in his palate as long as memory. At a word, Vivier is a profound humorist, an inimitable actor, a subtle and intellectual cari-

caturist, and, to conclude, the best horn-player in the world. Query—Since Vivier is about to proceed to America, for which of the above qualities will he be most prized by the Yankees?

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XV.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21. Again at my desk with a few jottings, collected during some days' absence from my note book.

What is that indescribable something, which makes one arrangement and succession of notes *music*, and another trash? As difficult of answer as the question, why one page of words marshalled in rhyme and rhythm is poetry and another doggerel? We recognize poetry as well in Milton's sonnet:

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East," &c.,

as in "Paradise Lost," and we recognize the soul of music as well in a Psalm tune as in the "Messiah" or the Choral Symphony. I was forcibly struck with this during some delightful hours spent in a family circle, of highly refined and cultivated musical taste, of whom one, at least, was familiar with the highest and best that the English, French and German capitals could offer, during the days of Lablache, Grisi, Tamburini, &c.,—one who had made a far grander tour than the Diarist, and was familiar with the best that the church, opera-house or concert-room abroad can offer. And yet, gathered round the piano in that little study, they stood delighted and absorbed in the psalm tunes of Zeuner! Is it not strange that there exists one collection, and only one, which however familiar it becomes, however much it may be sung, is ever fresh and new? While of the tunes of others equally fertile, there is here and there one that is not forgotten, is not worn out, of this man's there are scores, which only grow better the oftener one turns to them. The wealth of melody and magnificent harmony lavished upon the "American Harp" is sufficient to set up a hundred and fifty common tune-manufacturers. People speak of the fertility of imagination and high scientific attainment exhibited in this, that or the other opera; does not such a collection of short pieces exhibit this as well? Do not Shakespeare's sonnets exhibit his genius and culture as well as his "Lear"? Tom Moore's songs his genius as well as his longer poems?

I doubt if Zeuner is duly appreciated.

There is hardly a great composition for church or stage which one person at least would rather hear than Zeuner's "Feast of Tabernacles," the oratorio which after a few performances in Boston some years since he withdrew—there is too much reason to fear—forever!

Apropos of Zeuner's tunes, a few days after the visit referred to, I was amused, in looking over a list of tunes sung in a certain church during the past year, to note how, as the leader gradually became acquainted and familiar with the "Harp" and "Lyre," tunes from these books instead of being exceptional, gradually became the rule before the end of the year, and those from the other collections there used, the exceptions.

Another event to be "diaried" was my first visit to a Music Hall built in accordance with the theoretical principles of musical architecture—and finding it so far as could be judged from the performances of a small orchestra, a solo violin, and a single voice—perfect.

Theory says that a hall for music should in form be that of two cubes side by side—theory has said that for a long time, but, like wisdom in the streets, no man regarded her. There would be either too great width for the length, not height enough, or some wretched dome rising up in the centre of the ceiling and spoiling the effect everywhere, save in a few exceptional spots—or something else to render the music confused, throw a damper on it, or collect its tones into foci. In the Boston Music Hall I found nothing of all this. Men of science tell us that the laws of light and sound are now proved to be nearly the same. If so, as a brilliant light upon the stage would diffuse its beams equally in all directions, growing fainter in the distance, a music room should be so constructed that tone springing from the same spot should be diffused in a similar manner. This seemed to be the case. Above and below, at this end and that, on this side and on the other, the tones came clear and dis-

tinets, blending sweetly and yet giving a perfectly clear outline to the whole. In other halls I have had always to try by experiment to find the spot which on the whole would enable me to hear the most important number on the programme to the best advantage. Take the old Melodeon for instance; where the chorus was good the solos were poor, and *vice versa*. Dwight's remark that such a room as the new Hall will be a sensitive test of all imperfections is certainly founded in reason—a good instrument out of tune or badly played shows the defects of the performer far more than a poor one—a good room must do the same for an orchestra, a chorus, or even a single performer.

I was sorry not to hear a grand chorus in that Hall. It would have done much to show whether the position of the singers to each other influences the general effect of the whole. I still believe it does, and that the seats for the chorus in the Hall in question rise too steeply. A case in point: The Philharmonic Society in this city (New York) have recently been rehearsing Schubert's Symphony. Except at the last rehearsal, the performers stood on the floor of the room and the effect was, to my ears, far, far better than when at the last the position of the players was changed by their elevation upon a stage.

Other objection—if the arrangement of the stage be an objection—to the new Music Hall, I can conceive none. What London and Paris, and Berlin, and New York have not ventured to do—he governed by scientific theory in the structure of a music hall—Boston has done, and she possesses, I verily believe, the best in the world!

Somebody said that this room was a bad one to speak in. So was a certain philosopher's study had to swing a cat in; but, said the wise man, I do not want to swing a cat in it!

Jan. 20. "An anonymous lover of Beethoven's 9th Symphony sends the sum of fifty dollars as a present to the orchestra, whenever this work is performed at the Gewandhaus, at Leipzig."

Knowing the enthusiasm which the great work of Beethoven excites in the land of its production, in the minds of the few, and the extra expenses incurred by the musical societies in its production, I have no doubt of the truth of the above statement. And what a noble method of encouraging a taste for the highest in Art! Compare this present of fifty dollars to a musical society, in its consequences upon the progress of music in Leipzig, with presents of costly jewelry, &c., to itinerant singers and dancers, as the fashion usually is. When will anything be done in this city of New York toward sustaining a society which will give us the 9th Symphony of Beethoven, or one which will perform Oratorio music?

The "anonymous lover" mentioned above can hardly agree in sentiment with the English critic, who thus wrote on occasion of the third performance of the Choral Symphony some years since in London:

"The chorus is in many places exceedingly imposing and effective, but then there is so much of it, so many sudden pauses and odd and almost ludicrous passages for the horn and bassoon, so much rambling and vociferous execution to the violins and stringed instruments, without any decisive effect or definite meaning—and to crown all, the deafening, hoisterous jollity of the concluding part, wherein besides the usual allotment of triangles, drums, trumpets, &c., &c., all the known acoustical missile instruments I should conceive were employed with the assistance of their able allies, the corps of *sforzandos*, *crescendos*, *accelerandos*, and many other os, that they made even the very ground shake under us, and would, with their fearful uproar, have been sufficiently penetrating to call up from their peaceful graves (if such things were permitted) the revered shades of Tallis, Purcell, and Gibbons, and even of Handel and Mozart, to witness and deplore the obstreperous roarings of modern frenzy in their Art."

Jan. 21. The following from a report in the *Tribune* to-day of Fry's last lecture is excellent. What might not Anna Stone, and numberless others have been had we for the last thirty years had a musical academy either in Boston or New York worthy of the name!

"Talk as we will, until we render our Art national, our position in the world of culture will be mean and provincial. I regret to find so little national feeling existent here, on the subject of Art. Our whole concern

in music appears to be to hear an individual singer. Whether such singing is a permanency in the country; whether it places us beyond vulgar provincialism is not an open question at all. Whether such singing stimulates the production of American musical works is never considered. Six hundred thousand dollars were spent on a single singer lately; and if six thousand dollars were required to place American composition on a level with European, it would not be raised in the thirty-two States. Six hundred thousand dollars spent in founding a Conservatoire, would turn out every year, for all time to come, one hundred of the best instructed American composers, vocalists and instrumentalists, and would place us at once, artistically, on a level with any nation of Europe."

Jan. 22. A correspondent tells *Dwight's Journal* that the "Messiah" was performed in King's Chapel fifty-seven years ago. Is that true? On what occasion? by whom? and many other such queries might be put. Was not the performance of the "Messiah" and "Creation" by the Handel and Haydn Society, in 1817, the first time those great works were ever performed in America? I am very sure I have seen it so recorded, but have not the book to refer to. Will some one clear this matter up?

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 5, 1853.

THE CHORAL SYMPHONY will be heard to-night for the first time in Boston, and (with one exception, which can scarcely be counted) the first time in America, and by probably the largest crowd our Music Hall can hold. Indeed it is the crowd, more than anything else, that we fear as an obstacle to the general understanding and enjoyment of so great and elaborate a work. By all means, we would beg all who go, not only to listen with that earnestness without which a grand and rare opportunity is thrown away, but also to withhold all encouragement from the whispering and bustle, which are almost a necessary nuisance in larger crowds than can all get comfortably seated. The "GERMANIANS" will certainly do their part to make Beethoven's meaning clear. They have spent hours together every day for the last fortnight in the most severe and faithful rehearsals, and have done it with unanimous enthusiasm; the orchestra will be strengthened by some half-a-dozen extra violins and other instruments. The chorus in the last movement will have nearly the full force of the Handel and Haydn Society, and the quartet of solo voices consists of Miss STONE, Miss HUMPHREY, Mr. LOW and Mr. THOS. BALL. These choruses are very difficult and cannot receive full justice unless the whole band of performers are wrought up to that pitch of enthusiasm which possessed Beethoven when he overstepped the bounds of instrumental music to bring in this "Hymn to Joy" and celebrate as it were a grand love feast of all mankind. Still, the glorious intention of the music will not be lost upon the audience.

We are almost sorry on the whole that we copied last week the sentimental romance about the origin of this Ninth Symphony, which the Germanians have distributed in pamphlet form; since, in the first part especially, it libels Beethoven by presenting him under a melo-dramatic and absurd aspect. To-day we translate, as well as a quite involved German style would permit, the programme by Richard Wagner, which, whether it be in all respects the interpretation of this Symphony or not, at all events forms a consistent and, we trust, intelligible whole. The parallels from Goethe's words are happy; they are all from "Faust," and we have adopted the

translation of Miss Anna Swanwick, published in Bohn's Library, which is perhaps the most successful of all the metrical versions of "Faust." The translation of Schiller's Hymn is from an old volume of our own, which was published some twelve years since, under the title of "Select Minor Poems of Goethe and Schiller."

As to the music itself, several hearings at rehearsals make us confident in assuring our friends, that they will not find it so mystical and unintelligible and *outré*, as they may have been taught to expect. We never heard a symphony that at first hearing seemed more clear. And it has the advantage over most others in that respect, in the fact that we have a clue to its meaning. The "Joy" chorus explains the intention of all that goes before. The first movement, indeed, might seem strange if heard with no idea of what it is all tending to. The second, the Scherzo, is jovial and happy enough for the most careless listener. The Adagio is heavenly, as pure and clear as Mozart. The last movement opens with a few crashing chords, indicative of extreme impatience; then comes a most impressive novelty, the lofty *recitative* of the double-basses, which seem actually to *speak*, as if demanding some new and fuller form of utterance. The other instruments allude one by one, to the various themes of the foregoing movements, and the basses in fragments of recitative seem to say: "No, no, that will not do," until at last they chant the simple tune of the "Hymn to Joy," and a human voice comes in, marshalling in the entire chorus. At all events there is beauty enough, and grandeur enough, and variety enough, and fire and soul enough in this music throughout, to save it even with those who do not begin to understand it as it should be understood.

ORATORIO. To-morrow evening another great work of Beethoven! His oratorio, originally called "The Mount of Olives," founded on the last scenes in the life of Christ, but changed by an Englishman into "Engedi," or "David in the Wilderness," is to be performed by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. The change of subject originated in the feeling which naturally arises at the idea of a singer as it were impersonating the character of Jesus. Hence David and the history of his persecution by Saul were substituted, as affording situations somewhat analogous, while of the actual words, many, being of a general character, and taken from the Psalms, stand as in the original text, used by Beethoven. Perhaps the substituted text is in better taste; but otherwise we see no actual call for it. An Oratorio is not a drama. The solo singer does not stand before us as a person in a play. In the true conception of an Oratorio, which is epical and narrative, the singer sings the words of Christ only in the same sense that the minister reads them from the pulpit. But Beethoven's Oratorio is fairly open to the criticism of being too dramatic in its treatment, and so, it appears, he thought himself. In Schindler's biography we find only the following account of the composition of the work:

"In the year 1800 we find Beethoven engaged in the composition of his "Christ on the Mount of Olives," the first performance of which took place on the 5th of April, 1803. He wrote this work during his Summer-residence at Hetzen-dorf, a pleasant village, closely contiguous to the gardens of the imperial palace of Schönbrunn, where he passed several summers of his life in

profound seclusion. There he again resided in 1805, and wrote his "Fidelio." A circumstance connected with both these great works, and of which Beethoven many years afterwards still retained a lively recollection, was, that he composed them in the thickest part of the wood in the park of Schönbrunn, seated between the two stems of an oak, which shot out from the main trunk at the height of about two feet from the ground. This remarkable tree, in that part of the park to the left of the Gloriet, I found with Beethoven in 1823, and the sight of it called forth interesting reminiscences of the former period. With respect to the above-mentioned Oratorio, I ought not to omit mentioning the circumstance, that Beethoven, in the last year of his life, found fault with himself for having treated the part of Christ too dramatically, and would have given a great deal to be able to correct that "fault." Towards the end of the autumn of 1800 his Second Symphony, and the Concerto in C minor, were performed for the first time.

"Engedi" contains much fine and impressive music. The closing "Hallelujah" is as grand as anything after Handel. The semi-choruses, where David's enemies approach to seize him, are wonderfully descriptive. The opening chorus, with soprano solo, in which Miss STONE's clarion voice revels to its highest height, is magnificent. But in much of this music you cannot but feel that the mighty symphonist was not altogether at home in writing for the voice. Every allowance should be made for the principal tenor, especially; Mr. BALL sang "Waft her Angels" well last year; his part this time contains most ungrateful music for the voice,—so high, so covered up with instrumentation, so instrumental rather than vocal in its passages, and sometimes even so commonplace. This gentleman deserves credit for his willingness to undertake, for the general good, music which can scarcely place any singer in a favorable light. Mr. B. F. BAKER has the bass solos. The orchestral parts are rich and are to be played by the "GERMANIANS," their leader, Mr. BERGMANN, being conductor of the whole.

The oratorio is a very short one; hence a first part will be given, consisting of the overture to Mehul's "Joseph," and a solo (by Mrs. WENTWORTH) and chorus from "Elijah."

The Opera.

MADAME ALBONI's opening night filled the parquet and dress circle of the Howard with a most brilliant and fashionable assemblage. The second circle was by no means full, while the gallery above was well stocked with critics, dilettanti and such as go from real love of music, thus converting the sky-parlor of loafer-dom into an eminently respectable place. In the play and the performance we were disappointed. The plot of this Rossini "Cenerentola" was extremely meagre; it was emptied of all the charm of the nursery story; it had not even half the interest of the English version of Rophino Lacy; while we missed the pieces of fine music which he combined into it from other operas, and which form the most abiding charm of the thing as we remember it in the days of the Woods and the Segnins. There were no fairies, no slipper, no pumpkins, no liliputian coachmen, not even a ball-room scene. The music, to be sure, had all the zest and sparkle of Rossini, chiefly felt in the orchestral parts. But even here it was much marred by a rough and noisy orchestra. The male chorus bawled and the female screamed; while of ALBONI's principal assistants, Sig. SANGIOVANNI, sweet and smooth as is his voice, sang feebly

and made a most lifeless Prince, and the two sisters, to whose voices belongs not a little of the pleasantest music, were barely tolerable. Sig. ROVERE, the buffo, has been praised much for his singing and acting in the part of the pompous old fool of a father, and certainly was exceedingly at home in his business; yet he overdid the thing sometimes until the humor thereof staled. COLLETTI, with rather a thick voice, sang and acted the part of Dandini well.

And what of ALBONI? what of the contralto queen, in this, one of her most famous parts? Until the finale her part was entirely secondary; there she shone out episodically. When she stood there covered up with jewels, a large and glittering embodiment of all material luxuries, and when there streamed forth from her lips, without a particle of action or effort, the luxurious melody of *Nacqui al affanno* and *Non più mesta*,—then she was truly great, the veritable ALBONI we had read of. Then for the first time was there some real enthusiasm in the audience. Before that, she had confined herself to the simple and undemonstrative requirements of her part, now and then flowing forth in a delicious little strain of melody, but oftener blending her voice with others in a way which she never makes too individually prominent. But Alboni's figure and whole nature are unfit for Cinderella. In plain attire she can not charm; she needs, and with her brilliant complexion and luxurious style of being can support, a great deal of dress. In her action and all the little by-play she overdid nothing, but was uninteresting because there was no room for the frolic vein of her nature. It is only where the poor chrysalis Cinderella comes out the gorgeous butterfly queen, that the latent Alboni genius warms up and verifies its own tradition.

Second Night. Quite differently went it with *La Figlia del Reggimento*. The whole opera passed off with the utmost spirit, delighting the audience (much larger than before) from the beginning to the end. The opera itself is a very bright and taking one, one of the happiest specimens of the rare dramatic tact and talent for effective combination that distinguish Donizetti. The music is fresh and *piquant* and effective; many of the airs very happy in their way; and there is no flagging of interest throughout. Everybody seemed to enter into it *con amore*. ALBONI herself was evidently too sincerely happy in imagining herself a *vivandiere* and daughter to a regiment. She was all activity and frolic enthusiasm throughout. You would not have believed her before capable of so much animation. There was a unique charm and *gusto* about all she did; it passed off with an air. Her roll-call and *Rataplan* at the head of the regiment, in which she displayed scientific drumming, was absurdly unfeminine, but yet so clever a frolic that the gravest of the audience could not but give way to the humor of it. Her singing was in all parts delicious; never before have we recognized so much spirit and *gusto* in her mellifluous passages. The parting from the regiment had at least a most lively semblance of pathos, and the change of tone and manner, as of costume, when the gay, but true-hearted child of the camp is transported to the elegant *emui* of high life, was very perfect. Inimitable was the scene of the music lesson, where she flings away the stilted, sentimental French song, which her Marchioness aunt would teach her, at the first muttering of the *Rataplan* by the impatient, good old sergeant, sitting across the room. And we must give ROVERE credit for impersonating that part to perfection, besides finely rendering all the recitative and melody that fell to him. SANGIOVANNI, too, sang the often difficult and florid music of his part with taste and finish, and with a little more life and effectiveness than we have felt in him before.

The *Figlia* was to be repeated last night, and on Monday we are to have ALBONI as Amina in *La Sonnambula*, the part in which she seems to have outstripped all competitors, past and present, in New

York, if we may believe some of the severest critics there.

The three performances of next week are all that remain of this short term of the Alboni Opera. Our readers will take notice, by the advertisement, that the piece will commence *half an hour earlier* than heretofore.

Concerts of the Past Week.

MISS ELISE HENSLEDER's Benefit Concert, on Friday of last week, was one of the most interesting occasions of the musical season. The "GERMANIANS," who gave the feast, opened some of their best old wine of orchestral music: namely, the Overture to the *Zauberflöte*, which we never heard presented with such delicacy and distinctness, (this immortal work is getting popular—it actually was *encored* not long since at a "Musical Fund" rehearsal) and the lovely, tranquil Allegretto from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony;—besides Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" (arranged by Berlioz) and Meyerbeer's strange but effective *Fackeltanz*, or piece for a torch-light procession, by way of finale. Mr. JAEHL played two pieces of Chopin: the *Ballade* in G minor, and the *Valse*, Op. 64,—verily a most choice selection. And little CAMILLA URSO performed Leonard's *Souvenir de Haydn*.

The singing was all good. Miss LEHMANN sang *Wie nahte mir der Schlummer*, from the "Frey-schütz," with her usual fervor and largeness of style. Miss HUMPHREY gave a recitative and air from "St. Paul" in a rich and pure contralto voice, with perfect truth of intonation and of feeling. And the fair beneficiary gave such sweet and potent proof of the rare beauty of her voice, as made it painful to think these were its last tones to our ears, but for the reflection that she goes to Italy to develop that fine organ, as it merits, and that we may one day hear her as a finished artist. Her sympathetic, penetrating, clear, rich upper tones never reached us so interiorly as that night in the Aria from *Don Pasquale*, the little *Lied* of Curschmann (*An Rose*), and especially in the *Quis est homo*, which she sang with Miss Lehmann.

The audience amounted to above a thousand persons, and the concert realized about \$275 to her education fund. Miss HENSLEDER sailed for Europe, accompanied by her father, on Wednesday. May Art do for her as much as nature has done, and we shall receive her back a singer of the most satisfactory, if not the most ambitious, stamp.

At the last public rehearsal, and at the last concert of the MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY, the principal feature was Mozart's Symphony in E flat. Good judges tell us it was finely played.

The last "Rehearsal" of the GERMANIANS overflowed the Music Hall again. Mozart's exquisite Symphony in G minor, than which there can scarcely be found finer music, though it employs no trumpets or trombones, or clarinets, was admirably performed. So was Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, with OTTO DRESEL at the piano. These things were intensely enjoyed by the mass of the audience, excepting those unfortunates, who finding only standing-places on the outskirts, might as well have listened with a swarm of bees about their heads, as there amid the buzzy buzz of half-fledged beaux and belles about the floors and corridors.

THE MENDELSSOHN BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL, on Thursday night, passed off gloriously. It was the best audience, best programme, and best performance of the season; and it was remarkable that one composer's works, within the limits of strictly Chamber music, and not even including the human voice, could

furnish a programme so rich and various and inspiring to the end. But it must have a fuller record, if we can save room in our columns next week.

Musical Intelligence.

New York.

SONTAG IN OPERA. The "Queen Dowager of Song," as *Putnam's Monthly* styles her, is having eminent and long-continuing success at Niblo's. The *Tribune* says:

"We cannot too much praise the perfection with which every detail is cared for in the operas now being produced under her auspices. The orchestral performances are in themselves enough to satisfy every auditor, while the drillings of the chorus, the correctness and elegance of the costumes and all the minor arrangements of the stage equally attest severe taste and a high professional aim on the part of the management. Certainly, we shall never have anything more complete in these respects, and the public does well to appreciate such efforts.

"It is needless to say, however, that the great attraction which draws crowds to Niblo's is Madame Sontag herself, and we have beheld her in no character in which she more affects the audience than Amina, in the *Sonnambula*. In parts of this beautiful opera her acting was exceedingly dramatic. We have never seen the despair with which Amina suffers the unjust imputations and rejection of her lover rendered with such power. Indeed, if we were to find a fault with it we should say that admirable as it was as a whole, one or two points were rather overdone. For instance, when clinging to her enraged and unforgiving betrothed, she follows him across the stage on her knees. It is a too laborious and ungrateful mode of locomotion. But the scene as a whole was intensely effective and drew down bursts of hearty applause. So of the finale. The *non credea* was given with a pensive, rather than passionate, melancholy, which was very beautiful.

"Pozzolini seemed in feebler voice than usual, but Badioli was an admirable Count, singing perfectly, and acting as is his wont.

"Evidently this opera is the most popular that Madame Sontag has yet produced."

Her new series of Opera, we see, is to include *Don Giovanni*. Mme. Sontag has taken Castle Garden for the months of May, June and July, for operas. Mons. JULIEN has engaged it for August.

GRISI AND MARIO, it is confidently stated, on the authority of private letters, are coming over in the Spring. It is said they have made Mme. Sontag a large offer for the lease of Castle Garden.... CRUVELLI, too, is named among the prime donne casting glances this way.

GOTTSCHALK, THE PIANIST, gave his first concert last night. The New York critics, who have heard him in private, seem amazed by the brilliancy of his execution. All the compositions that we see ascribed to him seem to be of the modern finger-miracle school. The newspaper heralding, too, has been so unceasing and unqualified as to give one the impression that his art lies mainly in this direction. But we wait until we hear him—and we can afford to wait patiently, since we have fine pianists among us who let us hear the best of music, instead of offering us always the pleasure of the race-ground or the wrestling ring in inviting us to see them beat everybody else in execution. Meanwhile the great Hector Berlioz speaks thus of Gottschalk:

Gottschalk is one of the very small number who possess all the different elements of a consummate pianist—all the faculties which surround him with an irresistible prestige, and give him a sovereign power. He is an accomplished musician—he knows just how far fancy may be indulged in expression. He knows the limits beyond which liberties taken with the rhythm produce only confusion and disorder, and upon these limits he never encroaches. There is an exquisite grace in his manner of phrasing sweet melodies and throwing off light touches from the higher keys. The boldness, and brilliancy, and originality of his play at once dazzles and astonishes, and the infantile naïveté of his smiling caprices, the charming simplicity with which he renders simple things, seem to belong to another individuality distinct from that which marks his thundering energy—thus the success of M. Gottschalk before an audience of musical cultivation is immense.

Foreign.

DUBLIN. A Society has been formed "For the Preservation and Publication of the Melodies of Ireland." The prospectus asserts that "a large body of the national music of Ireland, both vocal and instrumental, now exists in the hands of collectors, who possess many hundred fine airs not yet published." To ensure energy and dispatch, the existence of the Society is limited to five years from the 1st of January, 1852.

ST. PETERSBURGH. Ronconi and Lablache, it appears, are quite the rage in the Russian capital, and their improvised fun in the *Barbiere* and *Don Pasquale* excites peals of laughter. Mario and Tamberlik, the two great tenors, are in fine force. Viardot has been engaged as prima donna, in place of Grisi, and was to appear as Fides in *Le Prophète*.

Balfe, the composer of "the Enchantress," "Bohemian Girl," &c., is here engaged as conductor of the Italian Opera.

Advertisements.

Sixth Subscription Concert.

GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT

OF THE

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY,

TO TAKE PLACE

ON SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 5, 1853,

AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

ASSISTED BY

MISS ANNA STONE, MR. LOW,

MISS S. HUMPHREY, MR. T. BALL,

AND THE

Members of the Handel and Haydn Society,

—ALSO BY—

CAMILLA URSO and ALFRED JAEEL,

And several Artists to augment the Orchestra.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. Overture, "Zauberflöte," (Magic Flute),.....Mozart.
2. Grand Concerto for Violin, in B minor, No. 24,....Viotti.
Performed by CAMILLA URSO.
3. Second Concerto, D minor, Op. 40, for Piano, with
Orchestral accompaniment,.....Mendelssohn.
Performed by ALFRED JAEEL.

Part II.

5. THE NINTH SYMPHONY, in D minor,
Op. 125,.....Beethoven.
I. Allegro ma non troppo.
II. Presto.
III. Adagio molto e cantabile.
IV. Grand Finale, with Solos and Chorus, containing Schiller's "Hymn to Joy."
- Single Tickets, 50 cents each, to be had at the Music Stores and Hotels, also at the door on the evening of the Concert.
Doors open at 6½; Concert commences at 7½ o'clock.

Handel and Haydn Society.

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and the "Elijah."

Will be performed by the

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY,

On Sunday Evening, February 6, 1853,

AT THE

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

ASSISTED BY

Miss ANNA STONE, Mrs. EMMA A. WENTWORTH, Mr.
S. B. BALL, Mr. B. P. BAKER,
and the

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Conductor,.....Mr. CARL BERGMANN.

Organist and Pianist,.....Mr. F. F. MÜLLER.

Doors open at 6; Concert to commence at 7 o'clock.
Tickets at 50 cents each, may be obtained at the Music Stores of Messrs. Wade, Ditson and Reed; at the Revere, Tremont, and United States Hotels, and at the two offices of the Hall on the evening of performance.

Members have the privilege of one friend.

J. L. FAIRBANKS, SECRETARY.

A SOPRANO VOICE is wanted for a Quartet Choir in one of the Churches in this city. One familiar with the English Church Service will be preferred. Application may be made at the Office of the Journal of Music.
Jan. 29.

RIMBAULT'S HAND BOOK for the PIANO FORTE. The above work, one of the best low priced Instruction Books for the Piano, has just been published. It is a popular Manual in England, and will, undoubtedly, attain an equal popularity here. Price 50 cents.

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Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St.

OTTO DRESEL'S FOURTH MUSICAL SOIRÉE,

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 7, 1853,

IN MA. JOHNSON'S MUSIC HALL, (in the New Building next south of Tremont Temple,) assisted by

MISS CAROLINE LEHMANN,

ALFRED JAEEL,

WILLIAM SCHULTZE,

MR. MEISSEL,

CARL BERGMANN.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Quartet for Piano, Violin, Viola and Violoncello,....Mozart.
2. Songs:—
"Und die Rosen, die praugen,".....Robert Franz.
"Eine Kräthe kam,".....Schubert.
3. Piano Solo—Sonata, (Op. 26),.....Beethoven.
4. Songs:—
"Nun die Schatten dunkeln,".....Franz.
"Stille Sicherheit,".....Franz.
5. Notturmo and Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream," for Piano, four hands,.....Mendelssohn.

PART II.

6. Trio for Piano, Violin and 'Cello,.....Schubert.
7. Piano Solos:—
Valse, in C sharp minor, }
Notturmo, in F sharp, }.....Chopin.
Etude, in E flat, }
8. Scherzino for Piano, Violin, Viola and Violoncello, .Dresel.
9. Songs:—
"Mit Myrthen, Tausendschöncehen und Ver-
gissmelnicht,".....Dresel.
"Frühlingsdäfte,".....Schumann.

The Concert will begin precisely at half past seven.

Tickets, \$1, to be had at Reed's and Johnson's Music Stores.

Howard Athenæum.

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Sig. G. can be consulted free upon any musical subject, daily, from 12 to 2, at Mr. Hew's Piano Manufactory, No. 385 Washington street, where terms and time for classes may be known.

Orders or notes for Sig. G. may be addressed to him at G. P. Reed & Co.'s Music Store, 17 Tremont Row, and at Oliver Ditson's, 115 Washington street. Feb. 5.

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VOL. II.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1853.

NO. 19.

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ANOTHER VIEW OF ACOUSTIC ARCHITECTURE.

JOHN S. DWIGHT, Esq.,

DEAR SIR:—The very useful series of papers on "Acoustic Architecture," lately published in your Journal, having seemingly come to an end, I beg leave to offer a few remarks upon some points therein treated.

The desideratum for good acoustic construction evidently being to preserve and equally distribute, with the least possible loss either in purity or force, the primary sound, the aim must be to select such a figure for the plan as shall contain the greatest number of seats within the limits fixed as the extreme of sufficient hearing. The shape being thus given, the materials for the structure should be such as shall least obstruct or alter the sound.

Such a shape, however, supposing any particular direction to the sound, will be an ellipsoid, determined by what Mr. Scott Russell calls the "isacoustic curve," being, for the human voice for example, an elongated oval, with the conjugate axis on a line in front of the speaker, and brought in by more abrupt curves behind him. For a sound proceeding equally in all directions,

it will be a circle, but in any case it will be some figure bounded by curved lines.

And for our materials we shall have solid masonry, as least absorbent, and thus most conservative of sound.

Now upon both these points I am at variance with your correspondent, who (p. 50) rejects "the semi-circle, the ellipse, and all other modifications of the circular form. So, also, arched ceilings, rounded corners," &c., on the ground "that such conformation is especially liable to reverberation, or the prolongation of the residuary sound."

On precisely the same ground, viz. as occasioning "an excess of the residuary portions" of sound "which constitute direct reflection and reverberation," your correspondent (p. 81) rejects solid masonry for such a building, though he admits it to possess the "unity of structure especially requisite for the perfection of the transmitted tone," though it must certainly occasion less loss of sound than any more moveable material.

This separation of a certain part of the sound as "residuary," and attributing all reverberation to this, rests upon a theory of your correspondent's, stated on p. 43, that reverberation is something distinct from reflection and echo, and that it "consists of the *residuary* sound, or that portion of the sonorous wave which is neither absorbed nor reflected, but which, adhering to the walls of the room, is rolled along their surface till gradually it dies away." This he considers to have an analogy in the action of light. "A ray of light," he says, "is incident on a plane surface; a portion of it is reflected, another portion of it is absorbed, and the remaining part is *dispersed* in all directions and serves to render the surface visible." But I confess I do not see how either light or sound can come to us, except either directly, or as reflected or refracted. In order that a surface shall be visible, the light that makes it visible must come from it to our eye, and thus must leave the surface.

The *dispersion* to which your correspondent alludes, would seem to be where Light is reflected into the material, and thus lost. But then the surface would not be visible, but must be mere darkness. So of Sound. A reverberation seems indeed like something rolling along the surface, but it is at once evident that this is merely the effect of a successive reflection from a series of points.

As far as I can see, therefore, the whole trouble complained of, from the shape and the materials above proposed, is reduced to one source, viz. Reflection or Echo. Now it is undoubtedly true that a room of solid masonry, bounded by curved lines, will of itself be more liable to echo than one of the same extreme dimensions, but of parallelogram shape and of more yielding and absorbent materials.

But I maintain, 1st. That the greater echo is due to the better preservation of sound, (and thus to a quality of itself highly desirable):—2d. That it is possible to obviate this echo by special appliances:—and 3d. That parallelogram rooms of the size supposed in these inquiries, cannot, without such appliances, avoid echo,—while in all other respects they are manifestly inferior.

In support of the first and third points I shall refer to our experience of the New Music Hall, which appears to conform generally to your correspondent's requisitions, and which I presume to be constructed in every respect according to the recent English theory of such buildings. At first sight of the proportions of the building, its great relative height, before it was finished, it was natural to expect an echo from the lofty ceiling, and a loss of sound from this, and from the distant corners departing so far from the curve of equal hearing. An additional loss was to be apprehended from the extent of the hollow space beneath the orchestra, and communicating (by doors presumably left open) with the extensive corridors. Since the Hall has been opened, amid the very general satisfaction, both these objections have been made, some persons complaining of the "distant, out-of-doors" sound of the music, and others of a disturbing echo.

In the first of these particulars, I confess myself agreeably disappointed. Some kinds of music, as for instance the piano, are dimmed in effect, as perhaps they must be in any large hall, though I think not to so great an extent. But the echo I have perceived very distinctly, both on the floor and in the second gallery, and in the latter place could trace it easily to the spot in the coving whence the resultant would naturally arrive. In every part of the house in which I have sat, the comfort and satisfaction in this otherwise admirable room has been interfered with in the same manner. Probably few persons are struck with both these defects at once, for they are of opposite natures, the one of excess, and the other of defect. And I take it to be the merit of this

Hall, and the highest success that can be attained upon this system, that it is so proportioned as to make the one fault as nearly as possible a counterbalance of the other.

The whole virtue of the high ceiling, and the parallelogram shape, is, as it seems to me, that the "residuary sound" may so expend itself as to be feebly heard on its return. For though a distant echo, by coming at a greater interval, is (other things being equal) more disturbing, yet if the distance is great enough, it is less so, from the inferior intensity of the sound. The problem then is, so to adjust the proportions and size, that the sound shall be powerful enough to reach the audience on its direct passage, and yet weak enough not to return to them from the walls and ceiling. This adjustment must be based upon an average organization of the ear, and thus in exceptional cases must necessarily fail, sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other.

This system may perhaps be practically the most advisable, (though I think not), but theoretically it is certainly very clumsy, and in its adaptation of means to its end, somewhat reminds one of the ancient Chinese method of roasting pig, as related by Charles Lamb.

But there are two other ways (or perhaps at bottom but one way) of accomplishing this end, much more direct and simple, which obviate the necessity of this evidently objectionable form. These are, either to provide a free escape for sound as soon as it has accomplished its task; or to cover the walls and ceilings with an absorbent material. The first of these arrangements may be seen in all churches that have transepts, and its effect in these has been noted by many writers, among others by an observant correspondent of your own, in a number of the *Journal* on which I cannot at this moment lay my hand, in which he recounts the marked effect of adding a T to a parallelogram church. Mr. Scott Russell also recommends this method.

Of the advantages of the other procedure we have daily instances in the effect of the clothes of an audience in preventing echo in buildings that reverberate strongly when empty. In two large halls in this city, one at the Boston and Maine, and the other at the Fitchburg Station, apparently precisely similar in all other points, but the one empty and the other having the walls piled around with rolls of carpet, I found a very distinct echo in the former, but in the latter I found it impossible to produce any, while the acoustic effect of its low ceiling appeared from the fact that, at the distance of about 125 feet I could hear and understand words spoken in an ordinary tone of voice,—about ninety feet being the limit usually assigned.

Your correspondent (p. 43) relates a case of a room of solid masonry at Girard College, where an echo of six seconds' duration was reduced to half a second by a lining of cotton cloth upon the walls, and cutting off the domed ceiling.

There is another point that seems to me to belong here, viz., the supposed necessity of large size in a music hall, for the full development of the sound. This phrase, the development of the sound, is one used, I fancy, without any distinct notion of the manner in which it is operated,—at least I cannot see how a sound, after it leaves the instrument, should be "developed" by anything that could happen to it on its further passage. Your correspondent briefly alludes to this

point, and bases the advantage of large size upon the aid afforded by distance in "fusing together and harmonizing musical sounds," in which he is no doubt right, though I think the same end could be attained more simply.

The stunning effect of music in a small room is easily accounted for, but it is not so easy to account for what is also not unfrequently noticed, viz: the smothered feeling under similar circumstances. Perhaps it is owing to the frequent occurrence of what Savart calls *nodal surface*, or points where the vibration of the air is null, probably from the meeting of direct and reflected waves. These would naturally prevail most in a small room, even though too small for echo. But this matter is as yet in too hypothetical a state for satisfactory conclusions. Evidently, however, if such is the case, this effect, as well as the other, would be removed by getting rid of the sound when it reached the wall, either by absorbent surfaces, or by allowing it to escape.

We sometimes hear of the effect of a wall in *supporting* a sound, and the advantage of a closed room for music over the open air is generally attributed to this. But this *support* seems to be only the prevention of a loss, and this is good only in certain parts, and not everywhere. Probably the only advantage of walls, as far as Sound is concerned, lies in the prevention of currents of air.

It has been suggested to me that the best wall for a music room would be brick, covered with a fine wire gauze, with a sufficient space left between it and the masonry. This would be fire-proof, favorable to ventilation, and doubtless an excellent absorbent surface.

This leads to the second point, viz: Materials. Your correspondent, as I said, rejects masonry, as "occasioning an excess of residuary sound." But this is only, in other words, a non-absorption of sound, which is a very desirable quality, for it is much better to get all the sound we can, and then provide for its absorption in the precise place and degree we want it, than deliberately to contrive to *waste* a part of it, by the general use of absorbent material, and by corners, which act in regard to Sound as dark cavities would in regard to Light. For it seems clear that an absorbent wall-surface is advantageous only for those parts whence a disturbing echo is to be apprehended, but a disadvantage for all others. If so, the smooth, solid masonry will be best for the proscenium, the stage, and its surrounding walls, unless more than fifty feet from the music.

Your correspondent, however, with most of the writers on the subject, has another ground for rejecting masonry, from its feeble vibrating property and the consequent non-resonance. "Resonance," he says, (p. 34) "is well exemplified in the sounding-board of a piano-forte, or the body of a viol, and is, in effect, *synchronous* with the original impulse, while reflection implies some interval between the primary and secondary or reflected sound. Now, in reality, this latter can never happen without some injury to the perfection of a sequence of musical sounds," whereas by resonance "a musical tone is sustained and intensified." The common instance is the tuning fork, which is hardly audible until brought into contact with a body capable of free vibration.

Your correspondent (p. 66) prefers *wood* above all other materials for this purpose, as "among the best resonants and conductors of sound," and

thinks that a building entirely constructed of this material, would best answer the end in view, the only objections being the greater expense and risk attending its use. In this position he is supported by most writers, some of whom attribute great virtues to wood as strengthening the sound, and almost all recommend for the platform for the orchestra a hollow, and as far as possible isolated and freely vibrating wooden case. Something of this kind, upon a very large scale, has been adopted at our Music Hall. Among others, Mr. Semper, architect of the late Dresden Theatre, a very generally admired house, used wood extensively, in the ceiling and elsewhere, and placed the orchestra upon a carefully isolated box, and in his publication upon the subject recommends these provisions.

But in the first place the distinction between Resonance, as synchronous, and Reflection, as implying an interval of time, a distinction well taken by your correspondent, being kept in mind, it follows that there can be no Resonance from a body not in actual contact with that producing the primary sound. If there is any interval, however slight, there must be an opportunity for Reflection. Magnitude is of no consequence to this question. If the sound is conveyed, for no matter how minute a distance, by the air, and then given out again by another body, this is a case of echo, and nothing else. As to any strengthening of the sound by the resonance of the walls or ceiling, it would be contradictory both to experience and to theory. To experience, for the well-known experiments of Chladni and others on the speaking-trumpet show that the material of the walls is indifferent as to *intensity*, though of importance as to tone. To theory, since it is evident, as was long since remarked by Fischer, that the air can impart no more vibrating force than it has; that it must lose whatever it imparts; and that it can receive back no more than it lost. It could not indeed in the case before us, receive back as much as it lost, for in being communicated from a lighter body, the air, to a heavier one, the wall, the force being constant but the mass different, the vibrations of the wall, and thus those returned by it to the air, must be smaller than the primary ones, and, of course, the sound less intense. It would be in fact just the reverse of the case of the tuning-fork, the increased sound of which is due to the communication of a given force of vibration to a lighter body, thereby increasing the magnitude of the oscillations by diminishing the resistance. The cavity beneath the orchestra must accordingly be at best useless, unless it is in actual contact with each instrument, and forming in fact an enlargement of it, and even then, unless either an additional force is communicated at the outset, or else that the resonant cavity is inferior in mass to the body producing the sound,—thus diminishing the resistance. But thus it evidently cannot be. For most instruments, therefore, the cavity will be non-resonant; for the rest, it can in any case be nothing better than increase of size, requiring, of course, a proportionate addition of force to play them. But though useless, it is not therefore harmless, for it must have a considerable effect in absorbing Sound, precisely where it ought in no case to be absorbed: viz. about the place where it is produced, for here it cannot occasion any echo.

In further support of my position I may cite two instances mentioned in the *Builder* newspaper

(VIII. 412), in which churches defective in acoustic effect were much improved by removing the furring, and plastering the walls directly upon the brick. Also a remark of Hirschell's that theatres built on arches of masonry over water have been noted as excellent in acoustic properties. This has been attributed indeed to the echo between the water and the vaulting, but it is difficult to see how anything but injury to sound could arise from such a cause. As to shape, it is, I believe, true that the new English music halls are parallelograms; but a Paris concert-room, more recent than any of them, and larger than any, the Salle Barthélemy, Rue du Chateau d'Eau, which seats 3200 persons, and as I am informed from the spot, "leaves nothing to be desired in point of acoustic effect," is a very elongated oval, the extreme length and width being respectively 137, and 72 feet, and bounded on all sides, ceiling walls and stage, by curved lines. I see, therefore, no sufficient reason for departing from the more beautiful and convenient ellipsoid form, (which is that naturally assumed by any concourse of persons gathered about a speaker) in favor of the parallelogram; nor for rejecting fire-proof materials, so especially desirable for large buildings of public assembly, in favor of that most dangerous of all constructions, in case of fire, a furred partition. The whole subject, however, is one of which the theory has been but loosely and imperfectly examined in its practical bearings, and is liable to constant modification from experience. Perhaps your correspondent may have accumulated something further upon it, or may incline to criticize in his turn the positions above taken. In either case I hope we may hear from him.

C.

Music Halls in England.

DEAR DWIGHT:—The following brief description of three of the finest Music Halls in England, viz: those at Birmingham, at Liverpool and Bristol, may not be without interest to your readers:—

The first mentioned is the largest, being one hundred and forty feet in length, sixty-five feet in width and sixty-five feet high. It is capable of containing an audience of about three thousand persons. It has rectilinear walls, broken at intervals by pilasters, and is surmounted on all sides by a coving deeply groined, which terminates in the flat ceiling above. Two narrow galleries extend along the sides of the room and are of greater depth across the end; at the other end is placed the orchestral platform and choral seats, which platform is on the same plane with the lower gallery. The floor of the hall is level. This room contains one of the largest and finest organs in England.

The Philharmonic Hall at Liverpool comes next in point of size and excellence. This was built under the auspices of an association of dilettanti and completed in 1840. In its general architectural plan it resembles the apartment first mentioned, but differs in being divided at the sides into shallow compartments or recesses somewhat resembling the boxes of a theatre. Within the podium or main body of the house the length is one hundred and six feet and the width sixty-four feet; the height is sixty-five feet. It has a flat ceiling with deep panels and a coving, as in the former case. This Hall is lighted at evening by a series of gas jets placed on the top of the cornice some fifty feet above the level of the floor.

It will seat comfortably twenty-two hundred persons.

The Clifton Hall in Bristol, styled also the Victoria Concert Rooms, is smaller in size than either of the previously described buildings, containing only about fourteen or fifteen hundred persons. The sides and ceiling of the house are treated much in the style of the Birmingham Hall, which indeed appears to have been the model from which was taken the primary form in both these latter buildings. The walls are relieved by pilasters and the ceiling by cross-beams and deep mouldings. Its length, width and height are respectively one hundred and twelve, sixty-two and forty-six feet. It will be perceived that the height is proportionately much less than in either of the other apartments in question. Its deficiency in this respect was remarked by Mr. Benedict in some recent concerts given there as tending to injure the acoustic effect.

As will be seen, our own excellent Hall resembles in some essential particulars those above described.

Mr. Fry's Tenth Lecture—The Opera.

(As reported in the New York Tribune.)

The history of the Opera has its interests and curiosities, and as one may probably be established in this country, they may be noted. There is only one way to make Opera flourish, and that is to render it national through our own tongue. The French people, supposing them to be represented by their Government, determined to have an Opera under Louis XIV. An Academy of Music, so called, being a Grand Opera House, was founded, and thenceforward every composer had to write through the French language. France at that time had a very bad style of music, but the cleverest composer was Lulli, an Italian, who laid the foundation of the French Lyrical Drama. Afterward came Gluck, who had been writing for twenty years for the Italian Opera. So Piccini and others. Then in this century came Rossini and Meyerbeer to Paris. Now let it be borne in mind, these foreigners were all obliged to compose for the French people in their own language. True, there was the Italian Opera which presented for the luxurious few, three times a week a portion of the year; but the Grand Opera (not to mention the Opera Comique, which never closes) is conducted through the French language, and has a season of some eleven months each year. This is what I contend for in this country. Persons who say the English language is not fit for music, only show that they have not studied that language. And the Italian language is not fit for music unless the hearers understand it. And I may ask of those not foreigners who go to the Italian opera in this city, how many speak the language and understand words? Are there fifty all told? I doubt it. How then can they truly understand the music? The dramatic composer who knows his art chooses his notes with the greatest care to represent the slightest shades of meaning; he even observes sex, age, condition, local finesse and transcendentalism, in his musical forms, and I contend that no music written in a foreign language can be understood fully except by the natives of that country. The comic opera of Italy finds its chief merit in a rapidity of utterance germane to the vehement rapidity of talking there, a compensating principle, it seems to me, for the longer words of that language over our own. The same rapidity of utterance is not necessary in English. For example, the vast catalogue of old Saxon words of one syllable are invariably represented in Italian by two syllables, generally with a vocalic termination. Any one who has tried to translate Italian poetry into English, must have observed the great difficulty or impossibility of rendering Italian lines into English of the same metre, without coaxing, paraphrasing or trans-

forming the idea. This is owing to the greater length of Italian words.

Now to dispose of so many syllables demands a particular kind of music, but it is foreign to our ears to hear such a whirl of rapid notes. The other night in the "Barber of Seville," the innate rapidity of the composer's work, which is the finale to the first act, demanding frequently twelve mortal syllables to each bar of music, was farther exhilarated by an increase of time, which made the text as unintelligible as the blur-song of a locust.

When we speak of Opera, therefore, if it is to be anything beyond a fashionable fungus, it must be through our own language,—and that language lyrically written according to a standard, the outline of which was developed here the other evening.

The following is a translation of the original arrangement of the Royal Academy of Music in Paris. It is a curious document, showing the modest wages of those times which in some respects were so luxurious.

Statement of the number of persons of whom the King (Louis XIV) wishes and understands that the Royal Academy of Music should be always composed, without being augmented or diminished. Actors for the parts:

Basses: First actor, 1,500 livres; second actor, 1,200 livres; third actor, 1,000 livres. Tenors: first actor, 1,500 livres; second actor, 1,200 livres; third actor, 1,000 livres. Actresses for the parts: first actress, 1,500 livres; second actress, 1,200 livres; with a decreasing proportion to the sixth actress, which is fixed at 700 livres.

For the choruses: Twenty-two men at 400 livres, and two pages at 200 livres; twelve women at 400 livres. Dancers: Two men dancers at 1,000 livres each; ten others at 800, 600, and 400 livres; two principal women dancers at 900 livres each; eight others at 500 and 400 livres. Orchestra: Time beater, (that is, conductor,) 1,000 livres; 46 performers in the orchestra, with salaries from 600 to 400 livres. Two machinists at 600 livres.

The number of the persons engaged in the Opera was only 126, and the total cost of their salaries a year only \$13,000. * * * *

We have now glanced at the origin of the Opera in Italy and France. Let us look at its institution in England.

The stage in England, as in this country, has never ranked as a profession with law, physic, or theology, though the qualities to make a good actor are less easily found than those of any other profession, excepting that of a singer, where dramatic power must be preceded by the rarest of all gifts, that of a superbly fine voice. Why the stage should be so despised in modern times, when among the people to whom we owe the most, the ancient Greeks, it was held in the highest veneration, and as we have seen poets and military leaders took part in acting tragedies, is a question which I shall not attempt to solve. Suffice it to say, that the greatest genius the world has seen, was a vagabond by act of Parliament. Under the Puritan dynasty in England, the English stage was suppressed. From 1647 to 1656 there were no theatrical representations. Sir William D'Avenant, however, in the latter year presented at Rutland House a piece styled: *Entertainment of Declaration and Music, after the manner of the Ancients*. In this work, which is published, we are informed—"After a flourish of music, the curtains are drawn and the prologue enters. This prologue speaks in English verse, and calls the entertainment an Opera. He begs the audience "to regard the small theater as their passage and their narrow way to our Elysian Field, the Opera." But none of it is set to music. After this the curtains are closed, and we are informed as follows: "a consort of instrumental music, adapted to the sullen disposition of Diogenes, being heard awhile, the curtains are suddenly opened, and in two gilded rostra appear Diogenes the Cynic, and Aristophanes the Poet, who declaim against and for public entertainments by moral representations." Diogenes says: "Poetry is the most subtle engine by which the wonderful body of the Opera must move. I wish, Athenians, you were all poets, for then if you should meet with the pleasant vapors of Lesbian wine, fall into a profound sleep, and concur in a long dream, you would every morning enamel your houses, tile them with gold and pave them with aggrats." The declamation of the Cynic

being finished, "a consort of music befitting the pleasant disposition of Aristophanes being heard, he answers him and defends Operas, their poetry, music and decoration. After which the curtains are suddenly closed, and the company entertained by instrumental music and by a song. The song being ended, a consort of instrumental music after the French composition being heard awhile, the curtains are suddenly opened, and in the rostra appear, sitting, a Parisian and Londoner in the livery robes of both cities, who declaim concerning pre-eminence of Paris and London. The Frenchman attacks London and afterwards there is "a consort of music imitating the *waites* of London: he is answered by the Londoner." The Englishman defends his capital, and then there is a song, an epilogue, and lastly a flourish of music, and there an end. The book finally informs us that the vocal and instrumental music was composed by Dr. Charles Colman, Captain Henry Cook, Mr. Henry Laws and Mr. George Hudson.

Sir William D'Avenant afterwards produced *The Play House to be Let*, in which he makes a musician, who offers himself as tenant, be asked, what use he intends to make of the house? "I would have introduced heroic story in *stilo recitativo*." And being requested to explain himself, he says: "Recitative music is not composed of matter so familiar as may serve for every low occasion of discourse. In tragedy the language of the stage is raised above the common dialect, our passions rising with the height of verse; and vocal music adds new wings to all the flights of poetry." This piece, which we are told was in *stilo recitativo*, contains the history of Sir Francis Drake, expressed by instrumental and vocal music. Ben Jonson mentions *stilo recitativo* as early as 1617, when it was recently known in Italy. These things were the humble beginnings of Opera in our mother tongue. Sir William D'Avenant died in 1668, and his widow, Lady D'Avenant, and his son Charles, afterwards the celebrated political writer and civilian, continued the theatre. They opened a new house in 1671, but the public favor ran for Old Drury, so Mr. D'Avenant resorted to a new kind of entertainment, called Dramatic Opera, including *The Tempest*, *Macbeth*, *Psyche*, *Circe*, and some others, set off, says Colley Cibber, with the most expensive decorations of scenes and habits, and with the best voices and dancers. "This sensual supply of sight and sound," says Cibber, "coming on to the assistance of the weaker party, it was no wonder they should grow too hard for sense and simple nature, when it is considered how many more people there are who can see and hear, than can think and judge."

The *Psyche* mentioned above is copied strictly after one written by Lulli in 1672. The music of *Psyche* was not published till 1675: it was by Matthew Locke, composer in ordinary to His Majesty and organist to the Queen. This celebrated English composer who set the vigorous music in *Macbeth*, has a long preface. He speaks of the tendency of musicians to peck and carp at other men's compositions how mean soever may be their own. He anticipates the objection to the word *Opera*, which, he says, is borrowed from the Italians, who by it distinguished this kind of drama from their comedies, which, after a plan is laid, are spoken *extempore*; whereas this is not only designed, but written with art and industry, and afterward set to suitable music. According to the operatic idea, the illustrious English composer goes on to say that the compositions which follow are for the most "in their nature soft and easy, and as far as his abilities could reach, agreeable to the design of the part; for in them there is ballad to single air, counterpoint, fugue, canon, chromatic music, which variety, without vanity be it said, was never in Court or Theatre, till now presented in this nation." Locke adds: The author of the drama, prudently considering that though Italy was and is the great academy of the world for music and this species of entertainment, yet as this piece was to be performed in England, which is entitled to no such praise, he mixed it with interlocution as more proper to our genius."

Locke, therefore, had not the boldness to

attempt a grand opera, or opera rejecting all speaking. This is a notice of the earlier attempts at music in the English language; and it is remarkable that England, so long as her own opera or theatre was encouraged by royalty and fashion, failed not to produce a Purcell and a Locke; but since the native drama has fallen and the Italian opera has risen, no Englishman has contended with Italian genius. A lesson for home consumption in our development of art might be learned from this fact.

The theatre here, as a productive literary institution, giving out its supplies of tragedies, comedies and farces, as the English stage used to, may be considered dead. Its novelty, with hardly an exception, comes from Paris. The only hope for the dramatic future lies in the English or rather American opera. In art, however as a nation, we need nationality. I am always told that we are so new. We are not so new. Two hundred years ago the Dutch—the most industrial people in Europe, and among the foremost promoters of civilization, though M. Guizot ignores them in his *History of Civilization*—settled New York. This city (New York) now is twice or three times as large and indefinitely richer than any Italian city was when Haydn and Mozart went there to perfect their art. It has ample wealth to support art properly, but it wants one thing, without which no nation can become artistically great, and that is national spirit. It must encourage art on the spot. It must make a difference between artists who come to stay and those who come to go. By that means Colbert placed France, in the arts of material splendors, at the head of all other nations, and made Paris the cynosure of taste. We allow our chief city to be used as an exchange for every adventurer under Heaven.

—To revert to the history of English Opera. All efforts at the Opera during the 17th century were in English. Let us imagine for a moment that the same genius which Locke showed at the start had been generously sustained by the public, would England now be behind-hand in operatic music?

In 1692 an advertisement in *The London Gazette* says: "The Italian lady (that has lately come over that is so famous for her singing) though it has been reported that she will sing no more in the Consort at York Buildings, yet this is to give notice, that next Tuesday, January 10, she will sing there and so continue during the season." In a subsequent advertisement she is called the Italian woman. In 1693 Signor Tosi advertised "A Consort of music in Charles-st., Covent Garden, about 8 o'clock in the evening." These are the first apparitions of Italian artists in England. Little more than a century later it first dawned in New York. What new things are we then treating of? Opera began in Italy only two hundred years ago and already exists in detail if not in gross in San Francisco.

The first Opera after the Italian model played in England was "Arsinoe, Queen of Cyprus." At that time, and indeed up to the time of Scribe in this century, all serious operas, with hardly an exception, were based on antique subjects. Under his generous pen, such themes as "William Tell," *Robert le Diable*, and others of mediæval times came in vogue. This Queen of Cyprus was regularly translated and had a fair success—though bad as to music and poetry. But the public needed something.

An important event happened in England in 1709. Handel after having made the tour of Italy arrived there. He wrote the Opera of *Rinaldo*, the subject from Tasso. Addison particularly distinguished himself by his attack on the Opera, through *The Spectator*. But Addison being neither musician nor poet, may be pardoned. Handel became an opera manager; but an English Earl managed a rival house and crushed the great composer. The first Oratorio of Handel's was *Esther*, which was an opera transmogrified. Handel's style, like that of Emanuel Bach, Haydn and Mozart, was formed on the Italian model; he wrote up to the time he began Oratorios, to Italian words, and shaped his music necessarily not only according to the genius of the Italian language, but equally so according to the genius

of Italian music. His Oratorios bear the same Italian impress, changed not for the better, by the necessity of being set to English words not always the best.

The Italian Opera has gone on gradually to this century in London, supported by the enormous sums paid for boxes by the nobility and gentry. Five to ten dollars is the common price of admission. Here we expect the same entertainment for half-a-dollar. But with all the money paid into the treasury, the rapacity of vocalists is so unbounded that frequent bankruptcies attend the directorship. I was present in London during the memorable season when the Covent Garden opposition was in operation, backed by the heir of a rich brewer who had £100,000 sterling to lose by turning opera-manager, and lost it. Nothing could exceed the perfection of the orchestra, and saving the want of a more robust Tenor than Mario can claim to be, the opera of the evening passed off superbly. I have no belief in the permanency of the Italian Opera in this country. If we look at the success of *Cinderella*, when brought out in good old intelligible English at the Park Theatre—a success which ran up to seventy nights, some three times a week, if I am not mistaken—it shows how the popular heart beats. Verily, the Grecian Muse spoke Greek, according to the Greek poets. Shall our American Muse chant in a foreign tongue? Forbid it, national sense, pride, ambition.

Musical Conductors.

In a late number of the *London Musical World* we find the following excellent hints, communicated in the shape of a letter by "A Musician."

There can be no doubt whatever that the progress and prosperity of music depends, to a great degree, on the character and attainments of its professors; especially those who, to a considerable extent, guide the public taste, by arranging, managing, and conducting musical performances. In a country where music is almost universally studied, either as a necessary part of education, or as a means of affording healthful relaxation from the work of daily life—or to give, as Burns hath it,

"Ease from toil, relief from care"—

it is of the utmost consequence that both the selection for, and the execution of, music at public concerts—which are certain of imitation, not only at private musical meetings, but at the numerous other concerts which are constantly taking place in small towns and villages—should be entrusted to those musicians who are fairly entitled, from their acknowledged abilities as composer, pianist, organist, violinist, &c., to act as chief or conductor.

The term Conductor is generally applied to "the person who arranges, orders, and directs the necessary preparations for a concert, and also superintends and conducts the performances." A conductor's business at what is commonly called a "Pianoforte Concert"—i. e., where there are merely two or three principal performers, and where the piano affords the only accompaniment to the vocal music—are light indeed, compared with those which involve the training and practising large numbers of vocalists or instrumentalists, for concerts with a "full band," an "efficient chorus," or, as in oratorios and operas, with both combined.

The duties of a conductor become onerous in proportion to the number of those engaged in a performance, and the difficulty of the works to be executed; and those frequenters of our "grand" concerts, who imagine that the conductors' business is confined solely to his use of the *bâton*, or to his performances at the piano, either as accompanist or soloist, are egregiously mistaken. The office of a conductor is, indeed, anything but a sinecure. Those only have ever entirely succeeded, who have possessed qualifications rarely found united in one man:—

1. It is absolutely necessary that the conductor

should be a *composer*, in the full acceptance of the term; one who can, if necessary, produce large and good works for band and chorus; who can arrange quickly, songs, duets, &c., for full orchestra, from a piano-forte accompaniment, and *vice versa*; and who can judiciously add extra parts, either for wind or string instruments, to give additional effect to meagrely constructed scores.

2. He must possess a knowledge of the world as well as of music. He must unite great firmness and determination of purpose, without compromising the character of the man of good sense and the gentleman. He must have "no mean and narrow prejudices," or spiteful revenge in his disposition. He must give equal attention to the half-slumbering juvenile at the triangles, to the solemn double-bass, and to the careful and watchful principal violin.

3. He must possess a thorough knowledge of every piece performed, not only in a practical, but in a theoretical point of view. Without this, he cannot pretend to correct an error, either in any separate part, or in his own full score; and without this capability, he should never, in my humble opinion, presume to wield the *bâton*.

4. He must possess the quick susceptibility of faculty, rendered in the highest degree acute by culture, necessary to enable him to detect the most trifling error at rehearsal; and, in pointing out the error, he must do so without wounding the feelings of the performer. This latter point is one of the most difficult a conductor has to encounter. Should he be abrupt in his detection and exposure of an erring executant, he is certain to give offence; and should he be silent, and allow the error to pass uncorrected, the chances are that he will be denounced by some *charitable* members of the orchestra, as incapable of fulfilling satisfactorily the manifold duties of his office.

5. A conductor must be endowed with the most delicate perception of the measure of time and the play of rhythms, that he may indicate the *tempos* with accurate division and decision. He must neither *beat time like a machine*, nor must he be so extravagant or violent in his manner, as to divert the attention of the audience from the music to the eccentric gyrations of his spasmodic *bâton*. Like the talented conductor, Costa, he may make the motions of the *bâton* and his hands indicative of both force and expression. To invoke a *fortissimo*, and a decisive entrance of the brass instruments in orchestral music, I have seen the grand *maestro* significantly raise both his hands, in addition to an imperial wave of the *bâton* over his head, effecting at once the purpose desired; and how expressive the movements he employs to obtain a *crescendo tutti*, and the intimation of the left hand when he would have the delicacy of a *piano*! But, alas! to many persons—those who have no real music in their souls, stocks and stones—all that belongs to feelings, in matters of art, is stuff and affectation; beauty, they think, is an affair of line and rule; and *taste*, a question of law and precedent, or an easy Rule-of-Three sum.

6. A good conductor must, at all times, be prepared to accompany on the piano-forte all kinds of pieces, songs, duets, violin solos, &c., &c., in all sorts of keys, or rather a "bunch of keys," at a moment's notice. He must gratify the soaring taste of the high tenor, by transposing his song a note or two higher; the contralto he must conciliate by playing her solemn ballad in a lower key; and he must accomplish the whole task without touching a single wrong note; or woe betide him from the critics, great and small—professional, newspaper, amateur, lady, &c. And besides all this, he must have magnanimity enough to suppress all display on the instrument, making his performance wholly subsidiary to the vocalist, whom he must, nevertheless, support at all points, covering any failure with a shower of notes, while the artist revives again.

But all this, and more, are required of those who aspire to the office of Musical Conductor; and though few can lay claim to the numerous qualifications which I have but imperfectly enumerated, still, it is to him alone who possesses the

majority of these, to whom may, with safety, be entrusted the highly important office of Musical Conductor.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XVI.

Feb. 6. "Thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbor's". Very well, but I do covet one of those seats in the Boston Music Hall, this evening, occupied by persons who go to concerts for any purpose save that of hearing the music.

Besides the pleasure of listening to Beethoven's noble music it would be curious to hear it with its new English text, and see whether the fact of tones meant to describe the agony of Christ in the garden of Gethsemane, being applied to the comparatively small matter of David's emotions in exile, could or would not seem like the pomp of Milton's diction in *Paradise Lost* applied to the history of some 'guillotined' custom house officer. If there really is a meaning in music, a something beyond the mere pleasing of the ear by sweet sounds, it would seem that a composition by a man of Beethoven's genius, strong religious sentiments, and exclusively Catholic education, intended to depict what he must have felt to be one of the most awful of all subjects, must exhibit a discrepancy between the music and any other subject connected with it.

Many numbers from Mozart's operas are more popular with persons of taste, when adapted to new texts than with the original words, from the fact that the music is in the highest degree expressive, and penetrates with real feeling, though originally joined to senseless doggerel. A duet in the "Magic Flute" is a strong case in point. In these cases the music was above the words, and more suitable ones adapted. May it not be the case, is it not *probably* the case, that a "David" for a "Messiah" text, to Beethoven's "Christ on the Mount of Olives," is progress in the wrong direction? I am not finding fault with the production of "Engedi" by the Handel and Haydn Society, but simply putting a curious problem before our musical people.

It is laughable to think how the great master would have stormed could he have seen the new text. How the audacious Englishman's good name would have had to suffer, had the composer got hold of it! Nobody was ever more particular than Beethoven to study out the full force of his text before he began to write, and the difficulty of pleasing him with one is well known to have been a main cause of his writing so little vocal music. How very careful he was to give the proper expression as he conceived it to every word, is proved by a sheet of paper, still preserved near Bonn, on which, before he began his stupendous Mass in D, although all his life familiar with the Catholic ritual, and though he had already written one Mass, he had written down all the Latin words of the service with the various definitions given in the Lexicon.

And here is a sentence still more in point, from a letter which he wrote about 1814, in relation to a performance of the work under consideration for a charity at Grätz:

"The words of a chorus in C major, following No. 4, have been altered by the publisher, quite against the expression of the music (*ganz wider den Ausdruck*); the words written in with a pencil are therefore to be sung. Should you be able to use this oratorio, I can send you the parts ready copied, which will make the expense less to the charity."

Various anecdotes relating to the Choral Symphony, the Mass in D, "Fidelio," the "Ruinen von Athen," &c., all show how intimately he, at least in his own opinion, joined his music and his text; and the difference of effect produced when he had words which suited him and such as he could make nothing of, is well shown in the great superiority of some parts of the "Ruinen" over others, and the comparative poverty of the Cantata written in celebration of the Congress at Vienna.

Beethoven was remarkably susceptible to the charms of really fine poetry. He always had Goethe and Shakespeare about. Think of his opening one of Scott's novels during his last illness, reading a few pages and throwing down the volume with the exclamation, "The chap writes only for money!" His whole character in this respect attests the truth of Bettine's letter to Goethe, in which she records Beethoven's expressions of admiration for the writings of the great poet. One of his happiest

works, not known in America, is music to Goethe's *Meerestille und glückliche Fahrt*, and the grand crowning work of his life was to have been "Faust."

On the whole, with the "Christus am Oelberg" before me with its original text, and with the recollection of the almost awful effect of portions of it as I heard it, I should like one of those seats aforesaid, so as to see if the work loses nothing of its power in its pilgrimage from the scene of the Passion to the wilderness of "Engedi."

Feb. 7. "Beethoven was deaf when he wrote it (the Choral Symphony) and we were constantly impressed with this idea throughout."

He was deaf, poor man, when he wrote the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th Symphonies. Deaf when he composed "Fidelio," "The Ruins of Athens," the two Masses, &c.

For an excellent (!) article on the Choral Symphony see the *London Quarterly Musical Review*, Vol. VII. p. 80, et. seq. It is an article which would console the very hearts of some of those, who cannot understand a work which the reviewer declares, especially the last movement, to be "one of the most extraordinary instances I (the reviewer) have ever witnessed of great powers of mind and wonderful science, wasted upon subjects infinitely beneath its strength."

This was in 1825—no Englishman writes so now—however the Third, the Fifth and the Seventh of Beethoven's Symphonies were once criticised as severely as the Ninth, and their beauties once were not "plain and strong as the sunlight." The *Atlas* man should not attend another performance of such poor stuff.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 12, 1853.

Concerts of the Past Week.

Verily we need not go abroad for music. The last ten days at home have been rich with musical events, four or five of which were each of a most distinct yet most decided interest, and each worthy to be made the topic in one, if not more than one, number of our Journal. What shall we do in such a case? If we wrote for ourselves alone, and as we just now happen to be chiefly interested, there would be one topic and one only; the performance of the "Choral Symphony," in view of its novelty, its magnitude, and the depth and fullness of meaning with which it begins to open upon us, were enough to absorb our whole musical sensibility for one while, and make us as it were deaf to other music. But then there has been the Oratorio, too, of Beethoven, and there has been the Mendelssohn Festival; and there has been another of the choicest and purest kind of Chamber Concerts; and there have been three or four nights of Alboni's Opera; and last, but not the least significant as a sign of the times, the two weekly afternoon orchestra "rehearsals," both (as usual) largely attended and one inordinately crowded:—either of these were text enough for quite as long a disquisition as could be profitable for one week. We can only take them in their order and pass lightly over topics, any one of which would be a perfect God-send and meat for weeks of gossip and excitement at almost any other time,—as times were once. And first we go back to the

MENDELSSOHN BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL (Feb. 3), being the sixth Concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. We had barely room last week in general terms to mention its entire success. But every item of the programme deserved that we make some note of it. Mendelssohn himself furnished the whole feast. First, the Overture

(Op. 20), one of his earlier compositions, (for four violins, two altos and two violoncellos), was as impressive and inspiring, as it was entirely new to the audience. It is a large and noble composition, full of fine and vigorous ideas, admirably wrought out, and never suffering the interest to flag throughout the four strikingly contrasted movements. The Scherzo, especially, is one of the most original and felicitous specimens of that fairy vein so peculiar to this young Felix, and was most felicitously rendered, to the uncontrollable delight and imperative *encore* of the company. The Club had in this the valuable aid of Messrs. SUCK and EICHLER, violins, and Mr. MASS, violoncello. All did their parts *con spirito*, and we trust they mean to let us have another hearing of this fine Oetet. We would fain ascertain, if possible, the generic character as to expression, of this form compared with others, as the Quintet, the Quatuor, &c.; for, judging by this instance, the Oetet form does possess a marked and interesting individuality, beyond that of the mere richness of the harmony.

Next, for variety, came—not a singer, but what proved far more interesting than any ordinarily available singing, three of the "Songs without Words," which appear somehow to have acquired the names of "Funeral Song," "Duetto," and "Spring Song;" for the satisfaction of our piano-playing friends we will state that the first is No. 3 of the Fifth Set, the second, No. 6 of the Third Set, and the third, No. 5 of the Fifth Set. These were played by Mr. OTTO DRESEL, and never have we heard either the soul of the piano or the soul of each of those characteristic melodies so perfectly and genially brought out. The songs fairly sang themselves from the instrument. The delight of the audience was intense and unalloyed, and Mr. D. had to repeat the last of the three, first happily preluding with a fourth, that pensive hymn-like one, which forms the first of the whole printed series. To most, if not to all present, it was a new revelation of the beauties of the *Lieder ohne Worte*.

The first part ended with those delightful Variations for piano and 'cello, by Mr. DRESEL and WULF FRIES, in which the latter even put a brighter green upon the laurels won by him in the same piece at one of the former's Soirées. When we can hear *such* variations, full of character and genius as the theme itself, what need of trying to astonish audiences by the artificial, clap-trap pieces that have been so common?

The Second Part opened with the Andante and Scherzo to the first Quintet, op. 18. These old favorites were admirably played, and enjoyed as keenly as ever. Mr. Dresel then gave another Song without Words, namely one of the three "Venetian Gondola" songs, and a most delicate and frolic Presto Scherzando. The whole closed with the entire second Trio, in C minor, by Dresel and the brothers FRIES, which was all fresh and inspiring, even after the capacity of musical enjoyment had already been ministered to in the most copious and almost satiating manner. The evening will be long remembered, and the memory of that honorable achievement should be a pledge of the long continuance and prosperity of the Quintette Club.

THE NINTH SYMPHONY, last Saturday night, was truly a triumph. Never was the higher musical susceptibility of an American audience more severely tested, and with a result we may well be proud of. It was an immense assembly, larger than could find seats; and yet never were we blest with so much silence through the whole of a long performance,

and in a room so crowded. The Symphony alone occupied an hour and twenty minutes, and formed the last part of the concert; scarcely anybody left before it was concluded, and the all-pervading aspect of attention and deep interest (of course not without exceptions here and there, which individuals unfortunately placed might tell of) was no small element in the impressiveness of the occasion.

Why was this? It was partly no doubt owing to a strong predisposition, in the large and controlling nucleus of a Boston musical audience,—a predisposition, founded on good experience,—to be interested in anything that bears the name of Beethoven. It was partly the novelty of the thing, since it was to us a new work of Beethoven, the last and only unheard one of the immortal Nine, known to have been written when his deafness was total, known to have interested him more and to have engaged all his powers more than any earlier work (even if some have thought the giant's mind was failing), and since it was understood to be an effort of the highest form of instrumental or pure music to pass its natural bounds and find distinct utterance in the human voice. Partly it was owing to the means that had been taken to prepare the public mind, by analyses, programmes and romantic stories of the Symphony and its poetic meaning; especially that sentimental fiction by Ortlepp, which was so widely circulated, and which atoned somewhat for its superficiality if it only persuaded superficial auditors to lend their ears and try to find some meaning in the music; and if it did themselves no good, it kept them from disturbing the more earnest listeners; it is well to pre-occupy the children with story books when you want to "hear yourself think." And partly to a great deal of various and strange rumor and mystery, which we have always heard about this work, the contradictory opinions, the condemnations of the hasty, the doubts of the cautious, the enthusiastic assurances of many who should know best, and on the whole a pretty prevalent impression that, if the Ninth Symphony was not understood at first, it has nevertheless been gaining steadily upon the best musical minds in Paris and London, while in Germany it is even venerated as the crowning effort of the mighty tone-prophet, the last word of musical Art, which nothing since it has approached except in the cheaper qualities of greater simplicity, transparency and availability. There had been much talk about it, and there was a great curiosity, on the part of the more receptive and intelligent at least, to know the truth about it for themselves; and these took pains to ensure it a fair hearing. Add to this the influence of a certain local pride, which thought it would be a nice thing indeed should we get a successful rendering and successful hearing here in little Boston, of a work that has the reputation of failure, on account of its difficulty, in so many larger and older musical capitals.

Well, all those facts had their influence; yet, we do not hesitate to affirm, they would have failed to arrest and hold attention to this long Symphony, had it not been for two other facts more indispensable, namely: the intrinsic virtue of the music, and the admirable skill and exertion of the orchestra in making it directly felt. It was the unanimous feeling that the "GERMANIANS" covered themselves with glory upon the occasion: in this even the 'Philistines' united; while those sincere artists will feel more truly praised and proud in learning that not a few, nay really a large number, of appreciating, sympathetic auditors, including some whose severity equals their enthusiasm, were of the opinion that Beethoven too, and his great work, that waited so long time for justice, were undeniably and greatly glorified. We could tell anecdotes. A veteran musician, now past sixty, a German, of sound classic culture, and a severe lover of the true and good in Art, one who has conducted symphonies in this land, but who had felt his finer sensibilities blunted and powers rusting by long

residence amid unartistic circumstances, said to us: "For several years I had heard the music in Boston and New York with almost indifference; Mendelssohn, Schumann, Sontag, Alboni, even Jenny Lind, moved me not. I feared my day was past, my blood too thin. I had never heard the Ninth Symphony. Men like Viennetemps had told me that the orchestra must be very large for it, on the scale of ten double-basses, &c., and that the very best artists in Europe, even with prodigious practice, seldom succeeded in making the work clear. I went to the Music Hall on Saturday, not believing it possible that little orchestra could do it any justice, and with pretty strong suspicions that the work was wild and obscure and written in the decline of the master's powers. But from the first bars, the music took the deepest hold upon me. I was agreeably disappointed, delighted beyond measure; forty years were gone from me and I was a young man again. Of the execution, I must confess that I heard every instrument with perfect distinctness, even the violas and seconds, and that the whole of the instrumental music, i. e. of the three first movements, was as clear to me as any symphony I ever heard. I felt that Beethoven had surpassed all his other glorious efforts. The Fifth, the Seventh, the Pastoral, all the other Symphonies, were in this, raised up and blended to a higher pitch of exaltation," &c. When it came to the last movement, our friend, who seemed really anxious to express his gratitude to the Germanians as artists, confessed that he was somewhat lost. He had not read even Schiller's poem beforehand, and had furnished himself with no key, without which no one on a first hearing could comprehend the unity and purport of that extraordinary last movement with the chorus. He had listened simply as a musician to the whole.

Touching the performance, too, we have the separate testimonies of two persons, both artists and good judges, who heard this symphony last summer in London, by the New Philharmonic Society, under the *bâton* of Berlioz, one of whom declares that he understood and enjoyed it far more on Saturday than he did then; and the other, that it was actually performed much better by the "Germanians," the London orchestra having been actually too large and cumbrous in its string department.

Now in claiming that this first trial of the Ninth Symphony upon a large and mixed audience was eminently successful, we are by no means blind to the fact, which we could have known *a priori*, that there were all shades of opinions and feelings about it, from utter indifference to unqualified enthusiasm. Not all enjoyed much of it, and it was extravagant to suppose that the majority, even of intent listeners, fully appreciated or understood the most of it. But we have seen and heard enough to satisfy us that it was enjoyed and appreciated on the whole as much as any great work of instrumental music ever is by such an audience. We have heard unqualified expressions of delight and admiration from young and old, from illiterate and highly cultivated, from men noted for plain, downright common-sense and practicality, as well as from the most ideal lovers of the new and transcendental. That Symphony did its work that night; it told upon the audience; that "intelligible and crazy" composition, the blind giant's aimless and fantastic struggle to do something greater than he ever did before, (as some would say of it), that absurd mixing of instrumental and vocal in the effort to utter the unutterable, by music "so monstrous long and difficult," did actually present itself as a distinct, intelligible, consistent and sublime whole, more or less to most who listened, and left them with the palpable assurance that Beethoven was never so completely and sublimely Beethoven as when he conceived

and wrought out that last symphony. Think of it! we say again, that if a certain virtue went not out from the music into the souls of the audience, so long and elaborate a work could not possibly, by any preparations and secondary appliances, have kept the crowd so quiet in their seats.

If there were any, who were entitled to a clear impression, but who did not get it, it was above all the chorus-singers and orchestra themselves, who stood too immediately in the midst of and enveloped by their own sounds, to catch the clear proportions of the whole. And as we have spoken of the orchestral, let us not omit to give credit for the vocal part of the performance. The success of the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY was all and more than it was reasonable to expect in such circumstances. The voice parts are extremely difficult, climbing high, and holding (where the "Joy" chorus reaches its philanthropic and religious acme of enthusiasm)—upon high notes through long series of measures; there had been few opportunities of rehearsal; and worse than all, the singers had never before heard the whole work put together, and by listening to the three preceding movements, got gradually warmed to that pitch of enthusiasm and inspiration which are the sentiment and key to the last part, and without sharing which no singers could have sung it well. The arduous range of the voices, the earnest prolongation and repeated renewals and variations of the musical ideas in that chorus are fully explained and justified by the poetic thought that animates it—the most splendid thought that ever inspired brain of poet, artist, hero or prophet,—an idea fully borne out in those words of Schiller, to which Beethoven's music, if you will examine it, is most marvellously well married, verse by verse. Was any ordinary form of music adequate to so great a thought as this: namely, first the struggle of the soul with destiny for the full joy of being, and then the recognition and celebration of Joy as the true destiny and state most God-like, and the finding of true joy only in the largest and most unselfish sympathies, in the universal love and embrace of all Mankind, and finally by a natural ascent the rising from this thought to the thought of the Creator, the All-Father, who in the most inspired moment of the poet's imagination, is made as it were visible face to face, and to whom we seem borne up as upon the swelling, yeast waves of Beethoven's music? And accordingly the last part of the vocal music assumes a grave, and ancient choral form.—"Hold there! don't let your enthusiasm run away with you." Well, friends, we tell you one thing: *not* to be enthusiastic is not to have heard and not to be qualified to judge or speak of this concluding part and key-note to the whole Choral Symphony. Consider what that music professes, what its text and purport, and say whether it does not demand enthusiasm in the hearer as one of the first conditions, quite as essential as his ears, to apprehending and receiving it at all.

A true criticism of the vocal performance requires an analysis of the whole structure of the last movement, such as we hope sometime to give more in detail of all four movements. For the present this may suffice. A few quick, impatient chords, beginning on a discordant ground, like an effort to break away or break through into a freer sphere, open the movement. Then the double-basses (it was imposing with only two, but there should have been thrice the number) utter a strain of Recitative. More impatient chords, and the orchestra touches the theme of the first movement. The Recitative likes it not. The Scherzo theme is touched. That is no better. A few notes of the heavenly Adagio. To that the basses reply less abruptly, but sadly, musingly. Then they begin

themselves to dictate the tune they would have it all go to, the strangely simple, but pregnant melody soon about to be sung. More impatient chords and then the human voice (bass solo) in a Recitative of exceeding dignity and beauty exclaims: "Friends, no more of these mournful tones! let us sing joyful strains." To do this effectually, as it was the key to the whole, required a voice of the rarest grandeur and most telling quality. Mr. BALL did perhaps the best that could have been done for us by any resident artist, and deserves the thanks of all. Then comes the alternation of full chorus and quartet. It was in the latter that we felt the most inadequacy. Every voice, to do the music justice, should have been as rare and telling for its kind as was the high and clarion-toned soprano of Miss STONE; we fancy the piece has sometimes failed elsewhere for the want of just such a voice; and on the top-wave of the chorus, too, how splendidly it told. After one round of the voices, there is a sudden modulation of the instruments, exciting expectation, and a long pause, filled at intervals by measured beats, whereby the common-time rhythm of the "Joy" tune becomes changed to a more elastic step (six-eight) in a delicious bit of instrumental symphony, preluding to the heroic verse in the poem:

"As his suns, in joyful play,
On their airy circles fly,—
As the knight to victory,
Brothers, speed upon your way."

See Wagner's programme in our last. Here comes in the trying task for the tenor solo. Mr. Low's voice is sweet and pure enough, but it failed to make itself perfectly heard. We cannot go on through the choral passages that follow; but will simply say that portions, as they were given, sounded sublimely, even if it was not all entirely clear, and we presume the singers themselves knew not how well their own music sounded to those out in the room.

On the whole, then it was a *great success*. The three first movements were clear to most musical listeners. These three once stood as completely under water, as the last now is to many; may we not fairly presume that it too will one day emerge and stand out equally revealed in all its fair, appreciable, although colossal proportions?

It was a success; but to make it complete, the public must be allowed at least another hearing. The symphony *must be repeated*; the souls of the best part of the audience demand it; and we trust that all concerned, both orchestra, and chorus, and solo-singers, will cheerfully stand in the breach again and make their victory doubly sure.

We had nearly forgotten to speak of the first half of the concert. The overture to the *Zauberflöte*, one of the fittest introductions to such a marvellous sphere as we were soon to enter, went gloriously. Little CAMILLA played finely a Concerto of Viotti, and JAELE the second Concerto of Mendelssohn, though not with his usual telling brilliancy.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. Of "Engedi" we have not room to speak as we would and should, except to say that the first performance proved highly satisfactory to what was a large audience for a night of drenching rain. The choruses exhibited the fruits of thorough drill under Herr BERGMANN—what a God-send to us is this man! The orchestra, it is enough to say, was the "Germanians." Of the solos, Miss STONE sang triumphantly the high and difficult music of her air with chorus: *Praise ye, &c.* Mr. S. B. BALL displayed a rich, sweet, telling tenor voice, only somewhat husky from too much routine labor, and grappled manfully with the difficulties of a somewhat ungrateful part. Mr. BAKER's part was short, but acceptably performed. The distant chorus of soldiers

approaching, and that expressing the fear of the surrounded party, were made very graphic and impressive, and the "Hallelujah" was sublime.

Of the Oratorio itself we must speak more fully after another hearing. It will be repeated to-morrow evening.

The miscellany of the first part of the concert was quite satisfactory. The overture by Mehul was worthy to precede such music. Mrs. Wentworth lost none of her laurels by the recitative from "Elijah": *Ye people, rend your hearts*, and the air following, which by the way always used to be given by a tenor voice. The great chorus: *Yet doth the Lord*, with its sublime chorale, was inspiring to hear.

THE OPERA. ALBONI's greatest triumphs have been on Monday and Wednesday of this week, in *La Sonnambula*. Her Amina throughout, both as to singing and impersonation, certainly exceeded the best hopes of her. With such extra-abundance of *physique*, to create any artistic illusion and make the audience chiefly feel the spirit of the music and the play, was proof of rare and it may be as yet not half developed talent. The great scene in the Count's chamber, which contains perhaps the finest concerted music in this most genial production of Bellini, was admirably done on her part;—pity only that the choruses, here and everywhere, produced such coarse-fish-market sounds! Her opening cavatina: *Come per me, &c.*, was a delicious gush of warbling, fluent melody, finished to the highest degree, and with such ease that it appeared untaught. In the last scene, in *Ah! non credea*, her tones and manner were truly affecting, and the *Ah! non giunge* was the most splendid effort that we ever witnessed on the lyric stage. The enthusiasm was immense.

The other parts were better than in previous operas. Mme. SIEDENBURG made an agreeable Lisa, and her voice told sweet and clear; a slight embarrassment rather added to the truthfulness of the guilty coquette's part. Sig. VIETTI's tenor and ardent manner, although of a little too stereotyped intensity, were quite refreshing and like something better than a reed to lean upon, after the lifeless, ineffective sweetness of the gentle Sangiovanni. Sig. BARILI was a fair representative of the Count.

Last night Alboni's short season closed with her bright part, which she gives always with such *gusto*, of the *Figlia del Reggimento*; but, just as we go to press, we understand she will appear next week in "Norma," the "Barber of Seville," and "Don Pasquale."

The MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY give to-night the sixth and last concert of their series. They have the assistance of Miss ANNA STONE and of Sig. GUIDI. The advertisement does not specify what orchestral pieces; but we are told that the Symphony will be Beethoven's Seventh (a wise choice, for it will be especially interesting to hear this sublime work again, now that we can compare its impression with that of the Ninth); and for overtures, Mozart's *Don Juan* and Beethoven's *Siege of Corinth*.—At last week's public Rehearsal, Mozart's Symphony in E flat was again played in fine style.

At the last Germania "Rehearsal," there were 3,235 tickets taken at the door!

Fail not to attend CAMILLA Urso's Benefit this P. M. Will not the Hall be full of happy children, to greet their little artist sister!

CROWDED OUT.... Almost every thing:—DRESEL's Concert; Musical Intelligence; Notices of Music, Art, Poetry; acknowledgments, &c. When there are no longer a new Symphony, and Oratorio and Opera to digest almost every week, we may find time to look abroad.

CHAMBER CONCERT.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

Respectfully inform their Subscribers and the musical public of Boston, that their

SEVENTH CONCERT

Of the Series of Eight, will take place

On Thursday Evening, February 17, 1853,
AT THE MASONIC TEMPLE.

A Quintette by Gade will be performed for the first time. A Quintette by Mozart, Quartette by Beethoven, and Schubert's "Erl King," (arranged for Quintette,) will be presented.

Tickets 50 cents each, to be obtained at the usual places. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Concert to commence at 7½ precisely.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY,

Would respectfully announce that they will give an

EXTRA PUBLIC REHEARSAL,

On Saturday Afternoon, Feb. 12, at 3 o'clock,

AT THE

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

CAMILLA URSO,

ASSISTED BY

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Particulars duly announced.—On this occasion CAMILLA will play a Grand Fantasia and Variations di Bravura on Themes from LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO, composed by Alard, and Fantasia Caprice, by Vieuxtemps.

Single Tickets 25 cents, and packages of four tickets for 50 cents, can be obtained at the music stores and at the door.

No admissions on our Wednesday Tickets.

Boston Musical Fund Society.

THE patrons of the BOSTON MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY are respectfully informed that the

SIXTH GRAND CONCERT

OF THE SIXTH SERIES WILL BE GIVEN AT THE

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

On SATURDAY EVENING, February 12.

On which occasion the services of

MISS ANNA STONE and SIGNOR GUIDI

Have been secured, who will perform several popular pieces.

A choice selection of Instrumental Music will be performed, including a Song without words, composed by Schubert, and arranged for Orchestra by F. Suck, (by particular request.)

Full particulars in programmes.

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N. B. Ushers will be in attendance at the Hall on the evening of the Concert, in order to facilitate the seating of the audience.

Per order, **JOS. N. PIERCE, Sec'y.**

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FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SERIES.

BEETHOVEN'S ORATORIO OF

ENGEDI:

OR—DAVID IN THE WILDERNESS,

With Selections from

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Will be performed by the

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On Sunday Evening, February 13, 1853,

AT THE

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ASSISTED BY

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S. B. BALL, Mr. E. F. BAKER, Mr. J. P. DRAPER,

and the

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Conductor,.....Mr. CARL BERGMANN.

Organist and Pianist,.....Mr. F. F. MÜLLER.

Doors open at 6; Concert to commence at 7 o'clock.

Tickets at 50 cents each, may be obtained at the Music Stores of Messrs. Wade, Ditson and Reed; at the Revere, Tremont, and United States Hotels, and at the two offices of the Hall on the evening of performance.

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SIGNOR G. C. GUIDI respectfully informs his former pupils and the public, that he has resumed his instructions in SINGING, after the Italian school, with the intention to settle permanently in Boston. In order to accommodate those who may not wish to take private instruction, he will open classes for ladies and gentlemen, on moderate terms. None but good voices will be admitted. Terms liberal for persons intending to study for professional purposes.

Sig. G. can be consulted free upon any musical subject, daily, from 12 to 2, at Mr. Hew's Piano Manufactory, No. 365 Washington street, where terms and time for classes may be known.

Orders or notes for Sig. G. may be addressed to him at G. P. Reed & Co.'s Music Store, 17 Tremont Row, and at Oliver Ditson's, 115 Washington street. Feb. 5.

A **SOPRANO VOICE** is wanted for a Quartet Choir in one of the Churches in this city. One familiar with the English Church Service will be preferred. Application may be made at the Office of the Journal of Music. Jan. 29.

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Jan. 22. 3t

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VOL. II.

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Back numbers can be furnished from the commencement. Price of the First volume, One Dollar.

Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

Attempts to identify the poetic meaning and character of great works of instrumental music, by shaping out some sort of analogy between their structure and the states of mind in which they leave us, are not entirely fruitless, even if no two individuals give you nearly the same account. If they are sincere records of the moods or trains of thought induced by the music, even allowing for all the coloring of the writer's subjectivity, such accounts will still be found analogous with one another, although from different points of view. The following, which was perpetrated after a concert some eight years ago, is reproduced now with the hope that it may serve somewhat to deepen the interest in the noble Symphony that was performed so finely at the Musical Fund Concert of last Saturday.

What shall we say of the Seventh Symphony? Having no verbal key from the composer, as we have in the case of the "C minor" and the "Pastorale," we shall not dare to offer any fanciful interpretation of our own. Its mystery is no small part of its charm; to solve it one must have lived deeper and longer than most of us,

He who can say he fully understands that music, shall have credit for a profound acquaintance with the mysteries of human life.

Yet where is our assurance, it being so mysterious, that it means anything? that it is not gorgeous mist, and solemn incoherence, a grand parade of sound without substance, like baby eloquence, which looks and sounds so expressive, only unfortunately it has no pith in it? The assurance lies in the energy with which it enters us, and reaches deeper regions in us than we were conscious of before; in the constancy with which it haunts us, when once heard; in the earnest feeling which it gives us about everything, a feeling which our gayest mood can no more prevail against, than the lighter melodies in the Symphony itself against its solemn chords, and its unvaried sacrificial pomp of rhythm.

The key-note with which it begins and ends, is A, (major). There is a wonderful continuousness in it. Something strikes you at first, which is heard to the end. Neither the sombre Andante, nor the wild Scherzo, nor the again triumphant Finale, can drive it out of your mind. That A is heard all through. In the Andante, it is still the key-note, though in the minor mood; in the Presto, it is present as the third of the key-note F; and even there, upon the back-ground of F, it continues to make itself the prominent figure, and the whole passage ends in a loud, long unison in A. The key then changes to D major, while the rapid tempo yields to the slower, stately movement of that most sublime, full, celestial strain, which opens in from above, flooding all with light and glory, like the presence of God and life's great purpose felt suddenly in the midst of play, full of warning yet not condemning, awakening at the same time a sense of awe and an inward consciousness of power and of a great destiny:—a grand unitary sentiment, surprising the buoyancy of full blooded joy and activity, as when our thoughts are suddenly caught up from the scenes and specialties which for the time engross us, to the pure, sober sky, that arches our whole being over. Well, in this wonderful passage, also, the A is prolonged in trumpet tones, the *Dominant* in more than the technical sense to the whole strain in D. The Presto revelry in F is renewed; is again arrested by the commencing chords of that grand Chant; and the key-note of F barely saves itself at the close, by a few swift helter-skelter leaps of modulation. The *Finale Allegretto* again returns, of course, to the fundamental of A.

The strange continuity resulting from, or unconsciously expressing itself in that persistency of a single note, is no less manifest in the rhythmical structure. In each of the movements, one short rhythmical phrase marshals the procession of the full-ranked harmonies. In the first movement, after a most majestic introduction, full of nerve and fire, yet deliberate and grand, which results in a monotonous reiteration of one note, varied only by answering octaves, the theme sets in. It is the same monotonous phrase, of a single

measure, starting in a galloping dactylic rhythm and drawing everything after its lead. It gives the impression of a uniform, determined movement through the whole universe of being. One restless energy, one unquenchable, but dignified and self-controlling emulation, urges all things onward, kindles itself anew in every nature, till all are enlisted in one glorious, active dedication of themselves to unity. Nothing parts with its own individual features, yet all accept the impetus divine, and haste to swell the rapid, orderly procession. The little monotonous phrase not only wakes up its own natural harmonies, but traverses all manner of keys, and presses the most daring discords, willingly or unwillingly, to chime in with it, and follow whithersoever it leads. First they accept its rhythm, they own their law in that; then, vainly struggling for a while, they resolve themselves into its harmony, and onward, ever onward, the whole goes waltzing to its great destiny, swelled by ever stronger and richer recruits, and teaching you that throughout all spheres and kingdoms, there is no exception and no rest from the perpetual devotion. "Life is onward, life is earnest," seems to be the constant burthen. All things own the *earnestness of life*; and if thou, in thy shallow works, of selfishness, in thy tame conventionalisms, canst not feel it, thou shalt find small response to thy indifference or frivolity in the earnest music of this deeply conscientious composer.

We had wondered at the coolness with which the concert-bills in New York gave out, that the Symphony was to represent the mythological fable of Orpheus and Eurydice. Yet when a friend, wholly innocent of such advertisement, remarked upon first hearing it, that it seemed to him an *Orphic* movement, inasmuch as it was a perpetual leading of all things onward in obedience to a simple melody, trees, and rocks, and beasts, gentler nymphs, and grotesque satyrs, thronging, as it were, after the lyre of the bard, we could not but own the aptness of the illustration. And perhaps there is a deeper meaning in that fable, as in most of that sort of antique lore, than is at first supposed.

Whatever of triumphant there may be in this great music, it is all subdued and solemnized, and impresses the soul with deep humility, while it exalts. Judging from the mood with which it haunts us, (and in a faithful recognition of that must the hearing of all music be sought) it may well be said to express the coöperation of all things with the deeply religious, earnest purpose. And if the first movement conducts us, as it were, to the uttermost parts of the earth, and under the waters, and throughout all the spheres, to show us everywhere the earnestness of life, so too the second movement, the *Andante quasi Allegretto* (not *Andante*, for the unresting obedience to divine leadings must be kept up, and a too slow movement would not answer,) gives us the feeling of a sacrifice. The solemn dedication of one's self in humility and soberness; the acceptance and consecration of sorrow; the sweet inward

assurance flowing forth so soon as that is done in melodies that "smooth the raven down of darkness till it smiles;" the fugue-like confluence of voices in low, quick conference of congratulation and advice; the delicious inward reverie again, suddenly cut short by the loud word of duty and the renewal of the vow;—all this answers successively to the almost unearthly solemnity of that short-breathed, muffled beat of the opening theme in A minor, so subdued, so steadily repeated with only the variation of the earnestness which maketh alive, so impressive by very suppression of its own fulness; then to those melting triplets in the major of the key, which come like the sweet relief of tears after silence and restraint, accompanied all the while however, by the same measured drum-beat in the deep bass of A: then to the passage where the violins start off unconsciously into a free fugue-like movement; then the return of the triplets, the interruption, and the close, which is like the beginning. Here again Orpheus comes in aptly. He too had to "lose his life to find it," had to go down among the shades to find his lost Eurydice, had to charm the infernal watch, and envelope himself with light amid the gloom, by the melodies of his lyre, that is, of his true love; he too was cut off in the joy of his return,—fatally it is said,—and here therefore he must leave us.

Of the *Presto*, or as Beethoven usually calls it, the *Scherzo* movement, taking the place of the old Minuet and Trio, we have already hinted somewhat. The artistical structure of a Symphony, the distribution of its various movements, (commencing with the Allegro, then the Andante, then the Scherzo, and then the Finale,) is not arbitrary, but has a certain metaphysical completeness. The first discourses, as it were, to the Intellect; lays down a certain proposition and unfolds it. The Andante is the climax of the whole, and reproduces what before was Thought, as Feeling. The playful Scherzo is the alternation of Fancy; and the Finale, rapid, energetic, and triumphant usually, has in it more of Will, and embodies Thought in Action.

We shall not attempt to analyze the Symphony in question further, since our aim has been to characterize, not to describe. If in the Fifth Symphony we had the great life-struggle, in this we have something more like victory and realization; not a proud, complacent joy, but a sober acceptance of the law of life, a consecration of the faculties, and a production of such august beauty as not the yearning for, but the living in a higher sphere, alone could give. The nervous energy is not at all tamed down, but electrifies as ever; the striving for the infinite still marks Beethoven, but it is with calmer, clearer wisdom. Sad is it also, and a blessed angel would sing sadly in this poor crazed world of ours. More than ever do we own the prophet in that lonely, bravely suffering artist, who, deaf to outward sound, heard all the more clearly with the inner sense, and, all unsphered and solitary in respect to outward relations, lived and wrought the more earnestly and religiously in that inner life, which gives assurance of a better future. The music of Beethoven, we have said it more than once, is a presentiment of coming social harmony, a great heart's confession of its faith, one of the nearest and clearest echoes of the approaching footsteps of the good genius of Humanity. He is the seventh note in the scale, the note which cries for the completion of the octave, the note whose correspondence is the passion of the soul for Order, the purified ambition, which no longer inverted and seeking only self-aggrandizement, contemplates a glorious hierarchy of all Humanity, in which each, feeling his true place, and filling it, and felt in it, may in one act help to complete and enjoy the universal accord, and thus, in the only conceivable manner, satisfy the craving of each single soul to embrace the Infinite at once.

MASSACRE OF NUNS AT PARIS.—A community of nuns, with their abbess, were all condemned to the guillotine while the fury of the French revolution was at its height. Many of these victims were young and beautiful and most of them possessed angelic voices, and as they

passed to execution, attired in their monastic habits, through the stormy streets of Paris, they raised the hymn of *Veni Creator*. They had never been heard to sing it so divinely, and the celestial chorus ceased not for a moment, not when they ascended the steps of the scaffold, nor while the work of death was going on, though it became feeble as one after the other fell under the guillotine; and at last it was sustained but by one voice, which was that of the abbess; but that at length ceased also, when she in turn submitted to the fatal stroke.—*Jameson*.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

I.

I lay in the rushes,
Where summer light fell
On the trees and the bushes
That bordered the well.

All the flowers were gleaming
In crimson and gold,
And the sunlight lay dreaming
On meadow and wold.

But the bud and the chalice
Are fading away,
From the roses' red palace
Step Genie and Fay;

Step from golden pavilion
In blooming bowers,
From hall of vermillion,
The souls of the flowers.

They wreath their wild dances,
They glide and they spring;
Each recedes, each advances,
They laugh and they sing.

But with blushes and flushes,
One sounds on a horn,
And more green grow the rushes,
More yellow the corn.

But she sees, she befriends him,
She smiles on the boy;
She calls him, she lends him
That delicate toy.

And the Child loves and praises
Its mystical strain,
And Age feels the daisies
Bloom round him again.

II.

When the corn-fields and meadows
Are pearl'd with the dew,
With the first sunny shadow
Walks little Boy Blue.

O! the Nymphs and the graces
Still gleam on his eyes,
And the kind fairy faces
Look down from the skies;

And a secret revealing
Of life within life,
When feeling meets feeling
In musical strife;

A winding and weaving
In flowers and in trees,
A floating and heaving
In sunlight and breeze;

And striving and soaring,
A gladness and grace,
Make him kneel half adoring
The God in the place.

Then amid the live shadows
Of lambs at their play,
Where the kine scent the meadows
With breath like the May,

He stands in the splendor
That waits on the morn,
And a music more tender
Distils from his horn!

And he weeps, he rejoices,
He prays, nor in vain,

For soft loving voices
Will answer again.

And the Nymphs and the Graces
Still gleam through the dew,
And kind fairy faces
Watch little Boy Blue.

London Leader.

M.

From the New York Courier and Inquirer of Feb. 12th.

Mr. Gottschalk's Concert.

MR. GOTTSCHALK made his first appearance last evening at Niblo's before a saloon full of enthusiastic friends and admirers, who welcomed him with prolonged and tumultuous applause, and received his performances with demonstrations of delight little less than rapturous. If we were unfortunate enough not to find full justification for all this extravagance of admiration, we could not fail to see that Mr. Gottschalk is a pianist of very rare abilities; one who, although he has not long written himself man, has attained a mastery over the resources of his instrument which seems almost the difficult task of a life time. To be able to concentrate the attention of an audience upon a piano-forte once during a concert is evidence of extraordinary ability; and nothing less than genius will serve to make it the chief part of a satisfactory evening's entertainment. The truth is, that we—we, the public,—have begun to regard the piano-forte in a concert room as an intolerable bore:—and we do this without in the least underrating its importance as an instrument, or the ability and the long and laborious practice necessary to the attainment of the position of a first-rate pianist. We don't object to the piano-forte *per se*; we only object to it in the concert room. That which is delightful in a room loses its charm when made a part of a formal but disjointed programme, seriatim before two or three thousand people. It's very fine to promenade or dance in the great room of the United States' while Herr KLATTER-UNDSCHMASCH pounds away at his last composition, 'The Earthquake Polka': it's delightful to lie upon a sofa in a half-lighted parlor and listen in reverie to M. le Chevalier D'INDUSTRIE rehearsing in the next his new *noturne*, "*Mes soupers*," dedicated to Mrs. A. POKKET PHULL, and which, judging from the inspiration which produced it, he should have called "*Mes Soupers*;" it is even very pleasant, after a dinner which has put you in particularly good humor, to listen to that prodigy of genius, Signor TICCELSTRINGI, perform his version,—the one thousand and first,—of "The Carnival of Venice." All this is very well in its way and in its place. But go deliberately to hear it; let the gentleman come out and make a deliberate bow to a house full of people before he sits deliberately down to play it; give the thing an air of malice prepense, and it is not well. It is respectable, and therefore to be contemned; it is tolerable, and therefore not to be endured. It is, then, awarding no insignificant success to Mr. Gottschalk to say that he was able to break down the frigid barrier which has of late arisen between pianists and their audiences; though we are well aware that the favorite of the most distinguished artistic circles of Paris may regard with indifference such apparently negative praise.

Mr. Gottschalk's style is full of dash, and glitter, and quaint conceit. He piles the Pelion upon the Ossa of difficulty, but his Titanic labors do not enable him to mount heavenward. His command of the mechanism of his instrument is so vast, so unerring, that it seems as if it must have been born with him; as if it were impossible that mere practice and mere will could enable a man to do all that he does with his fingers. In this respect he has few rivals, perhaps no superior in the world. He annihilates difficulties: they fall around him, heaps upon heaps. They are not always of tremendous proportions, for he has as much delicacy of finger as power of arm and firmness of touch, and many of his triumphs seem to be the result of fineness of organization. He is ambidexter; and reversing the old saying, his thumbs are fingers.

We failed to discover any remarkable purity of tone, or any indications of a chaste *cantabile* style in either of his performances last evening; and we must confess that his dexterity, his power, his sparkle, his dainty, quaint conceits did not compensate us for the want of those higher qualities of the artist; especially as he seemed to avoid instinctively all attempt at pathetic or even tender expression as foreign to his nature. We are judging him by a high standard,—the highest; that by which it has been claimed on all hands that he should be judged; besides it may be that on further acquaintance with his style we may find a representative at least of each of these qualities of which we now deplore the lack. His compositions show that he is a musician, if not a genius;—and geniuses are very rare. The introduction to the Jerusalem Fantasia was striking, bold, almost grand, and worked out with a coherence of thought which we did not find evident in the rest of his music. On the other hand we continually longed for the melodies which we felt sure must soon come, but which did not come. Striking progressions of harmony there were often enough; we thought them more startling than beautiful; but perhaps, again, his compositions only need frequent hearing for the perception in them of beauties of a high order. Yet this, we confess, it is difficult to believe, even in the face of all the fine things that have been said about Mr. Gottschalk both at home and abroad. As an executant he is certainly a phenomenon and a prodigy. We could not but regret that so much stupendous and wonderful labor produced so little music; and we could not but smile at seeing the enthusiasm of his audience always rise in direct proportion to the manual exertion which his performance required. This, however, was no fault of his.

French Opera Composers.

I. MEHUL.

This great composer was a Belgian, and was born in 1763. After having pursued his musical studies with ardor, he went to Paris, at the age of sixteen, in 1779. Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride* was then on the eve of representation, and the young stranger was carried by a friend to the general rehearsal of the piece. He listened with transport, and eagerly desired to witness the performance, which was to take place the following evening; but being too poor to afford the price of admission, he determined to hide himself in one of the boxes, and there to wait for the time of representation. At the end of the rehearsal, however, he was discovered in his place of concealment by the servants of the theatre, who proceeded to turn him out very roughly. Gluck, who had not left the house, heard the noise, came to the spot, and found the young man, whose spirit was roused, resisting the indignity with which he was treated. Mehul, finding in whose presence he was, was ready to sink with confusion; but, in answer to Gluck's questions, told him that he was a young musical student from the country, whose anxiety to be present at the performance of the opera had led him into the commission of an impropriety. Gluck, as may be supposed, was delighted with a piece of enthusiasm so flattering to himself, and not only gave his young admirer a ticket of admission, but desired his acquaintance.

From that time Mehul became the friend and pupil of the veteran musician, under whose instructions he devoted himself to the study of dramatic composition. It was not till after ten years had elapsed that he came before the public as a composer, his maiden opera, *Euphrosine et Coradin*, having been produced in 1790; but he had previously written three or four entire operas under the direction of Gluck, not with a view to performance, but solely for the sake of improvement. *Euphrosine et Coradin* had great success: and his next opera, *Stratonice*, which appeared two years afterwards, completely established his reputation.* The French critics describe this work as being equally admirable in melody, orchestral accompaniment, and dramatic effect.

For several years afterwards, during the worst

period of the Revolution, Mehul did not produce any work of consequence. In 1799 he brought out *Le Jeune Henri*, the overture to which is well known as an admirable piece of descriptive music. At this period some of the Parisian critics having maintained that Mehul was too dry and German in his style, he had recourse to a stratagem in order to repel this charge. He composed an opera called *Irato*, which was announced as a French drama adapted by him to the music of an Italian piece. It was favorably received, and the critics discovered how much the style of the music differed from Mehul's own; on which he declared himself the author. In his next opera, *Une Folie*, he also vindicated his claim to the character of a melodious composer;—to the great mortification (say his eulogists) of his splenetic critics.

But there must have been some foundation for the strictures of these critics: for it is admitted that Mehul soon afterwards fell into the error with which they had charged him. Being a follower of the principles of Gluck, he appears to have carried these principles to excess, and, for a time, to have sacrificed musical beauty to the pursuit of dramatic effects. In 1806 he produced his opera of *Uthal*, in which he took it into his head to exclude the violins from the orchestra, supplying their place by the violas. This expedient, which, introduced for the sake of variety in a single air, might have a good effect, was insupportable when employed throughout the whole piece. Gretry, who was present at the first performance of this dull and melancholy music, whispered to the person next him, "I would give a louis to hear a cricket chirp just now." He composed several other operas, the success of which (notwithstanding their many beauties) was injured by the erroneous views he continued to entertain. His repeated failures seem to have induced him for a time to abandon dramatic composition; for it was after an interval of several years that he produced his *chef d'œuvre*, the opera of *Joseph*, which appeared in 1816; a work equally remarkable for the noble simplicity of its style, and the pathetic beauties of its melodies. *Joseph* has been repeatedly performed in this country, where (on account of its spiritual subject) it is given, not as an opera, but as an oratorio.

Mehul died in 1817, at the age of fifty-three. He left an unfinished opera, *Valentine de Milan*, which was completed by another hand, and produced with great success. This opera, as well as *Joseph*, continues to be performed in Germany.—*Hogarth*.

[The following lines were written by a young clergyman of the Church of England. He is settled in Nova Scotia. On the urgent request of some of his friends, who considered the violin inconsistent with the gravity due to the ministerial office, he gave up his. How reluctantly he did so may be seen by the poem.]

A Lament at Parting with my Violin.

BY J. A.

Farewell, my friend, a long farewell!
For we are doomed to part:—
Thy mellow tones no more shall wake
Their echoes in my heart;
For there are those who call thee still
The harbinger of sin,
And now at length they separate
Me and my Violin.

They value not the tender tones,
The merry or the mild,
That make a long and lonely hour
Have oft for me beguiled,
Awaking tender sympathies
Partaking not of sin:—
An angel's voice was thine to me,
My sweet old Violin.

How often when thy tender chords
Were floating o'er my brain,
Have I beheld departed friends,
A long and silent train?

Thy voice had waken'd memories
Deep in the heart within,
That bound me with the silent dead—
My sweet old Violin.

How many deep, deep mysteries
Lie hidden in the soul,
Which proves that it is but a part
Of an harmonious whole!
The principle which separates
Must then partake of sin,
But discord never came from thee,
My sweet old Violin!

In this cold, selfish world of ours,
How little do we find
Congenial to the nobler traits
And feelings of the mind!
But music ever calls them forth—
It cannot then be sin:—
Then why condemn the humble strains
Of my old Violin?

How often when temptations come
And evil thoughts assail,
Does music prove a remedy,
That scarce is known to fail:—
Then why shouldst thou be ever called
The harbinger of sin?
It is because they know thee not,
My sweet old Violin!

Thou rend'st rest inexcusable
Th' excitement of the bowl,
The noxious weed, and many things
Injurious to the soul.
We need not pleasure's voice without,
When music is within;—
My wife and family wert thou,
My sweet old Violin!

But now farewell, a long farewell!
"The best of friends must part;"
And every day but tears away
Some tendril from the heart.
Thy voice that often called me back
From error and from sin,
Shall never more be wak'd by me,
My sweet old Violin!

Yankee Doodle under Difficulties.

To the Editor of the St. Louis Intelligencer. Feb. 8.

SIR: I am an ill-used individual. I ask you to give voice to my sufferings, and I beseech the public to lend an old friend a sympathising ear. You and I are old friends. So are your readers, all old acquaintances of mine—all old friends.

Sir, I am that venerable and patriotic tune surnamed YANKEE DOODLE. Nearly seventy years have I lived and flourished in this happy land, cherished and protected. But, in these latter days I am the victim of a vile conspiracy, of which concert-rooms are the scene of action, foreign whiskeys do the malignant plotters, and alas! my own friends too often the approving lookers-on! Sir, you know my history and my merits. I was, indeed, a foundling—a musical *enfant trouvé*—with a British army-surgeon for my *accoucheur*, and baptized in derision of his Yankee foes. But, sir, the universal Yankee nation has adopted me. I am proud of the connection. Sir, I flatter myself that the advantage has been mutual. I have served that nation long and well. From a thousand screaming fifes, on a thousand bloody fields, I have cheered them on to victory. Millions of youthful lips my strains have puckered in their first harmonious effort. An hundred times my liquid notes have been "married to immortal verse," and of me has the poet beautifully said:

"'Twill do to whistle, sing or play,
—And jest the thing for figh-tin'!"

Sir, I have a right to be indignant when I am insulted and made game of.

Why is it, sir, when one of your foreign Crowd-eros, your bewhiskered fancy fiddlers, has tickled his audience with his capering fingers, till they call him out again—why is it that I am to be dragged out and tortured for an *encore*? What have I done to be served up so—"Yankee Doo-

dle, with variations!" Sir, I am not played—I am shamefully played *with*, smothered in "ornaments," strangled, bedeviled, *fiddle-de-deed to death!* Sir, I do not deserve this. I am a simple, well-meaning, old-fashioned tune. I am of a cheerful temper; I have reason to believe my mother was a Jig, and you know the Jigs are a merry family. But, sir, the Jigs don't go crazy—they don't turn summersets, and rush up and down like mad, growling and screeching, and whizzing and pirouetting through the gamut, with one leg poised on the bass, and the other quivering among the harmonies! Sir, they make *me* do that! Yes, sir, *me*—Yankee Doodle—the National Anthem of this great Republic—*me* they put through such shameful antics, as if I were a dancing dog, or an organ-grinder's monkey! And, with bitter malignity, they boast that I have been well *executed!* Have they not troops of brazen *Cavatinas* and *Arias*, *Fantasias* without modesty and *Airs de Ballet* of supple limb, that I must be seized upon? Do I deserve to be disguised in the trappings of a Fantasia? Sir, imagine your own respectable grandfather tricked out and capering as a *figurante!*

I appeal to you, Mr. Editor, and to a generous and attached public, to interfere in behalf of an oppressed old friend. Under the pretense of homage to my popularity and patriotism, I am cruelly tortured. If you will not save me, I'll break the fiddle-strings myself, if I perish in the attempt! Your abused and indignant friend,
YANKEE DOODLE.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ATTIC, SIX PAIR, BACK, Monday, Feb. 14.

MR. EDITOR:—Why did you ever write a metaphor? Look at the contagion of your example. Our callow critics,—and grey and bald ones too,—imagine that common language will not serve their purpose, and they ransack all heaven and earth for comparisons, generally finding only words of showy beauty or of terrible resonance. They try to catch and imprison the subtle essence of Music, but their glittering sentences no more compass it than the gorgeous glass ware of Bohemia fresh from the workshop reminds one of Lubin.

Among the many "first rate notices" which ALBONI has received, the following, clipped from one of your Boston contemporaries, is worthy of preservation.

"She glides through the mazes of musical embroidery with a freedom and wealth of voice that refreshes every listener with its amber-like quality."

Perhaps a paraphrase will illustrate the unity of this figurative sentence. Suppose we render it thus:

"She dances lightly through an intricate labyrinth of melodious needle-work with an ease and opulence of voice that renders every hearer comfortable with the translucency of its yellow tints."

There, rhetoricians, is a model for you! Let the old and hackneyed examples be dropped from Blair, Newman, &c.; the paragraph we have quoted will by its many-sidedness serve as the illustration of every figure known to the world.

Faithfully yours,

RUSTICUS IN URBE.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XVII.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23. Some great questions are easily answered, as, for instance, What is the best rhythm for psalmody? Ans. That of German drinking, student and soldier songs, for it is the most popular at present in our meeting-houses.

As a specimen, here is a strain from a song universally sung by the German soldiers at their carousals:



Jan. 24. "Beethoven's sextet, for string quartet and two horns obligato, (in E flat, op. 81,) was performed [by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club], the adagio of which includes "Vesper Hymn," *Jubilato*, &c., introduced in the Oratorio of *Absalom*."

It is to be presumed that the author of that Oratorio had the score of the sextet before him, arranged the music and adapted it to the text of *Absalom*. A great compliment to Beethoven! Oh, *Absalom*!

Jan. 26. Looking over some German newspapers today, I found an extract from a letter written from Boston to the *Neue Berliner Zeitung*, a rabid monarchic daily paper, which does of course all that is possible to blacken and defame everything American. The extract, "over-set" into the vernacular, is this:

"A most characteristic scene was the grand 'last rehearsal' which Madame Sontag gave the — preachers. New England Puritanism, as is well known, does not allow the clergy to be present at plays, concerts (?) or balls. In order to make this enjoyment possible for these 'exiles,' the artiste gave a concert on Sunday—of course consisting of only the so-called sacred music, yet in which was given the prayer in 'Moses in Egypt' and the similar scene from 'Norma'!—and a last rehearsal for the clergy. Four hundred clergymen of all sects and synods appeared with wife and child. After the concert was over, arose one of the eldest and made a speech, which the songstress of course did not understand, as she cannot speak English [?]; and thereupon followed the principal scene. She kneeled down [?] upon the stage before the preacher and besought his blessing by expressive signs, which with deep feeling he granted, which affected her to such a degree that it was long before she could repress her tears. The assembled preachers afterward presented her a costly Bible, whose value was increased by the autographs of four hundred clergymen."

"Thus we see how the European artistes give way to American customs and manners. Fanny Elssler, the beloved of Frederick Gentz, delighted the Americans not alone with the legs with which she 'danced Goethe,' but by her fiery speeches in favor of freedom to the grand nation of the West; Jenny Lind allowed herself to be paraded from city to city by a speculator, and Madame Sontag kneels before a puritan preacher in Boston."

Fine Arts.

Massachusetts Academy of Fine Arts.

The first exhibition of this Academy, which has recently been organized through the untiring efforts of some of our artists and lovers of art, is now open to the public at their rooms, 37½ Tremont Row. A single glance will reveal to the initiated the character of the Exhibition. The number of pictures is not great, but they are selected with judgment and represent worthily a majority of our most distinguished American artists. Never before have we seen in Boston so complete a collection of the works of our own time, by our own artists.

This is one of the great objects of the institution: to bring before the public the efforts of our living and working artists; to show the tendencies of the new schools forming and struggling for existence among us; to denote our rapid progress and prove conclusively that we have in our country minds imbued with the spirit and love of Nature; that the hand of Genius wields many a brush directed by true inspiration and love of the beautiful, and that these need only sympathy and fostering care to enable them to stand forth brightly among the most gifted of any age or country.

The artists of New York have contributed most nobly to the beauty and interest of the exhibition. The names of Durand, Kensett, Casilear, Cropsey, Elliott, Baker, Gifford, Cranch and Boutelle enrich the catalogue. Let us take a hasty view of some of their productions.

No. 67, by Kensett, is entitled by the artist "Early

Autumn in Franconia." It is a picture painted with the most consummate artistic skill. It carries the connoisseur away captive by the fascination of its manner and handling. Its vigor and boldness astonish him; its sometimes delicate and interwoven pencilings dazzle and bewilder. It is not elaborated with the somewhat too careful and precise manner of the Düsseldorf school. The touch is more flowing and free; the lines less formal. The coloring of the foreground is rich and varied; the distance grave and silvery.

These are some of the charms it has for the artist and amateur, who look often for beauty of manner and execution, regardless of higher qualities. But higher qualities it possesses too. It has great truth of space, of light and shade; grandeur of lines and beauty of composition. The eye dwells with pleasure for a time upon the well broken foreground, strewn with masses of grey rock, painted with a masterly hand. They are jagged and sharp and deliciously marked with all varieties of mosses and tints. No man living on either side of the Atlantic understands better the rock forms or can reproduce them with more charm and effect, than Kensett. In the middle ground we are carried along the bed of a stream by a woody hill-side, and as we penetrate, hill recedes naturally beyond hill, and over their tops we are led to an almost boundless horizon of mountain.

Kensett is an artist endowed with most rare talents, and Boston should be proud to possess for a time one of his most delightful productions. Casilear, too, is a name but little known in Boston, for no picture of his has ever before been exhibited here. He is well known and admired in New York.

No. 2, by this artist is called "A Study from Nature." The charm of this picture is its great simplicity of form and effect, added to its summer-like freshness of color. It represents a quiet shady nook amongst green trees, which are reflected in a dark transparent pool. In the middle-ground the light breaks through upon the fresh, green grass, where sheep are grouped about. Passing on we emerge from the quiet, cool haunt, and the eye wanders over broad plains to the blue horizon. This picture cannot fail to leave an impression, it is so filled with light, and the poetry of summer.

No. 22 is by Durand, President of the National Academy of Design. It cannot be called one of his most important works, but still it possesses many of the fine qualities which distinguish his manner. The group of trees on the right is well characterised; the leafing of each variety distinct. In this respect he excels all our living artists. There is a dreamy atmosphere, a sunny quiet pervading the meadows and distant hills which all his greatest works possess in common with this. Durand has been and still is a hard student of nature, and notwithstanding he is no longer young he retains all his youthful enthusiasm, and learns new truths with every summer's labors.

Time will not allow us to speak of other works of Art which adorn the Gallery of the Academy; but every lover of the Fine Arts will find his taste gratified and his time well spent by visiting the rooms, No. 37½ Tremont Row. C.

Montgomery's second issue of the *Illustrated Magazine of Art* keeps the promise of the first, both in the variety and excellence of its engravings and its reading matter; though we are sorry that a Journal of Art should descend to an elaborate puff of the *Herald*, which we find to be the drift of one of its articles, interesting enough otherwise as a description of a large American newspaper establishment.

The *History of the Painters of all Nations*, by M. Charles Blanc; with their portraits, engravings of their most famous works, &c., is another splendid serial, published by Alexander Montgomery, (Reidling & Co. have it). Each number is devoted to one artist, the first containing Albert Durer, the second, Velasquez. Each number has twenty large quarto pages, besides illustrations.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 19, 1853.

Concerts of the Past Week.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. The short oratorio of "Engedi" was performed for the second time on Sunday evening, preceded by a first part of well-selected miscellany. Mehul's overture, to "Joseph in Egypt," though simple, quiet, and somewhat antique in its structure, and with little either of the Beethoven yearning or the modern straining for effect in it, was grateful as the sweet composure of a Sabbath sunset,—sound, clear, pleasant, satisfying music—far more fitting to the season and more edifying, to our mind, than the everlasting Rossini *Stabat Mater* music, which is almost always made the staple of a miscellaneous Sacred Concert. Under the hands of the "Germanians" it came out fresh and clear like some old painting happily retouched. Haydn's Chorus: "The heavens are telling," was grandly sung, only, that the voices in the Trio seemed a shade at variance from unity of pitch, so as to lend a certain chilliness to the harmony. The chorus too, throughout the evening, suffered from the disproportionate paucity of contraltos, which we presume was accidental. Mrs. WENTWORTH sang "With verdure clad" in that fine, true, clear, flexible and penetrating little voice of her's (of which at the same time the extremely youthful quality almost makes one smile), and she sang it with good style and expression. Were ever English words more happily married to the thought and to music, than in that warm, graceful, *vegetating* melody?—for instance: "Here shoots the healing plant." An Aria, by Wallace, "Searcher of Hearts," with orchestral accompaniments, and somewhat feebly Mendelssohnian in style, was sung with rather more of style than is common among our amateurs, in a quiet manner, and with a fair though rather dull and thick kind of baritone, by Mr. DRAPER. And the first part closed with the quaintly emphatic chorus from "Judas Maccabæus": *And grant a leader bold and brave, &c.*

Beethoven's oratorio seems to be waxing popular, although we were sorry to see that during the performance of the one really great thing in it, the concluding "Hallelujah" chorus, large numbers of thoughtless people began putting on their cloaks and making toward the doors. Respect for the composer, for the performers and for those who go and stay that they may hear, should dictate some degree of self-restraint to those who are possessed with such impatience. The various solos, choruses and accompaniments, were on the whole quite well rendered; at all events the outline and intention of the music were throughout made clear,—with the exception, perhaps, of the first taking up of the chromatic fugued allegro at the end of the first chorus: *O praise him*. In the soprano solo, on the top of this, as well as in the air preceding, the voice of Miss STONE did eminent service, soaring with all ease to B and C and D above the lines, holding the high G through four or five bars, and so forth, and imparting a brilliant edge to the whole of this very effective and variegated number. It is perhaps the next most imposing number in the work, after the "Hallelujah," but not like that, sublime; though

it approaches it once, where those soft long vocal chords, with triplet accompaniments, succeed so sweetly and refreshingly to the terrific *diminished seventh* upon the words: *Destruction is their lot*.

On the whole, pleasing and effective and dramatic as is this oratorio—and of course all that Beethoven did revealed the master's hand—we see no reason to impugn the judgment of nearly all Germans and of the musical world generally, that this "Mt. of Olives," or "Engedi" is by no means one of the master's happiest efforts. He seems to have written it under less inspiration than usual. The instrumental parts are naturally the best. The Introduction is profound and rich and beautiful, and perhaps not more monotonous and uniformly slow than befitted an introduction to the agony in the garden. The tenor recitative and aria: "My heart is sore," though very fairly rendered, and in parts profoundly sad, yet seems weak in comparison with any of Beethoven's instrumental music as an expression of such emotions and struggles of the soul. The parts of the prophetess (soprano solo) are bold and commanding; the duet, too: *I love the Lord*, has great beauty; but in the trio: "*How blest are those*," &c., there are passages of a quite common-place and secular turn, and so too in the bass solos, (Abishai's counsel of "*vengeance*," as the singer pronounced it); while the answering semi-choruses of the followers of Saul and of David, though full of strange, mysterious harmony and startling modulations, not unlike the prison chorus in "Fidelio," are too dramatic; and the timid response of the allos: *These soldiers come to find us*, seems to lack all temper of manliness.

We are purposely singling out faults, as it is a matter of curiosity that such can be found in any work of this mighty master. Let it not be supposed that we are deaf to the many beauties and traces of genius and grandeur in the work. Perhaps, too, had we heard it with the original subjects and words, as it was given by the Handel and Haydn Society in the olden times in Boylston Hall, we might have received a deeper impression from the whole.

We had not room to notice last week a very valorous fling at us, from one "L. B. B.," in the *Transcript*, who thinks it was very "bold" in us to intimate that in "much of this music" (meaning particularly, as we went on to specify, the tenor solos) "Beethoven was not altogether at home in writing for the voice." These were our words. Our critic generalizes our remark, and even makes us call Beethoven's choral productions common-place, when in the preceding sentences we had excepted about every chorus, and spoken of the "Hallelujah" in terms only short of those due to that of Handel. By "not at home" we meant not fully Beethoven, not in his best vein; and by "common-place" we meant, measured by the standard of Beethoven. And it is well known, though the height of inspiration was more evenly sustained in him probably than in almost any composer that has ever lived, yet that in several instances he has fallen below himself. Why, we have in our possession a hundred or two songs of his, which, though he wrote the *Adelaide*, that immortal and most perfect of all love songs, are yet with a few exceptions scarcely ever sung or known. His opera *Fidelio* is great; his two Masses of the very greatest ever produced; and yet those who say this understandingly and, as the Germans say,

"from own experience," do not say the same thing of the "Mount of Olives."

The hot haste of our rebuker, who flew at us, it seems, "without proposing to argue the matter" with us, seems to us to betray a business motive, rather than an artistic zeal for Beethoven. To have it understood that anything was not *first-rate* might lessen the interest in the Society's performances:—was not that it? Now, we would not willingly that so excellent a society as the "Handel and Haydn" should suffer; we desire both for our own sakes and the cause of music that it should have the fullest measure of support; and, because "Engedi" suggests comparisons with greater works, that is to us no reason for not going to hear it and urging everybody else to hear it. But one thing we wish our friend and all concerned to understand:—Our duty in the premises is criticism (generous, genial criticism, we mean it shall be), to subserve the ends of Art, and not mere business advertisement and puff indiscriminate of artists and societies, to serve the ends of persons. We assure this valiant champion of "Engedi" that the real admirers of Beethoven discriminate between his different works, even if the champion finds them all equally sublime. For ourselves, we have been much interested in the oratorio; we see in it many a trace of the great composer's genius, yet as a whole, we cannot think it great enough to rank among the masterpieces either of Beethoven, or of oratorios by the standard either of Handel or of Mendelssohn. And in this opinion we are by no means alone, and therefore cannot claim the merit of "boldness" that is flung so tauntingly into our face. As we have said before, it is the prevailing, if not the universal opinion of the German musicians, and we doubt not if Mendelssohn and Spohr and Moscheles could speak to us, they would declare essentially the same. As to Beethoven's best power not lying in large vocal compositions, let us quote a passage that has just fallen under our notice. It is from a report in an English paper of a course of lectures recently delivered in Manchester, by a learned but by no means paradoxical writer, on "Ecclesiastical Music." After tracing its history down from the Gregorian times, through Palestrina, Handel, &c., he comes to Mozart and Beethoven, and of the latter says:

In comparing his works with those of Mozart, we are compelled to award the vocal palm to the latter; for Beethoven so revelled in the resources of the orchestra, that he had hardly restraint enough in him to let a solo voice, or even a chorus of voices, have fair audience. Hence a marked characteristic of his works for the oratorio and the church is, that the voice parts are sometimes buried, as it were, under such a weight of instrumental coloring, that we lose (to use a homely expression) the meat, in the excessive nature and quality of the sauce. This Mozart never did. Of Beethoven's two masses, the one in C is eminently beautiful from first to last, and does not in any instance lean to the fault here hinted at; although that objection may certainly be urged against his second (in D,) which was so difficult as to be very rarely performed, and his oratorio, "*The Mount of Olives*."

We have the curiosity to look into M. Fétis *Biographie des Musiciens* (as the work happens to lie near at hand) and see what this eminent authority says of the oratorio. Here it is. After enumerating with due praise many of his earlier works, he comes to what he seems to consider his great period, when he produced *Fidelio*, the Symphonies Nos. 4, 5, 6, &c. &c., and he adds:

"To the same epoch belongs also the oratorio of 'Christ on the Mount of Olives,' but a sort of *gêne*, which is often felt in the vocal compositions of Beethoven, when he wanted to employ the scientific forms, has cast over this work a certain, I know not what, tinge of coldness that injures its merit, in spite of the beautiful ideas scattered through it."

Finally we may be allowed to suspect that we are perhaps as great an admirer and venerator of Beethoven as our anonymous friend; we have even been accused of enthusiasm in that direction, and should hardly dare to turn (we do confess) to any page of our recent or past journalizing for a refutation of the charge. Truly it is a new thing under the sun that we should "catch it" on this other side.

SIXTH MUSICAL FUND CONCERT.—This terminated the subscription series, and was so good and so satisfactory, to a very large audience, that we trust one or more extra concerts will be given. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, (decidedly the greatest before one has heard and known the Ninth, with Chorus) was produced for the first time by any society this winter, and we would not for any slight inconvenience have missed the hearing of it, so soon after making acquaintance with the Ninth. And it was well that we went; the glorious old Symphony did not disappoint us; we found its virtue potent yet; its solemn earnestness and dignity came upon us even more impressively than ever, and in looking back to our recorded impressions and speculations about it of an earlier date (see first part of the paper,) we were convinced that if we did write fancifully then, we were not guilty of an extravagant estimate of the moral loftiness and greatness of meaning of the Seventh Symphony. How could Hector Berlioz, technically analyzing this work, in one of his early writings, perceive nothing in the Trio to the Scherzo—that magnificent episode in which the violins hold out a trumpet-like A (dominant) through the whole passage—but a strain of rustic gaiety! We doubt that we have been the only listener who found this one of the most sublimely solemn strains occurring in any instrumental composition. Why, to us it is as if, in the midst of the frolic Scherzo, the heavens here suddenly opened all about us, transfiguring the common things of life into their most spiritual and earnest meanings:—we would fain write them down, those tones, could they but flow through the pen,—they are ringing through us yet!

Of the performance we can speak with sincere praise. The newly re-organized orchestra proved an efficiency, in this, the noblest occupation for an orchestra, from which we hope much for future seasons. The new conductor, having become more used to his position and relying, as he could not at first, on the prompt co-operation of all about him, is less nervous in his motions, and indicates the various tempi, crescendos, &c., and entrances of different instruments, with more of that dignified composure which must depend very much upon his certainty that the effects he indicates will duly follow.

The overture to "Don Juan" was very effectively rendered; but we did not hear that to the "Siege of Corinth," (by Rossini, not, as we carelessly wrote last week, Beethoven;—verily no other name comes natural to the pen these last

weeks!) which closed the programme. Miss ANNA STONE sang *Fac ut portem*, and a large and florid aria from Mozart's *Tito*, with quintet accompaniment, clarinet *obligato*, in acceptable style, though her voice seemed to labor somewhat, as from cold or fatigue, betraying more hollowness in the lower tones and more hardness in the upper than is its wont. A glorious organ it is, nevertheless, and much good service it has done us, and will do us, in music of the highest character. Sig. GUIDI sang the *Cujus animam* with less of that lacrymose and gasping *sotto voce*, which we remarked whilome in his operatic performances. His air from the *Prophète* we did not hear. The first violin Concerto of De Beriot was executed in a very creditable, nay superior manner, by Master GROVES, who for his youth has acquired rare breadth and firmness of tone, as well as mastery of scales and passages and all the points of execution. Without revealing any peculiar genius, this specimen of his skill contained the promise of an excellent musician. We should have thought it extraordinary before little Jullien and Urso came.

The audience was the largest of the season and all seemed richly satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

GOTTSCALK.

The second concert of the young Louisianian took place on Thursday. The pieces of his own, set down in the programme, were *Jerusalem*, a triumphal fantasia for two pianos, (played with Richard Hoffmann); the *Bamboula*; *La Savanna* and *le Bananier* (poetic caprices), and the "Carnival of Venice"; besides which Gottschalk was to play a portion of Weber's *Concert-stück*. His first concert has filled the newspapers with rapturous eulogium,—all of a piece with the letters from abroad that heralded his coming. No doubt, the *furor* was sincere; but it is not genius in the higher sense of the word, it is not Art in the fulfilment of its highest mission, that excites these "frenzies" in an audience. We cannot doubt, after comparing reports of him, that Gottschalk is a wonderfully skilful, brilliant and in some respects original performer; nor that he has a clever faculty of *composing* what displays his executive powers to best advantage. He *may* have a great deal more. We of course cannot pronounce before we have heard either him or more than one or two of his compositions. But we must be pardoned, if the very excitement and unqualified newspaper praise there is about him, prepossesses us against the hope of finding an artist in the *highest* sense. It is the fatality of *such* that newspaperdom rustles not so readily at their approach. Among the enthusiastic reports of the New York press, we have found one or two more cautious exceptions; and we have copied in a foregoing page one criticism, which seems dictated by reason and good sense, not merely for what it says of Gottschalk, but for its wholesome comments on the whole modern school of piano-forte music at concerts. But it is fair to give the warmer ones a hearing likewise; let the *Home Journal* speak:

"Mr. Gottschalk, the American pianist, made his *debut* at Niblo's Saloon, on Friday, the 11th instant. We mention the date, because we are convinced that the musical history of the country will require that it should be preserved. To say that his success was of the most unequivocal de-

scription, can convey to the reader's mind no idea of the *frenzy* of enthusiasm which his performance excited. His playing is precisely of the kind which most palpably hits the popular taste. His effects are strong and powerful. He dashes at the instrument as Murat charged the enemy, and has command of its most latent possibilities. His playing has the effect of an orchestra, and the modulation of a single instrument. He is the only pianist we have yet heard, who can electrify and inflame an assembly. He produces the same sort, and the same degree of effect, as that which oratory sometimes has, in times of public commotion. This is not exaggeration, as every one will bear witness who has heard him perform; but a simple statement of facts. A sober judgment of his powers, as compared with those of other eminent pianists, we are not prepared to give, since it was impossible not to be carried away with the enthusiasm of the occasion. But we hope to hear him again, at an early day, and to consider his performance more coolly. The feeling of the audience was well expressed by a distinguished lady who attended the concert, who remarked, "Gottschalk has the dexterity of Jaell, the power of De Meyer and the taste of Herz."

But the *Tribune*, usually so sound and cautious, goes ahead of all in the extravagance of its praise; and has a theory for it, namely, that it is an age of progress and that we must not nail our notions of perfection in piano music down to Beethoven's Sonatas, and that it may be permitted to a young man, a citizen of this great "manifest destiny" republic, to go beyond those "old fogies" who are cried up as "classical." That is the drift of it. And the implied inference is that Beethoven was well enough in his way, but that Gottschalk has opened a new path, &c., &c. In what? So far as we are told, in mechanism, in writing music *for the piano*, so that with its natural imperfections it may, by dint of wonderful execution, in some manner represent the breadth of a full orchestra and ring at once through all the compass of its seven octaves. Now Beethoven, and composers of creative genius write, secondarily for the piano, but primarily for Art, for the expression of musical ideas and inspirations, born in the mind and not made to order from the fingers. In the respects, which the *Tribune* critic mainly looks to, Gottschalk may very naturally have got beyond Beethoven, as Thalberg and Liszt have done; but in the respects which give the Sonatas of Beethoven their rank in history and their value in the souls of all true music-lovers, and which are irrespective of mere mechanical adaptation to an exhaustive employment of the instrument, it sounds a little paradoxical to hear it said that these sonatas are surpassed by a young man, an American, chiefly noted for a brilliant play and for the composition of *Bananiers* and *Bamboulas*. Genius, to be sure, is of no country, is the greatest of God's gifts to man, and shall be welcome, more than welcome, whenever, and under whatever form it shall approach; but we cannot accept it on *such* showing, (if we have rightly caught the spirit of the article referred to).

Wishing to do full justice in the premises and not ignore a "new phenomenon," we design soon to condense for our readers a history of young Gottschalk's career, from the *Courier des Etats Unis*, if we can only find its facts separable from the superlative eulogy that swells every sentence, comparing his childhood to Mozart's, his grace and delicacy to Chopin, his virtuosity in general to that of Liszt and Thalberg, &c. &c.

The Opera—Alboni.

The great contralto brought her brief season of nine nights to a brilliant close last evening; only instead of fulfilling the promise of the exquisite and (to a Boston audience) almost new *Don Pasquale*, she appeared in the best portions of two of the rôles which she has made peculiarly her own, namely, the last acts of the *Sonnambula* and the

Figlia. The three preceding performances developed a versatility of talent, dramatic as well as vocal, which we should judge exceeded even the tradition that we had of the ALBONI.

On Friday, of last week, the "Daughter of the Regiment" was presented with more spirit even than before. Gentle SANGIOVANNI even mustered courage and put some vitality into the sweetness of his voice, while the prima donna was in admirable voice and absolutely revelled in the music and the frolic of a part which she appears to take to *con amore*.

How changed her rôle on Monday! In *Norma* Alboni astonished us. We despaired of ever greatly enjoying the opera of *Norma*; it always has seemed sweetish, monotonous and intolerably long. But this time we can really say that we enjoyed it. The whole play seemed newly animated; for once we seemed to realize in some degree the tradition of *Norma*, as the classical, lyric drama *par excellence* of the Italian stage; while ALBONI came out a new development, quite beyond the European tradition of her. In no part has she looked so well; her ponderous figure does not necessarily contradict the idea of an imposing woman, a priestess, a mother too, and of a savage northern race. Then she was dressed finely, and for all the world looked, as she first appeared in the back of the stage, as did Tedesco, in the same part, in the first visit of the Havana troupe. Her action throughout was dignified, sustained, appropriate; not so intense, and furiously vindictive as some would have the injured priestess; but with more of the human and the motherly temper in it; for indeed that buxom form and rosy face and those merry, sensuous eyes could hardly assume the tragic; and yet she did it to such a degree that as a whole her *Norma* seemed consistent and not out of character,—indeed far more in character than any *Norma* we remember on our stage (the Grisi, &c., we have never seen). And, we would ask, was not Alboni's *Norma* eminently in unison with Bellini's music? As to the singing, we must still say that we have heard the *Casta Diva* given more to our satisfaction; but taking the music of the part throughout, it was most lusciously, superbly, exquisitely rendered. What mattered the transposing of a few high notes, or the taking of the second voice in the duet with Adalgisa? Running mostly in thirds, the second there is quite as interesting as the first, and it was the large, voluptuous, impassioned low tones throughout that lent such nobility and richness to Alboni's *Norma*. In the trio, where she denounces Pollio, her tones, her action were alike thrillingly dramatic, and there was consummate representation of pathos in the tragic final scene. Her voice verily may be said "to have a tear in it."

Mme. SIEDENBURG agreeably disappointed us by making a very respectable Adalgisa. She sang the music sweetly and truly, and her soprano told both clearly and expressively in the upper part of the duet. VIETTI and COLETTI did the parts of Pollio and Oroveso fairly; while orchestra and chorus were in better trim than usual.

Wednesday. Alboni did not seem to enter into the arch part of Rosina with much interest. We are told she was unwell. But the luxurious melody of *Il Barbiere* (all in Rossini's happier and most inventive vein, and taking after Mozart not a little,—all such a feast to the ear, even if you listen only to the orchestra), could not suffer in the voice and execution of the world's great Contralto. In all those charming concerted pieces, the rich melody of her tones flowed quietly in, enriching, fertilizing all. The Variations, by Hummel, which she introduced in the music les-

son, were the very perfection of all ease and grace as sensuous melody. The *Zitti, zitti* trio was a daintier bit than ever,—faintly approached (the music) by that little imitation in Donizetti's *La Figlia*. COLETTI made not more than a fair Figaro; the same of BARILI's Don Basilio. SANGIOVANNI's sweet tenor ran very smoothly through the warm and florid melody of his part, and we must confess to more pleasure in his singing than he commonly has credit for, although he lacks stage qualities. The life and spirit of the piece were in ROVERE's Dr. Bartolo, which was decidedly clever in the *parlando* and the acting, and perhaps not more overdone than the nature of the piece (all a humorous extravaganza) justifies.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY give the last of their Six regular Oratorio performances to-morrow evening. The first part will consist of selections from Handel's "Messiah," the second of Beethoven's "Engedi." It will be an excellent opportunity to judge the latter by the highest standard; we should be glad to find that we have underrated it.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The Seventh Chamber Concert, first announced for last Thursday, is postponed until two weeks from that time.—Mr. DRESEL's last Soiree, too, is postponed until the evening before that (Wednesday, March 2d,) when he will be assisted by the artist-like pianist, Mr. SCHARFENBERG, from New York, as well as by ALFRED JAELL. Among other novelties, the three will play a Concerto by Bach, for three pianos.—As these two concerts are to come upon successive evenings, we cannot help indulging and uttering the hope that Mr. Scharfenberg's rare visit may be made available to the Quintette Club concert likewise.

THE MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY, it is said, are to have the opening of the new hall, corner of Dover Street, when they will perform selections from "Josbna," "Jephtha," and "St. Paul."

MUSIC IN THE SUBURBS.—At South Boston, the "Union Musical Institute" gave the second of a series of concerts at Lyceum Hall on the 10th, assisted by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Mr. Perabeau, and others. Conductor, Mr. T. Stover. There were choruses from Rossini, Pergolesi, Haydn and Mozart; songs and duets, from Handel, Rossini, Bellini, &c., (including "With verdure clad," by Miss Leach, and "O lovely Peace," by Miss Leach and Miss Henderson); a violin duet by amateurs; piano-forte pieces by Mr. and Master Perabeau; Overtures, arrangements, &c., by the Quintette Club;—on the whole a richly multifarious feast for those who live so far from our central halls of music.

In Roxbury, a concert was given a few nights since by the "Beethoven Society," under the direction of Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD, whose name is guaranty that the attention of the society will be turned to good and solid music.

New York.

THE OPERA of Mme. SONTAG is now entering its sixth week, and its attractiveness seems undiminished. Says the *Home Journal*:

Mr. Eckert has changed the opera as often as once a week, and thus kept the public on the *qui vive*, and the treasury running over. The comic operas, however, are hardly as well attended as the serious. People seem to delight more in the barrowing than the jocular, and the humors of "Don Pasquale" excite less enthusiasm than the sorrows of Amina; yet Don Pasquale was admirably performed, and afforded our particular selves an evening of the rarest enjoyment. Never have we seen upon the stage a more beautiful object than Madame Sontag, as she appeared in the third act of Don Pasquale. She looked a personified *early day in September*—say the tenth—when the summer has lost a little of its glare, but nothing of its beauty, and the autumn is in the fullness of its glory and abundance, without a leaf yet withered.

It is said that Sontag will give *Don Giovanni*, *L'Elisir*, *Linda* and *Martha*; also that she contemplates *Der Freyschütz* and the "Marriage of Figaro" in German. BORDAS, the admired tenor from the New Orleans opera, with GENIBREL, the basso, are to join her in her Castle Garden summer operas.

FATHER HEINRICH. This enthusiastic veteran is to have a concert, for the production of a number of those strange and elaborate works of his. "He has gone on in his solitary attic, composing oratorios, operas, symphonies and songs,—merely composing, not publishing them,—till he has accumulated several large chests full of original musical compositions—his only wealth." May the devoted old servant of St. Cecilia be cheered by a full house, and may some of that inspiring ion which has sustained his long labors appear in his works and be felt by his audience.

England.

LONDON. At the Second Concert of the HARMONIC UNION, (Jan. 20th,) were performed Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," and various vocal and instrumental solos, the whole preceded by the "Dead March in Saul," in tribute to the memory of the well-known trumpet-player, Mr. T. HARPER, who had expired very suddenly that morning. Our own young townsman, Mr. WILLIAM MASON, too, made his *début* before an English audience at that concert. It will be interesting to compare some of the notices which appeared the next morning in the London papers. The *Daily News* says:

"He played Weber's well-known *Concert Stück* with great judgment, expression, and brilliancy."

The *Times* says:

"Mr. William Mason was somewhat foolishly, we think, announced as 'the first American pianist who had ever performed before an English audience,'—as if the bare fact of nationality, independent of actual merit, was a matter of any importance. Happily Mr. Mason possesses talent; and, though very young, already exhibits promise of excellence. He played the pianoforte part in Weber's *Concert Stück* with a great deal of spirit; so well, indeed, that we are confident he will play it still better when he has acquired a more perfect command of the instrument. It is to mechanism that Mr. Mason is deficient. This deficiency makes him nervous and uncertain, imparts unsteadiness to his accentuation, and robs his passages of clearness. He has, nevertheless, a light and elastic touch, and evidently understands his author. At the conclusion of his performance Mr. Mason was generously applauded by the audience; and it is to be hoped that so indulgent a reception will spur him on to increased exertion."

The *Chronicle* says:

"A pianist from New York, Mr. WILLIAM MASON, who appeared for the first time in London, selected somewhat boldly for his *début* the single concerto of WEBER. His performance was smoothly correct, but tame and uniform. His touch is light, rapid, and distinct, but it wants delicacy of expression, and there is also a lack of color and *verve* about his playing. Mr. MASON is, no doubt, an able and accomplished pianist; but more than that is demanded of those who would now-a-days take the place to which he aspires in his art."

The *Athenæum* says:

"The last part introduced us to a young American pianist, Mr. W. MASON, (the son, we are told, of the Professor of Psalmody,) who played Weber's *Concert Stück* with neatness and spirit."

Miscellaneous.

Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has just presented a considerable sum in money, clothes, bedding, and provisions, to two charitable institutions recently established at Stockholm—the hospital of St. Magdalene and the institution of the Deaconesses. The celebrated cantatrice, who is at present residing at Dresden, has promised to visit Stockholm in the holy week, to take part in two religious concerts, which are to be given in the cathedral, for the benefit of the poor. In these concerts Mendelssohn's oratorio of "St. Paul," and Handel's oratorio of "Messiah," with the instrumentation of Mozart, are to be performed. They have never yet been executed in public at Stockholm.

Mlle. Cazzaniga (the Marchesa Malaspina) is said to be the most interesting and beautiful female singer in Italy. She is shortly to appear in London. She has just had great success in a new opera by Mazzucato, played at Milan, called "Luigi V." The opera is said to be more of the German than the Italian school, and likely to become very popular.

M. AUER has been made director of the Imperial music and *maitre de chapelle* at the Tuilleries,—places held under the great Napoleon by Leseueur and Paer. He was to direct at Notre Dame on Sunday an orchestra of 500 instruments.

It is reported that the two London opera houses will effect an amalgamation at the coming season, and only one of them be opened.

Verdi's "Luisa Miller," after being played for some time at the Italian Opera in Paris, is now in course of preparation for the Imperial Theatre in a French version. Bosto was to sing in it (at the *Italiens*) on the 19th ult.

Mario, the tenor singer, in leaping out of the window in the massacre scene of the "Huguenots," at St. Petersburg, lately, fell and sprained his ankle dreadfully. He was suffering severely at the last accounts.

Mlle. Wagner, the German vocalist, announces her determination not to come to London next season, having a dread of the Court of Chancery.

Mr. Sims Reeves, it is said, will shortly come to America, to assist Madame Sontag in Opera.

Seventh Subscription Concert
OF THE
GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY,
TO TAKE PLACE
ON SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 19, 1853,
AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
ASSISTED BY
Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN,
CAMILLA URSO and ALFRED JAEHL.

PROGRAMME.**Part I.**

1. Grand Overture, "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," (Calm Sea and Happy Voyage),.....Mendelssohn.
2. Ah Mon Fils, "Prophete,".....Meyerbeer.
Sung by Mlle. LEHMANN.
3. Grand Concerto, Symphony No. 3, in E flat, Op. 45,
For Piano, with Full Orchestra,.....Littolf.
I. Maestoso.
II. Presto.
III. Andante.
IV. Allegro Vivace.

Performed by ALFRED JAEHL.

Part II.

4. Overture, "Die Waldnymph," (Forest Nymph),
first time,.....W. S. Bennett.
5. Grand Aria from "Fidelio,".....Beethoven.
Sung by Mlle. LEHMANN.
6. Scherzo, from "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn.
7. Fantasia and Variations for Violin, "The Daughter
of the Regiment,".....Alard.
Performed by CAMILLA URSO.
8. The Last Rose of Summer,.....Moore.
Sung by Mlle. LEHMANN.
9. Overture, "Das Nachtlager," (Night Camp in Gra-
nada,) by request,.....Kreutzer.

Single Tickets, 50 cents each, to be had at the Music Stores
and Hotels, also at the door on the evening of the Concert.
Doors open at 6; Concert commences at 7½ o'clock.

Handel and Haydn Society.**LAST CONCERT OF THE SERIES.**

BEETHOVEN'S ORATORIO OF
IN EGGED I :
OR—DAVID IN THE WILDERNESS,

With Selections from
"THE MESSIAH,"
Will be performed by the

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY,
On Sunday Evening, February 20, 1853,
AT THE
BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

ASSISTED BY
Miss ANNA STONE, Mrs. EMMA A. WENTWORTH, Mr.
S. E. BALL, Mr. B. F. BAKER,
and the
GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Conductor,.....Mr. CARL BERGMANN.
Organist and Pianist,.....Mr. F. F. MÜLLER.

Doors open at 6; Concert to commence at 7 o'clock.
Tickets at 50 cents each, may be obtained at the Music Stores
of Messrs. Wade, Ditson and Reed; at the Revere, Tremont,
and United States Hotels, and at the two offices of the Hall on
the evening of performance.

Members have the privilege of one friend.
J. L. FAIRBANKS, SECRETARY.

SIGNOR G. C. GUIDI respectfully informs his former
pupils and the public, that he has resumed his instructions
in SINGING, after the Italian school, with the intention to
settle permanently in Boston. In order to accommodate those
who may not wish to take private instruction, he will open
classes for ladies and gentlemen, on moderate terms. None
but good voices will be admitted. Terms liberal for persons
intending to study for professional purposes.

Sig. G. can be consulted free upon any musical subject,
daily, from 12 to 2, at Mr. Hews's Piano Manufactory, No. 365
Washington street, where terms and time for classes may be
known.

Orders or notes for Sig. G. may be addressed to him at G. P.
Reed & Co.'s Music Store, 17 Tremont Row, and at Oliver
Ditson's, 115 Washington street. Feb. 5.

A SOPRANO VOICE is wanted for a Quartet Choir
in one of the Churches in this city. One familiar with the
English Church Service will be preferred. Application may be
made at the Office of the Journal of Music.
Jan. 29.

OLIVER DITSON,
Music Dealer, 115 Washington St., Boston,
HAS a good variety of Piano Fortes, Melodeons, Seraphines,
and Reed Organs, to let, for city or country, on low terms.
If, within one year from the time of hiring, the party should
conclude to purchase the instrument, no charge will be made
for rent of it, except the interest on its value. 25 tf

Edward L. Balch,

NEW YORK NORMAL MUSICAL INSTITUTE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS have made arrangements to commence
in New York city an institution under the above name,
the object of which shall be to afford thorough musical instruc-
tion, and especially to qualify teachers of music. The first
term will commence on MONDAY, APRIL 25th, and continue
three months, during which time it is expected that the entire
attention of members of the class will be given to the subject.
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[From Hogarth's Memoirs of the Musical Drama.]

French Opera Composers.

II. CHERUBINI.

Cherubini, though an Italian, belongs to the annals of French music. He was born at Florence in 1760. After having acquired considerable reputation by his dramatic works in his own country, he settled at Paris, in the year 1786, at the age of six-and-twenty: and that city, notwithstanding a few short visits to Italy, Germany and England, has been, ever since, his permanent residence. His first French opera was *Demophon*, produced at the theatre of the grand opera (or Académie Royale de Musique) in 1788. The principal operas which he has since produced are *Lodoiska*, *Elisa*, *Medée*, *L'Hotellerie Portugaise*, *Les Deux Journées*, *Anacréon*, *Faniska*, and *Les Abencerages*, the last of which appeared in 1813. The success of these operas, which combine the grace and delicacy of Italian melody with the strength and richness of German instrumentation, contributed greatly to the improvement of the French national taste; and several of them have obtained permanent possession of the stage in various parts of Germany. In England the admirable overtures to *Anacréon*, *Les Deux Journées*, *L'Hotellerie Portugaise*, and *Les Abencerages*, are in constant use at concerts, and known to every amateur of instrumental music.

Notwithstanding, however, the excellence of Cherubini's dramatic works, it is in his sacred music that the greatness of his genius is most fully displayed. His numerous masses, motets, and other compositions for the church, entitle him to a place among the greatest ecclesiastical composers.

Cherubini's intellectual powers, and the dignity of his character, have contributed, as well as the excellence of his works, to the influence which he has long enjoyed in the French musical world; an influence of which the persevering malevolence of Bonaparte was unable to deprive him. Bonaparte had some love for the arts, and affected more. In the early part of his career, and even after he had achieved the rank of chief consul, he admitted several distinguished artists, and Cherubini among others, to a good deal of familiarity with him. One evening, during the performance of one of Cherubini's operas, Bonaparte, who was in the same box with the composer, said to him, "My dear Cherubini, you are certainly an excellent musician, but really your music is so noisy and complicated that I can make nothing of it."—"My dear General," answered the composer, "you are certainly an excellent soldier, but, in regard to music, you must excuse me if I don't think it necessary to adapt my compositions to your comprehension." Bonaparte, with the vindictive littleness which formed a part of his character, never forgave this spirited reply, and during his whole reign withheld his favor from the offending musician. Many years afterwards, on a vacancy occurring in the post of *maestro di capella* to the emperor, Napoleon intimated to Mehul his intention of bestowing the office upon him. Mehul, between whom and Cherubini there subsisted a warm friendship, respectfully intimated his wish that he might be allowed to share the office with his distinguished brother composer. Napoleon, instead of appreciating the generous feeling which prompted this wish, took great offence at it; and saying haughtily, "I want a *maestro di capella* who will make music, and not noise," instantly appointed M. Le Sueur to the office.

Cherubini has been for many years director of the *Conservatoire de Musique*, an institution which owes mainly to his exertions its greatness and efficiency. At the age of seventy-eight he is still active and vigorous, performing his duties with zeal and assiduity, and taking an undiminished interest in everything that relates to the progress of his art. He has recently published an elaborate treatise on harmony and composition, a work of infinite value to the musical student.

[The above was written in 1838, some years before Cherubini's death. To make the Memoir more complete, we take the following from a "Sketch of the Conservatory of Paris," which appeared some time since in the *Musical World and Times*.]

Cherubini's poverty in Paris and the Conservatory was as proverbial as that of the Grecian Aristides. About 1816 or 1817, after his return

from London, where he had been called in 1815, he found himself greatly injured by the political changes which had taken place in the French Government, and he retired from his employment in disgust. After a while it was acknowledged that the Government had dealt wrongly with him, and to make amends, he was appointed Professor of Composition in the Conservatory, and Chapel Master to the King, or rather, to use the term of the time, Director to the King's Music Chapel. But learning that, before he could enter upon the duties of the latter office, his friend Le Sueur would have to be discharged from the directorship of the Music Chapel, in which he had been maintained after the downfall of Napoleon, Cherubini (who at that time was miserably poor) unhesitatingly and peremptorily declined the office, which, he said, was so satisfactorily filled by his friend. All possible means were used to prevail upon him to take the position, but he was unshaken in his resolution. At length it was decided that both Le Sueur and Cherubini should share the charge of the King's music; and, on such terms, Cherubini accepted the office; and both these most honorable artists continued in this employment till 1830, at which time, to the great detriment of the art, the King's Chapel fell with the dynasty, and has never been, and, perhaps, never will be restored.

Cherubini, though warm-hearted, was of a serious and stern disposition. He was never found laughing or even smiling in his intercourse with the pupils. He was always in earnest, and had no time for frivolity. He inflexibly insisted upon the observation of the regulations of "his house," as he called the Conservatory. Every professor, previous to the opening of his class, was obliged to sign a book, called "le registre de presence," in order to show that the members of his class were all present and taught by him. Cherubini never failed to examine daily the register, that he might know whether every one's task had been fulfilled. But he required no more from others than he performed himself; he attended to all the duties of his station with exemplary exactness and promptitude. At ten o'clock in the morning he regularly sat at his bureau, either writing or answering letters, sending orders to the classes, or hearing the professors and pupils, or any other person, who might occasionally call upon him. When he had to despatch a letter, summons, or message of any kind, he rang a little bell which was always near at hand, and a servant, who was always attending at the door of his cabinet, immediately presented himself uncovered, to know what was wanted and to perform what was commanded. When the business of his charge was over, you would find Cherubini copying either the parts of his own score, which was to be performed, or writing out the score of some great master. His wife, on a certain occasion, asked him what profit he could get from such copies:—"Oh!" said he, "there is always some good to be got from them, which remains in one's mind." His favorite employment in moments of leisure,

was drawing and cutting flowers, of which he was exceedingly fond, or classifying plants, for he was very conversant with botany. He was most patient in writing his own scores; if by chance a drop of ink fell on the paper, he immediately took a penknife, cut round the mark, and adapted another piece of paper in the place with such skill that it was impossible to discover the place of the blunder. In consequence of so much care, his scores were so neatly done, that no printing could rival them in clearness and beauty. At twelve o'clock Cherubini left his bureau, and then was engaged in reviewing the classes or other parts of the establishment; at two o'clock he went home, and his day's business was ended.

Cherubini was, *par excellence*, a classical man, not in his works only, but in his tastes, habits, and manners; and when he judged another's productions, he could not rid himself of the influence of the principles which ruled him when writing. This caused him to err on many occasions in the appreciation of modern masters. It will hardly be believed, that such a great man, so well fitted to judge rightly in musical matters, on first witnessing the performance of Beethoven's Symphonies, exclaimed:—"It is impossible to understand all this; it is a mere *devergouldage*." I use the French word, and don't know of any synonym in English. He had forgotten the saying of a celebrated French poet:

"Souvent un beau disordre est un effet de l'art."

He changed his opinion afterwards, and became an admirer of the great Symphonist.

Cherubini could not bear the music of Berlioz,—he had the most profound aversion for it. This, perhaps, was also owing to the above-mentioned disposition. Berlioz from the very first time he was brought before the public, evinced the most evident desertion of the classical school. He affected to transfer to music, and especially to the Symphony, a genius which was in fashion in the literature of the time, the *domantisme*. The *domantisme*! which was a heresy in the opinion of Cherubini. Berlioz, though not to be compared with Beethoven, is certainly a man of talent and the first Symphonist in France. One day, Cherubini crossing the yard of the Conservatory, joined a group who were speaking of the performance of Berlioz, which had taken place some days before. Each person, occupying a different point of view, expressed a different opinion. Cherubini listened without uttering a word. At length one of the group remarked that Berlioz was an inveterate enemy to fugue and fugue writers. "Yes," said Cherubini, "Mr. Berlioz hates fugue, but fugue hates him still more,"—every one present laughed heartily at so unexpected a reply, and so did Berlioz himself when he heard it.

Cherubini was endowed with a manly genius; his strain is always broad, round, and soaring heavenward, leaving the earth at an immeasurable distance below. And this manliness of style and freshness of creation did not abandon him even when near to his grave. His second Requiem, which was his last work, ranked among his master-pieces, though composed in the 79th or 80th year of his age. Although his body bent under so great a weight of years, yet his eye was full of fire, his face full of majesty, his forehead full of brightness. It was delightful to contemplate his curled, silver hair, which thickly covered his head, and played beautifully round his ears and temples.

Many statements have been circulated in relation to his second Requiem. It has been said that Cherubini composed it for his obsequies. This is a mistake. The facts, according to the most authentic authorities, are simply these. In France, female singers are excluded from Catholic churches, although they were admitted in the Chapel of the restored Dynasty, because it was considered as a private building with which clerical authorities had nothing to do. It is well known that Cherubini's first Requiem was composed for the funeral of the ill-fated Duc de Berri; and as it was to be performed by the members of the King's Chapel, the soprano parts

were written throughout for first and second soprano, for the performance of which Cherubini availed himself of the female singers attached to the Chapel. This Requiem was pronounced equal to Mozart's Requiem, and everywhere it was crowned with great success. In many instances at the decease of persons of distinction, the performance of Cherubini's Requiem was desired, but not permitted because of the exclusion of female singers from churches. Annoyed by such vexations, Cherubini determined to compose a new Requiem for male voices only, and the result was the second Requiem;—which, indeed, was first performed at the obsequies of the author himself. This composition closed the artistic career of this celebrated master. He departed this life in the 84th year of his age; and his soul rose up to heaven, to keep her seat by the side of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

NIGHT ON THE SEA SHORE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.

The sea, scarce murmuring, slept in peace,
Though full of glory, bright as noon,
Which through the clouds—a silvery fleece,—
Gushed down from the resplendent moon.
Melted in blue the distant flood,
Like jewels glanced the sparkling sand,
And I, alone, in solemn mood,
Paced up and down the silent strand.

Oh! what, in such a silent night,
Will through the human bosom throng,
Was never felt by day's broad light,
Was never told in earthly song.
A breath mysterious seems to creep
From heaven upon the tranquil air,
A vision o'er the soul to sweep—
'Tis half a smile and half a prayer.

Thy spirit, freed from flesh, can trace
God's way in all below, above,
And feels through all the realms of space
The stirring of a boundless love.
By his cool breath thy tears are dried,
The thorns all wear a rosy glow,
And Love, through Life's mysterious tide,
Dives upward, swan-like, from below.

The heaviest woe thou e'er didst feel
Smiles back on thee with radiant brow,
And Death, who breaks thy life's dark seal,
Is Freedom's herald to thee now.
Thy look meets his with love and pride,
While thrills a holy awe through thee,
As through a bridegroom, whom the bride
Leads to the blissful mystery.

Enough! enough! forbear, my song!
The thoughts that in a moonlit night
Will through a mortal bosom throng,
No earthly poem may recite.
They come like breaths of Heaven, that creep
From Eden's palm groves on the air;
A wordless vision, clear and deep—
'Tis half a smile and half a prayer.

NEWPORT, R. I.

C. T. B.

The New Tremont Temple.

(From the *Traveller* of Feb. 18th.)

The old Tremont Temple was burned down on the night of March 31st, 1852. Almost immediately the work of removing the ruins and laying the foundations of a new Temple was begun by the Trustees; and this work has been pushed forward with so much energy—an average of 75 hands or more being constantly employed on it—that now a much more spacious and commodious, and internally beautiful building is nearly finished; and it is one that well deserves a particular notice.

The new Temple is an immense structure. With the exception of ten feet by sixty-eight, which is left open on the north side for light, the building covers an area of 94 feet front by 136 feet deep, and is 75 feet high in front. The

walls are of ample thickness and strength, varying in thickness from 36 inches to 16 inches, and in accordance with the most approved method of building, hollow. This ensures greater proportional strength, dry inside walls, a saving in furring and lathing—by admitting of plastering upon the bricks—and greater resonance and adaptation to music in the walls of the large halls. This method obviates, also, to a very considerable extent, all danger of fire spreading as it often does, and did to the destruction of the old Temple, between the plastering and the wall. Wherever in this new building it has been found necessary to use furring and plastering, layers of brick have been placed to cut off all chance of fire spreading between the plastering from one story to another. The floors, too, have a thick coating of mortar between the under and upper courses of boards, as a protection against the spread of fire and to prevent the transmission of sound.

The preparations for warming and ventilating the building are of the best kind. Ventilation is to be secured through outlets in the ceiling, and through openings in the floor which communicate with the hollow walls, and thence open into the outer air through the roof. The entire building is to be heated by steam, which is generated in a boiler below the ground and outside of the main building. From this, heat is carried through passages in the walls to the large halls, and by means of pipes, to the smaller rooms. Coils of pipe are placed, also, at the bottom of the ventilating flues, to quicken the upward currents of air. Cochituate water is introduced into all parts of the building, and the usual conveniences connected with its use are amply provided.

The building, as may be supposed from its immense size, contains most extensive accommodations for both public and private uses. In the first place, there is the principal hall, or Temple, which, with its ante-rooms, closets, stairways, &c. occupies the entire length and breadth of the building; and will have seats for nearly 2500 persons. Next, there is a smaller hall, or Temple, capable of seating from 800 to 1000 persons; and adjacent to this, is a third hall, designed for the private meetings of the church which is to worship in the large hall, and capable of seating some 300 persons. Besides these, there are scores of rooms of various sizes and descriptions, from large and airy ones, suitable for stores and offices, down to mere lumber-rooms and closets; indeed, every inch of room in this vast structure seems to be devoted to some useful purpose.

But, to be more particular, we will describe the building somewhat in detail, though very briefly: On the ground floor, fronting on Tremont street, are two side entrances, and one central entrance to the different parts of the building, of an aggregate width of about 26 feet; and four stores, each about 48 long by 16 wide and 13 high. . . . Back of which, on either side of the central entrance, are two ticket offices, and beyond them a long, narrow hall, 70 feet by 16, which may be divided into two rooms, or used as it now is. In the second story, over the stores and passageways, and accessible by either of the three entrances, is a beautiful and commodious suite of rooms, to be occupied by "The Young Men's Christian Association." . . . These rooms extend entirely across the front of the building, and open upon a balcony which commands the whole length of Tremont street. . . . Back of these, on the same story, are eight large and fine rooms, averaging about 26 feet by 16, well lighted, and furnished with closets and other conveniences, which we believe have been selected by some of the friends of the Baptist Missionary Society as admirably adapted to its use. Over the rooms of the Christian Association, front, there are five rooms of good size, about 25 by 15 feet, suitable for artists; and at the sides, over the stairways, there are six other similar rooms, though not quite so eligible.

All the rooms which have been enumerated are accessible by private entrances and stairways, which can be shut off completely from the public entrance to the halls, and will be when there is occasion.

Having noticed the principal private rooms in the building which are to be rented, we will now pass up one of the wide and easy stairways, to the grand hall, or Temple. This is to be a noble room, finely proportioned, most conveniently arranged, and every way comfortable and attractive, both for speaking and singing, for the performers and hearers. It is 124 feet long, 72 feet wide, and 50 feet high. It has a gallery on three sides of it, but one that projects over the seats only about seven feet; and being entirely supported by trusses, there is nothing to obstruct the view of the platform from any part of the hall. The front gallery, though it projects into the hall only about ten feet, extends back far enough to give it more than three times that depth. The eastern end, or back part of the hall, is occupied by a spacious platform, which connects with the side galleries by a few steps, for the convenience of large choirs. Back of the stage, in a recess, is to be placed a noble organ, one of the largest, if not the very largest ever built in the United States. The Messrs. Hooks are the builders. Below and around the platform are four convenient drawing rooms, for gentlemen and ladies, with all the conveniences that can be desired. The floor of the main hall is to rise from about the centre, so as to afford every person in the hall an unobstructed view of the platform. The galleries are arranged in like manner. The seats on the floor are to be placed in a semi-circular form from the front of the platform, so as to bring every face towards the speaker or singer. The seats, which are all to be numbered, are to be of the most convenient and comfortable kind, each slip capable of containing ten or twelve persons, with an aisle at each end, and open through from end to end. The arrangements for warming, ventilating and lighting this hall are of the best kind. Of the warming and ventilating arrangements we have already spoken. The light by day is to be introduced through twelve immense plates of glass, 10 feet long by 4 feet wide, placed in the ceiling, in the spring of the arch, and open directly to the outer light; and by sixteen smaller ones under the galleries. By night the hall is to be lighted by 28 large burners under glass reflectors, placed at equal distances along the ceiling; and under the galleries by common burners. By this arrangement of burners along the ceiling, which is believed to be entirely new, there will be great economy of light, while all glare on the eyes will be avoided, and by the position of the burners, ventilation will also be promoted.

The access to this hall will probably be chiefly, if not entirely, through the central entrance, as in the old Temple, and through some six doors, which will open to different parts of the hall and galleries. But in emptying the hall, no less than nine passage-ways will be used; all around the hall, at nearly equal distances, of an aggregate width of 50 feet, which will lead to six passage-ways of an aggregate of about 41 feet width, which will empty into three passage-ways on a level with Tremont street, of an aggregate width of 26 feet. Thus much for the large hall.

[Conclusion next week.]

The Periods of Beethoven's Compositions.

[The veteran, CARL CZERNY, contributes the following to *Cocks's Miscellany*. There may be a question as to the value of his classification of the three Beethoven styles, especially as regards the last of the three.]

Vienna, Dec. 30, 1852.

Herrn ROBERT COCKS, Jun. in London.

Honoured Sir and Friend,—It will certainly be of interest to you to possess a correct list of those of Beethoven's Works composed during the last ten years of his life (that is, during the period of his deafness); the more so, as it will enable you to distinguish them from those which he composed while he was in the possession of perfect hearing; or, at least, before the pains, produced by the disorder in his ear, exerted any influence upon his style of composition. Up to the year 1812, he heard perfectly well; but from that period his hearing became continually weaker.

Complete deafness supervened only in 1816 or 1817, and while in this condition he wrote the following works:

1. Op. 101. Sonata for piano solo in A major.
2. Op. 102. 2 Sonatas for piano and violoncello.
3. Op. 105. 6 easy varied (foreign) Themes for piano and flute.
4. Op. 106. Grand Sonata for piano solo in B \flat major.
5. Op. 107. 10 easy varied (foreign) Themes for piano and flute.
6. Op. 112. "Meeres-Stille und Glückliche Fahrt" (Calm Seas and a prosperous Voyage), Chorus with orchestra.
7. Op. 119. New Bagatelles for piano solo.
8. Op. 120. 33 Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli, for piano solo.
9. Op. 123. 2nd Mass in D major.
10. Op. 126. 6 Bagatelles for piano solo.
11. Op. 127. Violin quartet in E \flat .
12. Op. 130. Violin quartet in B.
13. Op. 131. Violin quartet in C \sharp major.
14. Op. 132. Violin quartet in A minor.
15. Op. 133. Fugue for Violin quartet in B \flat major.
16. Op. 135. Violin quartet in F major.
17. Op. 137. Fugue for Violin quartet in D major.

These 17 works constitute Beethoven's third style, that, videlicet, of the last period of his life.

The five following works, it is true, were completed by Beethoven, and published during the same period; but their *conception* and *origin* are decidedly of an earlier period, which may be termed a *transition-period*.

1. Op. 109. Sonata for piano solo in E major.
2. Op. 110. Sonata for piano solo in A \flat major.

3. Op. 111. Sonata for piano solo in C minor. That these 3 Sonatas were commenced at a much earlier period, is not only evident from the variety of style in the individual phrases, but also from the circumstance that they were written for a small piano of 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ octaves only (as he was in the habit of writing in 1806), while all his last piano-forte compositions are calculated for 6-octave piano-fortes.

4. Op. 124. Festival-Overture in C major (with the fugue).
5. Op. 125. 9th Symphony in D minor. The first three phrases of which were conceived at an earlier period; the Choral-finale during the time of his deafness, and the Theme probably at an earlier period.

The eleven following works, notwithstanding that they were for the most part published during the last ten years of his life, were composed at a time when his hearing was not at all, or but slightly, affected.

1. Op. 113 and 114. "Die Ruinen von Athen," performed in 1812.
2. Op. 115. Overture in C major, in honor of the Namensfeier of the Emperor Franz—composed in 1814.
3. Op. 116. Italian Terzetto (of a former period).
4. Op. 117. King Stephen (about 1812).
5. Op. 118. Elegiac Song (Lied).
6. Op. 121. Sacrificial Song (of a much earlier date).
7. Op. 122. Bundeslied (of a very early period).
8. Op. 128. The Kiss. Arietta (of an earlier date).
9. Op. 129. Rondo à Capriccio for piano solo (composed in the early period of his life).
10. Op. 136. The glorious moment. Cantata, (composed in 1814.)
11. Op. 91. The Battle of Vittoria (composed in 1813).

All the remaining Works, from 1 to 100, as well

as those without Opus No., were composed when his hearing was unimpaired.

It is well known that three varieties of style are observable in Beethoven's writings.

1. The Haydn-Mozart style (till the year 1802, and about as far as Op. 28).
2. The Proper Beethoven Style, in all its original grandeur (from 1803 to 1815).
3. The style which arose out of his deafness, a circumstance so unhappy for the Art (from 1816 to 1826, when he died).

The preceding list shows which works appertain to this last period, and I believe, my dear friend, that it will be the means of removing many erroneous opinions.

With the most friendly esteem,

I subscribe myself, yours devotedly,
CARL CZERNY.

A TRIFLE LIGHT AS AIR.—The following is a reprint of a very quaint story, as it appears in the "Melbourne Argus," of the 25th of October, 1851.

Who played the Organ?—Mr. J. Blewitt, who has been always celebrated, from the early age of eleven, for his extemporaneous performance on the organ, on one particular occasion attracted the notice of the celebrated Sam. Wesley, who, after expressing his admiration of the superior style of his performance to some friends near him, and not being able to satisfy himself who the performer was, considered it best to apply to the man who blew the organ. He appeal to this great functionary, and putting the simple question to him of "Who played the organ?" received the following laconic answer:—"I blew it!" Wesley, considering this a great liberty of this mighty puffer, repeated the question of "who played the organ?" when he received the same answer, given with greater pertness. Wesley, indignant at the fellow's seeming rudeness, said: "I do not, sir, doubt your ability as a blow-bellows, but I wish to know (giving an imitation with his fingers, being himself the greatest organist of the day) who played the organ?" The wag still persisted, saying, "This is the third time, sir, I have told you, I blew it; and I will tell you no further." Then putting on his great coat he left the gallery. Wesley, when he got to the door, inquired of some friends—who played the organ? when he was told the name of the performer was I. Blewitt! and seeing the wit of this facetious fellow, turned round and gave him a shilling, saying, "You are the best puffer I ever met with; and no man better qualified to handle such a subject."

GRADATIONS OF THE BAD.—Two vocalists begged of Dr. Arne to determine whether of the twain was the better singer. After hearing them—"You are the worst singer I ever heard in my life," exclaimed the Doctor, to one of the combatants. "Then," cried the other, exultingly, "I win." "No" said Dr. Arne, "You can't sing at all."

RATHER SHEEPISH.—At a concert given a short time ago by the Latter Day Saints, at Llanelly, the proceedings, says the Cambrian, included an imitation, by Brother Ephraim, of the bleating of sheep!

PUNCH, as a musical critic, in which, as in all other capacities, he is transcendent, speaks of "the Crack Composer, Verdi; for it is said he has cracked more voices than any other composer."

The Bassoon, Lazinsky, lately died in Vienna—a worthy but eccentric man, who read books of devotion in the intervals of his performance, and boasted that he never saw even the foot of a danseuse.

The journals of Vienna announce the sale of a music box, which plays twelve pieces, entirely new to the world, composed by Haydn for this very box.

Letter from a Teacher at the South.

MR. DWIGHT:—In a recent number of the *Journal* was an extract from the New York *Musical World and Times*, entitled "Music in Mississippi," which, with your permission, I wish to notice.

The writer says, "It is distressing to think, that in a rich and beautiful country like this, there is not the least cultivated taste for music," and, "You at the North are mainly responsible for this evil. Numberless young persons from these regions are educated with yours, and such teachers as we have, come from the Northern States always well recommended. Yet, in sixteen years' residence in the interior of the South, I have never seen a tolerably taught musical scholar return from your schools," &c., and "If there be a *monstrum horrendum* to me on earth, it is a *Down East Music Teacher*; especially the *feminines*."

Never having been in Mississippi, I cannot answer for the condition of the musical education there, but if in sixteen years the lady has never found a "tolerably taught" scholar, it seems to me her opportunities for observation must be somewhat limited, or in this respect pupils in Mississippi must be much inferior to those in Georgia. During two years' residence in this State I have found many pupils not only well-taught but full of talent and enthusiasm, who with *time* and *study* might compete with the best scholars in New York or Boston. That they do *not* give this time can hardly be the fault of Northern musicians, I think.

The country is rich and beautiful as a whole, and the people are rich and liberal as a class. They are willing and do spend large sums for the education of their children, and music is considered of the highest importance as—an amusing accomplishment—nothing higher. In nine times out of ten this study is reserved for the last year of school as part of the finishing, nor is this custom confined to the South. The question has been asked me in Boston, as it was asked here not long since, "Can-not my child play any easy tune in three months?" or "Do you not think she will learn music *enough* in one quarter?" Perhaps she would learn *enough* if she never acquired the gamut. Most parents are entirely ignorant of what they impose upon a child when music is put down as one of the requirements, nor do they know what to expect of a teacher when they take their child for instruction. I have seen scholars, at the North as well as the South, who were expected to master the musical science in half a year; is it the fault of the teacher if they do not send home *artists* at the appointed time? Your Boston professors would not receive a pupil under such circumstances. Teachers in schools cannot choose their scholars.

A lady commenced taking lessons with her little daughter and continued *three months*. "I thought," said she, "by this time I could play several tunes. I cannot play one; but I am most thankful for the knowledge I have gained and shall now know what to expect of my child. Music is indeed a life-long study!" Would that all mothers might take this prefatory lesson! Teachers would find their power vastly increased, and their labor greatly lightened.

Numerous young ladies are sent from the South to the North to school—some for one year, some for two and some for several—be the time long or short they are expected to return proficient. A mechanic produces work according to the orders and materials furnished him. Can a teacher do more? There are delightful exceptions, where parents from experience and observation know the great amount of patience and practice necessary to do anything in music, and begin with their children accordingly. Happy the teacher who meets

with such scholars! I have known girls in New York and Boston, who have studied under the best masters, "do nothing beyond strumming a Waltz or Polka on the piano, or singing a negro melody;" yet in those cities they are surrounded by music all their lives—at home or at school, at church and at play. There is music for the mass as well as the few. That this is a *fact*, I must deeply regret; but that it is the fault of teachers exclusively, I cannot believe. Whilst "Negro Vocalists," "Ethiopian Serenaders," and low priced third and fourth rate concerts are patronized by cultivated people it would take a legion of teachers to raise the musical taste of all their pupils to a high standard. Here, the early advantages are greatly inferior—their domestic music is made by the Negro. Church music among the Methodists, who are by far the largest denomination, is Congregational singing, after the obsolete, and to many Northerners, unheard of fashion of *lining* the hymn. With such early preparations girls are sent to school with the expectation that they will return accomplished musicians. The teacher must work them up to a few pieces at least, and half of these songs. With all these disadvantages sometimes the finest talent is developed, a talent and enthusiasm greater than we meet under more fortunate circumstances. The novelty adds to and increases the taste. If these early promises which *have* been found here do not result in *more* than a tolerably taught scholar, it may be on account of the limited time girls study. Young ladies are too old to attend school after they are sixteen, and getting "old maids" at *eighteen*.

The Mississippi lady objects to "Negro Melodies," and certainly as a part of musical education they are about as appropriate as "Mother Goose's Melodies" would be for a reading book in one of your Grammar Schools—they are justly considered too as equivocal proofs of taste. But if they may be allowed anywhere, it is in this section, where the sentiment, language, expression of them is so familiar. Although first published at the North, you there know nothing of the power and pathos given them here. The whites first learn them—the negroes catch the air and words from once hearing, after which woods and fields resound with their strains—the whites catch the expression from these sable minstrels—thus Negro Melodies have an effect here not dreamed of at the North. I have spent an evening of as hearty, if not as high enjoyment, seated in state on the wide piazza, listening to a negro singing his melodies accompanied by his banjo, now grave now gay, as I ever did in Tremont Temple or the Melodeon, and as I expect to in the new Music Hall. When I heard Jenny Lind sing "Home, sweet Home" it caused such an emotion as I never before experienced; it might be *exquisite home-sickness*. "Old Folks at Home," as I hear it shouted from house to house, from the fields and in the vallies, has an effect scarcely inferior. I find myself often humming the chorus and even dream at night,

"Oh, comrades, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the dear friends at home."

This has little to do with musical education in the main, but much in effect. A thing that speaks so to the heart is hard to be reasoned down. We might teach all the New England songs ever published, and sing with the expression that none but a Northerner thus far from home *can* feel, "I love, I love the snow," without the effect that one of these simple melodies has. These are by no means part and parcel of the lessons taught, although they will be learned. I have heard "Songs without Words," "Wedding March," "Invitation à la Valse," &c., &c., given with as much truth and earnestness here as I ever heard from a *learner* in Boston. Many little fingers are improving in

skill as well as delighting little heads with the sweet melodies from "Schumann's Album," number first. These may seem the A B C part to you, but can one do better than begin, in Boston? Beethoven's Sonatas are not entirely unknown here, but I confess they are by no means daily companions.

It is greatly to be regretted, I think, that teachers of such inferior stamp only should be found in Mississippi as to give the Lady Correspondent so much disgust for the class. Would it not be well to send some real Professors as missionaries musical to that land, for the benefit of the rising generation and to raise the reputation of the fraternity at home. Respectfully yours,

"A DOWN EAST MUSIC TEACHER."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XVIII.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13. I see Eisfeldt is to give us one of Onslow's works at his next Soirée. This is a name little if at all known in this country, though known very favorably in Europe. Onslow, the grandson of an English Earl of the same name, was, according to an English authority, born at Clermont in Aumerge in 1784, where his father, who had married a French lady, and preferred continental to English life, then resided. The family is said to be nearly connected with the Onslows of North Carolina. George studied the piano-forte at Hamburg with Dussek, and afterward at London with Cramer. At the age of twenty-three he turned his attention to composition and became a pupil of Reicha, Professor of the Conservatory at Paris. He spent afterwards some years at Vienna during the lifetime of Beethoven and formed his style of chamber compositions upon his. He then returned to France, purchased an estate at Clermont, married a Rouen lady, and, being rich, devoted himself to music, spending his winters mostly in Paris. He ranks very high; perhaps, in chamber music, at the head of living composers, for I suppose him still to be living.

He has written two (perhaps more) operas, the *Alcade de la Vega* and the *Colporteur*, both very successful, the latter especially so. Among his published works are 15 quartets, and 10 quintets, for stringed instruments, 1 sextet for piano with accompaniment for wind instruments and contrabasso, and many trios, sonatas, &c. The one to be performed by Eisfeldt is no doubt a recent one, as it is numbered Op. 50.

Feb. 14th. Everybody who knows anything about Haydn, knows that on the death of his patron, he, being then for the first time free, was invited over to London by John Peter Salomon, where he composed his best symphonies, those indeed in which he comes the nearest to the three or four of those great works of Mozart which are only surpassed by Beethoven. This Salomon belonged to a family in Bonn, where he was born in 1745. He early joined the orchestra of the Elector of Cologne, and used to play from the same book with old Ries, father of the pupil of Beethoven. Salomon left Bonn, when the boy Ludwig was but eleven years old, but of course carried with him a knowledge of the wondrous child who even then was famous for playing the difficult studies of Bach. Time passed on. Salomon settled in London and established there the concerts for which Haydn composed. These and others he continued down to 1813, when the Philharmonic Society was formed. During this time his young townsman had been in Vienna, gradually gaining the name of the greatest of composers. And now comes the anecdote which I have in mind—perhaps old, but none the less appropriate just now.

Some of the members of the new Society were desirous of trying the last Symphony of the Vienna genius, which had just reached England. But it was the composition of a deaf man, and outraged all previous notions of symphonic composition. The first was acknowledged by all to be lovely—just like Haydn and Mozart; the second original and wayward, but excellent; the third immensely long and the first two parts good, the second part—Dead March—overwhelmingly grand, though too long; the fourth a perfect specimen of a Symphony; but this one in C minor—this would never do! Salomon thought the

idea of bringing it out "mad and impracticable," and was only induced by the earnest entreaty of a friend whom he much valued, to consent to lead it at a rehearsal, by way of giving it a trial. The parts were distributed. Salomon, with many misgivings, took the bâton, gave the signal, and the band plunged into that extraordinary movement so singularly constructed of four notes. Nothing was ever heard like it. The movement was about one third played when the conductor could no longer contain himself. He stopped suddenly and exclaimed, "This is the finest composition of Beethoven that I ever heard!"

Fine Arts.

Massachusetts Academy of Fine Arts.

SECOND ARTICLE.

We called attention last week to some of the pictures by the New York artists, but had not space to notice all. Let us now continue the inspection of more of the gems of this our little pet gallery—for it has become a pet and the favorite resort of all our true amateurs of Art.

G. A. BAKER stands deservedly very high in the estimation of his brother artists, as well as in the public eye. His clear and delicate coloring, uniting tone and richness of tinting with careful drawing, has won him great admiration for his portraits. In his picture, No. 60, entitled "Summer Hours," we see his capabilities for something more than mere portraiture. He has proved that he has sometimes leisure to dream—that although he, like most artists, is obliged to come in rude contact with the world and its realities, yet he can at will call up bright visions of the beautiful, chasing away gloomy clouds and substituting an atmosphere *couleur de rose*. Here is a day-dream snatched from oblivion and set down in glowing colors. A true bit of poetic inspiration. It represents a golden summer's afternoon—bright and glorious with sunshine. A party of youthful maidens are roaming through the greenwood, decorating themselves with flowers, or reposing under the thick foliage. Their faces are lighted with happiness and flushed with pleasure.

It is a most pleasing picture—full of rich, varied color, and painted with a generous pallet. Let us hope that the artist may dream again and that another glimpse may brighten on his canvas.

J. F. CROSEY is known as one of the foremost landscape artists of New York. He has sent us (since your notice of the opening) a large canvas, with "Recollections of Italy" as its title. This is in many respects a most excellent work of art, although we cannot give it our unqualified admiration—judging by a high standard. The composition is fine; the arrangement of lines without reproach, and the ideas conveyed are of a strong poetic cast, though hackneyed. Some portions of the picture are executed with a masterly hand and win the admiration of many who are carried away by the dangerous allurements of manner. How prone is the artist to be charmed and led astray by this desire to throw colors dexterously and freely upon his canvas, even to the sacrifice of his general ideas! This is the fault we recognize in this work. There is too much show of paint. We can pick out beautiful passages, glowing bits and tints throughout the picture. But there is to our mind a want of breadth and general effect and of that harmony of the whole so necessary to repose and quiet poetic beauty. In Boston, those who have not travelled have formed their ideal upon the works of Allston and some few good specimens of the old masters. This has chastened the public taste and opened our eyes in a measure to the defects of false brilliancy of color and crudeness of every kind. 'Tis true that this feeling has been

carried too far, so that nothing but brown and yellow tones, dusky with smoke and age, have a good chance of admiration. And with some even it has almost become a fashion to decry the delicate and beautiful creations of Allston.

GIFFORD has sent us two small pictures. His name has been heretofore unknown to us, but these specimens of his talent augur much for his future eminence. No. 44, "View near the Hudson," is particularly charming. There is a naïveté, a natural freshness of color in it which must strike every one. There is no exaggeration of color here—no straining for effect. The water is transparent and clear, with its long, dancing reflections of foliage and bright sails. If there is a criticism we would make, it is that there is too great a prevalence of green in this picture.

We have also two landscapes by CRANCH, with whose pictures we are quite familiar. These are two of his most agreeable efforts. No. 52, "View of Egg Rock," Nahant, is quite truthful. He has given the sea-beaten rock its peculiar characteristics, and the water is freely and freshly painted. No. 62, "The Indian Retreat," is well composed and the idea well rendered. The sky and extreme distance possess a charming grey, aerial tint. But in truth we are bound to say that the rocks and trees of the foreground strike us as being too crude and cold, and wanting in delicacy and harmony of color.

There are others of the New York artists whom we have not yet mentioned. We hope soon to have an opportunity. c.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 26, 1853.

RICHARD WAGNER.

THIRD ARTICLE.*

We attempted some time since to give our readers an outline of this modern Gluck's new theory of Operatic composition, as developed in the three volumes of his book, entitled "Opera and Drama." We have already stated his fundamental criticism upon the Opera as hitherto existing: to wit, that the mistake has lain in the endeavor to construct it on the basis of absolute music, making music the end instead of the means; whereas the only true lyric drama, hitherto never realized, can spring only from the marriage of poetry and music. In his own operas, his *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, he thinks to have emancipated the poet from that completely menial relation in which he has stood to the musician, merely furnishing the latter with some slight verbal text for the forms in which he chooses to compose, as recitative, arias, *ensembles*, chorus, ballet, &c.—and thus producing texts or libretti of the most empty, trivial character. Here is a double slavery; the composer cuts his music to the fashionable patterns required by the singers for the display of their voices and *tours de force*; while the poet writes to order for the composer. In the drama according to Wagner, the music is nothing but the art of expressing the thoughts furnished by the poem.

His whole thinking on the subject seems to have fallen under the control of an ingenious simile. He makes Poetry the masculine and Music the feminine element of expression. He denies to Music any power of independent production; and considers all the efforts of absolute, or pure instrumental, music as doomed to ever-

lasting impotence, as so much barren yearning for delivery. This he thinks to be the characteristic of all our modern instrumental music, in symphony, and overture and chamber music. Instrumental music exhausts itself in a vain struggle after definite expression. In confirmation of which criticism, he points to the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, the genius *par excellence* and last word of instrumental music. After striving in vain for utterance through the orchestra, until the instruments themselves do all but speak in human recitative, he suddenly bursts its bonds and calls in words, the "Hymn to Joy" of Schiller. And that bold act, thinks Wagner, marks the transition from the music of the past to the music of the future, from music pure, and barren, to music in its true and fruitful function as co-factor with Poetry in the living and perfect Drama. Music, according to him, can only hear, it cannot generate; the generating power is extraneous to it and resides only in the poet.

We perhaps wrong his thought in this bold statement, divesting it of all that wealth of ingenious and happy illustration with which he develops it. But we believe we give the kernel of the thought. Richard Wagner is himself both poet and musician, alike an adept at both arts; he has carefully prepared his own librettos; and it must be a satisfaction for once to have librettos which, when only read, amount to real poems. His practice, too, in this double character of poet-composer, may be better than his theory. *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* may be works of genius;—genius enough to save them from the consequences of the worst preconceived theory of composition. But we must say, this theory hardly chimes with musical experience. We do not think that any true music-lover, who has had personal experience of the power with which Beethoven's symphonies address the deeper instincts of the soul, would willingly exchange them for any amount of the best poetry skillfully set to Recitative. We do not think it will be owned, by true music-lovers, that instruments have failed, in those instances, to convey some meaning; that those Adagios and Scherzos are not *bonâ fide* live creations, real deliveries of divine brain-children, or that they convey to you no adequate expression of the tone-artist's inmost life and purpose. Nor is it at all true to history that instrumental or pure music exhausts itself in a vain effort and is on the decline. On the contrary, the age runs into instrumental music; no music has such power over a community at all musically cultivated, as that in the grand orchestral forms; and it is matter of almost universal experience, that as we grow more musical the love for instrumental music outgrows and outlives the love for vocal. Music may correspond to the feminine principle:—so far we do not quarrel with Wagner's analogy. But what is the feminine principle in the soul? It is Feeling, Sentiment, as contrasted with the colder masculine principle of Intellect or Reason. Words are the language of the intellect, tones are the language of the heart. Love and Wisdom (no one disputes the axiom of the Swedish seer in this) are the feminine and masculine principle in the universe. But Love is first, before and deeper than Wisdom. And so the poet says:

"Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought," &c.

It is this Feeling, this *something deeper* in us than words can utter, or than can ever take the

* See Nos. IX. and X. of this volume (Dec. 4 and 11.)

definite forms of thought, that seeks its utterance in music, as its only natural language. It is this that necessitates the art of music in the life of man. The symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven never had existed but for these experiences in human souls of something deeper, finer, more essential than words were ever framed to utter. Vague are they? But the very definiteness of words perverts their sense and puts their heavenly influence to flight. Why do our deeper moods love silence? Music is but the audible breath of such full silence. Hence there may be, there should be profound moral and spiritual culture in listening sympathetically to great instrumental music. You want no words; you do not ask a literal meaning; you enter into the spirit of it, which is somehow wondrously in harmony with deeper depths than you were perhaps aware of in your spirit. No, Herr Wagner! the great tone-poet does not need the word-poet to impregnate his creative genius, or to furnish him the wherewithal to express himself. Pure music is a very subtle, perfect medium of expression. Its fluid, universal language conveys the deep and universal sentiments, the sense of the Infinite, the spiritual part of us, in which we are all most deeply related to one another and to the source of all, as words with their limitations and distinctions never can do. No human being, not even Coleridge or Goethe, or Shakspeare, lives more fully revealed, expressed, communicated to mankind, than Beethoven, the meaning of whose life and character flowed almost wholly into instrumental music. Those symphonies may not be rendered into words; yet who that loves them deeply does not feel that he *knows* Beethoven? Dumb otherwise, as he was deaf, almost, yet what great soul has succeeded better in making himself understood? And should the Choral Symphony become universally recognized the greatest, will that be at the expense of the other Symphonies? shall we love the Fifth and the Seventh and the "Pastoral" less, that we love the last one more? Did the orchestra in that one outburst into human speech yield up its soul forever, and pronounce pure instrumental music henceforth obsolete? The musical genius of mankind says no; it plunges more and more deeply into the mysteries of instrumental music, *because* it has more to utter than words and voices can convey. It remains to see whether the zest of symphonies and overtures and quartets will sicken under the new charm of the interminable Wagner recitative, shaped to the mould of cunningly contrived alliterative verses, borrowing from them its only melody or rhythm, and for modulation knowing no key-note, but swimming ambiguously in all keys at once.

But we anticipate. We must see how Wagner theoretically arrives at and justifies these peculiarities of style, or rather of musical structure. The generative power of the poet, he says, manifests itself chiefly in the *formation of melodies*. Not that he supplies the melodies ready made to the musician's hand. He says repeatedly, to be sure, that the melody is already implied in the versification of the poem; but then he explains this to mean that the poet in his verse gives the musician the fructifying seeds; "the fruit is matured and moulded by the musician according to his own individual means." "The risings and fallings of the melody must conform to the risings and fallings of the verse; the musical time or measure is governed by the expression designed by the poet; and the musical modulation brings out as clearly as possible the bond of relationship between the single tones or keys of feeling, which the poet could only indicate to a limited extent

by means of *alliteration*." As an instance of a melody thus springing immediately out of the word-verse, he cites the manner in which Beethoven in his Ninth Symphony has set the words: *Seid umschlungen, Millionen, &c.* ("Mingle in embrace, ye millions"). In *Lohengrin* all the melodies are made upon this principle.

Wagner proclaims a sort of revolution in the sphere of Modulation. Hitherto it has been supposed essential to any unity in a piece of music, that all its harmonies should pivot as it were upon one prevailing key; that the deviations therefrom should keep as much as possible within the *next* related keys, as those of the Dominant and Subdominant, Relative Major or Minor, and so forth; and that, however excursive or centrifugal the movement everything in it should still gravitate back to the central key-note and starting-point. A certain family affinity of keys, with only exceptional intermarriages of now and then a branch into a remoter race, has been an essential law of all good music. Wagner throws down the barriers of this *patriarchal* system of modulation, as he calls it. He wants the whole range of keys; these are to the musician what the vowels and consonants are to the poet, who intimates affinities and contrasts of feelings by alliteration; and the musician has to show the ground-relationship of all the keys of feeling. Thus Wagner makes a formal declaration of independence against the patriarchal regime: "All keys are equal, and essentially related; the privileges of tone-families are abolished." In his *Lohengrin* he has practiced accordingly. All who have heard that opera, admit that "he has fully succeeded in abolishing all individuality of keys;—F sharp minor sounds like G minor, and G minor like C sharp minor; he carries you from D major to G major, through A flat minor; the mixture of the tri-chords of B flat, G flat and A is a very common modulation with him; in short he actually allows us to hear nothing but the monotonous "ground-relationship of all the keys."

A striving towards a similar result is truly said to characterize the music of our time. Composers like Schubert, Chopin, Schumann and Robert Franz seem to chafe against the limits of our diatonic scale and the modulation it prescribes; they blend the different keys together, as if to make out one more rich and universal. But Wagner was the first to raise this to a principle. Having to bridge his way so often in the shortest manner from one to another of all twenty-four keys, he naturally has recourse to perpetual employment of the chord of the *diminished seventh*, which is the transitional element *par excellence* in harmony, binding the most heterogeneous keys together. *Lohengrin* is full of Diminished Sevenths, accompanying the recitative; indeed it is said there is a scene in it, occupying sixteen pages in the piano-forte arrangement, where you hear absolutely nothing but diminished sevenths. It must be like tossing on the restless sea of harmony without course or compass.

But instead of any preconceived judgment of our own, we mean soon to give the report of an intelligent hearer, which we find in the shape of a letter from no less a person than the composer, Robert Franz. Meanwhile another brief article shall conclude our outline.

Concerts of the Past Week.

THE CONCERTS of the past week must be despatched very briefly.

The GERMANIA SOCIETY had a full, but not as overfull a house as usual on Saturday. And yet, strange to say, the programme was of the kind called *popular*. It contained no Symphony,—unless that piano-forte Concerto by Litolff can be so called;—a work entirely in the brilliant, modern style, and in which JAEHL displayed such mastery of terrific difficulties, as disposes us to ask incredulously: "What more, O Gottschalk! and O all ye other virtuosos!" The work itself we liked better than at first hearing. If the theme of the first movement (*Maestoso*) was whimsical and empty, it was so strongly and triumphantly put through, with such scientific force of logic and telling richness of instrumentation, as to excite a pleasing wonder. The *fiddle-de-dee*, fiffing little

tune in the Scherzo, it seems, is a Dutch national air; and there is another of more majesty in the finale; for the work was composed for a festival in honor of the king of Belgium. The overture to *Meeresstille, &c.* (Calm seas and prosperous voyage) by Mendelssohn, was a most graphic and delightful musical water-scene. Bennett's overture: "The Wood Nymph," made all smile by its devout reflection of the style of Mendelssohn; it is graceful, delicate music, but too long for its amount of original matter. Miss LEHMANN was not in her best state, yet she gave a tragic force to *Ah, mon fils*, and was encored in *Ernani, involami*. Little CAMILLA, smiling under her wreath, played charmingly as ever.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY give an *extra* concert to-morrow evening, repeating the programme of last Sunday. Then they had the Music Hall packed full of hearers. The selections from the "Messiah," including the delicious pastoral symphony, the recitative "There were Shepherds," given in Miss STONE's noblest tones, the high, crystal-ringing angel chorus, the air "Come unto him," sweetly sung by Miss WESTWORTH, "We all like Sheep" and (the crowning glory of the evening) the "Hallelujah Chorus," were eminently satisfactory. Beethoven's "Engeli," lacking not its peculiar traits of power and beauty, seemed, coming after Handel, like music of another age and sphere.

The audience encroached upon the stage and mingled almost with the chorus. Whether this restrained the timid ones or screened the lazy, we know not; but it did seem frequently that the *soprano* of the chorus lacked mass and breadth, and as if their part was chiefly done by some half a dozen telling voices. If the singers will not, all sing, choral effects of light and shade, *crescendo*, &c. are quite impossible. We learn, however, that the extracts from the "Messiah" were given without rehearsal.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY. . . . The Afternoon Rehearsal of this week is postponed to Tuesday next. The last was made extremely interesting by the Seventh Symphony, and other good things.

THE GERMANIANS have an Extra Rehearsal this afternoon.—(See card.)

OTTO DRESEL's Concert, too, is announced with that unwelcome, melancholy adjective, "the last." Well, the summer is but a brief episode in our northern year; but it blooms all the year round in the memory and in our lives if we enjoy it *truly*. Mr. D.'s programme, for Wednesday, is a very rich one. The Concerto of Bach and the Septuor of Hummel, and his own Trio, will all be objects of fresh interest.

No arguments are needed to turn all our music-lovers to the farewell Concert of Miss LEHMANN this evening. The bare possibility that it may be the last hearing of a singer, in whom we have all become so deeply interested, makes it an opportunity by no means to be foregone.

Don't forget the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTET CLUB, next Thursday night. Their programme, too, is of the choicest.

NEWBURYPORT. . . . The "GERMANIANS," with CAMILLA URSO, will enchant our friends at Newburyport on Monday with one of their choice programmes. This Concert is the last of six, got up by subscription under the able direction of Messrs. R. E. Mosely and E. Griffin. We congratulate our "Down East" neighbors on the musical progress evinced by this willingness to sustain six such instrumental performances in one season.

NEW YORK.—Madame SONTAG has been delighting crowded audiences this week with *La Sonnambula* and *Don Pasquale*; but she will soon leave off, at the height of her popularity, to return "when June makes Castle Garden attractive, and the Crystal Palace fills the city with strangers." Yet we hear of her designing to fill a portion of the interim with the *Lent-on* entertainment of a few concerts, with the aid of Salvini, Badiali, &c.

GOTTSCALK's second concert seems to have produced about the same impressions upon different kinds of hearers as his first. The *Home Journal* finds the same difference between his playing and that of the other eminent pianists who have visited us that there is "between rhetoric and eloquence, between speech and song, between prose and poetry." We think we have heard some pianists, who could not be set down as mere rhetoricians. He does not come to Boston at present, but revisits first his home in New Orleans, giving a concert on the wing at Philadelphia.

PAUL JULIEN's benefit concert, on the evening of Washington's Birth-day, filled the Metropolitan Hall to overflowing. Sontag and her troupe volunteered their aid, and the little genius was as fascinating as ever with

his violin. He closed with an original fantasia in honor of the Father of our Country, introducing national airs. We hear he has engagements in Europe.

Meanwhile another girl prodigy of the violin, a protégée of Sontag's, aged 12, and a Venetian, who has excited enthusiasm in Italy, Germany and St. Petersburg, was about to sail, it is said, from Venice, in season to reach New York by the first of April. Her name is MARIETTA SERATO.

A Complimentary Concert is to be given on the 1st of March to Mr. Wm. H. FRY, on the largest scale, by the societies and artists who performed the illustrations in his recent course of lectures, and with the hope, it is said, of making good his loss (four thousand dollars) by that liberal enterprise.

MAX MARETZKE, with his troupe, Salvi, Marini, Steffanone, Bertucca, &c., have returned from a successful operatic tour in Mexico.

The *Home Journal* says: Including Madame Alboni's performances and those of the Bishop and Thillon troupes, we have had about sixty opera nights and seventy grand concerts this season, nearly all of which have been well attended. New York has spent not less than a quarter of a million for its winter music—probably a much greater sum.

London

CHAMBER CONCERTS. The busy *impresario* in this sphere, which Englishmen do greatly affect, Mr. ELLA, resumed his "Musical Winter Evenings" at Willis's rooms, on the 5th. CHARLES HALLE, fresh from his own most successful series in Manchester was the pianist. The other executants were Molque, Melon, Goffrie, Webb and Piatti. The programme included Mozart's Quartet in D, No. 10; Beethoven's Sonata with the *Marcia Funebre*; Mendelssohn's Quintet in A; Schubert's Trio in E flat, Op. 100; and piano solos. For the remaining concerts Mlle. Clauss and Pauer were engaged.

Herr JANSÄ announces "Six Soirées Musicales," at the New Beethoven Rooms. Compositions of the masters and several new works of his own, with the aid of F. Hennen (violin), C. Goffrie (tenor), and W. F. Reed (violin alto) are promised.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET commenced his fourth season of "Classical Piano-forte Music," on the 19th.

"Among the artists already engaged we perceive the names of Messrs. Sauton, Molique, Jansa, Goffrie, W. F. Reed, Piatti, Bottesini, Lutgen, Clinton, Barrett, and Jarrett, as instrumentalists; and the Misses Dolby and Poole, and Madame Macfarren, as vocalists.

M. Alexandre Billet presents his subscribers, on the opening night, among other choice *morceaux*, with Mendelssohn's quartet in F minor, for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello; the same composer's "Characteristic Stücke," No. 4, in A major, and the "Presto Scherzando, in F sharp minor; and Beethoven's grand trio, in E flat, for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello."

Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER's "First Soirée of Chamber Music" (Fifth Season) took place Feb. 10th. He was assisted by Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam and the Misses Dolby; Herren Pauer and Jansa, M. Rousselot and Sig. Biletta.

Mr. STERNDALÉ BENNETT's "Classical Soirées" began on the 1st of February. Mr. Bennett was the first to institute this delightful species of entertainment in England. Being the best pianist and composer whom that country has produced, he is able to bring forward works of his own that contrast not too unfavorably with those of the great masters which enrich his programmes. Although he has not of late years written as much as was expected from his early career (when he composed the overtures to *Naiades* and *Waldsymphonie*, in which he has so caught the trick of Mendelssohn, or rather suffered it to catch him,) he has yet maintained his eminence among the many rivals in the business of Chamber Concerts. On Tuesday he played Mendelssohn's first sonata-duo, for piano and cello, with Sig. Piatti; Beethoven's Trio in E flat, with Sauton and Piatti, and Sonata-duo, in C minor, with Sauton; also three of his own piano pieces: a study in E, from his first book of "*Capricci en forme d'Etudes*," a Scherzo in E minor, and *Allegro-Grazioso* in A; also some of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. Mrs. Enderssohn sang "the most beautiful of all the vocal compositions for the chamber, of Beethoven," the *Liederkreis* (circle of songs) and a plaintive romance by Mendelssohn, "Waiting."

MADAME PLEYEL, on her way to the provinces, gave a fashionable concert at Hanover Square Rooms, Jan. 31st. The *Musical World* speaks thus of the pieces in which she took part:

"In the quartet of Mendelssohn (that in B minor—the

most splendid and elaborate of the three) Madame Pleyel was powerfully supported by M. Sauton, Mr. Clementi, and Signor Piatti. The time at which she takes the first Allegro, Scherzo, and Finale, though in strict conformity with the composer's directions, and with his own manner of performing them, would be perilous in any but a pianist of extraordinary mechanical endowments; but with such unflinching powers of execution as are the gift of Madame Pleyel there can never be any doubt as to the result. It would be literally impossible to play the singularly original Scherzo with more vigor, distinctness and rapidity. The *finale*, with its spirited and well-developed *coda*, was equally noticeable for the uncompromising speed with which it was given, and the art with which the accomplished pianist contrived at the same time to introduce the most delicate *nuances*, and the happiest contrasts, wherever indicated by the composer, whose own unrivalled command of the instrument led him, on more than one occasion, to be almost numerical in taxing the resources of performers. The Sonata of Beethoven (in F)—one of the most melodious inspirations of its author—was played with equal grace and spirit. This has always been a favorite with Madame Pleyel, who has never been more efficiently supported in the violin part than by M. Sauton, a thorough Beethovenist in feeling, besides being a violinist of the first class.

In the execution of the brilliant fantasias of the "ultra-modern" school, Madame Pleyel has no superior, and in some respects no equal. To praise her performance of the "Patineurs," from the *Prophète*—one of the most extravagant, and, at the same time, it must be admitted, one of the most effective and brilliant of Liszt's transcriptions," would be superfluous. Of Thalberg's fantasia, Madame Pleyel only gave a fragment, beginning from the theme of the popular serenade, "Come e Gentil." The *Tarentella* of Rossini, another of Liszt's happy arrangements, owes, like the "Patineurs," most of its popularity to Madame Pleyel, to whose light and supple fingers it is well adapted. This well-known *morceau*, dashed off with impetuous and unparalleled rapidity, brought the concert to a close, amid enthusiastic applause."

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. M. Berlioz having retired, Herr Lindpaintner, the composer, and Kapelmeister to the king of Wurtemberg, will arrive in London about the first of March, to conduct the first four concerts.

THE PURCELL CLUB, established to do honor to the most illustrious of English musicians, held its anniversary meeting Feb. 1st, at the Albion. The chair was filled by Prof. Taylor, of Gresham College, the founder and president of the club; there was a full attendance of members, distinguished musicians and *dilettanti*.

The musical entertainments of the evening consisted, as usual, of a selection of sacred and secular music composed by "the mighty master." Three of his finest anthems were performed—"O praise God," "O God, thou hast cast us out," and "Thy word is a lantern,"—in a manner which showed his transcendent genius as a sacred composer. The anthems had been carefully rehearsed, and the effect of their performance was wonderful. We do not think that any composer, from Handel to Beethoven, has produced anything more rich in harmony, more powerful in expression, or more sublime in effect, than the concluding chorus of the anthem, "O God, thou hast cast us out."

The secular portion of the entertainment consisted of the "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day." Dryden's Ode to St. Cecilia's Day is familiar to every schoolboy; and yet there are not many people who know anything about the patron saint of music, or of the observances paid to her in England in "the olden time." We extract, therefore, from the books of the Purcell Club the account of the festival in honor of St. Cecilia, given in a periodical of the year 1692:

"The 22nd of November, being St. Cecilia's Day, is observed through all Europe by the lovers of music. On that day, or the next when it falls on a Sunday, most of the lovers of music, whereof many are persons of the first rank, meet at Stationers' Hall in London, not through a principle of superstition, but to propagate the advancement of that divine science. A splendid entertainment is provided, and before it is always a performance of music by the best voices and hands in town; the words, which are always in the patroness's praise, are set by some of the greatest masters in town. Six stewards are chosen for each successive year. This feast is one of the gentlest in the world; there are no formalities nor gatherings like at others, and the appearance there is always very splendid. While the company is at table the hautbois and trumpets play successively."

The annual celebrations of the Feast of St. Cecilia took place in Stationers' Hall from the year 1683 to 1903. There was always an ode, written by the most popular poet, and composed by the most popular musician of the day. Among the poets we find the names of Dryden, Shadwell, D'Urfey, and Congreve; and, among the composers, Purcell, Draghi, Clarke, Blow, and Eccles—all men of eminence. Pope afterwards wrote an ode for St. Cecilia's Day; but Pope had neither taste nor ear for music, and wrote merely because Dryden had written before him; and we are not aware that anybody ever set his poem to music.

The Ode of 1692, written by Brady, the well-known versifier of the Psalms, with Purcell's music, performed last night, is, in so far as the music is concerned, a most magnificent work. Its melodies are still (and, we believe,

will always be) fresh and beautiful; and, in the choral passages, there is a masterly construction with a greatness of effect, which, down to the present day, has never been surpassed. So much for the musical portion of this interesting meeting.

It appears that the Purcell Club is in a most prosperous condition.—*Daily News*, Feb. 2.

MADRIGAL SOCIETY. The 112th anniversary festival of this great and time-honored society was held last evening at Freemasons' Hall. About a hundred members and visitors sat down to dinner, the chair being occupied by Lord Saltoun, the president of the society, whose cheerful urbanity enhanced the pleasure of the evening. A selection of masterpieces of the 16th and 17th centuries were sung in the usual manner, the time being given by Mr. King, the conductor, and nearly the whole company, arranged according to their respective voices, joining in the harmony. The whole of the first part of the performance was stated to be "from a rare set of books recently discovered, written about the year 1610." These pieces are anonymous; but they are believed to be by some of the greatest masters of the time. They have been published, in score, by Mr. Oliphant, the Society's secretary, to whom the public is so much indebted for his labors in this branch of the art. Besides them, a number of fine madrigals, by Willbye, Luca Marenzio, Cavendish, Weelkes, and other old masters, were sung.—*News*, Jan. 21.

Advertisements.

EXTRA PUBLIC REHEARSAL,

BY THE
GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY,
On Saturday Afternoon, February 26, at 3 o'clock,
AT THE
BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The very unfavorable weather on the last two Wednesdays having prevented a great many from using their Wednesday Tickets, we have, for the purpose of enabling our patrons to deliver their Tickets, announced the above Rehearsal, and will admit the Wednesday Tickets.

In answer to the many inquiries, we would state that we shall remain in Boston until the commencement of April, and give Public Rehearsals as usual.

Packages of Eight Tickets, \$1: Single Tickets, 25 cents, at the usual places.

MLLE. CAROLINE LEHMANN

Begs to announce that her LAST CONCERT IN BOSTON will take place

On Saturday Evening, Feb. 26,
AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
ASSISTED BY

Mlle. CAMILLA URSO,
ALFRED JAEHL,
OTTO DRESEL, and the

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY,
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF CARL BERGMANN.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. Jubel Overture,.....Weber.
By the GERMANIA SOCIETY.
2. Recitative and Air, from *Fidelio*,.....Beethoven.
Sung by Mlle. LEHMANN.
3. Piano Forte Duet,.....Moscheles.
Executed by ALFRED JAEHL and OTTO DRESEL.
4. Aria, "But the Lord is mindful of his own," from
St. Paul,.....Mendelssohn.
Sung by Mlle. LEHMANN.
5. Violin Solo,.....Alard.
Executed by Mlle. CAMILLA URSO.
6. Swedish Song,.....Lindblad.
Sung by Mlle. LEHMANN.

Part II.

1. Overture to "Masaniello,".....Auber.
By the GERMANIA SOCIETY.
2. Casta Diva,.....Bellini.
Sung by Mlle. LEHMANN.
3. Piano Forte Solo,.....Alfred Jaehl.
Executed by ALFRED JAEHL.
4. Romanza from "Anna Bolena,".....Donizetti.
Sung by Mlle. LEHMANN.
5. Wedding March, from "Midsummer Night's
Dream,".....Mendelssohn.
By the GERMANIA SOCIETY.

Single Tickets, 50 cents each, to be had at the Music Stores and Hotels, also at the door on the evening of the concert. Doors open at 6½; Concert commences at 8 o'clock.

SIGNOR G. C. GUIDI respectfully informs his former pupils and the public, that he has resumed his instructions in SINGING, after the Italian school, with the intention to settle permanently in Boston. In order to accommodate those who may not wish to take private instruction, he will open classes for ladies and gentlemen, on moderate terms. None but good voices will be admitted. Terms liberal for persons intending to study for professional purposes.

Sig. G. can be consulted free upon any musical subject, daily, from 12 to 2, at Mr. Hew's Piano Manufactory, No. 365 Washington street, where terms and time for classes may be known. Orders or notes for Sig. G. may be addressed to him at G. P. Reed & Co's Music Store, 17 Tremont Row, and at Oliver Ditson's, 115 Washington street. Feb. 5.

DWIGHT'S Journal of Music.

A Paper of Art and Literature.

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A Letter about Richard Wagner.

[We translate the following from the Leipzig *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. In placing it at the disposal of that journal, by request, the writer, ROBERT FRANZ, states that it is a portion of a private letter to a well-known poet.]

***** You write me about the Opera and about what you call "demoniacal" music. I answer both in one breath, while I tell you about—Richard Wagner.

And first a confession, which from the lips of a musician must sound almost comical. A short time since I had not heard a note of Wagner, and my prepossession was founded merely upon a glance into the score of the *Tannhäuser*. There everything to the eye was so confused and long-winded, no working together, mere disconnected musical monologue, I was agonized; for although universal suffrage is an integral part of the rational constitution in the musical republic, yet here 'as everywhere else it presupposes decent common sense. Men and notes are then only veritable and self-governing republicans, when they support the *whole* and do not with steadfast satisfaction ogle themselves or with

forth-putting egoism strive to erect a separate planetary system.—So I shared the aversion of nearly all my brother artists to the two-fold rebel, and made it a matter of conscience to cross myself devoutly at the mention of the name of Wagner, put on a long face and say to myself with pharisaical unction: "Lord, I thank thee," &c. Chance, rather than desire, put into my hands his book, *Kunstwerk der Zukunft* ("The Art of the Future.") To my great surprise I gained from this work the conviction that the composer must have a good sum of clear and orderly ideas in his head, and that he could undertake absolutely nothing, that would not be justifiable from some higher stand-point.

Liszt was so kind as to invite me to Weimar, and assured me beforehand that the *Lohengrin* would more than compensate me for the journey. The "Art of the Future," together with that adventurous score, had put me in a state of great excitement; but it needed that to entice me so far to an opera. You know that I am as fond of your art as of my own, and will readily comprehend that I am principled against all that has heretofore been called Opera. If I listened to the music, the action would escape me; if I attended to the latter, I lost too much of the former, and indeed lost altogether the words which formed the substratum of the tones!—in short I could make no unity out of it, and carried only fragmentary impressions into it. This disinclination of mine not only extended to Meyerbeer and Flotow, but my heresy touched even Mozart (*on the stage*, observe,) as well as the rest of them. At last I accustomed myself to the thought that my means of judging in regard to stage matters must be very limited;—a suspicion, which gained in probability, when I took into account the lively interest of many, with whom I fully harmonized in all the other cardinal points. Still I adhered firmly to the proposition, that the Opera fritters the poetry to shreds and dismembers the music by the dialogue and other fine things. But after *Lohengrin*, I shall have to view it differently. From the first bar I was in the midst of it, and soon stood in such active reciprocity with what was passing on the stage and in the orchestra, that throughout the whole representation I imagined myself in fact a fellow singer and actor with the rest. How irksome is the frivolity of the French *manner*, which now rules our stage, compared with such deep and noble conception! To be sure, the latter pre-

supposes something, which our present theatre public appears almost to have lost,—namely *abandon* and free sympathetic play of feeling,—a moral process, without which all intelligent understanding of Art is out of the question.

But don't believe that I have become an enthusiast over night. On the contrary I regard the matter very calmly, and shall withhold my blame as little as my praise. . . .

Wagner's opera is a whole, and therefore only enjoyable and understandable *as represented*. Other opera music is suited also to the concert room. Mozart, for instance, is comprehensible to me in his full worth *only* there;—whereas to separate Wagner's music from his poem would be, so to speak, complete annihilation. Hence the impression which the score of *Tannhäuser* made upon me. I had not, in my prejudice against everything called opera, supposed it possible that the music could so mould and subordinate itself to the action, without merging itself entirely. In *Lohengrin* it seems merely to introduce lights and shadows into the picture, merely to adorn emotions and scenes, to render them clear and transparent; it only gives to the effect of the action a longer reach, and extends it to those nerves, which otherwise would have had no part in the enjoyment, and so draws the *whole* man into the magic circle. It never enters its head to expatiate on its own account, or to move in the forms of a traditional or scholastic cut; it accompanies the development of the poem, breathes into it the tender or conjures up the stormy, fills out, recedes or becomes prominent, as there may be necessity. But always you are in the midst of an elaborate, fully justified whole.

But if we view it now from the stand-point of a purely musical criticism, and not as a ramified and complex organism, of which a part only rests upon tones, we find indeed a remarkable poverty. Only a few essential motives mark the musical connection; these are held fast from one end of the opera to the other, and we always see them emerge and turn up again, just when a chaos threatens and when all seems going wilfully to pieces. What is offered you besides these fundamental bodies, seems, taken by itself alone, a disconnected mass, whose centre of gravity resides not in the vocal, but the instrumental music. But do not for the world suppose that these are regular instrumental movements, after the patterns that have become fixed since Beethoven. With Wagner they rest upon pure

sonority, upon the reflex movements of tone. Herein he is great, here the most assiduous studies evidently have borne marvellous fruit. It is a true fable-world, a true rainbow of tones. Unheard of combinations of sound, but throughout of a beauty incomparable. The entire introduction to *Lohengrin* is a fairy element, and one can hardly, even with the critical spectacles on nose, avoid a state of ecstasy and transport. The nerves vibrate, but how?!!

Now upon these tone-combinations, for which I purposely avoid using the fixed idea of "chords," the vocal melody is set. It is kept in peculiar, I might say, in strange intervals, and is almost exclusively in Recitative. Only in rare cases, where a powerful effect absolutely demands it, it rises to an *Arioso*, which naturally, since the stimulant has not been abused, cannot fail of its effect.—It is hard to conceive how the singers can impress upon their memory such apparently ungracious forms of melody; and yet they assure me that, as soon as they once get hold of it, every note stands as if chiselled in the head. Note this; it speaks for your theory, for the natural fundamental bass, and the "demoniacal" formation of accords of which you speak.—For the rest, the music goes with the thoughts to be expressed through thick and thin. The modulation observes no traditional rules, no familiar form; it is entirely dithyrambic: a full chord of C major, and close upon it a D major, is an every-day occurrence. Of symmetrically constructed rhythmic figures there is nothing to be found; one crowds the other forward, restlessly and without perceptible goal. And in spite of these licenses and monstrosities, always the alone right, the indispensably necessary for the time, is hit. Comprehend it, he who can! While with Meyerbeer the refinement is shamefully paraded, here it always works merely in a completing, mediating function, and helps, in spite of its exquisite form, to finish off the whole with charming, naïve grace. I was not once disagreeably affected in the whole course of the performance; on the contrary, the feeling never for a moment left me, that I was in the presence of a grand creation, strong in the consciousness of its title. Whether it were the charm of absolute novelty, or what else, I can name only a very few productions, which have thrilled me so as a whole (*ganz aus dem Vollen*), so "demoniacally," to use your word again, as *Lohengrin*.

And the public? It listened eagerly, devoutly, deeply moved and spell-bound, as if it felt the might of a sonorous stream, flowing towards it out of the heart of the world. Another palpable proof that men, be they ever so *blasé*, feel instinctively and grow believing, so soon as anything is offered them out of the mysterious and yet clear-running fountain of eternal nature. This is in fact the might of the primal energy, of the "demoniacal element," which the world's pettifogging wisdom, unable, as you say, to tell what to make of it, is always ready enough to pronounce demoniacal in the evil sense.

Do you think now that I have come completely over to your view? Do you think that I am convinced with you, that Music in the immediate Future is to undergo a noble expansion? As a handmaid, renouncing its independent estate, yes;—but as exercising its ancient, just right, no! For a thrifty future of the "Art of the Future," in my humble opinion, in spite of Richard Wag-

ner, there can be little hope. He, at once poet and composer, to whom all the labor and all the victory belongs, cannot be seduced into a rivalry with himself; so he lets music be music and he makes an—opera. But what he thereby proves most strikingly is, the poverty of musical invention in our time. He is so penetrated with the misery of the present state of Art, that he makes no conscience of magnifying it.

You have here shortly and concisely my view about Opera and "demoniacal" music, or music resting only upon natural laws of sound. It claims, of course, only the weight of an individual view. Wagner, through his two-fold endowment, is the only man who could create an opera, which in its fundamental conditions is an integral work of Art. Whoever would follow Wagner's tone-tracks and their wind-harp system, without the inborn, genial feeling of the right and necessary, must do sensible injury to himself, and if he be a setter of the fashion, to the Art. Wagner is a—remarkable phenomenon, a thoroughly genial, self-justifying nature; but imitators will still be imitators, and as such will never know how to take home to themselves the ancient truth:

Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi.

ROBERT FRANZ.

ACOUSTIC ARCHITECTURE.

REPLY TO "C.'s" VIEW.

MR. EDITOR:—I feel unwilling to inflict more upon your readers on the subject of Acoustic Architecture, but as "C." in his communication to the *Journal* of the 12th ultimo, has assailed some of my principal points, I crave the indulgence of sufficient space in your columns for a brief reply, promising with this to end the discussion, for the present, so far as I am concerned.

"C." begins by saying that "the desideratum for good acoustic construction evidently being to preserve and equally distribute, with the least possible loss either in purity or force, the primary sound, the aim must be to select such a figure for the plan as shall contain the greatest number of seats within the limits fixed at the extreme of sufficient hearing."

But I deny at the outset that this object at all follows as a logical sequence from the premises laid down in the paragraph just quoted. Nor is this the aim, the principal aim, of a good acoustic construction; but rather the Architecture should be such, that the audience we seek to accommodate shall sufficiently hear the sounds which are presented to them, with distinctness and accuracy, and in all possible purity of tone. And it is important to bear in mind that we dealt with musical sounds only, to the legitimate effect of which intensity is but a secondary consideration. The isacoustic curve of Mr. Scott Russell and others, has reference to articulate sounds, and must be regarded when it is the object to seat as many as possible within reach of the clear articulation of the human voice, which when moderately exerted, as we have before said (p. 66), will, under ordinary circumstances, be distinctly audible at a distance of ninety-two feet in front of the speaker and seventy-five feet on each side, declining in strength behind him so as not to be sufficiently heard at much more than thirty feet. These restrictions will apply to buildings intended for the exhibition of the Opera and the Drama, in which, as a part of the performances are conducted in

the speaking voice, it will not do to transcend the bounds above named, and practically even these are found too great. With musical tones, however, and with the powers of the human voice when exercised *in song*, such narrow limits are not required.

Since, then, it was no part of our purpose to provide such figure for a plan as could seat the greatest number of persons, within the limits fixed for the natural expansion of the human voice, in the ordinary efforts of articulate speech, and as we do not recognize the greatest intensity or amount of noise, as a principal element in producing the best musical effect, what "C." says on these points will go for nothing in the present discussion. But "C." also denies or objects to some of the doctrines and principles advanced, as the basis of our opinions in what shall constitute the kind of structure best suited for musical effect; and demurs both to the materials we would employ, and to the parallelogram shape. Let us consider candidly the nature of his objections, and test the superiority of the changes he would propose.

First, as to Reverberation, which we claimed should be regarded practically as distinct from direct reflection and echo; and grounded our reasoning upon the analogous action of Sound with Light under similar circumstances. As to the truth of this doctrine of light, to which "C." objects, that must be a matter of discussion between him and Herschell, in whose Essay on Light, in the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*, may be found the paragraph in question. We are accountable only for finding its analogy in the phenomena of sound, in like conditions. That Reverberation *does*, in some way, differ from direct reflection or echo; is advocated by Mr. Scott Russell, whom "C." has quoted as authority in one or two instances. As we have explained on a previous page, we are somewhat at variance with Mr. Russell in our views as to the precise nature of this difference. In support of our position, on this point, we still consider the instances adduced, in the series of papers before published, as sufficient for our purpose, at least till a more satisfactory explanation is offered.

In the second place, "C." asserts that "there can be no Resonance from a body not in actual contact with that producing the original sounds;" and he would, speciously, make our own words lead to this conclusion. But let us not be misunderstood here. We spoke indeed of Resonance in contradistinction from reverberation and reflection or echo, with which we believe it has been very generally confounded, and said it was *in effect* synchronous with the original sound,—synchronous as compared with the interval of time that must always elapse in the case of direct reflection. "If the sound," continues "C.," "is conveyed for no matter how minute a distance by the air, and then given out again by another body, this is a case of echo and nothing else." Whence, then, the answering tone from the strings of a Piano when certain notes are sounded in its vicinity. Here the strings are put in actual vibration, as may be perceived by the eye; and yet the only medium of communication, between the vibrating string and the original sounding body, was the intervening air. The experiments of M. Savart on the sonorous vibrations of solids, are interesting, in this connection, and to our mind conclusive, as showing the nature of reso-

nance and how the original sound is thereby intensified, whether the resonant body is in actual contact with that producing the primary sound or not.* A ready illustration may be obtained by singing a note in the vicinity of a large drinking glass, and in the still more familiar experiment of speaking inside the mouth of a barrel. In both these cases the solid materials are put in vibration, and impart a peculiar quality as well as intensity to the tone. Instances are on record where glasses have been broken, in this way, by a powerful voice. It is but a repetition of these experiments, on a larger scale, whenever a musical sound is uttered within the walls of an apartment. To satisfy oneself that the vibrations are thus communicated, in a well-constructed music room, it is only necessary to place the hand upon the walls, during the performance of a symphony or chorus, and they may be felt.

Next, in reference to the capacity of an apartment designed for musical effect; and, here, as to the problem being "so to adjust the proportions and size that the sound shall be powerful enough to reach the audience on its direct passage, and yet weak enough not to return to them from the walls and ceiling;" it is, in the nature of things, impracticable, and deserves only to be mentioned in one sentence to be dismissed in the next. We have before stated that the space limited by the curve of equal hearing applied only to the ordinary efforts of the speaking voice, not to the expansion of a musical tone, though of the same original intensity. "C." is not able to comprehend how a sound, after it leaves the instrument, should be developed by anything that could happen to it on its further passage. How we are fully to account for this phenomenon we do not pretend to say, but of the fact no one who will listen to a band of indifferent performers in the open air, of a summer's evening, first in close proximity to the players and then at a distance, can fail to be convinced. And what is true of a combination of sounds, as in the case just mentioned, is also true in regard to a single musical tone, which is in itself complex, being composed of the fundamental note and its harmonic adjuncts. The tones of a Cremona violin, which were not conspicuous in the rank and file of the orchestra, have been observed to stand out with peculiar prominence and beauty as the hearer receded to a distance. It is the test of a good organ to throw out its sounds with fulness and opulence into the body of a church, though on a near approach its tones may be meagre and thin. It is thus that sounds, musical sounds in space, are developed (we cannot better express our meaning than by this word,) as a rare painting, which, on near inspection, appears crude and unrefined, will ripen into harmony and just proportions when viewed at the requisite distance.

As to Materials, "C." advocates the use of walls composed of solid masonry, and for the Shape he rejects the parallelogram, in favor of some figure bounded by curved lines. His argument for walls of masonry in preference to wood, or the ordinary plastering upon lathing placed against brick or stone, is that the former are least absorbent and thus a better preventive against loss of sound: yet he afterwards says, "Probably the only advantage of walls, so far as sound is

concerned, lies in the prevention of currents of air." Now from this latter view, it would seem of little moment in what the materials of such walls consist, if so be they are wind-tight; but this is evidently not his sober opinion. We admit that a solid reflecting surface is required in rear of the orchestra, and so intended to be understood in our previous essay, but for other parts we reject the employment of absolute masonry, for the very reason for which "C." would adopt them, viz. their effect in preventing the due absorption of sound—those disturbing secondary sounds which can be productive only of mischief in every musical performance. "C." himself practically allows this, for in a subsequent paragraph, he would provide for the escape of the obnoxious sounds he has once imprisoned in solid walls, not in the manner suggested by us, which in its design is "very clumsy," and to him suggestive "of the ancient Chinese method of roasting pig, as related by Charles Lamb," but by providing, by means of transepts or otherwise, a free exit for the sound as soon as it has accomplished its task; or "by covering the walls and ceiling with an absorbent surface." But it seems to us, his first method for accomplishing this is far more a deliberate contrivance to waste the sound than that which he condemns in us, besides involving a vast amount of needless expense. It is one of the merits of the parallelogram shape, that its corners, as "C." admits, are in themselves aids in destroying this injurious excess of noise, while, at the same time, their space is available for seating the audience. As to his other plan, that of providing for the necessary absorption by covering the walls and ceiling with absorbent materials, it is only a method of arriving at the same results by a longer process. How much better, (more architectural we might say,) to provide as far as possible, for these acoustic requirements in the construction of the walls themselves, than to be obliged afterwards to conceal and mar their beauty by awkward appliances of this nature. Even with the figure and materials we have adopted, there is need of upholstery to complete the silencing of all disturbing after-sounds; though it then suffices to employ it in its appropriate position, upon the floors and seats.

"C." cites, in support of his preference for solid materials, two instances, in which churches deficient in acoustic effect, were said to be much improved by removing the furring, and plastering the walls directly upon the brick; and in favor of a curvilinear shape, the Salle Barthélemy in Paris, in form "an elongated oval, bounded on all sides, ceiling, walls and stage, by curved lines," which, "he is informed from the spot, leaves nothing to be desired in point of acoustic effect." So have we, too, heard of instances, in which distinct hearing has been promoted in churches, by the removal of the lathing and plastering from the walls and ceiling; but it was where a perfectly smooth surface was, by this means, exchanged for a rough and uneven one, and the improvement might justly be attributed to the impediments to reverberation, thus provided by the projecting joists and timbers that were left. This was the case at the National School, mentioned by Dr. Reid, in which the plaster of the ceiling was removed and the ceiling joists left, and by which the excessive noise that formerly prevailed was reduced; the roof as it was thus left was composed wholly of wood. And as to the Paris

Concert Room, (to say nothing of the questionable nature of the testimony adduced in its favor,) it may be offset by the case of the New Chamber of Deputies in that city, which, on the authority of the Rt. Hon. J. W. Croker, in his evidence before the House of Commons Committee, appointed in 1833, is sadly defective in its acoustic qualities. This room is semi-circular, with a chord line of ninety-six feet, and is covered with a flatly domed ceiling. Said Mr. Croker, in respect to this apartment, "Being doubtful whether it was not some defect in my own hearing, I made inquiries of several members, who confirmed my opinions of its being a very bad hearing House." He also makes similar complaints of the Irish House of Commons, which is a circle of about fifty-five feet, surmounted by a high spherical dome.

But we have already prolonged this discussion much more than we at first intended. Further thought and investigation of the subject has not inclined us materially to modify the opinions advanced in a former essay, though we would carefully disclaim all pretensions to infallibility in the positions we have endeavored to maintain. The principles on which an acoustic architecture must rest are too imperfectly known, at present, to allow of absolute certainty in the prediction of practical results. It is an inquiry that urgently demands the attention of scientific minds,—one whose importance, we think, cannot well be over-rated.

Says an eminent British writer, on this point: "Were it made the subject of special investigation in the construction of all public buildings, our orators would no longer be exhausted, to the extent they frequently now are, in the mechanical endeavors they are compelled to make, in addressing even the most silent and listening assembly; nor would the audience, in their turn, be wearied with an exhausting attention, in their anxiety to catch the verbal expression of the speaker. It would soon be apparent that a clamorous, prolonged reverberation differs from an equal and sustained purity of intonation, by as much as the noise of the breakers, that continually vex the unequal shore, is unlike the sound of the vast tidal wave that comes in quiet dignity from the ocean." And, if thus in reference to the eloquence of the speaking voice, much more with the solemn teachings of the universal Art Divine.

U.

THE PLAIN PROSE OF THE MATTER. The editor of the Chicago *Tribune* writes from New York to his readers, quite enthusiastically about the privilege he has enjoyed of being present at the Sontag opera. But it appears, from the following passage, that he saw some things not intended for the audience.

Every one acquainted with music is familiar with the touching airs of *Lucia*. Now to hear Sontag sing those airs with all the surroundings in harmony with the music and the story, Badiali's magnificent bass as the consort, is an experience to be remembered. The effect of it too, is, it seems to me, happy and healthy on one's soul. But of this abstract question I have not time to speak. However, lest one should get too highly wrought up by music, drama and scenic power combined, an occasional insight is given into the real life that underlies the artificial. For example, last night in the most exciting scene where Edgardo comes in upon the wedding party, when the music is all tumult and the stage all disorder, when Lucia is supplicating her lover for

* Vide the Memoirs of M. Savart to the Royal Academy of Science of Paris, published in the *Annales de Chimie*; also Art. Sound in *Encyc. Metrop.*, for copious extracts.

restoration and her brother is swearing vengeance, and the tutor is trying to pacify, and the bridegroom is wanting to kill somebody, and the drums and trumpets and trombones of the orchestra are piling up the agony, and the chorus of 30 are swelling the grand outburst of tumultuous yet most accordant sound, Edgardo's state of mind leads him to throw away his sword. Now this sword *ought* to fall so that the concealed prompter can reach it and get it out of the way that nobody be hurt, but it *doesn't*. Thereupon the brother (Badiali) sees the failure, and in his pretence of a towering passion strides across the stage and hits the sword a kick, which brings it within reach of the outstretched arm of the prompter, who forthwith removes it, at which brilliant achievement of Badiali's some of the fair chorus, who ought to be full of tears and alarm, giggle, and—the play goes on. This reminds me of Grisi's famous trick by which to get some stimulant during one of her exhausting scenes. The play required her to kneel down to a mound and press her face to it in a paroxysm of sorrow. This mound was so made that a mug could be presented from beneath, and while Grisi in an agony of grief is prostrate upon the mound, she manages in a quiet way to take one good long pull of porter, and refreshed in voice and spirit goes on with the song. "She wipeth her mouth and saith, I have done no wickedness"—and she had'n't.

(From the *Traveller* of Feb. 18th.)

The New Tremont Temple.

(Concluded.)

Back from the street, and under the principal hall, is a lesser hall, which is to be called the MEIONAON—pronounced *Mi-o-na-on*—from two Greek words, *μειον*—meion—(less, smaller,) and *ναον*—naon—(temple) Lesser Temple. This hall is 72 feet long by 52 wide, and about 25½ high, with a gallery at one end, furnished with a nice organ, built into a recess constructed for the purpose. This is a neat and most attractive little temple, admirably adapted to the use of a small congregation on the Sabbath, and for lectures and concerts during the week. It is to be lighted in the same manner as the large Temple. It is accessible directly by both side entrances. There is an ante-room and closet adjoining this room.

In front of this hall, on the same level, is the vestry, already referred to; and in front of this, there is to be another hall, or a series of basement rooms, about 10½ feet high, light and dry, directly under the stores, and running across the entire front of the building.

We have now taken a rapid survey of the whole building, with its commodious public and private rooms. It is obvious on the most superficial observation, that great architectural skill and ingenuity have been employed in planning this immense structure; and equal practical knowledge displayed in adapting it to its various uses; and it seems to combine almost as many conveniences as it is possible for such a structure to have. The architect is Mr. William Washburn, well known for his skill in planning and adapting buildings to their particular uses. He has been assisted, no doubt, very materially, by the long practical experience of the Trustees of the Temple and of Mr. Hayes, the efficient Superintendent.

The materials and workmanship of the building appear to be of the best kind. Externally, though by no means so graceful and beautiful a structure as was the old Temple, the new building will be imposing, if not elegant, in its general appearance. It is to be covered with a dark mastic, similar to that on the Revere House, and is to have a heavy cornice surmounted by an appropriate balustrade.

The entire cost of this immense building, including two organs, the heating apparatus, gas fixtures, seats, cushions, and all the fittings of the public and private rooms, will not vary much from \$100,000. For the payment of this, the entire property is to be holden and managed by trustees, though the land alone is considered sufficient to cancel the debt. It is, however, a part of the original design of those engaged in this enterprise, to make the net income of the building gradually

sink the whole debt, and leave the property clear for religious and charitable uses. And from the experience of eight years, the trustees feel justified in counting confidently on this result. Under the old regime the income of the building was gradually sinking the debt, having in eight years verified calculations made at the opening of the building under its present managers. And though the debt is now considerably larger than at first, yet the superiority of the present building over the old one is such as will bring in more than a proportional income. The rents of the four stores and the offices and private rooms—of which enough are already leased to good tenants for from two to ten years to secure an income of about \$4000 annually—the rents of these will probably be sufficient to pay the interest on the entire debt; and the income of the two halls will probably be sufficient to pay all the expenses of taking care of the building, and leave a balance of some \$4000 annually to apply to the sinking fund. Should these results be realized, the whole debt will be extinguished in 18 years, as will be readily seen by those disposed to make the needful figures; for the first five years will give \$22,548 to the sinking fund; the second five years will yield \$30,171; the third, \$40,377; and the next three years will give \$40,515—which will be considerably more than sufficient for the payment of the entire debt.

After the extinguishment of the debt, the annual net income of the property, which will probably not fall short of 10,000, must, according to the trust deed by which it is held, be devoted, one half at least, to the moral and physical benefit of the poor of the city of Boston, and the other portion to missionary and other religious and benevolent purposes.

The enterprise, therefore, it will be seen, is of a strictly benevolent and Christian character. No pecuniary benefit will accrue to any individual from the complete success of the undertaking, for the entire property is held in trust for the above mentioned specific purposes; and for the care of it the trustees receive no pecuniary recompense whatever.

When the building is freed of debt the property is to be held for, or may then be transferred by the present trustees or their successors in office, to "The Tremont Street Baptist Church," on condition, first, that said church remains a sound Calvinistic Baptist Church; or to a minority of said church, reorganized into a church, should the majority become unsound; and secondly, that said church maintains public worship on the Sabbath, with free seats—to be held by them in trust for the purpose specified. The only pecuniary benefit that the church can derive from this trust will be the use of the hall, vestry, and other necessary accommodations for church purposes, rent free. They are not allowed to touch a dollar of the income of the property for the support of their minister, or for ordinary church expenses; but the whole income, after paying for necessary repairs, care of the building, warming, lighting, &c., is to be devoted to missionary or other religious or benevolent purposes.

The Tremont Temple enterprise, it will be thus seen, is not a private speculation; nor even a denominational enterprise. It is an undertaking, the success of which may contribute materially to the moral and physical benefit of the poor of our city, and to the advancement of the cause of missions at home and abroad. It deserves, therefore, and should receive, the hearty approval and good wishes of all who feel an interest in such benevolent and Christian designs.

We are happy to be able to add, that the building in all its various parts, is now so nearly completed, that it can probably be occupied, throughout, by the first of May.

[From Hogarth's Memoirs of the Musical Drama.]

French Opera Composers.

III. CATEL—BERTON—LA SUEUR.

Among the French composers who flourished at the beginning of the present century, Catel was one of the most distinguished. His principal

opera is *Semiramis*, produced in 1803. His music is pure, elegant, and melodious. Along with him may be classed Berton and Le Sueur, who possessed similar merit, and a similar degree of reputation. The works of these composers are no longer performed.

IV. BOIELDIEU.

Boieldieu, who was their contemporary, has obtained a much greater and more lasting popularity. He began to be known as a dramatic composer about the year 1800, when his reputation was established by *Le Calife de Bagdad*, an opera which is still a favorite with the French public. He has since produced a great number of operas, of which *Jean de Paris*, *Beniowski*, *Ma Tante Aurere*, *Le Petit Chaperon*, *La Dame Blanche*, and *Les Deux Nuits*, appear to be the most popular. He died in 1834, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Two of his operas, *Jean de Paris* and *La Dame Blanche*, have been successfully performed on the English stage. The latter is the best of Boieldieu's compositions. The drama, which is written by Scribe, is founded on Scott's *Monastery*, though the story is so altered, that little of the original remains but the names of some of the characters. Like the generality of Scribe's pieces, it is written with spirit, and well calculated for the production of musical effects. The music was composed in 1825, after an interval of many years, during which it was supposed that Boieldieu had retired from the field, and was no longer disposed to contend with younger aspirants to fame. But it appears that, during that period, he had not been inattentive to the progress of music, and, in particular, to the increasing influence of the German school: for *La Dame Blanche* is characterised by a greater solidity of style, both in the concerted pieces and in the instrumental accompaniments, than is to be found in his previous operas.

V. HEROLD.

Herold, a young composer of genius, whose career was closed by an untimely death, distinguished himself by two operas; *Marie*, produced in 1826, and *Zampa*, in 1831. The latter is a work of merit, and gained great popularity. The subject of the drama bears a close resemblance to that of *Don Giovanni*. The hero, *Zampa*, is a libertine, who, after a course of wickedness, is at last dragged to the infernal regions by the statue of a betrayed mistress, on whose marble finger he has, in a moment of levity and bravado, placed a ring. This catastrophe must have cost the composer no small difficulty to avoid coming into collision with Mozart; but he succeeded in treating the subject with considerable originality. *Zampa* appeared in an English dress at one of our theatres; but it was poorly got up and performed, and, consequently, had little success.

• For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Anecdote of Cherubini.

MR. EDITOR:—I can add a *Coda* to the anecdote about the spicy answer of Cherubini to Bonaparte, mentioned in the article on Cherubini in last Saturday's Journal. But first, by way of tribute to the memory of this truly great man, allow me to say that the close of the article: "and his soul rose up to heaven, to keep her seat by the side of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven," expresses the feeling, not only of Hogarth, but of all who are able to appreciate the intrinsic merit of his works. Spohr, himself one of the greatest composers, spoke of Cherubini, if I remember rightly, as far back as thirty years ago, with almost veneration. He said that he felt quite excited when in the street of Cherubini's residence, while on his way to pay him a visit. But *revenons a nos moutons*, as the *grande monarque* used to say:—Bonaparte, as Hogarth justly remarks, "with the vindictive littleness, &c.," (which, *en passant*, I will say, was also shown to

the brave Höfer), never would allow the Cross of Honor to Cherubini, though freely given to composers of far inferior merit. Soon after the restoration, Louis XVIII, who was a man of refined taste, learned with surprise this gross neglect; and in order to make up for it, with, as a Frenchman would say, a *sauce piquant*, the cross was presented to Cherubini in the following manner. The President of the Conservatoire issued a notice, by order of the King, to all the professors to be in attendance on an appointed day and hour in the hall of the Conservatoire. When assembled, he said, "Gentlemen, I am ordered by his Majesty to present the order of the *Legion of Honor* to the professor among you whom you unanimously consider the most meritorious." Instantly there was one outburst:—"Cherubini, bini! Cherubini! Cherubini!"

Yours truly,

WM. KEYZER.

P. S. By the way, Cherubini, in the latter part of his long life, composed a set of three Quartets for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, the only quartets he ever composed; they are as pleasing as they are purely classical, and I believe entirely unknown in this country. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club would do well to bring them out.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XIX.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21. Perhaps it is taking too much for granted to suppose others feel as much interest in the history and progress of celebrated musical works as I do. However, here is a notice of a concert of the Philharmonic Society of London, on the 6th of April, 1829, which commences thus—the first piece being Beethoven's 7th Symphony—"The Symphony in A is, we hardly need remind our readers, that of which we published the lovely movement in A minor in our first volume, and we have often subsequently spoken of the whole. We shall certainly never become reconciled to either the first or last movements of this, both being full of asperities, and almost unbearably whimsical."

Feb. 22d. To what wisdom we shall finally attain if we continue learning at this rate! Discovered at little Jullien's concert this evening that this high sounding string of French words,

GRANDE SYMPHONIE TRIOMPHALE AU MEMOIRE DE WASHINGTON, means nothing more nor less, in plain unvarnished English, than

YANKEE DOODLE BEDEVILLED!

(Massy on us!)

Fine Arts.

Massachusetts Academy of Fine Arts.

THIRD ARTICLE.

C. L. ELLIOTT has acquired the reputation of being the most felicitous painter of portraits in the country. Well may New York be proud of him, for there he is ranked by many with Gilbert Stuart, in regard to the facility with which he overcomes the difficulties belonging to his branch of the fine arts. We are scarcely prepared to say we think him fully the equal of Stuart in beauty and richness of flesh-tint, for in that particular he was hardly ever surpassed even by Rubens, and there was a dignity and simplicity about the slightest effort of Stuart which few have ever equalled.

Elliot often approaches him in his appreciation of character, while his delicate and graceful pencilling is almost unrivalled. His portrait of David Austen, No. 66, shows this; the drawing and character are admirable. It possesses the truthful air of the man and is a living person of flesh and blood. The coloring is fresh and real,

the whole treatment artistic. The portraits No. 1 and 15, though graceful and pleasing, are not quite equal to the first as works of art.

P. P. DUGGAN sends a sketch after the celebrated picture by COUTURE, called the "Orgies Romaines," or the "Decadence of the Romans." The original picture is in the gallery of the Luxembourg palace in Paris and made the reputation of Couture. This was the first great success of the artist and one he had been toiling for years to achieve. It gave him rank at once among the greatest painters of the age. The broad and noble manner he assumed in this work remind one of the great masters, particularly of the grand simplicity of Paul Veronese. The eclat given to the name of Couture by this picture, made his *atelier* the rage at once in Paris, and many students from this country have learned to appreciate an elevated standard of art through his counsels.

BOUTELLE, of New York, is an artist of much versatility of talent. One rarely sees two of his works possessing the same characteristics. He has a lively imagination, and with that careful study of the details of nature so necessary to every artist, he will attain a high rank. No. 33, by this artist is called "The Good Shepherd." It is a fine composition and a very pleasant picture, but reminds one strongly of Cole. It was no doubt painted under the influence of that master's works.

From Philadelphia we have three pictures. ROTHERMEL's picture No. 12, entitled "The Laborer's Vision of the Future," has already been described. It is a large attractive picture, and the allegory is well expressed. It is painted with a free, dashing hand, showing this artist to be a master of the material part of his art. We think the tone of the picture too crude and cold to be agreeable to the eye.

The large landscape, No. 55, is by WILLIAMS. The composition and arrangement of lines in this picture are really fine and bring back forcibly souvenirs of the old masters. But here admiration must end, for the treatment and exaggerated color destroy all these grand impressions. The eye is wearied with the monotonous tones of purple and red.

No. 56 is by WEBER. It is a pleasing little picture, but it is hardly fair to judge of his merits by so unimportant a work; for he is highly esteemed in Philadelphia.

Among the numerous works from the studios of our own artists, the beautiful copy after Rembrandt, by HOIR, arrests strongly the attention. Too much could scarcely be said of the masterly manner in which he has reproduced, as it were, a *chef-d'œuvre* of this great master of *chiaro-scuro*. The spirit of Rembrandt seems to live again, for he has caught not only the magical effect but the manner of the original. No artist could have preserved more faithfully the breadth of manner and beautiful tone that pervades this noble picture.

Would that Boston possessed more reproductions of such valuable works!

HEALY exhibits four portraits, all of them possessing more or less of that grace and spirit which distinguish his productions.

His Webster is one of the best of the many pictures of the great statesman. The eye is flashing and brilliant, the whole air noble.

The portrait of President Pierce is highly expressive. The eyes are keen and thoughtful, the general appearance intelligent, agreeable and pleasant.

THOMAS HICKS's full-length portrait of the ex-mayor of Detroit has excited great enthusiasm in that city, and been complimented by resolutions in a public meeting. It is time that artists should share these honors, as well as politicians. c.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 5, 1853.

RICHARD WAGNER.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.*

We have seen that the great peculiarity in Wagner's manner of constructing an opera, springs from his theory that the word-verse or poetry always implies and suggests a melody of its own; that the vocal melody therefore must strictly conform itself to the words, without rounding itself off into the usual melodic forms, repeats, &c, and, as to modulation, with an entire independence of any prevailing key-note, but floating freely and vaguely as it were in a universal key. Hence the most striking feature is the substitution of perpetual Recitative for regular forms of melody.

But the verse implies likewise the harmony, in Wagner's theory. It exists, however in the thought, the conception only, of the poet; it is the musician's task to make it palpable to sense. Here comes in the first use of the Orchestra, the infinitely expressive organ of harmony.

Other symphonic aids, as the usual vocal masses, in the shape of *ensembles*, concerted pieces, &c., are almost abolished in the "Drama of the Future." Wagner will have no room in his drama for any individuals of so subordinate a relation to the whole, that they may be used for mere polyphonic musical effect, in enriching and harmonizing the melody of the principal person. *Lohengrin* has no such *ensembles*; and if sometimes all the principal characters sing at once, it is only where some general excitement pervades all the actors in the scene, in which case the principals merge their individuality into the general chorus.

The chorus, too, as *hitherto understood*, must disappear. Wagner thinks the chorus can have no vital and convincing effect in the drama, unless it parts with its promiscuous *mass* character, and resolves itself into distinct and characteristic individualities, each in its own way complicated in the motives and actions of the piece. In *Lohengrin* the secondary characters are exceedingly numerous; but the chorus never enters without a necessity, and then becomes intimately part and parcel of the action. Gratuitous parade of chorus is strictly avoided; it nowhere spreads itself out *en masse*, but always appears as a union of distinct individuals. This has led Wagner to compose his choruses with peculiar richness. Most of them he treats as double choruses, and seldom writes them for less than six voices, each with its own characteristic movement. By novel combinations of voices, too, (such as making the first tenor sing *falsetto* in unison with the alto; and among other things by the introduction of a chorus of *four basses*;) he is said to have brought out a harmonious coloring such as has been only possible to the most refined orchestral compositions.

Having thus far provided for a vivid musical translation to the senses of the audience of what the poet has expressed in words, it next remains to the musician to convey what to the poet was *inexpressible*, what may be supposed to be going on *inwardly* in the thoughts and feelings of the actors. Here again, as the great organ of utter-

* See Nos. IX. X. and XXI., of this volume.

ance for the *unspeakable*, comes in the Orchestra,—the orchestra in all its modern development, as used by Berlioz. So far the orchestra has simply sounded out the harmony that was *immanent* in the rhythm of the verse; now it quits this subordinate function to move in its native domain of pure instrumental music. Is this inconsistent with his first postulate, on which we have before seen that he bases his entire reform: namely, that music alone, without poetry, is incompetent to any positive artistic creation? Observe, he is careful here to state, that by a *pure* he does not mean an *absolute*, self-satisfying instrumental music, but one which proceeds from the poet's design and helps purely out of its own resources to realize that.

Now the first of these *inexpressible* things, so far as the poet is concerned, is *gesture*. Wagner says: "The musician has the power, by means of the orchestra, of communicating this gesture to the sense of hearing, as it announces itself to the eye." But he means, not the gestures of an individual, but "the many-voiced gesture, so to say, which springs out of the characteristic relation of many individuals, and so rises, to the highest pitch of complexity and variety." So too, all the moods and excitements, solemn or mirthful, that pervade an assemblage, can be expressed in the music; and even the physiognomy of all the natural surroundings may be sketched in a sort of *tone-painting*, which, however ludicrous in pure instrumental music, serves a legitimate purpose in the drama.

The orchestra does not content itself with this. It also "betrays to us all the thoughts concealed in the most secret folds of the heart of the acting persons, and lays bare their inmost springs of action." Let an example show how the musician is to *motivate* actions, or supply them with motives.

Every one who has heard Weber's *Freyschütz*, remembers the scene in the "Wolf's Glen," and how when Max has long wavered and debated whether to descend into the magic ring or not, the orchestra suddenly touches the melody of the jesting chorus out of the first act, whereupon Max with swift resolve, determines to brave all terrors and springs in. Here the determining motive with Max is the recollection of the raillery he has before experienced; and it is the orchestra which indicates the motive with a few notes, where the poet had no other means at his command. Wagner employs this principle of reminiscence, in the orchestra, also purely for the audience's sake, and where the reminiscence is not supposed to arise in the mind of the acting person.

Equally prominent among his means of expression is the element of expectation, presentiment, foreboding,—what the Germans call *Ahnung*. He requires the poet to keep the hearer's anticipation on the stretch for something marvelous and extraordinary. Here again no language is so powerful as that of instrumental music. "The orchestra has to express our anticipations (*Ahnungen*) in passages of the drama, where action and gesticulation are at rest and the melodic speech of the actor is entirely silent,—where the drama is preparing itself out of as yet unexpressed and inward moods and feelings." Especially in the overture, the preludes to the several acts and scenes, and before particularly striking events, and appearances;—then "the actual appearance steps in before us as the *justified presentiment*."

These melodies of anticipation and of reminiscence, re-occurring here and there as musical motives in the different scenes, form points of support and resting places in the uninterrupted course of the drama. A critic, from whom we have borrowed many hints, likens them to little barks in which they steer securely through the

ever-flowing waves of the harmony. They also lend organic unity to the musical form of a drama, which otherwise in its abundance of recitative, and unbounded liberty of modulation, must seem very rambling and indefinite.

Such are the main points of information, which we have been able to glean, both from Wagner's "*Opera and Drama*," and from German critics, respecting the peculiar operative theory and practice of this much lauded, much deprecated radical in Art, as in all things, who so excites the interest and divides the opinions of all music-loving Germany. For a clearer notion of the character of his last and most characteristic opera, the *Lohengrin*, as we cannot speak from any actual knowledge of his music, we refer the reader to the letter on our first page, by ROBERT FRANZ, the admirable composer of songs,—a man of genius, and of sincere, thoughtful insight in these matters, in whom LISZT is so much interested that he is about to do by him as he did by CHOPIN, prepare a memoir of him for the world.

Otto Dresel's Fifth and Last Soiree.

Here were much to talk about, if words could only bear the least proportion to such musical experience as we would fain report. Such a programme and such a performance, taken whether as a whole or in each particular, is not within the memory of concert-goers here in Boston. Our musical host trebled his hospitality and gave us his friends JAELL and SCHARFENBERG besides himself. The meeting in this way of three such admirable pianists, three such artists, dedicating their skill to the interpretation of the best of music, to choice and unfamiliar works of Bach and Beethoven and Hummel, was an occasion that could not fail to fill the little "upper chamber," as some have humorously called it, with the best kind of audience.

1. Each item of the programme was an *event*. And not by any means a common or an inconsiderable event was the prefacing of the other selections with an original Trio (for piano, violin and cello), which had fire and strength and beauty and originality enough to hold the audience in charmed attention throughout four long movements, even after such trios as we have been used exclusively to hear. We think most of the company were taken by surprise; nothing in times past has prepared us to expect much from the announcement by a concert-giver of an original composition. And if Mr. DRESEL yields the palm of facile and effective execution (which by the way he never claimed) to JAELL and others, he has here more than made good his title to the character of artist and musician in the most worthy sense, by the production of a work in a form in which mediocrity could have no disguise, and in which success is as surely genuine as it is in this day very rare;—a work which had the honor of Mendelssohn's own correcting hand, and of which we had heard Mr. D.'s brother artists here say: "There has been no such Trio written these last six years." Doubtless there were some staunch worshippers of Haydn and Mozart (who take in Beethoven also, just by way of *coda*), who could not find great pleasure in a thing so "modern." But no one could deny that it contained *ideas*,—themes interesting, characteristic, happily contrasted, opening novel surprises as often as theme or countertheme, or episode occurred in each of the several movements; nor that these various *motives* were strongly and logically worked through and knit into the unity of a fair whole; nor that there was everywhere a

faultless beauty of musical form, everything coming round and out again just right without relapsing into common-place endings. The first movement (*Allegro Appassionato*) and the last (*Allegro con fuoco*), exhibited the most fire and sustained vigor, kindred to each other as the first and last movements should be, and yet with as much inspiration in the last as in the first. The Adagio was full of beauty and deep sentiment, in its sombre modulations sometimes quite Beethovenish. The Scherzo was perhaps more common and fantasia-like in its light and swift *arpeggios*; but exquisitely graceful, refined and sunshiny in its delicate playfulness, if not amounting to humor; while the trio thereof was decidedly interesting. The whole involved much difficult execution, and the composer gave not only a distinct but eloquent rendering of his own thoughts. Messrs. SCHULTZE and BERGMANN did sympathetic justice to the string parts.

2. From the newest to the oldest;—yet to the audience literally new, while in quality it has the perennial newness and freshness of genius. The Concerto of SEBASTIAN BACH, for three pianos, with string quartet accompaniment,—this was really the great feature of the evening. This work has been much played in Germany of late years; and it is the piece in which Mendelssohn once, in London, distinguished himself to such advantage over Moscheles and Thalberg, by the remarkable cadence which he extemporized, after each had by previous understanding essayed the like at points indicated in the preceding movements; that remarkable triumph has become a tradition in London. Our three pianists attempted no such flights, but adhered to the written text. This Concerto was only for the first time published in 1845, and owes its origin, it is said, to the fact that the father wished to exercise his two oldest sons, W. Friedemann and C. Ph. Emanuel, in all sorts of delivery. Friedemann left the paternal house and went to Dresden in 1733, at the age of twenty-three; Emanuel went to Berlin in 1738, at the age of twenty-four. Hence it is presumed that this Concerto was composed before 1733, and in the most brilliant period of the grand old master's creative activity. The editor of the score directs by way of preface that: "The string accompaniments should be kept subdued and delicate; the three pianos must be of equal strength and excellence, but all the better for a little variety in coloring of tone. The three players must wholly lay aside the more *modern* style of playing, never raise the dampers, but carry their parts through with sobriety, delicacy and in strict time. Neither one must wish to be prominent above his fellows, since they all three have equal right, and there are only a few passages more for the first piano. The hammering and lifeless mode of playing, now-a-days sometimes esteemed *Bach-ish*, must be utterly avoided; for the old pianists (harpsichordists) *sang* upon their instruments and delivered the music with warmth, nay with inspiration, and yet *con discrezione*,—or with modesty, as they used to call it."

We think we may say that these conditions were on Wednesday evening pretty nearly fulfilled. JAELL took the first piano, his by right of almost unlimited facility of execution; and his was most distinctly heard, as a matter of course, being the highest part and having more of the expansion and ornamental part of the melody; yet that the second and third, SCHARFENBERG

and DRESEL, were not wanting, was evident from the perfect unity with which all moved together, and from the general breadth and fullness of tone, especially where the vigorous and noble themes so often ran in unison. The pianos were three of Chickering's newest (not exactly equal, the first being of seven, the others of six octaves,—but either of them a "Grand" compared with anything that old Bach's boys had to play on;) all of beautiful and refined tone, and great evenness throughout, surpassing even those esteemed his best before his manufactory was destroyed by fire; indeed these new instruments seem to have come out tried and purified, as it were, from "the refiner's fire." The accompaniments, by Messrs. Schultze, and Meissel, (violin,) Meyer (viola) and Bergmann and Balcke (cello and contra-basso on one part,) were delicately and neatly given, though it was difficult to subdue the piercing violin tones fully to the standard of the pianos. Of the music itself what shall we say? Let no one henceforth talk of Bach as dry and learned; for here every movement was full of charm and humanity and poetry and wisdom,—in a word of genius, of the most sound and wholesome and harmonious. With no pretention, none of the modern straining for effect, no curious episodes or strange modulations, how the mingling strains of melody flowed on like a full, clear, limpid river, as if from an exhaustless source, yet with no waste, and to an unwavering goal! The neatness, the transparency, the easy continuous on-flow of the music, so large and strong in the first movement, were perfectly refreshing to the sense and satisfying to the soul; here was "no nonsense," and no stupid gravity in the avoidance thereof. It realized the most loving traditions of Bach. The second movement, in the six-eight Siciliano rhythm, opens with the daintiest, and most delicately piquant style of melody that could be imagined,—sweet and full of sensibility and poetry, however,—and soon proves its right to be dainty, by melting and running away in a right hearty, frank and affectionately cheerful stream of melody; until the pause, filled by the airy little cadence from Jaell's flying fingers, and the good old-fashioned, orthodox Adagio half-close, leading at once into the Allegro Fugue; of course Bach could not get through without that; and how beautiful the theme of that fugue! how gracefully passed about, till its outline, everywhere reflected in the mingling currents of the instruments, had that unity in variety that you see in the wavy surface of the full mountain brook descending to the plain and spreading swiftly yet composedly along over the motley, fairy pebbles and mosses. Every now and then there seemed to be little momentary breaks, where one part after another would nimbly shoot across in a spray of soft and rapid little demi-semi-quavers,—and so merrily and swimmingly on to the end, which seems the outlet into wider and still waters.

3. Beethoven's Sonata-duo, in F, one of his most fascinating, clear, and perfect compositions, with its lovely Allegro, its profound Adagio, its absolutely witty little Scherzo, and Rondo worthy to conclude the whole, was finely played by DRESEL and SCHULTZE,—indeed, the violin of the latter seemed particularly expressive. This was, not without reason, in the opinion of many, the gem of the evening, and ended the first part.

4. Part II. opened with some piano solos, played by Mr. DRESEL, with his characteristic nicety of expression. These were an *Etude*, in A flat, by Chopin, the *Marcia Funebre* from the Sonata by the same, unspeakably solemn in the main movement, and tenderly pathetic in the trio; and an animated, fairy kind of Waltz, by Stephen Heller, one of the most poetic of the new pianists.

5. Finally the Septet, by Hummel, the most delightful, fresh and genial composition that we remember to have heard by that master. This gave full scope to the clean, firm, even and unflagging execution of that conscientious classical pianist, Mr. SCHARFENBERG. As a mere piano-forte performance, it was the grand achievement of the evening; the modest, manly, quiet certainty with which the difficult and long continu-

ous passages were carried through, with the precision of clockwork, and yet with truest appreciation of all that sought expression in the music, mingled respect with pleasure in the audience. The accompaniments (for flute, oboe, horn, viola, violoncello, and double-bass,) played by members of the "Germania Society," blended in with a most grateful warmth of coloring; some of those effects from Herr Küstenmacher's horn, (especially in that passage of the trio to the Scherzo, where its mellow monotone, sounding on, as if rescuing the last chord from dying into silence, leads back the theme and sets all the instruments at work with it again,) were quite enchanting. The Septet was a luxurious feast of tones.

So was indeed the entire concert. And looking back upon it, one of the most interesting features was the marked, yet harmonious contrast of the three pianists. DRESEL, nervous, fastidious, self-exacting, critical, anxiously loyal to an artistic ideal, caring mainly for the music and the master's thought, and despising all parade of mere performance, somewhat moody withal, and with a touch of genius in him;—JAEEL, happy as the day is long, plump-full of music to his fingers ends, revelling in unbounded faculty of execution, able and happy to interpret (and always with true and characteristic, as well as polished, elegant expression) the works of all sorts of masters,—a sort of young Rossini, or Alboni of the piano;—and SCHARFENBERG, the quietest, and most balanced of the three, with less of genius than the first, less of child-like exuberance of strength and nervous energy than the second, yet more of the sound and practical *morale* of a substantial artist, perhaps, than either. He is the natural middle of the group; and all are large and genuine enough to meet like brothers on the common ground of Art. The contrast in their styles of playing is in correspondence with the characters and faces of the men. Jaell has a touch unrivalled for limpid purity and roundness of tone, never shows a painful sign of exertion, and marches smilingly through all the difficult music that anybody ever wrote, as through a perpetual banquet hall. Dresel is as unlike this as possible; his nervous manner, as if in close mortal conflict with difficulties, his crisp, *staccato*, critically nice touch, his sacrifice of literalities and common readings to carefully refined, characteristic conceptions of an author or a *tempo*, his tendency to be himself the poet in his readings of the great tone-poets,—all this charms the like-minded and wins upon the thoughtful, but is apt to prepossess unfavorably those who look most to externals, or who regard a pianist more with reference to his instrument and the right humoring thereof, or his public and the right humoring thereof also, than they do with main reference to musical expression. He does not pretend to the character of a great executant and many times would rather see Jaell ride some *cheval-de-bataille* of a favorite master, than to mount the hard-mouthed Pegasus himself. Scharfenberg, like a sound, loyal artist, renders all his music with unblemished accuracy, and manly absence of all nonsense and all weakness. We may think it a privilege to have heard them all. Would that this fortunate conjunction of good stars might longer last!

Had we room, we should have much to say in regret of the close of this choice series of Chamber Concerts. The *gusto* with which the audience has enjoyed them seems to give us a certain right to look out, some happy day or other, for more of the same sort.

Musical Intelligence.

CONCERTS. To-night the GERMANIANS give us the "Pastoral Symphony"; JAEEL will play a *Capriccio* by Mendelssohn; Miss ANNA STONE will sing *Bel raggio* from "Semiramide," and "On mighty pens," from the "Creation"; to which add Unso, overtures, &c., &c.... There is an *extra* rehearsal this afternoon.

To-morrow night "Judas Macabeus" will be performed again, probably for the last time, by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

Public Rehearsals, of the GERMANIA and MUSICAL FUND Societies, on Wednesday and Friday afternoons next week.

On Saturday afternoon of next week, ALFRED JAEEL has a benefit at the hands of the Germanians, in an *extra* rehearsal. And on the same evening (March 12) BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY will be repeated. This will be a concert by itself and not count as one of the subscription nights. We commend to those who wish to hear this great work understandingly, that they furnish themselves with copies of the Programme by R. Wagner, translated in No. 18 of the present volume of this Journal. We have plenty of them on hand.—By the way, this symphony is *not* (as one of the papers stated) the piano-forte *Fantasia* with chorus, that was got up here some years since by Mr. Hutton!

Mr. Phillips, father of Miss ADELAIDE, is in town and makes excellent report of her studies under Garcia.

CHICKERING'S PIANOS. It will be seen by the card below, that our friend has gathered his forces about him again, since the disastrous fire, and is emphatically on hand. He is now turning out square pianos at the rate of fifteen a week, and will very soon increase the rate to twenty-five. He has over two hundred orders to supply. The new instruments are singularly beautiful in tone and action; happy the person who gets one of the instruments that we saw in his new ware-room a few days since,—or those, for instance, that we heard at Dresel's Concert! New "Grands" will be making their appearance in due time.

MRS. SONTAG, it is now announced, will open in opera at the Howard Athenæum, late in April.

SOUTH BOSTON. Mr. Editor:—The second concert by the UNION MUSICAL INSTITUTE gave great satisfaction. The performances of the Quintette Club require no commendation.

The Chorus by the INSTITUTE were given with fine effect. A *nocturne* for four hands, by Mr. Peraube and Master Peraube, called forth great applause.—For one so young, Master P. is a wonderful performer and bids fair as an artist.

Several Songs and Duets were very creditably sung. Mr. WM. GARRETT sang *Vi ravviso*, from Bellini, in a manner which would do credit to some of our noted operatic performers. But the gem of the evening was the Cavatina from Rossini by Mrs. GARRETT, which was rapturously encored, showing much good taste in the audience and a high appreciation of this talented and estimable lady, who by her modest and unassuming manner, wins golden opinions, no less than by the richness and clearness of her voice and skill in her profession. Whatever she undertakes she does well.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 24th, the Institute was assisted by an array of rare talent, in Mr. Alfred Jaell, Wm. Garrett, and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club; Messrs. Edwin Tilden as pianist, and Theophilus Stover as conductor, performed their duties admirably, quite like veterans in the service. The fine voice of Mrs. Garrett was missed on the third Concert, and we regretted that a severe cold prevented her attendance.

Between the first and second parts, the President, William Eaton, Esq., called the attention of the audience to the announcement of Mr. and Mrs. Garrett, for a Concert two weeks from Wednesday Evening. C.

NEW YORK. SONTAG has now sung 23 nights in opera. Linda bears her latest form of attraction. It seems we credited a false report in regard to her leaving off during Lent.

ALBONI, we learn by the *Tribune*, has struck a league with MAX MARETZKE, and, with his whole troupe, (Steffanone, Bertucca-Maretzek, Salvi, Marini, Benvenuto, &c.) is to commence an opera season at Niblo's about the 1st of next month. Rovere will be retained.

PAUL JULIEN announces that, before leaving the country, he will give one concert in each of our principal cities.

PHILADELPHIA. ... ALBONI and GOTTSCHALK have been sharing the public enthusiasm this week. Miss CAROLINE LEHMANN, too, sang at a Philharmonic Concert on Wednesday Evening.

JONAS CHICKERING,

RESPECTFULLY gives notice to his friends and the public that, having recovered from the late disastrous effects produced by the destruction of his factory, he is now ready to receive orders for PIANOS, which he promises to execute with as much faithfulness and promptitude as heretofore.

379 Washington Street, Boston.

Mar. 5.

tf

SPECIAL NOTICE.

NEW YORK NORMAL MUSICAL INSTITUTE.

GENTLEMEN and LADIES, who design attending the first term of the New York Normal Musical Institute, and who wish to have board procured for them, are requested to give early notice to that effect. This will be necessary, in order to secure suitable accommodations; especially, as there is prospect of a large class.

Applications have been made by some who desire to attend the courses of lectures and other class exercises of the Institute, omitting the private lessons embraced in the full course. Notice is therefore given that the price of a ticket admitting the holder to all the lectures and class exercises, will be *twenty-five dollars*. Including the course of private lessons, the price is *fifty dollars*.

The term commences on MONDAY, APRIL 25th, 1853, and continues three months, during which time daily lectures and instruction will be given in the various departments of music, the design being to furnish thorough instruction, and especially to qualify teachers of music.

The assistance of THOMAS HASTINGS, Esq., and other eminent musicians has been secured.

Circulars containing further particulars may be obtained on application to MASON BROTHERS, (late Mason & Law), 23 Park Row, New York.

LOWELL MASON.
GEORGE F. ROOT.
WM. B. BRADBURY.

Mar. 5. tf

The Germania Musical Society

WILL GIVE AN

EXTRA PUBLIC REHEARSAL,
This Afternoon, March 5th,
AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

All Wednesday Tickets will be admitted.

Doors open at 1½; Rehearsal to commence at 3 o'clock.

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Mozart as a Virtuoso and Improvisator.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

We cannot pass over in silence the two-fold talent of MOZART, which won for him so brilliant and so precocious an European fame, and indeed long before his genius for composition was awakened; a talent, which earned him his surest livelihood, and was destined to be productive of as much popularity and favor for him on the one hand, as he lost on the other by the fact that his master works were seldom understood. The virtuoso, MOZART, is for us still an obscure tradition, an enigma, concerning which we get no word of explanation from his concert music. The material on which he exercised his so wonderful talent, the notes, indeed, exist; but the method, the touch, the expression, the embellishments, the countless *nuances*, not to be expressed by signs on paper, in a word the soul and genius of his execution, all this exists no more. The magic tones of the virtuoso have died away, and left behind no further traces than the flowers, which filled the air with their sweet perfumes, or the youthful charms which fifty years

ago bewitched all eyes. A few rare and antique remnants of the past century, a few octogenarian music-lovers, still remember, to be sure, the playing of Mozart. One of these talked to me of it a few years ago, as of the fairest dreams of his spring time. Other ear-witnesses have tried to describe Mozart as a Virtuoso and an Improvisator; but what can oral or written narrative convey to us of a man's playing? Meanwhile, in the want of something better, let us hear what his contemporaries have said.

All witnesses agree in representing Mozart as the most perfect Pianist of his time. He himself without scruple placed himself above Clementi, the only rival whom a portion of the Viennese public seems to have set up against him. We may take him at his word for that, and indeed the more so, that Dittersdorf, who never stood in any very near relation with Mozart, had pronounced a similar judgment upon the two virtuosos, and supported the same upon the same grounds, saying, "that the Italian virtuoso possessed only art, whereas the German possessed art and taste." The expression is a very meagre one; but it amounts in the end to the same thing that our hero himself says of Clementi. We wish moreover to adduce the hearty and far more discriminating words of Haydn, whom the mention of his deceased friend one day moved to tears. "Oh! Mozart's loss is irretrievable! never in my life shall I forget his playing. That went to the heart!" A pianist who touched Haydn's heart, possessed resources to outweigh all the sleights of hand, with which our modern pianists, who reach no one's heart, seek to bewilder the ears, and in fact the eyes, of their audiences.

But perfect as Mozart's playing may have been, we may yet presume that his talent for improvising would move the world to still more astonishment and admiration, if he were to come again. The gift of improvisation began in him with the power of speech. In those moments of good humor, or rather when his mad merriment came over him, as in later years his deep dejection, Mozart often spoke in verses, if he wished to lend a certain emphasis to what he said. Indeed this seemed to come easier to him, than to talk for a long time in prose. Metre and cadence half restored his nature, that was all harmony and rhythm, to its native element. The difficulty of rhyme he knew so little, that you might see him write whole letters in rhymed verse, without laying down his pen. One of these is still preserved,

which fills not less than three pages, and is really quite clever, bating some vulgarities.

But verbal improvisation was commonly only the introduction to the genuine enjoyments in the friendly circles, of which our hero was the soul. His vocabulary was too poor, the circle of his thoughts expressible in words too limited, his muse in short too clumsy, to allow the astonishing poetic instinct, which he had received from nature, to serve for anything more than mere impromptu rhymes, such as are flung off in a carouse, or amorous confessions, only breathed aloud in a state of intoxication. When the nonsense *furor* had got once started, it went on until the heavy artillery was exhausted; then Mozart sat down at the piano and continued the discourse there. But here it seemed exactly as if a foreigner had found again his mother tongue, after long laboring in an idiom which he hardly understood; for the indecent buffoon became transformed into a man who knows how to joke in a fine way, and the burlesque rhymester became a comic-satirical great poet. His witty fancies, gems disguised in coarse words, purified themselves in the fire of harmony and flashed out in a thousand rays. The keys of his piano resounded with a little fantastical drama. When he improvised, (or as the Germans say, *phantasirte*) in this way, how easy it was for him so to work up a theme, that it should here seem nonsensical, there grave and solemn, now desperate and saucy, now coming up to you in a supplicating and miserable attitude, or as if listening, or plodding patiently along, so that he could do what he would with his hearers. This—precisely this, perhaps—is what no pianist before or after him has ever been able to achieve in the same degree.

So too, no one has shown the same facility in imitating the style and manner of other masters. This is quite natural; since his own style was the substance and quintessence of all the systems of the ancient and the modern art of composition in all the branches of the art. To imitate any musician, he had only to come down, to limit his universality according to the relations and special forms of the person whose image or caricature he wanted to give. He who can do all, can always do what is less than all. When Mozart undertook to shake your sides with laughter, he would apply his imitative talent to parodying the dramatic works which were just then in fashion; the operas of Alesandria, for example, or of Gazzaniga and other scribblers of that stamp. He

improvised, text and music, grand bravura arias, in which these masters appeared ludicrously like, from head to foot. But the composer did not trust himself to put his musical passages upon paper, through fear, perhaps, that the public should take them in earnest and applaud them, instead of weeping over them. A single aria of this sort, however, has come down to us in notes; it is written for a *prima donna*, and consists of some favorite melodies of that time. At first sight it might appear that the maestro had taken all pains to produce a great effect with it, and there can be no doubt, that well sung, the aria would have made a *furor*. The text too is not to be overlooked. Did ever an Italian opera-poet put more genius into a libretto for ten dollars?" *Dove, ma dove son io?* cried the sublime princess. *Oh Dio! questa pena! och prence! och sorte! . . . io tremo . . . io manco . . . io moro . . . O dolce morte!* (Where am I? O God! this torment! O prince! O fate! . . . I tremble . . . I faint . . . I die . . . O sweet death!) Then falls crashing in, like a bomb-shell into the house, the most far-fetched chord, and the fair one sings, shrinking into herself: *Ah quel contrasto! barbare stelle! Traditore! Carnifice!* (Oh what a contrast! cruel stars! traitor! cannibal!) and so it goes on. The whole is richly furnished out with all the means of effect, by which the dilettanti are carried away,—the *a piacere, imposable, morendo, rinforzando, smorzando, vibrando*, &c., &c. All these receipts of the trade are found alphabetically arranged, and written above in great letters. You think you cannot fail to hear murmured from every corner of the hall: superb! exquisite! and then cries of *bravo! bravo! bravissimo! ancora! ancora!* breaking forth.

Since the day on which that capricious, vain, excitable and stubborn tribe which we call *virtuosi* first showed itself, there perhaps has been no one who has so departed from the generic type of his fellows, as Mozart. You had only to make known to him your desire to hear him, and he stood at your service, without asking who you were, or where you came from. This wish was in and for itself powerful recommendation with him. Persons of rank in Vienna reproached him with giving away for nothing to the first comer a talent, which they, by a reward of a few florins, graciously admitted for the embellishment of their aristocratic assemblies. Mozart let them talk, pocketed the gold, and troubled himself not much about the attentions which they showed him; for no one was less apt than he at classifying his listeners according to rank and station in the world. He distinguished neither nobles nor citizens, neither dignities nor riches among them. All he saw there, was connoisseurs or ignorant ones, sincere music lovers or musical Tartuffes, nothing more nor less. The little boy who said to the Emperor Francis: "Let M. Wagenseil come, he understands it," became in this respect never more than seven years old. It is worthy of remark, that Mozart much preferred to play in the presence of musicians by profession. Herr Rochlitz tells us the following on this point: "On the evening of his public concert in Leipsic, Mozart took the old violinist, Berger, aside, and said to him: Come along with me, good Berger! I will prelude to you a little while. You understand the thing better than most who have applauded me to-day. So he took him with him, and im-

provised, after a short repast, before him until midnight; whereupon he sprang up in his abrupt way, and cried out: 'Now Papa, have I done it right? now for the first time you have heard Mozart. The rest others can do also. He meant the mechanical facility, which in his eyes, was only a second-rate quality in a virtuoso.'

If Mozart had not been in all things an entirely unique man, it would needs seem remarkable, nay, almost incredible, that he should have found more satisfaction in playing before the old Berger alone, than before the Leipsic public, which had received him with so much applause. A musician is always much more sparing of his expressions of approbation towards an artist, than the dilettanti are; and that independently of all envy of the trade or professional jealousy, for two reasons: first, because the artist by profession, as a general rule, is more of a knower than the dilettanti, and accordingly detects in composition and in playing a multitude of faults, of which the other has not the least suspicion; and secondly because he has become far more satiated with musical enjoyments, in so far as they belong to his daily business. I mention these trivial facts, to substantiate another still more trivial fact; which is, that these virtuosi gentry infinitely prefer to display their mastery before an elegant crowd of ignorant people, or half-connoisseurs, who give them a livelihood, praise them in saloons and journals, invite them to suppers, and treat them with incense and champagne,—that they love this more, I say, than to weary their fingers or their lungs for any old papa of a Berger, any modest veteran in the art, from whom they can expect at farthest but a quiet word of commendation, if not some advice, that looks like an affront. Upon my word, they are right, and I should think as they do, were I in their place. But not so thought Mozart. The study we have instituted of his inner man, explains this singularity completely. We have seen that music was not only the great, or rather the sole occupation of his life, but that it allowed no other taste, no other passion to get on beside it, and that all his other inclinations contributed to support and strengthen his love for that. Among his musical enjoyments, improvising (*phantasiren*) at the piano held the first place; this was the most intimate communion which he could hold with himself and with others; a sort of confession, which revealed to his hearers the mysteries of his soul, the treasures of his thoughts, without dissimulation, without reservation, without ambiguity, and in a language in which could be expressed the most delicate shades of the psychological state out of which the fantasia flowed. In short, he used the language of tones, as we use our mother tongue, to express the feelings of love and friendship. Now nothing could be a greater hindrance to outpourings of this sort, than the inability of our friends of both sexes, through want of sufficient knowledge of the language that we speak, to respond as they would like to do. Many of my readers have certainly had this experience. This will show why Mozart found more satisfaction in having the old Berger for a listener, than in reaping the applause of the whole public of Leipsic. It was because the old Berger, who understood his language better than others, could respond from his heart, and by his looks, so quickly understood among musicians, give him to know that he understood him perfectly, where the Leipsic public

had not understood him at all. The *bravos* of the multitude pleased him, but a complete sympathy with his audience made him happy. Yet for him, as a professional musician and a celebrated virtuoso, the pleasures of pure dilettantism ranked among the pleasures of self-love. He was not only the greatest artist, but at the same time the most passionate lover of music. Of what then did he most complain, and with the greatest bitterness, when he spoke of the obligations, which his relations to the public imposed upon him? Chiefly of this: that "*they require of me mechanical juggleries, and rope-dancing feats. That is what they want to see, and they will not follow the course of my ideas.*"

Obliging as Mozart showed himself towards those who wished to hear him, his gentle and companionable humor left him, if they made a noise during the music. This was perhaps the only occasion in the world that could seriously provoke him, and then he did not restrain himself. He knew the worth of what he gave; he gave it gladly, and desired nothing in return but silence and attention. Denied this, he could not but feel, what every one of us would feel, if the person to whom we have thought it worthy to communicate our inmost thought, instead of the interest on which we had counted, should show us only coldness and absence of mind. Men of the world dissemble in such a case, but Mozart understood not how to dissemble. This is for us a reason why we should not judge him by the code of fine society, if he, deeply wounded in the most sensitive point of his whole being, sometimes expressed his dissatisfaction with more warmth than another. To leave his seat in the middle of a concert and go off without ceremony, was not the only lesson which he gave to not very attentive listeners. Many a time it did not come off so smoothly, as the following occurrence shows. During his travels in Germany, Mozart was invited in a certain city* to a splendid musical soirée, which had been expressly arranged for the sake of hearing him. The company, consisting of the high nobility of the land, was very numerous. Mozart, seeing only strange faces, believed himself in good society, that is to say, in a circle of genuine lovers of music, including perhaps several good judges. His father had long since taught him this maxim, always to presume the best, so long as the bad was not clear as daylight. He acted accordingly, when he seated himself at the piano. He began with a very simple melody and a yet simpler harmony, adagio, which was about equivalent to the moment of silence before an address, during which the orator endeavors to collect his thoughts. The ladies, disturbed by this debut, thought the musician had already entered upon his subject and that he might go on in this tone. Mozart grew animated, and the ladies were again quieted; pretty, very pretty indeed; but it did not last long. Solemn chords, a striking, original but somewhat heavy harmony, took the place of that which had appeared so pretty. How tedious, good heaven! The tongues of the profane, always the most difficult to bridle in our social circles, now broke a yoke that seemed to them unendurable. There was whispering in ears; remarks about the bearing of my lord and the dress of my lady began; the contagious tattle

* Probably Dresden or Berlin.

gained the upper hand continually. The men became accomplices in the sin or crime of violated hearing. This was enough to give another color to the improvisation. Raging, although still controlling himself, Mozart wrought out his ideas with the vehemence of an indignation which made his blood boil in his veins. The audience let him have his way and went on, *motu contrario*, developing the far more interesting themes which these ladies had started. The master of the house, who was an amateur and a good musician, wished the deuce had the company. But what did the improvisator do, misunderstood in such a simple way? He hit upon a method seldom used, but which ought to be more frequently applied in similar cases. He continued the leading thought which he had thus far carried on upon the piano, but this time worked it up with the vehemence with which his blood might have rushed through his veins. But when no attention was paid to it he began, first very softly, and then louder and louder, to rail at his audience most unmercifully, and almost insult them. Fortunately the language, which came first to his lips (certainly for no other reason), and which he spoke as fluently as the German, was the Italian, and but few members of the company were well enough versed in this to understand expressions which they would have sought in vain in the dictionaries. This melodramatic *crescendo* found far easier entrance than all that had preceded. There was a profound silence. It was Mozart's nature to pass easily from one extreme to the other; for scarcely was he assured of the impression he had made upon his audience, when his vexation yielded suddenly to the mood of laughter, probably at his audience, and yet somewhat at himself.

Mozart reined round his Pegasus, gave his ideas another turn, and finally fell into the melody, then sung in all the streets, of the little song: *Ich klage Dir, du dummes Thier*, (I complain of thee, thou stupid beast). This he played through neatly, varied it ten or twelve times, alternately with the finger-jugglery or with affected sweetness, and then came to a close. All were now in rapture, and but few had guessed how cruelly he had been making sport with the people. For himself, he soon departed, invited his host and some old musicians of the place to supper with him, and at the timidly-expressed wish of his guests, improvised with inexhaustible fire and invincible obligingness till mid-night.

French Opera Composers.

VI. AUBER.

DANIEL FRANÇOIS ESPRIT AUBER, was born at Caen, the 29th of January, 1784, on a journey which his parents made to that city. He was the son of a print seller of Paris, who was in easy circumstances. Endowed with a most happy disposition for music, M. Auber first studied this art as an object of pleasure. After having learned to play upon the piano under the direction of Ladurner, he was sent to London to pursue the profession of a merchant; but being soon disgusted with a situation for which he did not feel that he had been born, he returned to Paris. Being well received by the public because of his talent and genius, he began to make himself known by some small compositions, such as romances, some of which met with success. A trio for the piano, violin, and violoncello, which he published about the same time at Paris, proves that he could treat instrumental music with ability. But some other more considerable works soon increased his reputation among artists. He was

an intimate friend of Lamare, the celebrated violoncellist, who had a style altogether peculiar in his manner of playing the bass, and which he desired to propagate by a species of music adapted to that purpose; but by a remarkable circumstance, which it would be difficult to explain, he had neither a melodious idea nor trait in his head which he was able to employ in a piece of music. At his request, M. Auber wrote all the bass concertos which have appeared in the name of this virtuoso, and also some others which have remained in manuscript. The public thought that these concertos were the compositions of Lamare; but all artists knew that they were due to the talent of M. Auber. The original character of this music produced a very great sensation in the public, and it could be foreseen that, from that time, the youthful composer to whom it was due would one day enjoy a brilliant reputation. About the same time, M. Auber wrote a concerto for the violin, which was performed at the Conservatory of Music at Paris, by M. Mazas, and which was eminently successful. The desire of laboring for the theatre had already caused him to set again to music the old comic opera entitled "*Julie*," with an accompaniment for two violins, two altos, violoncello, and contrabasso. This work, which contained many charming pieces, was represented at a theatre of amateurs at Paris, and received much applause. A short time afterwards, M. Auber wrote, for the small theatre of M. de Caraman, Prince of Chimay, another opera, with orchestra complete, from which he has since selected many pieces for his other works.

Notwithstanding his success, which until that time had been confined within the circle of a certain number of artists and amateurs, M. Auber was sensible that his musical studies had been incomplete, and that his knowledge failed him in the art of writing; and being desirous of completing his education in this respect, he devoted himself to some arduous labors under the direction of M. Cherubini. These studies being finished, he wrote a mass for four voices, from which he has since taken the prayer in his opera of "*La Muette de Portici*." In 1813, he made his debut in public by an opera in one act, which he caused to be represented at the theatre Feydeau, under the title of "*Séjour Militaire*." This work did not answer the expectations which the first attempts of M. Auber had excited, and contained nothing of that grace and originality of ideas which had gained applause for his former productions. A repose for many years followed this check, and the composer seemed to have renounced a career in which brilliant success awaited him, when the derangement of his fortune, and the death of his father, obliged M. Auber to seek some resources for his support in the exercise of an art which until then had been to him only a relaxation. In 1819, he caused to be represented, at the Opera Comique, "*Le Testament et le Billets-doux*," an opera in one act. This work was still less fortunate than the first public attempt of the talents of M. Auber had been. The eulogiums which had been lavished upon him were now considered as the opinion of a coterie, and arising from partiality; but the composer soon retrieved himself by "*La Bergère Châtelaine*," an opera in three acts, which was played at the same theatre during the first part of the year 1820. The original ideas, the melody, an elegant instrumentation and dramatic effect, distinguished this work, which obtained complete success, and which may be considered as the first foundation of the brilliant reputation of its author. "*Emma, ou la Promesse Imprudente*," an opera in three acts, performed in 1821, completed what a "*Bergère Châtelaine*" had commenced, and from that time M. Auber has known nothing but success.

Auber was first brought into notice in 1823, by his opera "*La Neige*," which became very popular, not only in France, but in Germany, and is frequently performed in the principal German theatres. His "*Fra Diavolo*," and his most celebrated piece, "*La Muette de Portici*," (or *Masaniello*), are well known all over Europe. In Auber's earlier works there is a palpable imita-

tion of Rossini; but he gradually acquired greater independence of style; and, in his later compositions, his manner, both in the cast of his melodies and the disposition of his accompaniments, is decidedly his own. His peculiarities, indeed, are so marked, and so constantly perceptible, that they give his music too great a uniformity of character, and lay him open to the charge of mannerism. His music is not marked by depth of thought or strength of feeling. His combinations are ingenious, but not profound; and his melodies, though often sweet, and sometimes tender, are very rarely pathetic. But his music is brilliant, sparkling, exhilarating, and remarkable for the clearness and simplicity of its dramatic effects, even in scenes of the greatest bustle and confusion. These are the beauties which have rendered "*Masaniello*" so generally attractive. Every auditor, learned or unlearned, is animated and delighted by the charming *barcarolle*, the market chorus, the chorus of fishermen, the beautiful finale to the third act, (in the original piece,) the bacchanalian song, and the air sung by Masaniello. Beauties of a similar kind, though in an inferior degree, are to be found in "*Fra Diavolo*." Among Auber's minor productions, a comic opera called "*Le Philtre*," written by Scribe, and brought out at the Académie Royale in 1831, is probably the most agreeable.

In May, 1825, M. Auber was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor, and the Academy of Fine Arts of the Institute elected him one of their members in the month of April, 1829. He has since held many posts of distinction, both civil and professional. He continues to produce sparkling works for the Opera Comique, and his overtures, such as those to "*Zanetta*," "*L'Estocque*," "*Masaniello*," "*Les Diamans de la Couronne*," &c. &c., every where preserve their popularity in miscellaneous concerts. "*Marco Spada*" is the title of his last opera. M. Auber was recently appointed, by Napoleon III., director of the imperial music and *maître de chapelle* at the Tuileries.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketch of Onslow.

[From the French of M. Fétis.]

George Onslow was born at Clermont (Pay-de-Dôme) 27th July 1784. His father was the second son of a lord of that name. His mother descended from the Brautome family. Music formed a part of his education, merely as the agreeable accomplishment of a gentleman; however, during a tolerably long residence in London in his youth, he received piano lessons from Hallmandel. Later he became a pupil of the celebrated Dussek, and afterwards of Cramer. It would seem as if such masters ought to have developed in him a strong penchant for the art of which they taught him to express the beauties; but as a rare exception in the life of those who have succeeded in making an honorable name among the artists, Onslow only comprehended the mechanical part of the execution of music; his heart remained cold to the inspirations of the greatest masters, nor did his somnolent imagination furnish him the slightest idea in which a musician of merit could revel.

A sojourn of two years in Germany did not change this: nothing can better explain to what extent he carried his indifference for music more than his naïve avowal of having heard without pleasure the finest operas of Mozart rendered with the most perfect intelligence of the intentions of the great artist. The astonishment this will excite among those who are acquainted with the music of Onslow, will still increase when they learn that what *Don Giovanni* and the *Zauberflöte* failed to do, the overture to *Stratonice*, one of the weakest of Méhul's compositions, did for him.

"On hearing this piece (says Onslow,) I experienced so vivid a commotion throughout my being, that all at once I felt filled with sentiments to which until then I was a complete stranger. Now that moment is ever in my thoughts. From that instant I saw music with other eyes; the veil which hid the beauties of it from me was torn; henceforth it became the source of my most intimate enjoyments, and the faithful companion of my life."

This strange anecdote, rendered more remarkable by the little analogy which exists between the music of Méhul and that of Onslow, should be added to the already long list of singularities witnessed in the life of some artists.

Onslow learned to play the violoncello at the solicitation of some friends who wished to play, in the isolation of a province, the quintets and quartets of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. The revolution just effected within him rendered him attentive to this kind of music, which he had only heard till then abstractedly: each day he discovered new charms in these works, and soon was possessed of the most passionate love for them. It no longer sufficed to merely hear them; he wished to study the structure and accordingly put into score the finest works of the masters just named. This practical study of harmony took the place of theory, of which he was ignorant of the elements, and prepared him for the art of writing out his own creations. However, he had completed his twenty-second year before he felt a desire to compose. Shortly after this epoch he decided to write his first quintet, taking as models those of Mozart which he loved in preference. It is easy to see that with so imperfect a musical education, and without having preluded similar works with some essays less important, the material work of the score of a quintet would be laborious and present many painful embarrassments; but the advantages of an independent fortune and the peaceful flow of an existence far removed from the tumult of a large city, left Onslow all the necessary leisure to surmount the obstacles of a first production. It is to these causes we must attribute the large number of compositions he has published during the space of thirty years, in spite of the slowness indispensable to his first works. Living almost constantly at Clermont, on an estate close to that city in the mountain of Auvergne, he only visits Paris during a few of the winter months.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.
From my Diary. No. XX.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25. The papers are publishing an item on the appearance of "Theresa Milanollo," at Berlin, as a violinist, and representing it as something new. The name is Milanollo, and she has ranked with the great European players for some years, taking as high a rank among violinists as Clara Wieck or Mme. Pleyel among the great pianists. Several years have now passed since Theresa and Marie Milanollo made their appearance North of the Alps, and at once gained a reputation abroad equal to that which they had already reached in their native city, Milan. Their playing together is described as having been something absolutely enchanting, and the delight of the crowded audiences, which filled their concert rooms, was boundless. So they made their way through Germany and reached Paris. On the 21st of Oct. 1848, Marie died in that city, at the age of sixteen.

Reilstab, the famous Berlin critic, speaking of her decease at the time, said:

"The sisters Milanollo are separated! Death has plucked the youngest of these two lovely flowers. Who

will not with sorrow recal to mind the loveliest, purest, most astonishing phenomenon which has appeared to us in the practical art of music! Many were the prophecies at the rising of this brilliant and silvery double star, that it would hang but for a moment in the morning sky of Art! That the sweet perfection, which lay in the buds, would early vanish, in the unfolding of the flower; that the ethereal fragrance, which they exhaled, showed but too well, that the heavenly gift could only be purchased by the too transitory period of its earthly existence. But yet—so early! We will utter no complaint. We can but renew in sorrow the expression of thankfulness for that unspeakable loveliness, which has passed before us like a miracle from the other world. But who can refrain from the sad thought—of these two golden strings, which mingled their tones in purest harmony, one is broken—will the other's tones be the sweeter, or will its sorrow become dumb forever."

But the golden wire did not become dumb. Theresa, now some twenty-two years of age, has continued the delight of the best audiences on the continent, and probably no violinist in Europe at the present time possesses more power over the hearts of his or her hearers than she. Not long since she appeared at the Opera House in Aix la Chapelle in a concert. On coming out she drew too near the foot-lights on the stage and her clothes caught fire. She calmly extinguished the flames, took her violin and proceeded with her part with as great success as ever. A friend of mine, who has just heard her at Berlin, writes of her performance in such terms as to show that his opinion corresponds *in toto* with that of the enraptured Reilstab.

Whether we shall ever hear her, here?

March 3. A Philadelphia paper says:

"Our city possesses more correct musical taste and a larger number of amateurs than any other in the Union."

Modest man that!

Pity that he had not added some specimens of the programmes of the concerts there this winter.

March 5. The third number of that very fine publication, "History of the Painters of all Nations," contains a very curious mistake, in the course of a parallel between Van der Velde the Painter and Mozart. "At thirty-six years he (Mozart) died," says the writer, "leaving behind him his great but unfinished opera of the *Zauberflöte*." For "opera *Zauberflöte*," read "*Messe 'Requiem.'*"

Fine Arts.

Massachusetts Academy of Fine Arts.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

I have but a few moments to devote to the Academy to-day. I cannot however let the week pass without wishing to remind your readers that the exhibition still goes bravely on, and saying too, that I hope every one interested in the progress of Art will visit this collection, containing as it does gems of rare merit by the best artists of our country.

Several of our Boston artists have not yet been noticed. Among their contributions let me speak of the pictures by H. G. WILD, for they stand forth most prominently for their vigor and richness of coloring as well as originality of manner. His studies have been prosecuted in Paris, surrounded by the splendors of the new school of art—I say new school, for truly the realms of art have been as completely revolutionized, by genius and audace, as the nation, in a political point of view, within these fifteen years past. In fact, no *coup d'état* could have stricken more terror into the souls of peaceful citizens than have the vigorous *coups de brosse* of such men as DELACROIX, DECAMPS, DIAZ, and COUTURE done to the hearts, to the terrified hearts of the legitimists and purists in Art.

Wild has brought back to us many of the excellent qualities of this new school. He has somewhat modified its tendencies by a careful study of the old masters. No. 4, "Gil Blas presented to the Actress," is his principal picture. The action of the whole group is graceful, while the coloring is grave

and sober, but yet clear and brilliant. It is decidedly in the Spanish feeling. In the costumes the artist has shown his penchant for color; the stuffs, ornaments, jewelry, etc., though low in tone, sparkle most brilliantly.

Another little picture by Wild has most glittering qualities of color. It shows a keen natural perception of beauty, an exquisite feeling for harmonies and contrasts, even in the most commonplace subjects. It shows that to him the gleaming of sun-light on a heap of straw, a pebble, is a revelation of beauty.

This is a feeling but little understood as yet with us. But let us hope there is "a good time coming," when it will take the place of a cruder taste, as effectually as the classic and chaste harmonies of Mozart and Beethoven are gradually driving away such usurpers as Verdi and von Flotow.

Another week I will endeavor to do justice to the works of others of our Boston artists. c.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 12, 1853.

Mr. Fry's "American Ideas" about Music.

We had sincerely hoped to enjoy the privilege of hearing Mr. Fry's lectures upon Music delivered in this city. But in the abundance of our musical attractions of all sorts, there was absolutely no room left for another interest of such magnitude, and hence the subscription fell below the mark. We still trust that it is only a question of time, and that in some more propitious and less pre-occupied season, we may hear this gentleman unfold in his own way his ideas concerning music as it is and has been, and more particularly as he would have it in our own wide, free country. He has evidently stirred up some feeling in New York by the novelty and boldness of his positions, and especially by their "Americanism," as if it were part of the "manifest destiny" and duty of this republic to accept the teachings of the old world quite as little in Art and Music as in political and social life.

We have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Fry,—still less, so far as report speaks of him, the pleasure of agreeing with him in his more characteristic musical partialities and judgments. But we have read and heard enough about him to impress us with the idea that we should like him exceedingly, at the same time that we might quarrel with him at almost every step; for plainly there is talent and vitality and independence in his utterances, even if they lean sometimes to paradox, and there is a manly contempt of *show* and *snobishness* and pedantic *fogeyism*, which it is refreshing now and then to meet. Our friend of the *Musical World and Times*, in his review of Mr. Fry's lectures, has done us the good service of summing up his "Americanisms" in the following propositions, which may serve us here as texts.

Mr. Fry has said more bold, manly, searching, audacious and *American* things concerning Art, than have ever before been said in America. He is intensely patriotic and intensely artistic in feeling; consequently, he ardently longs to see this country take high rank in Art. . . . Among other remarks on this point during his course, and which he summed up in his last lecture, were the following: That,

1. There is no taste or love for, or appreciation of, true Art in this country. That,
2. The public, as a public, know nothing about

Art—they have not a single enlightened or healthy idea on the subject. That,

3. A sort of childish wonder is the only tribute paid in America to exhibitions of high Art, and even this tribute is only called forth by solo performances. That,

4. We pay enormous sums to hear a single voice, or a single instrument, the beauties and excellencies of which (if it have any) we cannot discover. But that,

5. We will pay nothing to hear a sublime work of Art performed, because we do not know enough to appreciate it, and consequently such a performance bores us terribly. That,

6. Art is the best preserver of a nation's glories—that the glories of ancient nations are handed down to us chiefly in their works of Art. But that,

7. As a nation, we have totally neglected Art;—our public buildings even have no sites worthy of the name. That,

8. Politicians never did anything and never can do anything to ennoble, exalt and glorify a nation; but that in this country politicians reap all the public applause and emoluments to the exclusion of their betters, the artists. That,

9. Artists (that is, writers, poets, composers, sculptors and architects,) not politicians, transmit a nation's glory to posterity, and they should be chiefly honored, but in America they are not. That,

10. As an evidence that Art and artists are practically and publicly ignored by this nation, the lecturer would ask, Who ever heard Art or any eminent artist toasted, or complimented, or in any manner referred to, at Fourth-of-July celebrations, or on any public occasion? No, politics, commerce, war and other vulgar and material interests monopolize all our public spirit, all our patriotism and all our capital. That,

11. Our colleges ignore Art; its professors' names are not found in the list of their officers; yet how can they teach Greek unless like Homer they take the lyre—unless they understand the lyrical structure of the language? That,

12. The American public are too fond of quoting Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and European artists generally, and decrying whatever is not modeled after their rules. That,

13. Hitherto there has been too much servility on the part of American artists; they should now stop imitating European models, and cut loose from foreign leading-strings in Art, as our fathers did in politics and government. That,

14. The result of this truckling to foreign names, is, *we are provincial in Art*. That,

15. The American composer should not allow the name of Beethoven, or Handel, or Mozart to prove an eternal bngbear to him, nor should he pay them reverence; he should only reverence his *Art*, and strike out manfully and independently into untrodden realms, just as his nature and inspirations may incite him, else he can never achieve lasting renown. That,

16. It is time we had a Declaration of Independence in Art, and laid the foundation of an American School in Painting, Sculpture, and Music. That,

17. Until this Declaration of Independence in Art shall be made—until American composers shall discard their foreign liveries and found an American School,—and until the American public shall learn to support American artists, Art will not become indigenous to this country, but will only exist as a feeble exotic, and we shall continue to be provincial in Art. That,

18. We have some good Musical Societies, and they should devote a portion of their rehearsals to American compositions, and perform the best of them in public. That,

19. It is the duty of the public to cherish native composers, by listening to the performance of their compositions, and thus encourage Musical Associations to bring them out. But that,

20. The American public decry native compositions and sneer at native artists. That,

21. We must make a beginning in domestic Art somewhere—we must have performed, and listen to, such compositions as native artists have produced, else they will not be encouraged to produce better. That,

22. We now have Symphonies, Operas, Cantatas, and other American compositions which are as good and better than the *first* similar compositions by the much-talked-of "great masters;" and we should listen to these first compositions of American composers with as much respect and as bright anticipations as the people of former days listened to the *first* Symphonies, Oratorios, Operas, &c., of Handel, Beethoven and Mozart. That,

23. There is a vast deal of snobbishness in this country in matters of Art. An ignorant and pretentious and self-elected aristocracy, whose only tests of distinction and passports to society are fashionable apparel and a greater or less degree of vulgar ostentation in the display of wealth, assume to criticise the immortal productions of genius and to pass judgment on works of Art, which neither nature nor education has fitted them to appreciate or comprehend. That,

24. These snobs invariably frown upon American Art. That,

25. The ignorance of the American people generally, in relation to artistic matters is lamentable; they never can say whether they admire a composition until they see whose name is attached to it as composer. And that,

26. Owing to this ignorance on the part of the public and the snobbishness and pertinence already mentioned, American Art and American Genius is hemmed in, crushed, kept down and stifled to the great diminution of our nation's glory and the everlasting disgrace of the people. That,

27. No disposition is now evinced by the American public to foster American Art, nor is there any indication that such a disposition will ever be evinced. That,

28. An American composer cannot get his works brought out at home, unless he has a fortune which will enable him to bear the expense himself. That,

29. An American composer cannot get his works brought out in Europe at all—not even by paying for it. That,

30. In Europe, an American artist is spit upon. And that,

31. Finally, the whole world over, artists are not and never have been as well treated as they should be—especially at meal-time. Instead of being assigned seats of honor at the table with other guests, they are too often consigned to the kitchen to take their chance with the servants.

In these thirty-one *counts* there are some that are true, some that are false, some that are a mixture of true and false; and the whole is as repetitious as such long-drawn indictments always are in courts of law. We have only time to discriminate between them, while we cannot enter deeply into the discussion of the many fruitful questions which they open.

The fact is, to say the least, considerably overstated in the first five propositions. That Art enters but little into the aspirations of the American population at large, is doubtless true; equally true is it that in our chief centres of intellectual and social culture, there is much love and talk of Art, with here and there something that amounts to taste and a sincere appreciation. In music this love does not, if it once did, run into shallow virtuoso-worship, and find its sole delight in solo performances. In Boston certainly, where we can speak from intimate knowledge, and we doubt not to a great extent in New York and other cities, it has been notoriously and increasingly the fact of late years, that we do not "pay enormous sums to hear a single voice or instrument." Genius, like Jenny Lind's, could reasonably form an exception, as it would have done and has done in the most cultivated musical societies in Europe. Yet even she found her interest in making herself the interpreter of much good music, with for the most part the best available orchestras for aid. How long could the

single voice of Sontag or Alboni draw "paying houses" in any one place, think you? And as for the whole host of lesser stars, the second and third rate *prime donne*, the virtuosi of the violin and the piano, their day¹ is past when they could afford to shine in giving concerts on their own account. On the contrary there is a potent magnetism for our people (we mean in places that enjoy good opportunities) in the "performance of a sublime work." Beethoven's Symphonies, Handel's Oratorios, choice orchestral music, nothing draws such large and earnest audiences as these. In Boston the singer, the pianist, every nine days' wonder, seems to have reached its tenth day; they must add themselves to larger bodies, if they would tell upon the public. There has been barely one miscellaneous solo concert this whole winter in our city, in which more good music has been given and to larger audiences than ever anywhere before on this side the Atlantic. That all these good things are appreciated, of course can only be measurably affirmed. But there is enough to prove that Art is valued for its own sake, and that artists who are ambitious to be nine days' wonders have to seek out *greener* places. The lecturer perhaps had been abroad too long to witness the rapid development of all this. New as the fact is, it is nevertheless a fact; and there is discriminating taste enough in most of our principal cities, nay in many of the towns (at least in New England,) to demand a fair preponderance of really *good* music in any concert programme, to induce the people to turn out. We leave these witnesses for the present, but shall soon come to other statements that will require their recall. Meanwhile, following the thirty-one counts *seriatim*, we meet some episodic matter that is more agreeable.

In Nos. 6 to 11, inclusive, there is also not a little overstatement, as, "that politicians *never* did anything to exalt a nation, or transmit its glory to posterity," &c.; yet with their main point and spirit we do cordially agree. The true artist is among the greatest benefactors of mankind, and is (to say the least) as worthy of all public honor as the statesman. While politicians, as a general rule, are cunning slaves to mere expediency and party popularity, mingling self-interest with public counsels, the artist is the servant and interpreter of the True and Beautiful. While they govern from without, often against the holier instincts of the human heart, he moulds, refines, inspires and in the best sense governs from within. Everybody knows that the highest, finest type of manhood can never be made President, and is not likely to be thought of at a Fourth of July dinner; nor does the poet or the artist care for that. He knows his influence is not lost; and if we believe that human society is ever destined fully to emerge from barbarism, there will be comparatively less need of politicians and of merchants,—we trust *no* need of military heroes—their functions will shrink and the artists will occupy the foreground of humanity, as leaders in the work of making life on earth entirely harmonious and beautiful. We must be patient. Art is beginning to establish some relations with the State, in the adornment of our capitols, &c.; it has got a footing, though as yet a mean one, which shall soon be better, in the Church, in the form of music; it will soon found professorships in all our Universities. We know a society of music-loving graduates of Harvard, organized for the express end, among

other things, of ultimately establishing a musical professorship in Alma Mater. But it must take time for this; and far better will be its indefinite postponement, than its impatient nominal fulfillment, by a hasty, patriotic voting of crude and superficial native products (imitative, with all their boast of originality) into master-pieces of an American school.

But now it seems "the American public are too fond of quoting Handel, Mozart and Beethoven." How does this tally with the first charge of "no taste or love for true Art?" There may be such a thing as a pedantic reverence for these masters; there doubtless is in individual cases; but that it is a characteristic of the American public to any very wide extent is better news than we expect to find confirmed for a long time to come. We have been innocently under the impression that it was quite the other way; that instead of these great masters operating as a "bugbear" to deter native efforts at musical composition, our towns and villages, throughout the length and breadth of all our land, have been overrun and preoccupied by the remarkable creations of our psalm-book-makers and our sentimental song-writers. We have been often told that our Lowell Masons and our Woodburys are esteemed the greatest composers in the world by thousands and thousands of our inland population. Then as to the musical patronage of the "snob aristocracy," what great partiality has it ever shown for Beethoven and Handel? Has it not pronounced them antiquated, obsolete, dry, learned and unfashionable, and set up the pure, yellow-kid exclusivism of the most modern Italian and French opera as the only music worthy of "our best society?" It is true (as we have before said) that in really cultivated society, where Art has begun to be loved and cherished somewhat for its own sake, the works of Beethoven and Mozart are steadily gaining ground. And here we distinctly join issue with Mr. Fry, and maintain that the growth of a sincere love and preference for such music is the very best symptom of our ceasing "to be provincial in Art." For the deeper we enter into the spirit of these masters, the nearer do we get to nature and the living soul of Art, the better able to distinguish real inspiration from mere mechanical imitation and from the superficial fashions of a day. The greater our appreciation of them, the greater too our chances of becoming composers and creators in our turn. But to wilfully seal our ears against those who have been original and still unsurpassed, unrivalled in their Art, is a poor way of "scaring up" originality among ourselves. And if it be necessary to lessen our admiration of Beethoven, in order that we may appreciate the symphonies, operas, oratorios, cantatas, *bananiers*, &c. of our native aspirants, we think the worthy public shows its prudent common-sense in cleaving to the former and letting the latter abide their time, as genius of all kinds has had to do in all times and places. But with these hints we must leave off for the present, hoping to return soon to the discussion.

Beethoven's Ruinen von Athen.

In the *London Musical World*, for February 19, we find the following candid acknowledgment by Mr. Macfarren, of the criticisms of our "Diarist" (See *Journal*, Vol. II. No. 12) upon his notice of the above-named work.

A writer in an American journal, *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*, makes the following strictures upon our recent remarks on Beethoven's *Masque, The Ruins of Athens*. I am happy to lay these minute and very precise corrections before those who may have read my essay, and thus escape all possible chance of intentionally misleading them in any historical or technical particulars. I have this to urge in my own justification—that the account of the three overtures sent to our Philharmonic Society, was taken from Ferdinand Ries and Dr. Wegeler's "Biographical Notices of Beethoven," a very valuable collection of anecdotes; that my conjecture as to the overture in C being one of these, was only offered as a conjecture; and that the account of the dramatic music having been discovered in the Pesth Theatre in 1843 or 1844, was received from the party who first introduced this music into England.

That this music should have been publicly sold at Beethoven's death, that it should have been publicly performed in 1828, and that the beautiful parts of it should have been unknown so long after, but strengthens what I previously advanced; and that the work was never printed, and, for twenty years, never performed, makes it no matter of wonder that the discoverer of the theatre copy should have supposed he had found the only one. I must still feel it to be a curiosity in art that such beautiful things of so acknowledged a master as the few pieces I cited, should have been so long so little known; and I still find it a great peculiarity in Beethoven, that he should, to all appearance, have set so great a value upon so weak a composition as the overture to the work in question.

G. A. MACFARREN.

"ENGEDI." We cheerfully give place to the following from an esteemed correspondent, in order that all sides may be represented.

MR. DWIGHT:—Will you allow one who differs from you in his estimate of Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," to give his views on the subject. I am the more ready to speak my mind freely, because I find myself sustained in my judgment upon every point, by the authority of my friend K., whose ability to judge of music is, I think, sufficiently shown by a communication published in your *Journal* last October. We have attended the last two concerts given by the Handel and Haydn Society, and have compared the music of the "Messiah" with that of the "Mount of Olives." Although we are sorry to differ from you, we like Beethoven as well as Handel, even in this peculiarly Handelian department of sacred song and chorus.

Not to weary you with details, we prefer the closing chorus of the "Mount of Olives" to the celebrated Hallelujah chorus for the following reasons. Handel's chorus is very grand, so much so, that when I listen to it, I think it impossible for anything to be finer. Yet as soon as the excitement is over, I feel that there has been a little too tumultuous a joy, that it has been a little too much like noise. In Beethoven's chorus there is no lack of order and yet no tumult. It rolls on with all the majesty of the Hallelujah, and with more sublimity. It has also more beauty. Its exquisite orchestral accompaniment would be out of place in the tumult of the other chorus.

The Hallelujah is engrossed with the act of praise, but the chorus in the "Mount of Olives" seems to have heart, mind and soul in its worship. It begins with adoration, then swells with gratitude and love, and humble thanksgiving for pardon, followed by a swelling but equable flood of praise, which seems to gather strength and volume from distant worlds and coming ages, until it reaches through all the universe, and brings the tribute of a redeemed creation to the praises of God and the Lamb. I think it likely the oratorio suffers very much from being disjoined from the original words. There is one striking instance of this in the two choruses of the soldiers. The music of the first closes with a brutal triumph, as

though the search were over, and yet the second chorus, according to the present words, renews the search. I can hardly think that this is so in the original words, but I have not seen them. H. T.

MENDELSSOHN'S UNPUBLISHED WORKS. We have watched for some time, with no small amusement, the progress of a controversy going on in England, respecting the manuscript remains of the great composer. The principal focus of the battle concentrates in the columns of the *London Musical World*, the editors and chief contributors of which, particularly Mr. G. A. Macfarren, renew the assault week after week with redoubled fury upon the recreant "Jesuits of Leipzig," as they are pleased to call Herren professors Hauptmann, Moscheles, Rietz and David, the committee to whom the Mendelssohn family consigned his MSS. compositions, with discretionary power to publish or suppress as they might judge to be most just to the memory of the lamented master. It appears that his unpublished compositions, left in manuscript, amount in quantity to nearly as much again as all his published works. These Englishmen seem disposed to appropriate Mendelssohn, by right of the most unqualified appreciation of his genius, and sturdily do battle for him against his artist friends and countrymen. They claim that the committee have no right to keep from the world anything that he has written, that it is all the property of humanity. Whereas the Leipzig professors, and the most knowing of the German musicians, generally, take the ground that it would be doing violence to the master's wish while living, to expose what he wrote with no view to publicity, including many early works with which he is well known to have been dissatisfied himself; and which would not add essentially to his fame. Have not the Germans the right of it? The opinion of Mendelssohn's own brother, contained in a letter to this same *Musical World*, ought to have some weight. The *Athenæum* comments on the affair in this wise:

In a panegyric on M. Jullien's Mendelssohn Concert, published in December by a contemporary, Herren Hauptmann, Moscheles, Rietz, and David, intimate friends of Mendelssohn, to whom the selection for publication of his posthumous works has been confided by his family, were charged with blundering rather than furthering the task which they had undertaken,—with having thrown difficulties in the way of the publication of the *Symphony in A* (misnumbered No. 4),—and holding back another early work—the "Reformation Symphony"—which is known to exist in MS.—This complaint has been taken up by certain zealous English professors,—who, assuming that persons so competent as the four musical artists in question can possess no judgment, or should be allowed no discretion, have attacked them roundly in print because they do not publish every line of MS. left by Mendelssohn. Meanwhile, a letter from Herr Paul Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Mendelssohn's surviving brother and executor, a musical amateur of the first class,—originally we believe, addressed to the *Times*,—has appeared in the *Musical World*. This letter generally confirms and sanctions the proceedings of the four Leipzig Professors,—and states that the "Reformation Symphony" in question has been laid by as an early and immature production which Mendelssohn himself notoriously withheld from performance,—and which by the four friends in question is considered unworthy of his fame. Herr Bartholdy, also, emphatically denies that any question had ever been raised in regard to the suppression of the *A Symphony*. Such an attestation as this might naturally have been thought final:—but the paper-war has raged none the less fiercely for it; and a pleasant amount of advertisement has been done by English friends on both sides—those, we mean, who are in possession of Mendelssohn's "secret" regarding his own valuation of his own works, and his purposes respecting them,—and those who hold that a Mendelssohn has no right to any secret at all, and that his thoughts when once put on paper become the indefeasible property of the music-shops and prey of the critics. Yet in the face of Herr Bartholdy's letter, the hearsay assurance from M. Benedict that the "Reformation Symphony" is worth producing, and the resolute determination of Mr. Macfarren to "have it out," will carry little authority. Another point may be noticed,—because it seems to have escaped the combatants on both sides. Those who, without warrant or taste, would on the pretext of reverence intrude into the repositories of the dead, justify their proceedings in Mendelssohn's case by pointing to the *Symphony in A* above mentioned,—stating (what is true) that its composer adjourned the

publication of the score of that work with the intention of reconsidering its first movement—by them erroneously stated as its *last*. Surely such adjournment and suppression are entirely distinct modes of action. The cavillers forget that final withdrawal was, in this case, impossible. The score of the A Symphony by Mendelssohn was handed over to the Philharmonic Society,—by that body paid for and occasionally performed. Mendelssohn might request, as a courtesy, that the Philharmonic Society would not consider their copy of the work as correct, and, thus, keep it back for a while,—but it was virtually during his lifetime delivered to the world,—not shut up by himself among his other MSS., exercises, and early attempts:—and had he wished to avert its publication he could have done so only as long as the legal right of copyright existed.

CONCERTS.—We think our readers must be about as weary as ourselves of the continual noticing of concerts. Those of the last ten days have presented little that has not been over and over again the subject of notice in these columns, and we have no room; so a brief summary must suffice.

The seventh concert of the QUINTETTE CLUB was made chiefly interesting by the 75th Quartet (in G) of Haydn, and the Quartet (No. 1 of op. 18) of Beethoven. They always begin and end with something fine. Mr. ZOLLER supplied the place of Mr. Lehmann satisfactorily, in both his functions, of violist and flutist.

Miss LEHMANN'S farewell concert, not having been sufficiently announced, did not give her many friends and admirers a chance for such a demonstration as they would have made, and will yet make, should she, (as we sincerely hope) return to us. The programme, too, was hardly worthy of her; the second part being made up almost entirely of hacknied things. But in the first part Miss Lehmann gave us two choice pieces: one from "St. Paul," in which her large contralto tones told very nobly; and one a scena from Beethoven's *Fidelio*; this was wholly new to a Boston audience; we found it deeply interesting, but craved a repetition for a clearer understanding of its beauties. We doubt not, too, she would have sung it more effectively the second time. Here were two of the very best of reasons for an *encore*—that often misplaced and superfluous tribute—but it was not *encored*.

The "GERMANIANS" played the "Pastoral Symphony" most exquisitely at their last concert. Highly effective, too, was the Capricci of Mendelssohn, played by Jaell, with full orchestral accompaniment.

We never saw a vast audience appear to enjoy an oratorio so much, as they did Handel's "Judas Maccabeus" at the closing performance of the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY last Sunday evening. It was remarkably well done. The organ was a great help.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

The Germania "Rehearsal" this afternoon is for the benefit of ALFRED JAEHL. Who deserves a benefit, if not he? He has been a perfect *maître à tout* to us for the unlocking of all the classics and romantics of the piano. No single artist lately has conferred so much musical pleasure upon so many, and when he leaves us we fear it will be a long time before we shall feel his place made good again. This afternoon's programme (as will be seen below) combines the solid and the popular.

☞ Observe, the usual Wednesday tickets do not admit.

To-night the GERMANIANS give an extra concert, for the sake of gratifying the earnest wish of many for a repetition of the sublime CHORAL SYMPHONY of Beethoven. Both they and the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, who furnish the vocal parts, are moved to this also by a sense of duty to so great a work. If it impressed so deeply on the first performance, it will surely be far more appreciated this time; and to miss it will be to throw away one of the most important musical opportunities of our lives. As a first part to the concert, we are to have Weber's *Concert-Stück*, by JAEHL, an overture of Cherubini, a chorus from Handel's "Judas," and a new piece by little U.S.O.

Mme. SOX AG (so says her agent, Mr. Uelmann Miller, as we go to press) will not appear in opera for the present in this city.

We rejoice to learn that that admirable last concert of OTTO DRESEL has called forth numerous and earnest entreaties for another; and that the wish will probably be gratified by an extra concert on the evening of Monday, March 21st, in the lecture room below the Music Hall. Hummel's Septet and the Bach Concerto for three pianos will again form part of the programme.

Friends, do you realize that within the last three weeks we have had five of Beethoven's Symphonies in Boston! Namely, at the last Musical Fund Concert, the 7th; at the last Germania, the 6th (*Pastorale*); at Germania rehearsals the 4th and 5th; and to-night, to crown all, the Ninth or "Choral." To these add the symphonies in E flat and in G minor, of Mozart, given by both Societies.

We see it stated in the daily papers, that Handel's oratorio of "Saul" will be performed to-morrow evening in the new "WILLIAMS HALL," corner of Dover Street, under the direction of Mr. HAYTER, organist of Trinity Church. Also that still another new Choral Society (!) (making now *four* in Boston), called the HARMONIC SOCIETY, will soon give concerts in the same place, under the direction of Messrs. Johnson, Baker, Southard and Cutler.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, having completed a remarkably successful season, "celebrate the victory" by a Social Levee at Union Hall on the evening of the 17th. The ceremonies are to consist of a grand promenade concert, by the Germania Society, followed by a grand banquet and dancing, to music by Mr. Schnapp's "Germania Serenade Band," with twelve pieces—and as many more grand things as you can imagine. Don't you wish you were a Handel and Haydn-er?

NEW MUSIC STORE. Mr. T. BARKER, the gentlemanly and obliging superintendent of Mr. Chickering's music store before the fire, has lately opened on his own account a similar depot, in the basement of Mr. C.'s new building, on the other side of Washington Street. Quite an attractive place it is, too; well stocked with music of all kinds, and with Chickering pianos to be let. We noticed there the other day a very choice collection of the best German songs, by Schumann, Franz, Lindblad, Kücken, Alt, &c., &c.

The QUINTETTE CLUB offer a fine programme for *their* last next Thursday. See below.

SALEM.—The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have given their sixth chamber concert in this place, to an audience large and enthusiastic as usual.

New York.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. At the third concert of the season, Beethoven's C minor Symphony was performed in the admirably effective style which has long characterized the performances of this well-composed and numerous orchestra,—of some sixty instruments. This society and its devoted circle of listeners, represent the more genuine and cultivated musical sentiment in New York. The audiences have never been very large; partly, perhaps mainly, because the popular system of low prices and abundant advertisement never has been adopted. They have rather pursued the policy of forming a sympathetic nucleus, select though few. But has not the time come when they may profitably do, what has been done successfully with feeble means in Boston, open their fine feasts to larger publics, and by means of cheap public afternoon "rehearsals" interest the many, by frequent hearings, in those nobler forms of music which are never appreciated when heard for the first time?

The remainder of the programme consisted of Spohr's overture to *Jessonda*; a violin Concerto of De Beriot, "given splendidly by that admirable virtuoso, Mr. Joseph Burke;" a "Hunting Song," by Mendelssohn; a *Dialogo Brillante* between the flute and clarinet of Messrs. Kyle and Gronevelt; Wm. Mason's *Serenade*, sung by Mr. Root's Vocal Quartet; and finally the Scotch overture, "In the Highlands," by N. W. Gade.

Max Maretzek has leased Niblo's Theatre, in New York, for three months from the 28th inst., and will produce a series of Operas in a grand style. The leading members of his company are Alboni, Steffanone, Bertucca, Salvi, Marini and Beneventano. Le Grand Smith is

COHOES, Albany Co., N. Y., is a town of six or seven thousand inhabitants, which does much, for its size, for the cultivation of a taste for music. A friend sends us the programmes of two concerts, recently given there under the direction of Mr. F. I. LINSLEY of Albany, in which the names of Handel, Haydn and Mozart figure frequently, as well as some of the choicer glees and songs of more modern and less mighty composers. It is one of many good signs that Yankee Psalmody and Negro Minstrelsy are gradually yielding to something better in our inland towns and cities.

Miscellaneous.

FLORENCE. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been dramatized in Italian, and is represented at the theatres here and in other places. Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, however, has afforded theatre-goers (and everybody goes to the opera in Italy, especially on Sunday evening,) in this city much more gratification. Night after night crowded houses have responded with rapture to its inspiring passages, from the months of Mme. Sanchiola and M. Benedetti. A new opera, by the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg, (called *Toby le Bracomier*,) is to be introduced soon. Operas are given here with a degree of perfection as to details unknown anywhere else.—*Cor. of Newark Advertiser*.

MILAN. Whistling and singing in the streets are forbidden by the law—of the strongest. Of course, if Music is the friend of humanity, she is suspected of tyrants!

Mr. WILLIAM MASON, the pianist, has made a second appearance in London in a concert under the patronage of the Lord Mayor. His success was greater than before, and he was enthusiastically applauded by a brilliant and intelligent audience. He played twice and both times received an *encore*.

Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, caused the anniversary of her marriage to be commemorated the other evening, at Windsor, with "harp, and pipe, and symphony;" and commanded a performance of A. Romberg's "Song of the Bell,"—also of M. Meyerbeer's Overture to "Struensee," with the *Fest-ied* composed by him on the occasion of the marriage of H. R. R. the Grand Duke of Saxe-Cobourg Gotha.

In the *Journal des Débats*, M. Berlioz praises Signor Fumagalli, a pianist from Milan, now in Paris,—as a player special among the specialties, and first-rate among the first-rates for his instrument. When Italy does yield an instrumental artist able to abide comparison and scrutiny, he is most preëminent:—witness Dragmetti, Paganini, Cavallini, Briccialdi, Cioffi, Piatti, and Bottesini. We cannot, therefore, cease from dreaming of an orchestral composer as among the musical possibilities of a country as rich in gifts as it is ill-starred in government.—*Athenaeum*

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The Modern Opera.

FROM RICHARD WAGNER'S ESSAY.

[Translated for this Journal.]

Music is a woman.

The nature of woman is Love: but this love is the receptive principle, which in receiving yields itself without reserve.

Woman acquires full individuality only in the moment of yielding herself up. She is the water nymph, the Undine, moving soulless through the waves of her cool element, until through the love of a man she first receives a soul. The look of innocence in the eye of woman is the limitless, clear mirror, in which man recognizes only the universal capacity for love, until he can perceive his own image in it: when he has once recognized himself there, then the universal susceptibility of the woman is concentrated into an urgent necessity of loving him with the omnipotence of the most zealous and entire devotion.

The woman, that loves not with the pride of this entire devotion, does not truly love. A woman, who does not love, is the most unworthy and repugnant object in the world. Let us produce the characteristic types of such women!

The Italian Opera music has with striking truth been called a *Courtesan*. She can boast of always remaining herself, never sacrifices herself, except it be for a personal pleasure or a personal advantage. She relinquishes the proper individuality and pride of woman, and gives herself away entirely in the general.

The French Opera music justly passes for a *Coquette*. The coquette itches to be admired, nay to be loved; but her peculiar delight in being admired and loved is only a delight to her when she herself feels neither love nor admiration for the object in which she inspires both. The gain she seeks is pleasure in herself, the gratification of vanity; that she become admired and loved is the enjoyment of her life, which would instantly be clouded the moment she herself should feel love or admiration. Were she in love herself, she would be robbed of her self-satisfaction, for in love she would necessarily have to forget herself, and devote herself to the painful, often suicidal pleasure of another. Hence there is nothing against which the coquette is so much upon her guard, as love, so that she may keep unmoved the only thing she does love, that is to say, herself. . . . Accordingly the coquette lives from thievish egoism, and her vital energy is icy coldness. In her the womanly nature is perverted to its repulsive opposite, and from her cold smile, which mirrors back to us only our own distorted image, we turn round in despair perchance to the Italian pleasure-maiden.

But there is still a third type of denaturalized women, which one absolutely shudders to behold: it is the *Prude*, for which the so-called German Opera must pass.

By German Opera I do not mean the opera of Weber, but this modern phenomenon, the more talked about, the less it has an actual existence, as the "German domain." The peculiarity of this opera consists in this: that it is a thing invented and manufactured by those modern German composers, who cannot consent to compose to French or Italian texts, which is the only thing that hinders them from actually writing French or Italian operas; and so they console themselves with the proud imagination that they can bring to pass something altogether peculiar and select, inasmuch as they *know much more of music* than the Italians and the French.

To the courtesan it may happen, that the unselfish glow of love may suddenly kindle within her for the youth whom she has captivated,—

think of "the God and the Bayadere"!—to the coquette too it may chance some day that she, who always plays with love, becomes herself ensnared in this same play, and in spite of all the resistance of her vanity, sees herself taken in the net, and weeps over the loss of her will. But never will this fine touch of humanity occur to the woman, who watches over her own spotlessness with orthodox fanaticism of faith,—the woman, whose virtue upon principle consists in ignorance of love. The prude is brought up by the rules of prudence and reserve, and from her youth up has heard the word "love" pronounced only with shy embarrassment. Her heart full of dogma, she steps forth into the world, looks shyly about her, observes the courtesan and the coquette, beats her pious breast and exclaims: "I thank thee, Lord, that I am not as these are!" Her vital power is reserve, her sole will the annihilation of love, which she knows only as she sees it in the nature of the courtesan and the coquette. Her virtue is the abstaining from sin, her works unfruitfulness, her soul impertinent superciliousness. How near this very woman is to the most loathsome of all predicaments! No one needs to be reminded of the conventicles of holy nuns and the venerable communities, in which the flower of hypocrisy has blossomed! We have seen the prude fall into every vice of her French and Italian sisters, only with the crime of dissimulation superadded, and, alas, without a particle of originality!

Turn now from this hideous type and let us ask, what sort of woman shall true Music be?

A woman, that *really loves*, places her virtue in her pride, and her pride in her self-sacrifice,—that self-sacrifice, with which, while she receives, she yields up not a part of her nature, but her whole nature in the richest fullness of its capacity. But to produce joyfully and gladly what she has received,—that is the deed of woman,—and to achieve deeds, woman needs to be only *entirely* what she already is, and to will nothing else: for she can will but one thing,—namely to be *Woman*! Hence the Woman is to the Man the ever clear and intelligible measure of natural infallibility; for she is the most perfect when she does not overstep the circle of beautiful spontaneity, within which she is confined by what alone has power to bless her life, by the necessity of love.

And here I point you again to that glorious musician, in whom Music was entirely that which

she has power to be in man, when she is in the fulness of her nature *Music*, and nothing else but *Music*. Look at MOZART! Was he any the less a musician, because he was wholly and entirely a musician, because he could and would be nothing but a musician? Look at his "Don Juan!" Where has music ever attained to such infinitely rich individuality, and had power to characterize all so surely and precisely in the richest, most exuberant fulness, as here, where the musician, true to the nature of his art, was not in the least degree anything else, except an unconditionally loving woman?

Zelter's Musical Criticisms.

Translated from the "Correspondence of Zelter and Goethe," by W. J. THOMS.*

Zelter, who was originally a working stonemason, devoted his leisure to the study of music, with so much success, that, on the death of Fasch, he was appointed to succeed him as Director of the celebrated Singing-School at Berlin. Zelter appears to have been not only a skilful musician, and an ardent lover of his art, but also a man of strong mind, and of refined taste generally; and the correspondence between himself and Goethe, which commenced in 1796, on the occasion of his setting to music Goethe's song, 'Ich denke Dein,' and was continued until 1832—when it was terminated by the poet's death—forms six volumes, every page of which is replete with information and amusement. It has been said of Lord Bacon's Essays—that they are not essays, but severally contain hints for many essays. The same may be observed of the criticisms of Zelter and Goethe; they are fragmentary, rather than elaborate, and contain the germ of more extensive disquisition. But, notwithstanding this and their occasional obscurity, they are still well deserving of the perusal of the English reader, as the outpourings of two mighty intellects; who, if deaf to the factitious charms of a *roulade*, or little likely (parodying a well-worn quotation) to

"Die of a run in a chromatic pain,"

were, which is far better for our purpose, deeply sentient of the majestic grandeur of Handel—of the mystic sublimity of Bach.

NO. I.—"THE MESSIAH."

Your mention of Handel reminds me, (says Zelter, in a letter to Goethe on the 20th of March, 1824), that I have yet to thank Rochlitz; he has presented me also with his book, and expressed himself in very friendly terms upon Handel and towards myself.

Herder has somewhere called 'The Messiah' a Christian *Epos*, and he has hit upon the very word; for, in fact, this work contains, in its fragmentary construction, the whole convulsion of Christianity, true, faithful, and reasonably poetic.

The intention of the whole, taken as a perfect work, (*opus*) has always seemed to me to have arisen fortuitously; and I cannot wean myself from this opinion.

The high festivals of the Christian Church, in Handel's time, afforded an opportunity to the composer to set to music verses from the Bible, especially from the Gospels, from which the finest peculiarities must arise. Handel, who had sufficient taste and spirit to reject the infamous Church-text of Brock, Picander, and others, (over which he, Bach, and Telemann, had worked themselves weary) gathered together, at last, into one convulsion, all the choruses, which bear reference to the Passion, then got some clever man, if he did not do it himself, to make the links necessary to connect them; and thus there arose a cyclical work, which seems to me divisible into four or five parts.

1. The annunciation of the Messiah, accompanied by the prophets from on high: the work of Redemption, full of mystery, yet dawning, as it were, into light—'Comfort ye my people, saith your God'—breathing the freshness of Spring.

* London Musical World, 1836.

2. His birth on earth first made known to the shepherds: the introduction (*Siciliano*) a delightful pastoral symphony, must precede the chorus, 'Unto us a child is born.' In Mozart's score, the chorus stands first, which is wrong. The chorus is, at the commencement, playful and *rocking*, child-like, even childish, until it displays colossal power at the words, 'And the government shall be upon his shoulder.'

Life and Doctrine, of a pastoral character—'He shall feed his flock,'—'Come unto him all ye that labor.'

3. Passion and Death: Denial, Mockery, Ill-treatment. 'Behold the Lamb of God;' 'Surely he hath borne our griefs;' 'All we like sheep have gone astray;' 'He trusted in God, that he would deliver him;' 'Thy rebuke hath broken his heart;' 'Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow.' The Passion is completed by death—and through this is victory. Redemption is achieved—now for the consequences.

4. Resurrection and Eternal Life; back to the heavenly—to the never-ending. Prophecy now steps forth again; 'Lift up your heads, oh ye gates!' 'The Lord gave the word;' 'Why do the nations so furiously rage together?' 'Let us break their bonds asunder;' 'Hallelujah!' 'I know that my Redeemer liveth;' 'Since by man came death, &c.

5. Apotheosis—'Worthy is the Lamb!' 'Blessing and honor;' 'Amen.'

The expression of such a work is to be gathered from the whole, although good, nay, even fine composition is not wanting over the several parts of it. The overture is belonging to the piece only, in so far as it serves as a foreground, or foil, on which to set the clear blue heaven of prophecy. The glory of the Lord God shall be made known. Clearness, power, truth, reign throughout the whole of the first part. In the second part—warm clear night—one feels the shining of the stars. Pastoral—alluring, pure and mild. In the third part, Suffering and Death—brief, not crowded; grand, still, touching; no torments, no crucifixion and the like. The sorrow of the Righteous One over the degradation of the good, of the beautiful, is the ground, the foundation, over which a crystal stream flows away—'Behold and see if there be any sorrows like unto his sorrows.'

This last piece is a genuine cavatina, and this brings us to the historical consideration of musical forms, upon which I would make the following observations.

I look upon the German 'Chorale' as a sort of primal form, which constitutes the party-wall (*Scheidewand*) between the Protestant and Catholic Churches. By means of the Chorale, as the congregational song, which comprehended the Gospel, the congregation arrived at the power of serving God. The old 'Cantus Firmus' had in its degradation become deformed. The Chorale which proceeded from it, assumed a settled shape; it is the image, the frame of the strophe, through which the ear and memory are addressed, instead of the thoughts.

But the matter proceeds, as usual, still farther; the Florid-song (*figural-gesang*) arises. At first it is not admitted into the Church. What does the composer then do? he forms a florid melody upon the chorale itself, gives it a varied bass, and thus florid music is, as it were, smuggled into the Church.

The tenor, as the constant, principal, and leading voice, being separated from its ground, the bass becomes weak in large churches. The 'Trias Harmonica' is admitted; a third voice becomes necessary. There is no going below the bass; so attention was directed upwards, and there arises the Alto, as the upper voice; and the tenor, which before took the lead, was now concealed by both higher and lower parts. The pupils of the schools are now introduced into the choir, the Alto is too deep for them, so the Soprano arises over the Alto, and there we have the harmony of four voices. Ground-Bass is discovered, and now the theory of *assonance* passes into the theory of *dissonance*.

The new choir is there, and will be employed. Then arises the Chorus, then the Fugue, which

still always includes the Chorale, if not as the Thema, still as the Cantus Firmus. A strong marking of the time becomes now still more necessary; the strict movement forms this condition; and there is the Motette (from *motus*); and the proud Chorale, which, like the mighty ocean, would scarcely move in space, much less in time, now dances to the flute.

From this point, the colossal in the chapel-style keeps descending to the Liliputian (*mikrologische*). The leading voice feels itself, pleases, and will please itself; the powerful tenor loses its reputation, and the soprano reigns tyrannically over the whole. The Church, however, stirs itself, and will not suffer this; whereupon music looks for refuge beyond the walls of the Church. The Cantata, the Oratorio, the Opera, appear; here the singer is a person of consequence;—the Chorale is no fool, and goes with him.

Mozart, wishing to distinguish himself in the florid chorale style, makes the blacks in 'Zauberflöte' sing such a Cantus Firmus (if I mistake not, to the chorale melody of 'Wenn wir in höchsten Noth.'). The orchestra accompanies it, without knowing what to make of it, yet so it is. In the opera it is of good effect to the progress of the affair. Passion growing, bursting, to one turning point, which desires a stage on which to spend its fury; and thus arises the Cavata, (aria) in which any defined feeling gives itself full vent. The singer is now the only representative of the whole. He pleases himself and others; thence the *Da capo*. This *Da capo* is at last admitted among the forms; and now no one knows any longer of what the discourse properly consists. The *Da capo* itself becomes a *caput mortuum*, base money alone passes current, and no one knows any longer how to use the pure metal.

Now the composer will no longer confine himself to the primal form; thence arises the Cavatina, which is nothing more than an air without the second part, which cannot be sung *Da capo*, and such a genuine cavatina we find in 'The Messiah'—'Behold and see, if there be any sorrows like unto his sorrows;' with which the whole Passion is quietly completed, and the work of Atonement fulfilled.

If you would experience a peculiarly imaginative delight, examine once more the chorus 'Unto us a child is born.' After the company of shepherds, who are watching their flocks by night upon the plains, have received the words of the angels, and recovered from their alarm, one party of them begins, 'Unto us a child is born,' and toys innocently with the idea; a second party follows in a similar strain; then a third—then a fourth—until at length, at the words 'Wonderful, Counselor,' all the voices join. The flocks of the field, and the whole starry host of heaven—every thing awakens, and is moved with joy and gladness.

But enough, ye Muses, if not indeed too much. If, however, you have heard your 'Messiah,' I much wish to be made acquainted with your opinion of it. I always learn something when you give me your opinion upon any subject.

The good Rochlitz deserves our best thanks, but his history of the origin of 'The Messiah,' *a priori*, seems to me like all history (which is so called.) The history of a work of art (and every work of art has its distinct history) is not to be counted upon the fingers, if nature itself requires thousands of years to make such a fellow; who is then, moreover, made only by accident. Necessity itself cannot exist except by chance.

It has just occurred to me, that the foregoing hypothesis of the accidental nature of Handel's "Messiah," considered as a whole, was broached by me some twenty years since, in a Review which then found, and still finds, abundant contradiction. The criticism is in the "Berlin Musical Gazette," edited by Reichardt, for 1805 or 1806, and is certainly in your library. Let every one consider this matter after his own fashion: for me, this accidental nature is a necessary beauty in every work of genius.

* One of Luther's Chorales.

French Encouragement of Young Musicians.

The annual prize for musical composition, given by the Institute, was founded by Napoleon. The gainer becomes entitled to a pension of a thousand crowns a year (£125) for five years, with an allowance of twelve hundred francs (£50) to defray the expense of the public performance of his composition on the day of the distribution of the prizes. He then goes to Italy, where he must remain two years; then he must spend a year in Germany; after which he returns to France, and receives the last two years of his pension: and at the expiration of these two years the Academy is bound by an express regulation to procure for him the poem of an opera, and to get it performed either at one of the musical theatres, or one of the best provincial theatres.

To be allowed to contend for the prize, the candidate must be a Frenchman, a pupil of the Conservatory, and under thirty years of age. He must also go through some preliminary exercises, of a very trifling kind, to show his competency. On a certain day each of the candidates receives a copy of the words of a dramatic cantata, which they are to set to music; and then they are shut up till the work is finished—three weeks being allowed them for that purpose. The poem is never the work of a distinguished writer, the author being always some hackney scribbler; and it is accordingly a tissue of common places, wholly unfit to excite the fancy or the feelings. Each MS. must be legibly signed with the composer's name—a regulation which leads to gross favoritism and injustice. Then the judges, consisting of six members of the musical section of the Institute, and two members of some other sections (as of painting, or sculpture, or architecture,) assemble; and after hearing the different pieces played over upon the piano-forte, and sung at sight, or nearly so, by a singer engaged for that purpose, they give their judgment. Now, when it is remembered that the music is theatrical, and written in score for a great orchestra, and that, consequently, its merits very much depend upon its dramatic character and orchestral effects, what sort of opinion of its qualities can be formed by persons who merely sit and hear it scrambled over by a singer and a piano-forte player, even supposing the judges to be ever so able and unbiassed? But this is not the worst. This decision, pronounced by judges, the majority of whom are musicians, has a chance at least of being sound. But it goes for nothing; for, eight days afterwards, all the classes of the Institute belonging to the fine arts, of which the section of music does not form a fifth part, assemble, and, after hearing the different pieces performed as before, (that is, music composed for an actor and an orchestra, performed by a singer standing at the piano-forte) give a definitive judgment, frequently reversing, without appeal, a decision much more likely to be correct than their own.

The happy victor then sets out for Italy. During his stay there he may do what he pleases, provided that at the end of the first year he send home a piece of sacred music, and, at the end of the second, an act of an Italian opera. If he do this, he may either stay at Rome, or vagabondize through the Roman States. He generally chooses the alternative of an idle and wandering life; he knows that he has nothing to learn in a country where music is sunk in the lowest degradation; and his only object is to kill time as well as he can. As to the compositions required of him, he may have written them before leaving Paris. From his subsequent twelve months' stay in Germany, if he be industrious, he may learn something; but his previous Italian habits are not much in his favor. At last he comes back to Paris a finished musician, to set about the composition of the opera which the Academy is bound to get brought out for him. But this condition never has in one instance been fulfilled. He is now left to shift for himself; and our young composers will find, if they inform themselves on the subject, that the facilities for the production of an artist unknown to fame, are by no means greater in Paris than in London. Such are the benefits of the famous concours to the gainers of the prize.

To those who fail, (and they are often not of less or greater merit than those who succeed) the consequences are injurious. From the absurd regulation that the MSS. must be signed, their names get abroad, and they undergo the stigma of a failure. In short, so completely are the benefits of Napoleon's well-intended and liberal endowment neutralized by the absurdities of its administration, that it is scouted by the more enlightened of the French musicians; and, unless entirely reformed, even the temptation of a five years' pension will not continue to induce young men of talent to avail themselves of it.—*London Chronicle*, 1836.

THE LAST POET.

[Translated from Anastasius Grün.]

BY N. L. FROTHINGHAM, D. D.

When will you bards be weary
Of rhyming on? How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old eternal song?

Is it not long since empty—
The horn of full supply;
And all the posies gathered,
And all the fountains dry?

So long as the sun's chariot
Yet keeps its azure track,
And but one human visage
Gives answering glances back;

As long as skies shall nourish
The thunderbolt and gale,
And, frightened at their fury,
One throbbing heart shall quail;

As long as after tempest
Shall spring one showery bow,
One breast with peaceful promise
Of reconciliation glow;

As long as night the concave
Sows with its starry seed;
And but one man those letters
Of golden writ can read;

Long as a moonbeam glimmers,
Or bosom sighs a vow,
Long as the wood-leaves rustle,
To cool a weary brow;

As long as roses blossom,
And earth is green in May;
As long as eyes shall sparkle
And smile in pleasure's ray;

As long as cypress shadows
The graves more mournful make,
Or one cheek's wet with weeping,
Or one poor heart can break;

So long on earth shall wander
The goddess Poesy;
And with her one exulting
Her votarist to be.

And singing on, triumphing,
The old earth-mansion through,
Out marches the last minstrel,—
He is the last man too.

The Lord holds the creation
Forth in his hand meanwhile,
Like a fresh flower just opened,
And views it with a smile.

When once this flower-giant
Begins to show decay,
And earths and suns are flying
Like blossom-dust away;

Then ask—if of the question
Not weary yet—how long
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old eternal song!

FIorentini, the intelligent, witty *feuilletoniste* of the *Constitutionnel*, gives the most exact statement of the difficulty which attends the getting access (for love or money) to the concerts of the

Conservatoire at Paris, by mentioning the fact of a distinguished foreign amateur coming to Paris, on purpose to assist at the first of these concerts, receiving, in answer to his demand for admission, the consoling answer (from an influential member of the society) that his request would certainly be attended to, and that in about twenty-four years' time he might make sure of a ticket. The fact is, all the subscription is always full—no more tickets are sold after that; and the only chance of getting admission is by one of the subscribers giving up his ticket.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

"Engedi" again.

MARCH 12.

MR. DWIGHT:—In to-day's paper your types make me say, "In Beethoven's chorus there is no lack of *order* and yet no tumult." For *order* should be put *ardor*.

Now I have pen in hand, may I give you more distinctly my friend K's view of that same chorus? He said, as nearly as I can remember: "Handel's chorus occasionally loses sight of the majesty it adores, but Beethoven's never; that is, it is in every part worthy of a choir of angels in the presence of God. But there are two other characteristics of Beethoven's chorus which lift it far above Handel's. The first is its Christianity. In the Hallelujah we may suppose Socrates and Plato, and even modern "naturalists," in their best hours, to join. But in the close of the "Engedi" none can join but those who have felt the reconciling power of the cross; for it is a thanksgiving in behalf of the redeemed, a thanksgiving for redemption. The second is its universality. The Hallelujah never carries you beyond that particular choir of angels who begin the song. But in the "Mt. of Olives" chorus we hear *world* after *world* rolling in and joining in the praise and thanks, keeping, nevertheless, with all this infinite volume and swell, the peculiar Christian ideas that God, who created, hath also redeemed."

When I assure you that, at the time K. made these remarks to me, neither he nor I knew what the original words were, you may judge of my delight at receiving yesterday from your "Diarist," a letter containing these words:

"The final chorus has in the original: '*Welten singen*': 'Worlds sing, worlds sing, thanks and honor to the exalted Son of God.' You see all *worlds* unite in this. Is not this a mighty thought?"

Yes, it is a mighty thought, and I think the above unbiassed judgment of K. goes far to show that the thought is in the music, as well as in the words; instrumental music can convey definite ideas independent of words; and that the music of the "Mt. of Olives" is too grand for the words of "Engedi." Yours, H. T.

The Mendelssohn Manuscripts.

The following is the letter of the brother of the great composer, relative to the controversy in England, to which we alluded in our last.

To the Editor of the ———, London.

SIR,—In your paper of the 6th December, I read in the report of Mr. Jullien's concert, the following remarks:—

"It was, we believe, with no small difficulty, that the publishers obtained the score of Mendelssohn's Symphony in A from Messrs. Hauptmann, Moscheles, Rietz, and David; and, but that the copy was known to exist in the library of the Philharmonic Society, it stood a fair chance of being lost to the world, like another

and a later orchestral work, the *Reformation Symphony*.

"The position assumed by the above-named professors, is indeed quite inexplicable, and, unless it can be defended by solid arguments (which scarcely appears possible,) may lead to remonstrances and inquiries that had far better been avoided."

The author of that report has certainly derived his information from sources none of the purest.

As to the publication of the symphony in A, the four gentlemen named never entertained a doubt; this was decided upon without any regard to the existence of a copy being in possession of the Philharmonic society, and no difficulties of any kind whatsoever were raised. My evidence is authentic, as I was the party acting between the publishers and the four gentlemen named. As concerns the laying by the *Reformation Symphony*, this work of Felix Mendelssohn's early youth (the composition of which occurred long before that of the symphony in A, and which Felix Mendelssohn never once performed anywhere in concurrence with his own judgment,) after conscientious examination was not considered suitable for publication.

Do these four gentlemen deserve to be attacked for that reason with enmity and suspicion? Is it desired that they, who are themselves of the best artists, and best judges of art in Germany; they, the faithful friends of Felix Mendelssohn, should give up their own judgment about this one or other of his posthumous works? At all events, the family Mendelssohn concurs entirely in their proceedings, and owes them true gratitude for the services they have rendered in publishing the works Mendelssohn left behind him; and from them these gentlemen have neither to expect remonstrances nor inquiries.

From the general and great influence your paper exercises, and from the great love my brother bore to England, which he held in honor as his second fatherland, I hold it to be my duty to appear before the English public as the grateful defender of the four Leipsic gentlemen; for which purpose I beg of you to afford these lines space in your Journal.

I am, Sir, yours, most obediently,

PAUL MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY.

ORNAMENT AND GRACES IN SINGING.—It is an extremely false taste to overload every performance with a profusion of ornament. When a piece has intrinsic merit, or when a singer has a fine voice, ornament, if profuse, has more chance to injure it than add to its effect. It is not to be denied, however, that ornament, when judiciously placed, is indispensable to a singer, and will require great care and practice in the acquisition. The following passage from the life of Rossini, by Count Stendhall, strongly illustrates the ideas of this great master upon the point.

On Rossini's arrival at Milan, in 1814, when he was in his twenty-second year, to compose the "Aureliano in Palmira," he became acquainted with Velluti, who was to sing in his opera. Velluti, then in the flower of his youth and talents, and one of the handsomest men of his time, had no small share of vanity, and was fond of displaying the powers of voice with which nature had gifted him. Before Rossini had an opportunity of hearing this great singer, he had written a *cavatina* for the character he was to perform. At the first rehearsal, Velluti began to sing, and Rossini was struck with admiration. At the second rehearsal Velluti began to show his powers of gracing; Rossini found the effect produced was just and admirable, and highly applauded the performance. At the third, the simplicity of the *cantilena* was entirely lost, amidst the profusion of ornaments. At last the great day of the performance arrived. The *cavatina*, and the whole character sustained by Velluti, was received with rapture; but Rossini scarcely knew what Velluti was singing—it was no longer the music he had composed; yet still the song of Velluti was full of beauties, and succeeded with the public to admiration. The pride of the young composer was not a little wounded. This opera fell, and it was the *soprano* alone who had

any success. The ardent mind of Rossini at once perceived all the advantages that might be taken of such an event. Not a single suggestion was lost upon him. "It was by a lucky chance," we may suppose him to have said to himself, "that Velluti discovered he had a taste of his own; but who will say that in the next theatre for which I compose, I may not find some other singer, who, with as great a flexibility of voice and an equal rage for ornament, may so spoil my music, as not only to render it contemptible to myself, but tiresome to the public? The danger to which my poor music is exposed is still more imminent, when I reflect upon the great number of different schools for song that exist in Italy. The theatres are filled with performers who have learned music from some poor provincial professor. This mode of singing violin concertos and variations without end, tends to destroy not only the talent of the singer, but also to vitiate the taste of the public. Every singer will make a point of imitating Velluti, without calculating upon the relative compass of his voice. We shall see no more simple *cantilenas*. They would appear cold and tasteless. Every thing is about to undergo a change, even to the nature of the voice. Once accustomed to embellish, to overload the *cantilena* with high-wrought ornaments, and so stifle the works of the composer, they will soon discover that they have lost the habit of sustaining the voice and expanding the tones, and consequently the power of executing *largo* movements. I must therefore lose no time in changing the system I have followed hitherto. I am not myself ignorant of singing; all the world allows me a talent in this way. My embellishments shall be in good taste; for I shall at once be able to discover where my singers are strong and where defective, and I will write nothing for them but what they can execute. My mind is made up. I will not leave them room for a single *appoggiatura*. These ornaments, this method of charming the ear, shall form an integral part of my song, and shall be all written down in my score."

Such ought to be the practice of all composers; and no young singer ought ever to attempt a grace that is not set down for him, or which is not pointed out for him by a judicious master. The violation of this rule may procure a momentary applause from a mixed audience; but it will never ensure a lasting reputation, nor lead to establish first-rate excellence in simple execution. —*The Art of Improving the Voice and Ear.*

At Weimar used to be one side of the theatre called the "noble side." No one but a nobleman or officer (the rank of officer being equal to noble birth) was allowed to take his seat there. All "Burgers," however rich or aspiring, were studiously and forcibly kept away from this "*sanctum sanctorum*" of silly pride of caste. Since the revolution, however, the law has been abolished, but not the awe with which the untitled regard that side, whither they do not venture, notwithstanding the permission now, fearing the sneers and those thousand indescribable slights which unreasonable prejudice would treat them with.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XX.

New York, March 10. *Freundinn* asks (speaking of Zeuner's Psalm tunes): where *dül* he get all those odd, strange, unpronounceable names? Easily answered, *liebe Freundinn*; glance over any Musical Biography and you will see that most of them are names of composers of greater or less distinction.

But, is there any reason why particular names should be given to particular tunes—in other words, did Zeuner intend that they should in some degree characterize the music of those whose names he has adopted?

I cannot affirm this, but have long thought that it must be true of many. Turn to the "*Harp*." Look at 'Marpurg,' a unique specimen of magnificent harmony, called by the name of one of the greatest writers on the theory of harmony of the last century; 'Kreutzer' for male voices, is named from Conradin Kreutzer, well known as one of

the finest writers for male voices that has lived; in the tune 'Beethoven,' no one at all familiar with the great master, can fail of seeing how much Zeuner has here caught of the trusting, loving, devotional spirit, which is so characteristic of Beethoven's adagios. Some of the most beautiful and truly devotional tunes which used to be sung thirty years since, are arrangements from his instrumental works.

Frescobaldi was organist at St. Peters in Rome two centuries since. He wrote much for the organ, was the first Italian to play in the fugued style—and, by the way, Bainsi relates that the first time he played in the Vatican Church he had 20,000 listeners! A great audience or—a great story. The tune named from him is certainly appropriate enough. The tune "Weber" again is to the point. Doubtless if we were as familiar with German music as Zeuner, we might find many most appropriately named of which we cannot now judge.

"T. H." should try his friend K. on some of the "Harp" tunes, in some of which the correspondence between the expression of words and music is truly extraordinary.

March 12. "T. H." in *Dwight's Journal* to-day makes a right shrewd guess as to the choruses of the soldiers in Beethoven's "Mount of Olives." It seems to argue curiously in favor of his theory of the expression of music. The original words to the first of these choruses are:

Wir haben ihn gesehn, Nach diesem Berge gehen, Entfliehen kann er nicht, Sein wartet das Gericht.	We have him seen, To this mountain going, Escape can he not, Him waiteth the Judgment.
--	---

Then follows the solo, (Jesus):

"They who have come out to take me now draw near," &c.

The march is again heard *pianissimo*, for six bars; a sudden change to *allegro molto*, in the key of D, breaks in, the first bar *piano*, the second *forte*, and in the third *fortissimo*; the soldier chorus bursts forth:

Hier ist er, der Verbannte, Der sich im Volke küht	Here is he, the outlawed, Who himself among the people hold
Der Juden König nannte; Ergreift und bindet ihn.	The Jewish king called; Seize and bind him.

The chorus of disciples follows:

Was soll der Lärm bedeuten? Es ist uns umgesehn! Umringt von rauen Krieger- ern, Wie wird es uns ergehn?	What does this tumult mean? It is all over with us! Surrounded by rude warriors, How will it to us result?
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Soldiers again:

"Here is he," &c.,

and the chorus closes with both soldiers and disciples. The former continue the same words, while the disciples call for pity:

Erbarmen ach, erbarmen! es ist uns ums gesehn!	Pity, oh pity, it is all over with us!
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Next is the trio between Peter, Jesus and a Seraph, of which Peter's attack upon the servant of the High Priest forms the subject.

The passion of the piece is wrought up to the highest pitch in the following number. The soldiers begin:

Anf! ergreift den Verräther, Weilet hier nun länger nicht, Fort jetzt mit dem Missethät- er, Schlept ihn schleunig vor Ger- icht.	Up! seize the traitor, Delay here now no longer, Forth now with the malefactor, Drag him at once before the Judgment seat.
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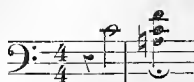
About the 19th bar the disciples are heard:

Ach, wir werden seinetwegen, Auch gehasst, verfolgt seyn, Man wird uns in Bande legen, Märtern und dem Tode legen.	Alas, we shall on his account, Also hated, persecuted be, They will us also in bonds lay, Martyr us and to death devote.
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Finally Jesus is heard in a tenor solo:

Meine Qual ist bald versch- wunden, Der Erlösung werk vollbracht, Bald ist gänzlich überwun- den, Und besiegt der Hölle Macht.	My pangs will soon be ended, Redemption's work perfected, Soon will be completely over- come And conquered Hell's power.
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This number of the oratorio closes with this solo accompanied by both the choruses, the last chord being in E flat. A splendid change is made in a very simple manner. The soldiers repeat,



and the tenor is heard repeating once more the last two lines in the key of F,

"Bald ist gänzlich," &c.

and leading into the Maestoso instrumental passage introductory to a chorus of angels:

Welten singen Dank und | Worlds sing thanks and hon-
Ehre, | or,
Dem erhabenen Gottes Sohn, | To the exalted Son of God.

And here breaks in, allegro, what has long seemed to me almost the sublimest chorus ever written—a chorus in which a young man of thirty rivals the majesty and power of Handel in the days of his loftiest inspiration. The words of this chorus begin:

Preiset ihn ihr Engelchöre, | Praise him, ye Angel choirs,
Laut im heiligen Jubelton. | Loud in holy jubilant tones.

Those who can refer to the fourth volume of the Handel and Haydn Society choruses, will see that the English translation there does not do exact justice to the original, of which I hope this literal translation, in parallel columns, will give some idea.

March 13. "Friends, do you realize that within the last three weeks we have had five of Beethoven's Symphonies in Boston?"

We (here in the Metropolis) do realize it! So says my friend "Jo."

And "Jo" really thinks that the provincials are to be envied! Why, sir, we have Donizetti, and Bellini, and Rossini, night after night, and have had two Symphonies of Beethoven and one by Schubert within the last three months, and six Eisfeld's *Soirées*, here in the great centre of Art—here in the Metropolis—and "Jo" is not satisfied! He actually wishes to hear now and then the "old foggy" performances of the Handel and Haydn Society! Wishes to hear Anna Stone sing in 'Judas Maccabæus,' and in the 'Mount of Olives,' and would rather hear Beethoven's Ninth Symphony than *Maria di Rohan*! Was there ever such a foggy? Why, we have had one extra Sacred Oratorio and Alboni sang in it, and the music was that profoundly solemn and soul-stirring opera—pshaw, I mean—Church piece, "Stabat Mater," by Rossini, and nearly the whole of it was sung; and, what is more, it was introduced, not by the overture to the *Masaniello*, but by the "Grand overture of Stabat Mater," by Mercadante—and yet he was not satisfied! Was there ever such a fellow?

Well, Symphonies and Sonatas, Capriccios and Fantasias, and Oratorios by learned German composers may do for provincial Boston, but we—New Yorkers, have got beyond that!

Ahem!

There is some talk of getting up a Society here to perform Romberg's "Song of the Bell."—Mr. Dwight had better come on and hear it.—'T will be a great musical festival—when it comes off. It will be the greatest performance ever heard this side of the Atlantic. Such a chorus! Such solos! Such an orchestra!—It always is so here. And such critics!!!

Fine Arts.

Massachusetts Academy of Fine Arts.

FIFTH ARTICLE.

* J. AMES has long been favorably known in Boston as one of our most successful artists; as one who has cherished broad and elevated notions of Art, and practiced with much simplicity of manner and effect. He has always been true to his feelings and inspiration. He may perhaps be reproached with following too closely Allston's peculiar ideas,—his peculiar choice of tones and colors. But this seems to be in consonance with his own impressions and sentiments, and there is so much that is broad and beautiful in this manner he uses so unconsciously, that we pardon him almost involuntarily.

The "Innocenza," No. 37, is a sweetly colored head, tender, delicate and clear. It lacks something in expression, but its naiveté is in keeping with its name. No. 43 is called "Twilight musings." This strikes one palpably as a reminiscence of Allston's "Lorenzo and Jessica." And indeed it possesses many fine qualities. The face is very sweet in color and expression; the whole subject is treated with poetic effect.

CHESTER HARDING, the well known and worthy president of the Academy, is not really well represented in the exhibition. His portrait of Allston is the only thing that gives a fair idea of his powers. It is picturesque in its general appearance and freely executed. The picture of Webster cannot with conscience be commended, for neither character, expression nor color are worthy of Harding's great reputation.

F. ALEXANDER exhibits four heads in colored crayons, all of them possessing more or less of that vigor and spirited touch which distinguish the works of this artist. He has devoted several years almost exclusively to the practice of crayons, and has produced most astonishing results, apparently with little labor judiciously disposed. He is acknowledged as an artist of great power and truth.

S. L. GERRY, we are sorry to say, exhibits but one picture, but this is of a very agreeable character. It is a view from Bartlett, N. H., and shows the far stretching fields and meadows of North Conway, in a manner to combine its fertile richness and graceful character with the picturesque outlines of its beautiful mountain and ledges. This charming portion of the valley of the Saco is unrivalled in loveliness, and Gerry has given us many of its fine points in his usual facile manner.

J. POPE has brought back from abroad a freer and more artistic manner than he formerly possessed. His drawing too is visibly improved. His effects and contrasts are more forcible. In fact he has become tinctured and leavened with the school of Couture. The "Page and Hawk" is after him, and is a delicate, well colored copy. The head of a Lady, recently added to the exhibition, is very agreeably colored and is painted in a most effective manner.

A. ORDWAY has a portrait in colored crayons which gains him much credit, placing him with the very best of our artists in this department. He has added also this week the portrait of a boy in oil colors. It is a very pleasant picture.

S. W. CHENEY has graced the exhibition with one of his inimitable black crayon heads.

There is something so refined, spiritual and sweet about the works of this delightful artist that it has long become fashionable to admire them, so that I make but a feeble re-echo when I say that this head of a child is all that is lovely in its childish simplicity and beauty, possessing as it does all the rare characteristics of the best efforts of this gifted artist.

W. WILLARD sends us his well known portrait of Jenny Lind, and the head of a Lady, which has some excellent qualities of tone and color.

H. WILLARD has also two or three pleasant portraits.—C. MARTIN has two charming crayon heads of children.—HANLEY, KIMBERLY, and HARTWELL are all well represented in this department of the exhibition. There are numerous other works of merit in the exhibition which we have no time or space to eulogize. C.

God bade the Sun with golden step sublime
Advance!

He whispered in the listening ear of Time,
Advance!

He bade the guiding Spirit of the Stars,
With lightning speed, in silver shining cars,
Along the bright floor of his azure hall
Advance!

Sun, Stars, and Time, obey the voice, and all
Advance!

The river at its bubbling fountain eries,
Advance!

The clouds proclaim, like heralds through the skies,
Advance!

Throughout the world the mighty Master's laws
Allow not one brief moment's idle pause.
The earth is full of life; the swelling seeds
Advance!

And summer hours, like flowery harnessed steeds,
Advance!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 19, 1853.

Encores in Concerts.

We have scarcely enjoyed a concert in the Music Hall this winter, that we have not vowed internally to write an article, which we have as often failed, from forgetfulness or want of time, to do. The right of the *encore* is one which the sovereign public, in the uncontainableness of its enthusiasm, is continually abusing. The cry of *encore*, in its strict meaning, to which in practice it seems not half of the time confined, is simply Again! And it is both natural and reasonable that an audience should ask sometimes for a repetition of a piece of music, which either in itself or in the performance, has caused peculiar and unanimous satisfaction. But it is a privilege most easily abused; it soon ceases to be a distinction and becomes a bore. To keep its exercise within due limits, there are several things to be considered: as,

1. The unity of the concert, regarded as an artistic whole.
2. The rights of the rest of the audience.
3. Justice to the performers.
4. Justice to the music and the composer and our own musical culture in regard to them.

All these, and perhaps more, properly take precedence of our own momentary pleasure, which would prolong itself by an *encore*.

1. On the first point, consider that the programme of a good concert is itself a work of art, wisely made up and proportioned as to length, quantity, quality, variety, and with a skilful study of contrasts. If it be a programme of the solid, classical kind, substantially made up of symphony and overtures, or of quartets and sonatas, and if a vocal piece or two, or an instrumental solo of a long string of variations, is introduced by way of foil and contrast, the hearer blindly defeats his own intention by vociferously encoring one or more of these latter, as he will find to his cost before the programme is finished; for he has added so much to its total length, indulging too long in that listless listless alternation, till the whole grows heavy. And it seems to be the fatality that it is almost always the lighter and secondary matters, the solos—for the poor reason that these are personal,—that get the encores. The demanding of a repetition of a movement in a symphony or quartet, sometimes, for instance, an andante of Beethoven, shows better taste; but even this is dangerous and should be kept exceptional, for it alters the proportions of the work and of the concert. Justice to the idea and plan of the concert, then, should teach us to be sparing of our interference to disturb its fair proportions. If artists, rather say virtuosos, have been so much spoiled by these unstinted encores, that they actually allow for them in their programmes, as items understood, the more the better,—why this is all the stronger illustration of the evil we are pointing out.

2. Justice to our fellow auditors is equally important, even justice to the minority,—certainly to the more quiet, undemonstrative, but not for that less truly music-loving majority. It is not the best music-lovers, who most readily express their pleasure by the clapping of hands. Such noisy demonstrations too come in unnaturally after the

best kind of music. When we are most deeply moved and interested by works which speak to the intellect and to the soul, we are inclined to the most silent form of approbation. At least such is the case with "persons of that quiet, meditative and harmonious temperament, which is most likely to be found *en rapport* with music of the most classical and intellectual character. Now it not unfrequently happens that where the mass of an audience are of this class, and the piece of Beethoven or Mendelssohn has passed off deeply and quietly enjoyed, but not vociferously applauded, a few of the younger and more thoughtless, by sheer force of hands and feet and lungs have raised one of those thundering encores after the most hacknied overture, or operatic cavatina, or fantasia upon "Hail Columbia," which there is no resisting. The hacknied and the trifling are crammed down our throats by this means; since the silent, music-loving many are no match for the others in the way of noise. The worst of all this is, too, that it depraves the artist, if he be not a person of high and unflinching artist aim and force of character. The virtuoso of the voice or violin, even the conductor of the orchestra, thinks that the polka is far more appreciated and desired by the audience than the symphony of Mozart or the overture of Cherubini, because it is far more loudly applauded and redemanded by the imperative and forward likers of that sort of thing. So he adapts his programme, as he fancies, to the general will; for he must manage at some rate to be popular; he gives no credit for the silent sympathy for his nobler efforts, which if truly counted should outweigh the noisy demonstrations of the others, and he commences catering systematically to what he falsely takes to be the public taste.

3. Justice to the performer. The *encore* frequently becomes a nuisance, where it signifies not approbation or delight, so much as a gluttonous and unreasonable demand for *more*. If the audience in this case were a musically half-starved Oliver Twist, it would be well; but it is commonly in a state of positive plethora, that this greedy, avaricious appetite of a portion of an audience insists upon the singer or pianist coming back, to follow up the long and arduous solo, by an extra set of rigmorole, ear-tickling variations, ten to one on the most hacknied national or negro melody. It seems as if some people were possessed at concerts with a jealous eagerness to get out of an artist their full money's worth. And so cheap as our concerts are! Think what amount and quality and variety of music is open to the thousands at an Afternoon Rehearsal in the Music Hall, at a price that would be moderate for the mere privilege of sitting for a social hour in so agreeable a place! JAELL, though he play twice, seldom escapes two of these greedy encores; *because* he has played once, they hold him bound to play again, and make the most of his good nature, seeing that they have got him there. Dear little CAMILLE URSO is invariably a victim. The physical strength or weakness of the child are not considered,—still less the possibility that the young brain, after long concentration as intense and earnest as is required by the grave studies of mature manhood, or the young heart's over-stimulated capacity of impulse and emotion, can become fatigued. Beautiful as it is, it is also a sad sight to see the little girl so overtaken and victimized, a gentle gladiator, for the pleasure of a thoughtless, self-indulgent multitude, who seem to know

as little what is good for themselves, as they do what is just and kind for her.

4. What should be the most, but with the majority of concert-goers is the least, regarded in the exercise of the *encore*, is justice to the Art and the composer, and our own culture in regard to them. We have the most familiar, even hacknied piece repeated, when we let the noblest and (to us) the newest pass half-heard and not half-comprehended. We make a personal matter of an *encore*, redemanding the singer to do over again a brilliant feat and receive new plaudits, when we hear once through with barely a patient civility some one of the master-works, to which Music owes all its dignity as Art. If Beethoven or Mozart be in the concert, in one of their most living and eternal products, is there less due to these, bodily absent, than to Signor Whiskeroso Urlo, the *tenore*, or Signorina Screecherina, the *prima donna assoluta*, who have been so emphatically *on hand* with their bravura runs and shakes, in some thread-bare and long-suffering cavatina? Is it not wise sometimes to try to find the best in that which time and the judgment of all qualified to judge have shown to be the best? Surely no less is due to Art and to our own culture. This principle, if practised upon, would sometimes lead us to *encore* the piece, that was *not* the most perfectly performed, for the very reason that it might be done a second time and done better; that the performer might do better justice to himself and to the composer, and that the piece itself (new to us and poorly comprehended, while we have abundant outward evidence that it is good and worth our pains to understand it) might be found better and clearer on a second hearing. We alluded to a case the other day. Miss LEHMANN sang a scena from *Fidelio*, the only opera that divides the world's opinion with Mozart's *Don Juan*. * It was wholly new to a Boston audience; the music was strange and had too much in it to allow it to pass lightly and triumphantly off upon a single trial. The singer too was less effective, less herself in it, (perchance some momentary embarrassment) than she is usually. Here were two of the best of reasons for an *encore*, (but was not demanded,) namely, the strong probability that the singer would render it much more effectively, and that the audience would "get the hang" of the music better, in a second trial. Would not the time spent on a repetition of the *Fidelio* air, that was accorded to a repetition of the "Last Rose of Summer," have been a far better economy of our musical opportunities?

These are mere hints. It is easier, we know, to point out abuses, than to regulate by set rules a matter necessarily so indefinite and complex in its manifestations as the instinct (for it must be after all a thing of instinct, perfectly spontaneous) which dictates the *encore* in musical performances. It certainly can do no harm, and may do some good, to *think a little* of these things.

"Musica Grandœva Rediviva."

We notice in New Haven papers quite a call for a sacred concert in that city, for the Orphan Asylum, to be composed of "music of the by-gone days." One communication, which is signed "Every Body," says:

"The elderly portion of the community need only to know that the programme was made up of such tunes as China, Bridgewater, Stafford,

New Durham, Sherburne, New Jerusalem, and others of a kindred spirit to insure a full attendance on their part; and the younger portion would be actuated by a motive of curiosity to learn the style of sacred music in vogue in the days of their fathers."

Another writer under the above caption (which we may translate: Music of the great old time revived,) speaks of

"A meeting at the house of a respected citizen, which had been called for the purpose of reviving pleasant recollections of early life by listening to and singing the music of olden time.

"As an invited guest at that pleasing entertainment, at which the sacred songs of our pious fathers were sung with an unction, spirit and expression that would have delighted those noble men, and proved us no degenerate sons of our worthy sires, I heartily respond to the proposal, and believe that while we are benefitting a noble institution, we shall be giving a rich and novel treat to the rising generation, who have but a faint idea of either the style or effect of the peculiar fugues of our old-fashioned sires. And although my own tastes are modernized by practice of another kind, I would cheerfully co-operate with others in showing our children what and *how* our fathers sung in the worship of the "Eighteenth Century."

Tremble in your shoes, ye modern psalm-book manufacturers, whose name is legion!

THE GOLDSCHMIDT RUMORS.—There is hardly a more humiliating sign of civilized human nature, than the eagerness with which the newspapers (in this respect merely reflectors of the public moods, and hence not primarily to blame,) catch up and repeat every idle report that places a distinguished person in an unfavorable light. There have been perpetual newspaper hints during the past year about domestic differences between the great singer and her husband. No one knows that these have even a grain of truth in them, and yet they are triumphantly repeated and greedily read. We have had one lately going the rounds, in a still more confident and formidable shape, and credited to a correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*. This letter bears upon the face of it, and in the whole coarse and boastful style of it, evidence enough that it could not have proceeded from any reliable person. Things are stated as "*facts beyond dispute*," which are in the same breath said to lie wholly in the future, at least a year off. Motives are assigned for this future "fact," which to one who reflects on it are positively ridiculous. "Sontag's success," forsooth! What has it been, compared with Jenny Lind's? The motive is absurd, and the imputation of it vulgar and malignant. The "*fact*," however, we sincerely hope will prove a fact. And what in the nature of things more probable? Here is the world's greatest artist, now in the very fulness of her powers, endowed with all the restlessness of genius:—to cease entirely from the exercise of those powers, to own no mission of that genius to one's fellow-beings, is positively against reason and against nature; genius commits lingering, miserable suicide, if it do not manifest itself in action, if it do not run its full career. We live in the confidence that this great light is not withdrawn finally from the world, and that Jenny will yet again be heard in America, and far more profoundly appreciated even than she was before. But what have these letter-writers or we to do with her domestic affairs! What do they know about them? The letter in question is written

in a style in which no responsible person, really allowed to know about such things, would ever speak. And that this may be the more apparent, we subjoin the whole of this precious document, as we have just found it in the *Picayune*. It was concocted in New York, and not in Europe, and is signed "Antelope." Are antelopes made privy to so much more than friends are allowed to know!

NEW YORK, Feb. 18, 1853.

The success of Mme. Sontag, in concert and opera, has induced Jenny Lind to determine upon again visiting the United States. The unhappiness of her domestic relations may have had some influence upon her in coming to this decision, but that she will again visit our shores, should her life be spared, is a fact beyond dispute.

She has already made arrangements to perform in opera in several of the principal portions of Germany, during the present year, and has also completed arrangements to give one season of operatic performances in London, during the year 1854. Upon the conclusion of these, she will depart for this country, and will probably reach here in May of the ensuing year.

In support of what I have written, I will state that Mr. Ulmann, the present able manager for Mme. Sontag, has received formal propositions from Jenny Lind to act as her agent in this country, and I understand that that gentleman has accepted them. It is his intention, after finishing his engagement with Mme. Sontag, to visit Europe, to select a troupe to support Jenny during her stay in this country. The programme of her arrangements in the United States will be to visit New York first, and after giving a number of favorite operas here, she will then make a tour of all the principal cities and towns of the Union.

I alluded above to the domestic difficulties of Jenny Lind. These, I am informed upon the most reliable authority, exist, and are still becoming of the most serious and unpleasant nature. Shortly after the honey-moon, some trifling misunderstanding occurred between her and Mr. Goldschmidt, (her husband,) which has been daily augmenting, until her sufferings are now too intolerable to be endured. His petty acts of selfishness, and his determination to rule her as with a rod of iron, have caused her the greatest unhappiness, and a separation has, I am distinctly informed, been agreed upon. The well known generosity of Jenny is one of the main causes of the difficulty, her husband being opposed to the giving away of anything. But then, it may be, that the high temper which Jenny displays at times, has also its effect in rendering her home unhappy. Certain it is, such a state of things exist, and what I have written above you will find corroborated to the very letter.

ANTELOPE.

OUR SECOND YEAR commences after two more numbers, namely with the issue of April 9th. All that our friends can do for us against that time in inducing others to subscribe, will be so much towards making the *Journal of Music* a better paper. We mean that it shall improve at least in the ratio of its support.

Renewals of subscriptions will be now in season. And we are sorry still to have to remind a portion of our subscribers for the past year, that the *Journal* needs the small sums due from them.

CORRECTION.

MR. DWIGHT,

Dear Sir:—I saw with much surprise, in the last number of your *Journal*, that a new Choral Society, called the "Harmonic Society," under the direction of Messrs. Johnson, Baker, Southard and Cutler, was about

to give some concerts. Will you allow me sufficient space in your columns to state that I am not in any shape or manner connected with the "Harmonic Society."

Yours very truly,

L. H. SOUTHARD.

[The above corrects in part the misstatement in our last. It appears that the combination, as originally reported to us, of conductors of the new Society, has been essentially altered, so that, instead of the four gentlemen above-named, it is under the management of three: namely, Messrs. A. N. Johnson, H. S. Cutler, and W. R. Babcock. . . . Eo.]

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

CONCERT TO-NIGHT.—See the GERMANIA programme. Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony," Cherubini's superb Overture to *Les Deux Journées*, and Weber's *Concert-Stück*, by JAELL:—is not here enough?

On Monday evening, the MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY, for the first time this season, give an Oratorio Concert at the new Williams Hall. The South End will rejoice, but we must all be there. The selections from "Joshua," "Jephthah," and "St. Paul," have been so arranged, we understand, as to compose a sort of connected whole. The conductor is our respected professor, Mr. GEO. J. WEBB; for accompaniment, Mr. MUELLER presides at the noble organ; the solo-singers are approved, and the chorus numerous and prepared at all points.

POSTPONEMENTS. The Ninth Symphony, to the great disappointment of many, did not come off last week. Not a few persons came from out of town to hear it, and a Saturday evening vacant of all music, especially with one's heart set upon a Ninth Symphony, was a vacuum such as nature truly abhors. We learn, however, that we may still look forward to a hearing of Beethoven's great work, and that the "Germanians" intend to give their Extra Concert for it two weeks from to-night.

OTTO DRESEL's extra concert) also, is postponed from next Monday to the Monday following. See the programme below; it is one which cannot spoil by long anticipation.

The MUSICAL FUND REHEARSAL is postponed to the afternoon of Friday, April 1st.

Postponed Indefinitely. MME. SONTAG's Opera in Boston. The prospect of her coming has brightened and darkened with each day, each hour, these three weeks. There was no trusting any news, while newer came so close upon the heels of it. Last week, as we went to press, we had got it all comfortably settled and in type, by direct word of the agent's emissary, that she was to come and open on the 4th of April, and thereupon went home to dinner; but the printed paper when we got back told another story, for the emissary had rushed in in the meantime announcing the complete failure of his negotiations with the theatre managers and that now she would not or should not come at all! But the next day appeared the news that the agent-in-chief, Herr Ulmann, had arrived "to complete arrangements," and great was the crowing; the opera was a settled fact, in spite of our unwelcome types. Then place and time became the theme of shifting rumors for some days, (we would suggest to Sontag's manager the issuing of half-hourly bulletins, as they do about an emperor's sickness) till finally the story was: a despatch had come from ubiquitous Ulmann to the manager of the Howard stating that Sontag goes to Philadelphia, having been unable to engage a theatre as she desired in Boston;—and here it has stood now for three days and, we fear, is too true. The managers of the Howard and the National say they offered their houses on fair terms, "but the grasping avarice of the Sontag agency," &c. We must pocket our disappointment and wait perhaps till our new opera house attracts the greatest at whatever price.

The many friends of Miss ELISE HENSLER will be happy to learn that she will remain in Paris for the present, under the instruction of Bordogui, who speaks most confidently of her future success.

New York.

EISFELD's CONCERT, on Saturday evening, the sixth and last of the series, drew together the largest audience

of the season, and to our mind surpassed the others also in the excellence of the music performed.

Mr. Eisfeld's Soirées are among the few musical gatherings here, which are visited more for the sake of the music performed than to witness the skill of the performers. And for this we specially like them. The style in which the fine works of the great composers of chamber music is produced at these concerts needs no comment—its excellence is well known.

The pieces performed on Saturday evening were Mozart's Quartet No. 1, in G major, Beethoven's Septet in E flat, and a selection consisting of the well-known variations on "God Save the Emperor," by Haydn, the Canzonetta from Mendelssohn's Quartet, Op. 12, and the Andante from Haydn's Quartet, Op. 76, No. 1.

The vocal pieces were Schubert's barcarolle, and Mendelssohn's song "Zuleika," sung by Miss Thomas. We were struck with the beauty of this young lady's voice, but it was some time before we could discover whether she was singing in English, German or Italian.

The principal feature of the evening was the performance, by request, of Beethoven's single Septet, one of his early works, and one which exhibits in all its movements, save the Adagio Cantabile, the influence which in his early years, the styles of Haydn and Mozart exerted upon him.

This work was written before the composer was afflicted with the loss of hearing, and had struck out that new path in which no other has been able to tread. It was of this work that he wrote in 1800 to a publisher—"all the instruments are obligato—I cannot write anything in obligato."—*Tribune*.

PORTLAND. A MADRIGAL AND MOTETT SOCIETY has been established by Prof. Crouch, to whom the musical public is much indebted for the improvement of our music. On the first appearance of the Society, its members did great credit to their conductor and themselves. Mathew Lock's charming music in the witch scenes of *Macbeth* was rendered with great harmony and precision. Both the solos and the choruses were sung with a spirit that electrified the audience. The Madrigals of the 16th and 17th centuries were also very effectively rendered. The Society will continue its concerts on future Saturday evenings, and will bring out "The Stabat Mater," by Rossini, Romberg's "Song of the Bell," Haydn's "Seasons," and other choice pieces.—*Portland Transcript*.

Advertisements.

OTTO DRESEL

WILL GIVE AN

EXTRA SOIRÉE MUSICALE,
ON MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 28, 1853,

In the Lecture-Room of the New Music Hall,

ASSISTED BY

ALFRED JAELL, MR. TRENKLE,
WM. SCHULTZE, CARL BERGMANN,
And other Members of the GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Hommage à Handel, Duet for Two Pianos, Moscheles.
Introduction pathétique. Allegro brillante.
Alfred Jaell and Otto Dresel.
2. Trio in B flat, for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, Beethoven.
Allegro moderato. Scherzo. Adagio, and Finale.
Otto Dresel, William Schultze, and Carl Bergmann.
3. Andante con Variazioni, for Two Pianos, R. Schumann
Alfred Jaell and Otto Dresel.

PART II.

4. Concerto for Three Pianos, with accompaniment of
Stringed Instruments, J. S. Bach.
Allegro Maestoso. Alla Siciliana. Finale.
Alfred Jaell, Mr. Trenkle, Otto Dresel, Messrs. Schultze,
Meissel, Buchheister, Bergmann, and Balcke.
5. Septet for Piano, Flute, Oboe, Horn, Viola, Violoncello,
and Double Bass, Hummel.
Allegro con Spirito. Scherzo. Andante con Variazioni.
Finale, Allegro Vivace.
Alfred Jaell, Messrs. Zerrahn, Meyer, Kistenmacher,
Buchheister, Bergmann, and Balcke.

The Concert will begin precisely at half past 7.
Tickets at One Dollar each, to be had at the Music Stores
of Messrs. Reed, Wade, Barker, and Johnson.

RIMBAULT'S HAND BOOK for the PIANO FORTE. The above work, one of the best low priced Instruction Books for the Piano, has just been published. It is a popular Manual in England, and will, undoubtedly, attain an equal popularity here. Price 50 cents

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LAST CONCERT BUT ONE.

Ninth Subscription Concert
OF THE
GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY,
TO TAKE PLACE
AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
On Saturday Evening, March 19th,
ASSISTED BY
CAMILLA URSO & ALFRED JAEEL:
PROGRAMME.

- Part I.**
1. Grand Symphony, "Eroica," No. 3, in E flat, Op. 55, Beethoven.
 - i. Allegro con brio.
 - ii. Marcia funebre, Adagio assai.
 - iii. Scherzo, Allegro Vivace.
 - iv. Finale... Allegro Molto.
 2. Souvenir de Gretry, Op. 9, (first time.) Fantasia for Violin, with Orchestral accompaniment, H. Leonard.
Performed by CAMILLA URSO.

- Part II.**
3. Grand Overture, Der Wasserträger, or "Les Deux Journées," Cherubini.
 4. Concert-stück for Piano, with Orchestral accompaniment, C. M. Von Weber.
 - i. Larghetto.
 - ii. Allegro appassionato.
 - iii. Marcia.
 - iv. Rondo giocoso.
 Performed by ALFRED JAEEL.
 5. Carnival di Venetia, for Violin, (by request,) Ernst.
Performed by CAMILLA URSO.
 6. Grand Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Otto Nicolai.

Single Tickets, 50 cents each, to be had at the Music Stores and Hotels, also at the door on the evening of the Concert.
Doors open at 6½; Concert commences at 7½ o'clock.

The Musical Education Society
WILL GIVE
A VOCAL CONCERT,
Under the direction of Prof. G. J. WEBB,
WITH ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT, BY PROF. F. F. MÜLLER,
AT WILLIAMS HALL,
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On Monday Evening, March 21st, 1853.

The Performance will consist of a Selection of the CHORAL AND SOLO GEMS from the Oratorios of
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And will be given with the full strength of the Society.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS:
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Mrs. EMMA A. WENTWORTH, Mr. J. H. LOW,
Miss MARY JANE BELL, Mr. B. F. GILBERT,
Miss EMMA J. GARCIA, Mr. J. M. MOZART.

Performance will commence at 7½ o'clock.
Members are requested to meet at 7¼ o'clock.
Tickets... Single admission, 50 cts., or Three for \$1.00, to be had at Reed's, Wade's and Ditson's Music Stores, also at the Stores of Greene and Lincoln, 663 Washington St., James F. Gale, corner of Dover St. and Shawmut Avenue, and Manley Howe, under Lyceum Hall, South Boston.

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SIGNOR G. C. GUIDI respectfully informs his former pupils and the public, that he has resumed his instructions in SINGING, after the Italian school, with the intention to settle permanently in Boston. In order to accommodate those who may not wish to take private instruction, he will open classes for ladies and gentlemen, on moderate terms. None but good voices will be admitted. Terms liberal for persons intending to study for professional purposes.

Sig. G. can be consulted free upon any musical subject, daily, from 12 to 2, at Mr. Hew's Piano Manufactory, No. 365 Washington street, where terms and time for classes may be known.

Orders or notes for Sig. G. may be addressed to him at G. P. Reed & Co.'s Music Store, 17 Tremont Row, and at Oliver Ditson's, 115 Washington street. Feb. 5.

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A Paper of Art and Literature.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1853.

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Back numbers can be furnished from the commencement. Price of the First volume, One Dollar.

Translations from Richard Wagner.*

I. THE MELODIES OF ROSSINI AND OF WEBER.

The history of Opera, since ROSSINI, has been in substance nothing but the history of *opera melody*, artistically treated, with main reference to effect on the part of the singer.

Rossini's immense success had drawn all the composers involuntarily away from the consideration of the dramatic purport of the Aria. It became the whole problem of the opera to charm by melody *as melody*. . . . But musicians of a deeper nature felt, not only that the character of the Rossini melody was shallow and soulless, but that it did not exhaust the essence of melody. To them, with all its beauty and its sparkle, it was too artificial. So they instituted a reaction against the Rossini tendency; their problem being to retrace the artificial and sophisticated Aria back to the source whence it derived all its vitality in the first days of Opera, and restore the *primitive melody of the People's Song*.

It was a German musician by whom this retransformation of the melody was first called into

life with extraordinary success. CARL MARIA VON WEBER reached his artistic maturity at an epoch of historical development, when the awakened instinct of liberty announced itself less in *men as such*, and more in peoples, as *national masses*. . . . The movement that resulted was more like a restoration than a revolution; it sought to reinstate the old and lost, and only in these later times have we found by experience how this error only puts new chains upon our progress towards real human freedom. . . .

. . . In Music, as in Politics, this *national tendency* expressed itself at first with all the more beauty, since the character of music is so much more allied with general, than with specific feeling. What in the romantic poets of Germany took the form of Roman Catholic retrospective mysticism and feudal chivalric sentimentality, expressed itself in music as an inward, home-felt, deep and long-drawn melody, full of noble grace;—a melody listened to and caught, as it were, from the last dying breath of the naïve spirit of the people.

The voluptuous Rossini melodies, in which all the world luxuriated, cut painfully into the pure-feeling artist heart of the amiable composer of the "Freyschütz;" he could not admit that the source of the true melody lay in *them*; he would show the world that they were only an impure emanation from this source; while the source itself, if one knew where to find it, still welled up in untroubled clearness. If the first founders of the Opera, (the high-bred literati of Florence, in the year 1600,) listened to the People's Song, still more did Weber listen to it with the most earnest attentiveness. If the fragrance of the sweet popular flower was wafted from its forest meadow up into the elegant chambers of the luxurious musical world, there to be distilled into portable perfumery, so, on the other hand, the longing for a sight of the flower led Weber down from the luxurious halls into the lowly meadow: there he desecrated the flower by the source of the merrily purling brook, in the midst of the strong-scented wood grass upon marvellously crinkled moss, under the spiritually murmuring foliage of the old, thick-trunked trees. How the happy artist's heart palpitated at this sight, at the breathing in of this fullness of fresh fragrance! He could not resist the impulse to take this healing spectacle, this quickening fragrance, home to poor unnerved humanity and set it free from its delusion; to tear the plant itself away from its divine re-

treat that bore it, and elevate it as the holy of holies before the blessing-craving world of luxury. *He plucked it!*—the unhappy man!—up in the elegant saloon he set the sweet, blushing thing in a costly vase; daily he watered it with fresh water from the wood spring. But lo!—the chastely closed petals unfold, as if in voluptuous languor; shamelessly it bares its noble stamina and offers its precious fragrance with entire indifference to the profane nose of every sensual epicure. "What ails thee, flower?" exclaims the master in the anguish of his soul: "forgettest thou already the lovely forest meadow, where thou didst grow up so chaste?" Then one by one the leaves fall from the blossom; wilted and fading they lie strewn upon the carpet, and one faint last breath of their sweet odor floats towards the master: "I only die,—since thou hast broken me!" And with it died the master. It was the soul of his art, and this art the enigmatical spell of his life.—On the meadow there grew no flower more! Tyrolese singers came down from their Alps; they sang before prince Metternich; he commended them with good letters to all the courts, and all the lords and bankers amused themselves in their voluptuous saloons with listening to the pleasant *yodlings* of the children of the Alps, and how they sang about their "Dierndel" (sweet-hearts). Now the brave lads march off to Bellini arias to the murder of their brothers, and dance with their "Dierndel" to the Donizetti opera melodies, for—the flower grew not again!

It is a characteristic feature of the German popular melody, that it expresses itself less in short, bold, distinct rhythms, but rather in long-drawn, swelling draughts of happiness, and yet of yearning. A German song, delivered wholly without harmony, is inconceivable to us; everywhere we hear it sung with at least two voices; Art feels called upon entirely of its own accord to fit to it the bass and the easily supplied second middle part, so as to complete the harmonic structure of the melody. This melody is the foundation of Weber's popular opera; free from all local, national peculiarity, it is of a broad, universal expression of feeling, has no other ornament besides the smile of sweetest and most natural inwardness, and speaks so, by the power of unsophisticated grace, to the hearts of men, of whatsoever nationality, because the pure humanity appears in it so simple and unclouded. . .

According to this melody Weber shapes everything. . . . This melody he made the actual

*From his "Oper und Drama," 3 vols. Leipsic, 1852.

factor of his opera; the purpose of the drama found its realization through this melody in so far as the whole drama was from beforehand melted away with longing to be absorbed into this melody, to be consumed in it, set free in it, and justified through it. If we consider the "Freyschütz" as a drama, we must ascribe to its poem the same relation to Weber's music that the poem of "Tancredi" bears to the music of Rossini. Rossini's melody conditioned the character of the poem of "Tancredi," as Weber's melody did the "Freyschütz" poem of Kind; and Weber here was nothing but what Rossini was there, only the former noble and intellectual, the latter frivolous and sensual. Weber opened his arms to receive the drama all the wider, that his melody was the real language of the heart, true and unsophisticated; what transpired therein was indeed concealed safe from all perversion. But Weber also strove in vain to bring out what in the limitation of language, with all its truth, was inexpressible; and his stammering passes for the honest confession of the incapacity of Music by itself to become real drama.

Bernhard Molique.

From the German of F. Müller.

BERNHARD MOLIQUE, undoubtedly (now that Spohr has given up solo playing) the first and purest of violin-players, was born at Nürnberg, Oct. 7, 1803. His father, who was the chapel-master of the town, gave him his first instructions in music, and taught him the management of nearly all the most accessible instruments. But Bernhard evinced, at a very early age, a decided preference for the violin, not only by devoting, with eagerness, a great portion of his time to the study of it, but especially by the delicacy and sweetness with which he handled the instrument—the more remarkable, as it was far beyond the age of the precocious boy. Connoisseurs already recognized in him a virtuoso, even before he had made any considerable progress in practical skill; and his father, consequently, spared nothing that could contribute to develop and promote his talent. He confined his practice principally to the violin, and the facile child followed with delight the parental lessons. At the age of fourteen, however, his talent, knowledge, and capabilities transcended the powers of instruction possessed by the happy father, who, in 1816, sent him, for further accomplishment, to Munich, where the late King of Bavaria, having been informed of the promising talents of the youth, appointed the first violinist of the Royal Chapel, Pietro Novelli, to be young Molique's future instructor. After two years' application, he left this school for Vienna, where he was immediately engaged in the orchestra of the "Theater an der Wien." In 1820 he returned to Munich, and was appointed to the office of his late instructor, Novelli. Up to this time he had often played in public, with the greatest success; but it was in 1822 that he first undertook a veritable artistic tour through Leipzig, Dresden, Berlin, Hanover, &c. Although he had not yet succeeded in fully accomplishing the object which every artist has in view, in gaining to himself the reputation which is his due, owing to the lustrous fame of Spohr, which eclipsed every rising genius; still the tour was powerfully influential upon his future artistic development. In September, 1826, he was appointed music-director at Stuttgart, where he long was the pride of the Stuttgart orchestra. Molique, in the course of his visits to Paris, Vienna, London, and St. Petersburg, has obtained an European reputation, which his great qualities fully justify. He is a sterling, thorough artist, whose true and earnest nature despises, from the depths of his soul, those modern whims and meretricious ornaments, and all that *charlatanerie* with which most virtuosi of the present day enrapture the public. His playing, rounded into

the classical form of art, swerves not from its aim to search for fancifully invented beauties, or to wander through brilliant passages, but rather to put the richly ornamented principal part in an harmonic combination, in the necessary organic connection with the accompanying instruments. His violin concertos, therefore, are not to be considered, like those of the modern virtuosi, as mere solos, but are to be compared to completely written symphonies, in which his instrument shines forth as the poetical completion of the entire musical structure. It requires, then, an abundance of power, and an immense facility to appreciate the position, so as to keep the principal part in a constant intimate alternation with the orchestra; now imperceptibly rising to a powerful energy, then again yielding to the opposing forces, and anon striking forth with the decision of the master-band. Never does he separate himself from this harmonically combined system, never allow himself to indulge in artificial bravura passages, but yields himself to the inexorable law by which the whole is held together, the uppermost link of the harmonic chain being his own artistically embellished solo part. When he has the bow in his hand, he is a musical totality; hence the extraordinary ease of his exterior bearing, which is the index of a total intellectual absorption in his art. From the early plenitude of his native resources, Molique has risen, by successive developments, to the height of artistic perfection, which has secured him the laurel amongst all the living violinists. To hear him play an adagio is the most perfect treat. There is no teigning of feeling, no exaggeration, no affectation; it is the pure fire of an artistic inspiration; no confusion of sentiments, but simple self-conscious truth. Add to this, his effective execution, his magnificent, full, and solid tone, in all its regions of the highest purity,—its soft and harmonious fulness, combined with a marvellous rapidity. As a composer for his instrument, he is distinguished by a solid greatness of manner, modelled upon the style of Haydn, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Spohr, and evidencing the purest taste and the most extended knowledge, united with an eminent talent, apparently created for the beauties and charms of harmony. These remarks are equally applicable also to his other compositions, his string Quartets, Piano-forte Sonatas, Symphonies, and, above all, his Mass. As conductor of the orchestra, he combines, with the most refined ear, calm self-possession, and an energetic precision. As a master, he is full of merit; and pupils, whose names are of great celebrity, and of whom he may well be as proud as they are worthy of him, contribute to augment the fame of the excellent master. Molique is evidently one of those happy beings whom Providence has endowed with an indescribable richness.—*Cock's Miscellany.*

The Late Thomas Harper.

This celebrated performer on the trumpet was born in Worcester, in the month of May, 1786, it is believed in the parish of Saint Nicholas. At about ten years of age he quitted his native city for London, where he studied music under Eley, and soon entered the East India volunteer band, his instruments being the horn and trumpet. In this situation he remained about eighteen years, performing also at some of the minor theatres during the first seven years of his military service, after which he was engaged as first trumpet at Drury-lane Theatre and the English Opera.

"He continued to be connected with the East India Company during his whole life, having held the appointment of inspector of musical instruments up to the time of his death—a fact which forms no slight testimony to that regularity of life which is too frequently absent in members of his profession distinguished for their talents. It is scarcely necessary to note here, that in all the great Musical Festivals of the last forty years, Harper sustained a part, and that he long held the supremacy on his own instrument. Among other remarkable occasions on which he assisted it may be mentioned, that he played at the funera,

obsequies of the two great Commanders, Nelson and Wellington. Sir George Smart, in a letter to Mr. Surman, of Exeter Hall, the other day, says, "I took much interest in his professional career, which commenced at the oratorios under my direction at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, by his accompaniment of 'The trumpet shall sound,' in the performance of the Messiah, on Jan. 30, 1813."

The attack which terminated his valuable life, occurred on the 20th of January last. He left his home (Chad's Row, King's Cross), to attend rehearsal. During the rehearsal of Weber's Concert Stück, he complained of coldness and a violent pain between his shoulders. Medical aid was promptly called, and he was removed from the Hall to Mr. Surman's residence; but, in spite of every attention, he expired about half-past two o'clock, from disease of the aorta, as appeared by a post-mortem examination. It is worthy of remark, that he breathed his last, as he lay upon a sofa beneath a portrait of the great author of "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The evening's performance, in which he should have taken a part, was commencing with the "Dead March in Saul," and Calcott's beautifully expressive gleec:—

"Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this."

The last time Harper visited Worcester was in September, 1852, after the Birmingham Festival, in which he was engaged; and it is a pleasing trait in the character of this worthy native of our city, that he never missed, if he could help it, whenever he was in the neighborhood, of spending the Sunday in Worcester, and attending his parish church, St. Nicholas. It was also a most gratifying sight at the various Festivals, to see the veteran, with his three talented sons, all seeming so much attached to each other, and all vying in the respect they paid to their honored parent.

Mr. Harper has left four children, a daughter and three sons. Thomas, the elder, worthily fills the place in the orchestra which his father held with such *éclat* for so many years; and it was no small gratification to the good old man—as those who had the happiness of knowing can testify—that he was succeeded in his place in the orchestra by his son "Tom." His second son, Charles, holds a similar position in the orchestra with his instrument, the horn, having lately succeeded the veteran Platt. His third son, Edmund, lives in Ireland, as pianist and organist to the Marchioness of Downshire; he has also occasionally attended our Festivals as a horn player, and he is likewise known as the author of some highly pleasing and popular melodies.—*English Paper.*

Lucia di Lammermoor.

The following notice of a recent operatic performance in New York, which we find in the *Tribune*, contains some useful criticisms both on the piece in question and on opera-writing generally. If we mistake not, it is from the pen of Mr. Fry.

Lucia di Lammermoor is a thorough *piece de resistance*. Perhaps no opera ever written has been as often played in the same number of years. Its parts are all beautifully displayed, and so equally prominent as to engage the affections of singers and render them desirous of producing the work. In not a few operas this diffusive saliency of characters is wanting. In *La Sonnambula*, for example, the character of Elvino is that of a *sap*; that of the Count, negative; and the burden of the piece thus rests on the heroine. These varied prominences of character have not a little to do with the success of *Lucia*.

The musical rhetoric of it is admirable; never diffuse or obscure, and when not designedly ornamental for the soprano's *floriture*, of a rigid declamatory character, constantly heroic or passionate. To deny this to *Lucia* is to deny musical notes. The instrumentation of this opera is particularly beautiful. In the elegiac use of the violoncello, the romantic employment of the horn,

the arabesque treatment of the flute, the unisons of the trombones and so forth—all modern effects and indicating the mettle of the composer—it stands out in high relief. There are operas more pretentiously written than *Lucia*—more ambitious in political or theological subjects—dispensing with square eight measure melodies—but there is no opera to which the word beautiful can be more justly applied.

Madame Sontag particularly shone in her last solo, when she interchains with the flute in the most delicate spray of sound. To understand Donizetti's music, for her part, it must be remembered that when he wrote for the Soprano he used three grand divisions of style; the declamatory, the cantabile simple, or where the syllables respond to notes in about equal numbers, and the florid style, where many notes are used to comparatively few syllables. The florid style, however he rigidly rejects for the masculine voices; and in this his work differs from, and in philosophy or æsthetics is superior to, Rossini's Italian operas. We hold this to be a correct view of the great art of writing for the voice; based on the laws of sound, the sexual phenomena of tone, and the circle of feminine influence in music. Hence the long-drawn *floriture* for masculine voices, whether the old fashioned in Handel's oratorios, or the new fashioned in Rossini's operas, we hold to be a violation of that manly severity which is indispensable.

Signor Badiali is always more or less successful with his audience. In the Duet with the Tenor last night, he secured an equivalent to an encore. That duet, for some reason or other, was cut short by Tamburini and Rubini, and even Duprez gave it the go-by some-times. For this there appears no reason. The andante is large and dignified, and the allegro brilliant, and dealing in sequences of thirds, which composers will use until some more fluent or captivating medium of harmony for two voices be found, which event does not seem impending.

Signor Pozzolini in the curse scene was not up to the mark. This fiery ebullition of the author's genius, written for Duprez, requires enormous lungs and huge declamatory powers. We are not able to indicate any tenor now in Europe fit to do it justice. The final air is one which supports the singer. There are two kinds of music; one which makes the singer in a great degree, and the other which the singer makes. Of the former kind in a signal degree is the solo in question. Signor Pozzolini surprised us by his delivery of it, and he was called for after the curtain fell.

We do not agree with the trenchant criticism on the Sontag troupe. Among the rarest of God's gifts, is a voice connected with adequate dramatic taste and skill, a physique that will bear the wear and tear of the stage, and the moral courage to face an audience. It is so easy to find fault. What have we not read against singers and against composers? And of those that criticise them, how many, if called upon, could indicate how a passage should be sung, or write two measures of music if their eternal salvation depended on it?

A Letter about Tempos.

SATURDAY NIGHT, March 19.

MR. EDITOR:—A word on modernizing *tempos*. I have for some time been wishing that some able musical critic would take up this subject; but as the "spirits from the vasty deep" won't come, I will, *faute de mieux*, do it myself. Having just returned from the concert of the Germanians, I will give you my impression as received at the moment. But first let me say that, as I do not presume to find fault with their excellent performances, both individually and collectively, I hope that no offence will be taken when I suggest (as a mere matter of opinion) that Cherubini's overture in regard to time was marred. I doubt whether one in a hundred of that large audience could draw any meaning from a confused, hurried, in-

comprehensible noise—I allude to the second movement.

Some weeks ago, when the same overture was given by the Musical Fund Society, I asked Mr. Suck what made him take the time almost twice as fast as Cherubini intended it, and as I have heard it under the conductorship of Krentzer, Plantade, Habeneck and others. He (Mr. S.) said that it is taken so at present all over Germany, and that he is used to such time. I confess, I doubted it—but behold! Herod out Heroded; Mr. Bergmann (though an excellent leader) took it even more *suave qui peut*;—there was certainly a considerable display of agility to get out all the notes, at the expense of confusing so noble a composition. Now if the time for *Allegro* (leaving the metronome out of the question) has been changed, viz. to double as quick as it was once—be it so—modern composers adopt this and write accordingly. But the *Allegro*, as Cherubini meant it, half a century ago, should be taken as it was *then* intended—just as Handel's music should be given according to his ideas of time.

But I have heard it said: "These *tempos* are out of date." Well, so are witches; yet you would not (by way of modernizing) have the Thane of Cawdor consult Madame Adolph, or be influenced by "spiritual rappings."

Many pieces of music *indicate* the time; for instance, Cherubini's overture, from beginning to end, is solid and dignified; the opening of the second movement—

leading to the predominant

is intended (and might be felt) to be ponderous and marked;—instead of which it sounded like the beginning of a galop:

the passages particularly in the quartet became a mere hurried fiddling; there was no time to perceive distinctly the meaning between the first violins,

and the responding chord,

it was all jumbled together (after the well-known fashion: "You-shall-say-the-truth-the-whole-truth-and-nothing-but-the-truth-so-help-you-God-kiss-the-book-and-give-me-a-shilling-you-must-find-change-I-got-none.")

As I said before, many a movement (at least if once played through) will indicate the time intended by the composer. The opening of Mozart's 2nd quartet, demands at once the *alla breve* tempo; on the contrary, the second movement in *La Gazza Ladrà*, being lively and sparkling, with a rhythm mostly of four measures, and all its counterpoint on the surface, might not only be taken as fast as the orchestra can *correctly* do it, but would on account of its thinness become tame if taken slow. Mozart's overtures to "*Figaro*," "*L'Enlèvement du Sérail*," and "*Don Juan*," indicate a quick tempo, (supposing no time to be given.) Not so the "*Zauberflöte*":

now if Mozart meant it to be as at present played, he would, instead of the four notes, have written merely a turn, thus:

The passages for flute and fagotto become at present a mere flying chromatic run, which passes by

as if sent off by electricity; now and then there is a homœopathic idea of it, viz: when the flute and fagotto do *not* exactly go together.

I have heard Spohr's overture to *Alruna* in the presence of Spohr himself (and a beautiful composition it is), in which the second movement also opens with a fugue:



and has some similarity to the *Zauberflöte*; but the time was taken about half as quick as the *Zauberflöte* has been given here by both societies:

One word more about *tempos*. The opening of Auber's overture to the "*Domino Noir*," was usually taken quick and with two inches of bowing; but some seven or eight years ago Prevost, that efficient leader of the New Orleans Opera Company (then in New York), told the first violins to draw the whole length of the bow for each note (of the opening), which naturally made it more broad and nearly doubled the time. The effect was decisive, and that movement has ever since been taken slow and *grandioso*.

While speaking of the "Germania" concert, I must say a word in the way of praise to the little Urso's performance on the violin.—Though not equal to PAUL JULLIEN, yet the novelty of a little girl playing so well, both as to clear execution and perfect intonation;—her pleasing and composed attitude; in short the *tout ensemble* was positively charming. By the way, your New York correspondent (in one of your late numbers) speaking of Master Jullien, says, "I don't see any difference between this child and Sivori or Miska Hauser." Now Miska Hauser must undoubtedly have devoted much time to practising harmonics, and really changes the noble tone of the violin to a flageolet to great perfection; but is that enough to warrant the comparing him to Sivori? What would you think, if any one, speaking of New York as a lively, bustling city, with its splendid Hotels, Theatres, etc., should say: "It reminds me of Paris and Nantucket?"

WM. KEYZER.

Franz Abt's Compositions.

Although the fair and sunny Italy may be called, *par excellence*, the land of music, but few will be found to deny that Germany is essentially the land of choral song. There is no country in which song is more identified and blended with the amusements of the people: witness the songs of fatherland, the Rhine songs, the drinking songs, and the student songs of the "land of the vine." In Germany, singing and composition form an element in the education of youth, and a taste engendered in early life becomes permanent and indelible. Thus, when a party, previously unknown to each other, meet together, they fall to singing their part-songs with more comparative ease than half a score of English amateurs would do after a month's practice and rehearsals. To get up a glee at the moment, at an English evening party, is a difficulty with which many of our readers are doubtless acquainted, even admitting the immense strides which musical knowledge has made in this country during the last few years; although we freely admit that the simplicity of the German arrangements of four-part songs renders them easily acquirable by the English amateur. These remarks are *à-propos* of the songs of Franz Abt, the distinguished German composer. His charming ballad, "When the swallows hasten home," has been the means of introducing his name to thousands of English [and American] families. It is Abt's facility in pro-

ducing melody that has made his name familiar to us, and, as his works become more extensively known, will finally consolidate his reputation. Of the songs alluded to, there are a set of twelve four-part songs, under the title of "Arion," which will be worthy the attention of the glee and madrigal societies of this kingdom. A set of ten duettinos will also be welcomed by duet singers, as they are within the compass of a moderate register, and are strikingly effective and original. Of songs, we have an easy set of ten, in "Lays of youthful Days," fully bearing out the designation of "characteristic," by which epithet they are distinguished. There are also several sets of five, of a more ambitious character; among which "The three Students' Song," and "Spring Morning," may be particularized as beautiful and original, although it is not easy to select the gems from such a mass of compositions. The whole of these songs have been adapted to English words by Mr. Carpenter.—*Cocks's Miscellany.*

[We have seen the following exquisite lines attributed (we know not with what reason) to STRODE. They appear too modern for a contemporary of Chaucer.]

ON HARMONY.

When whispering winds do softly steal
With creeping passion through the heart;
And when at every touch we feel
Our pulses beat, and bear a part:
When threads can make
A heart-string quake;
Philosophy
Will scarce deny
The soul can melt in Harmony.
O hush me, hush me, charming air,
My sense is rock'd with wonders sweet;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft, like spirit's, are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?—
Down let him lie,
And slumb'ring die,
And change his soul for Harmony.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sketch of Onslow—Concluded.

[From the French of M. Fétis.]

Onslow's first works, published in 1807, were three Quintets. One Sonata for Piano solo, the only one he wrote in that form, and some violin Quartets, published about the same period, succeeded in making their author advantageously known among the artists. Notwithstanding this success, Onslow experienced sometimes a regret that he was only guided in his labors by his instinct, and could only invoke in their favor the evidence of his ears. A friend counselled him to place himself under the direction of Reicha, to go through a course of harmony and composition. Reicha was in fact the most proper person to direct a rapid course of instruction, which would be a more practical employment than merely obtaining a profound knowledge of the science. It was just what Onslow needed most; a few months sufficed to learn what was necessary to an artist already provided with a well developed sentiment of harmony.

For some time Onslow enjoyed the reputation of being a composer of merit in the instrumental line. His friends pressed him with solicitations to apply his talent to the theatre; he yielded by writing *l'Alcade de la Vega*, a drama in three acts, which was represented in 1824, but did not hold its place upon the boards. In vain would a musician try to realize in the composition what was expected of him; although the libretto was feeble enough, the music had the radical defect in

itself of not being dramatic. *Le Colporteur*, an opera in three acts, performed in 1827, is a much better composition, dramatically considered.—After the *succès d'estime* obtained by *Le Colporteur*, Onslow disappeared from the scene for ten years, and it was not till 1837 that he caused his third opera, under the title of *Le Duc de Guise*, to be represented. Some portions of the score called forth attention, but the work in general was cold and heavy. This must be truly considered the last production Onslow furnished for the stage, for three operas of large dimensions given without any durable success, were sufficient to discourage him.

The character of his talent seemed to him to offer chances more favorable in the Symphony; however, those he caused to be presented at the concerts of the Conservatoire of Paris were received coldly. Onslow believed he saw injustice in such a reception, and considered it as the result of an exclusive fondness for the Symphonies of Beethoven. He had the conviction that his music was well written, and certainly one could remark in it much merit, but it was a merit of a didactic nature. One found not those sudden and unexpected effects which constitute the chief charms of the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Like those illustrious artists, Onslow developed his work from a principal theme, but in a manner scholastic, cold, and not with the rapture of genius which shone in his models. It is remarkable also that in his symphonies the instrumentation is not brilliant, the orchestra being heavy and dull. In the opinion of connoisseurs the especial talent of the author lies in the art of writing quintets.

In 1829 a cruel accident caused for a time fears for the life of Onslow; at all events he was threatened with the loss of hearing. He was hunting on a friend's estate; being in the woods, he seated himself an instant to write down a musical thought, and while absorbed in the meditation, he was struck by a ball, which, after tearing the ear, lodged itself in his neck, from whence they have never been able to extract it. The accident caused a severe inflammation of the brain; but after some months of treatment and repose, the health of Onslow was re-established and there only now remains a little deafness in the wounded ear.

THOMAS RYAN.

NOTE TO THE ABOVE.

Mr. Editor: Your New York "Diarist," in his No. 18 of Feb. 13, does not appear to be "posted up" on Onslow, when he is so careful in saying that "among his published works are fifteen quartets and ten quintets," &c. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club possess his thirty-third quintet, op. 50. There are about forty Quartets; three Symphonies; six Trios for piano, violin and violoncello; one Sestet for piano, two violins, alto, cello and bass; five Sonatas for piano and violin; two Sonatas *a quatre mains*; one Sonata for piano; many *themes variés*, *toccatas* etc.; several Sonatas for piano and violoncello. All these works, together with his three grand Operas, certainly reveal a well-spent life. Scarcely excepting Spohr, does any composer offer the same amount of difficulties and exact the same skilful treatment from the hands of artists, as do the works of Onslow. They are *spirituel* and at the same time elaborate to the highest degree. His conceptions are strikingly original, the themes always very fully developed and most carefully written in every part. There is a prevalence of the minor mode which gives

a tinge of sadness to most of his works; but that being a failing of most of the modern writers, to condemn it would be to condemn a large field of composition. It seems to be a pretty well understood affair that it is easier to write and treat a minor than a major subject; on the principle that it is easier to write ten good and effective tragedies than one good comedy.

Onslow's melodies are of a piquant character; sufficiently flowing, but yet seldom free from harmonic intricacy. The Adagios in most of his Quintets are extremely beautiful and impressive; the Scherzos usually the wildest things imaginable; most certainly in these he has been no servile imitator of the models left by his and our own divine Mozart; on the contrary he gives the loosest reins to his fancy.

So far as we are acquainted with Onslow's chamber music, (and our acquaintance is not confined to a quintet or two) it is of a character to offer at every turn irresistible charms to the cultivated musician, and but few who have essayed his compositions grow tired of hearing or playing them. Our own fondness for the master, Mr. Editor, will, we hope, be apology sufficient for thus spinning out the subject.

T. R.

March 22, 1853.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXI.

NEW YORK, March 15. People talk about the great melo-dist, Mozart, and the great harmonist, Beethoven,—implying that the former was comparatively weak as a harmonist and the latter as a melo-dist. Every student of music, worthy of the name, knows how little reason there is for such an idea of Mozart; and a moment's reflection should convince any one that nothing but extraordinary genius for melody could enable a composer to range so unrestrainedly in the wildest regions of harmony as Beethoven has done and not run into the common fault of producing a mere conglomeration of strange chords and progressions, of interest to none but those who recognize nothing higher in music than mere counterpoint.

I have often been struck with the vocal character of many of Beethoven's themes and knew that many of them had been arranged and adapted to words—from the time when his friend Wegeler, in the pleasant first years of his Vienna life, wrote a poem to an adagio, down to our own days of psalm-book making; but I had not conceived the full extent to which this had been done, and that too by men whose own names occupy no small space in Musical history. This evening, looking over a new catalogue of his works, with their various arrangements, I am astonished to see to how many of these arrangements are set down. By the way, this catalogue shows too the amount of thought, the weight, the substance, so to speak, in Beethoven's themes; for precious few of our common piano-forte sonatas, the finger pieces of the fashionable concert room, and such like, would bear arrangements for string quartet and oftentimes for full orchestra, like those of Beethoven. But to these vocal arrangements. The three Sonatas, Op. 2, dedicated to Haydn, composed when the author was but some 23 or 24 years of age, have furnished four vocal pieces, which are here catalogued, (how many others?) Adagio of No. 1, words by Wegeler, "My happiness is fled;" Allegro from the same, *Schmucht*, by Schiller, arranged by Silcher; Adagio from No. 2, "If I look in her eyes," arranged by Silcher; Allegretto from No. 3, *Wiedersehen*, arranged also by Silcher.

The three Sonatas, Op. 10, dedicated to Count Browne, have furnished No. 1, a song, "This is the day of the Lord," arranged by Hubner, and an "Agnus Dei," arranged by Biery; and No. 3, a song.

Silcher has also adapted the adagio of the *Sonata Pathétique* to a song, "The eye of the beloved." The Septet, Op. 20, the Sonatas Ops. 24, 25, 26, 27, 30, &c., &c., all furnish music for the voice, from the simple song with piano-forte accompaniment, up to "Kyrie Eleison" with full orchestra!

Another arrangement by Silcher is to the words, *Olme*

dich, was war' mein Leben! ("Thee away, what were my life!")—from no less a piece than the Andante of the C minor Symphony!

Two works are numbered 81 in this catalogue. 81a is the famous Sonata, *Les adieux, l'Absence et le Retour*; 81b the Sextet recently played in Boston. One arrangement from this—unfortunately without the name of the arranger—is the Adagio for two soprano and two basses, to the words *Hört vom Strand ein Vesper singen*, ("Hear from th' Strand the Vespers singing,") the exquisite "Vesper Hymn," which Mr. Webb copied into his "American Glee Book" some years since from an English publication, and which I shall never forget hearing for the first time in the Odeon, as sung under his direction. Three vocal arrangements are mentioned of the Allegretto of the 7th Symphony. These are some of the most noticeable which catch my eye in glancing through this catalogue. It was prepared by a German and contains no arrangements but those by German musicians, and probably only the more important of these. It would be curious to see a complete list of all such arrangements—how we Yankees should figure therein!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 26, 1853.

Concerts of the Past Week.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. We were reluctantly compelled by illness to forego the eighth and last concert of the series, which, considering the rare programme, was peculiarly provoking. But it is pleasant to know that there are more in store. Meanwhile a friend obliges us with the following notice.

The audience, unusually numerous, showed manifestly that the advertising of "a vocalist," is by no means necessary to draw a sufficient number of auditors to concerts like these. Nor is the bodily presence of one essential to the pleasure of the audience when assembled.

Such a programme as the one presented at this concert—Mozart's Quintet in E flat No. 3, Mendelssohn's posthumous Quartet in F minor (op. 80) and Franz Schubert's Trio in E flat (op. 100)—are surely enough to satisfy any music lover, and if a song *must* be given, it should be no superfluous interjection, but one of the real inspirations of genius, and sung as such things should be. Such were the songs that Mlle. Lehmann contributed at some of the concerts of this series; and such only do we wish to hear at these concerts. Mozart's Quintet, familiar and welcome, was well played, and the Mendelssohn Quartet, (played for the first time in public,) was performed in the best manner of the Club, and listened to with the closest attention and highest admiration. This quartet has a peculiar depth and tenderness, and was composed by Mendelssohn after the death of his sister; and after it we had no ears or understanding left for the Schubert Trio. Mr. TRENKLE sustained the piano part very satisfactorily both in the Trio and in the Duet with AUGUST FRIES. Mr. ZOHLER, in an interminable *Fantasia*, showed himself a flutist of unusual excellence, and quite makes good the absence of Mr. Lehmann. The Club give an extra Concert Thursday, March 31st, in the Music Hall (lower hall), when Mendelssohn's Octet will be presented.

W.

The Ninth Subscription Concert of the GERMANIA SOCIETY, last Saturday evening, was one of the very best of the season. The programme, for a grand mass concert, was almost as pure and solid as one of Mr. Dresel's little Chamber Concerts. It embraced but six items, of which little Camilla's "Carnival of Venice" was the only one

that could be considered hacknied. First and most important was the "Heroic Symphony" of Beethoven,—his third. In the public rehearsal, a few hours before, the Germanians had played his No. 2, in D. It was well worth the while to any earnest musical student, who cared to trace the earlier development of Beethoven's peculiar genius, to hear these two symphonies in such immediate connection. They mark the transition from what has been called his first to his second period. In No. 2, you still feel the presence of Haydn and Mozart—their forms, their coloring, at least, although the bold ideas and the impatient spirit and the Titanic yearning of the younger brother frequently announce themselves. In the "Eroica" he comes out purely and decidedly himself; unique, original. How it must have astonished the musicians in the day of its appearance! No doubt it puzzled them too, and not a little; but they felt the power, the magnetism of genius, the unavoidable grasp of it. In Europe it has always been one of the most esteemed, most quoted of Beethoven's works. No doubt, again, it puzzled many, who listened with unprepared, perhaps dull ears, on Saturday. So it was once with the C minor and with the Seventh symphonies, now always gladly hailed as glorious old acquaintances, who seem every time more young and wonderful than ever to us. So it must ever be with all great works, to the merely amateur (and scarcely amateur) majority of a great audience.

Its very fullness of matter may account for the "Eroica" being found dull by some;—that critic in the *Traveller* for instance, who, following the method of most newspaper "critics," first sets his critical metronome to the public pulse which it pretends to regulate. The "Eroica" abounds in distinct ideas, in *episodes*,—more perhaps than any of the symphonies except the Ninth. It teems with thought, with bold imaginations, with the earnest strivings for expression, the glowing eloquence of genius that has attained to full consciousness and full possession of its powers, and to which life is altogether a most earnest matter. The story of its having been originally dedicated to Napoleon, and how Beethoven when he heard of his fancied hero of humanity and freedom being proclaimed Emperor, "tore off the dedication page and trampled the score under his feet," is familiar to everybody. But those of our readers who will take the pains to turn back to the second number of the first volume of this Journal (April 17, 1852), will find a plausible and in the main undoubtedly true key to its several movements, from the pen of our worthy correspondent, "A. W. R." Beethoven's thoughts are always large and admit more easily of a humanitarian than of an individual interpretation. He entitles that second movement (where were the ears, the souls of those whom it did not impress profoundly!) "A Funeral March upon the Death of a Hero." But in it he uttered a nation's, a whole age's loss and lamentation. Who can contemplate Europe at this moment, and since '48, without feeling, as he hears this Symphony, that it is the very music of the present crisis, with all its sadness and with all its best hopes? The tragedy of Hungary, the heroic nation, and of the heroic Romans, is in that funeral march; it is a hero people that is mourned for. But with no weak, despairing lamentation: the glorious fervor of a manly and undying faith illumines the dark

harmonies ever and anon and resolves them into clearest sunshine. The Scherzo is like the hurried, gathering tramp of the millions, who feel in them the inspiration for new efforts. The fugue theme, that opens the finale, is deliberately laid down and weighed and repeated, as if wisdom and forethought had now taken the helm out of the hands of generous but blind instinct, with its own free consent, as much as to say: "We organize victory next time, and patiently wait for the true hour to come."

The Symphony was superbly played, and we would suggest the policy of a repetition of it at one of the Afternoon Rehearsals,—a suggestion which has been quite earnestly whispered in our ear by others.

Cherubini's overture to *Les Deux Journées* opened in the slow movement with surpassing dignity and grandeur, with which the rapid tempo of the allegro seemed to us rather out of correspondence. But we know the work only from the two hearings, for which we thank the Germanians. If our seeming was right, it confirms the criticism of our correspondent on a former page. Yet right or wrong, as the case may be, on *that* issue, the overture as a whole impressed us as one of the noblest and most interesting in that whole class of compositions, and as fully justifying the great name of Cherubini,—the one man in all Europe whose approbation Beethoven cared to have for his great Mass in D.

JAELL played the *Concert-Stück* of Weber in a more masterly manner than we ever yet have heard it; and it holds its own everywhere as one of the most brilliant and delicious specimens of the Concerto, which is a concert piece and is nothing unless it be *effective*. The orchestral parts were richly interblended, and the naïve solemnity of the march, opening with reed instruments, was charming.

The "*Souvenir de Gretry*" struck us as one of the best of CAMILLA URSO's selections. The themes are from that fine old French composer's opera of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and gave scope to all the girl artist's earnestness of feeling. We know not when we have heard one of these fantasies that seemed so little hacknied.

The concluding overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," by Otto Nicolai, was full of dashing, merry fancies, and quite fresh and interesting, if not indicating any very sincere originality of style. We liked it better than the Lindpaintner and the Kreutzer and the Flotow overtures which are performed so much more frequently.

THE MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY, at their first Concert in Williams Hall, on Monday evening, had not so large an audience as they deserved. Yet there was a goodly company of attentive listeners, who seemed excellently well pleased. The choruses, from Handel's "Joshua" and "Jephthah," were exceedingly well sung, by a choir well-balanced in its four parts, and so numerous as to overflow the stage and occupy some way into each of the side galleries. (That stage, by the way, should be larger.) In precision, promptness, clearness, round and compact mass of tone, there seemed nothing wanting in those choruses. Perhaps there might have been a little more regard to light and shade, and a little finer sympathetic correspondence of the voices to the undulations of the music:—but where in *any* of our choruses do we find quite enough of that? it

implies fine natures and fine general culture in the entire mass of singers. The performance was highly creditable, as it must have been gratifying, to the conductor, Mr. WEBB; and it was indeed, as a contemporary suggests, like being carried back, fifteen years or more, to old Academy, Odeon days, to listen to a chorus under his baton, with Mr. F. F. MUELLER at the organ. The whole would have been richer and more interesting, had there also been an orchestra; but an organ accompaniment played as that was, and on such an organ, was by no means to be despised. Mr. Müller contrived, by a judicious variation of the stops, yet still true to the honest, solid dignity required by Handel's counterpoint, to give lively, characteristic coloring and piquancy to the various selections, showing his own skill, and Handel's, and the organ-builder's, all to good advantage. Exquisitely did he interweave its flute tones with that sweet sad melody which concluded the selections from "Jephthah": *Farewell, ye limpid springs and floods*, which was sung by Mrs. WENTWORTH with more character and pathos than anything we have yet heard from her.

The solos and duets, by Mrs. DE RIBAS, Miss GARCIA, Mr. GILBERT, and Mr. WOODMAN, were conscientiously and cleverly rendered. The latter gentleman indeed has attained to rare fluency and evenness in the delivery of the long Handelian *roulades*, with which that master taxes the bass as often as the soprano voice.

The music of "Joshua" was new to us, and the selections did not impress us like unto those from "Jephthah." Of the latter there were two of the sublimest kind: first, that which describes "the rolling billows contracting their boist'rous pride" at the voice of the Almighty; and then that perfect musical translation and glorification of the grand thought contained in the words:

"In glory high, in might serene,
God sees, moves all, unmoved, unseen."

An engagement caused us (much to our regret) to come away without hearing the pieces from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul." But we were glad to notice in the programme one excellent provision, which we have long wished to have adopted in all oratorio performances, at least until the instinct of propriety in concert rooms shall become more characteristic of our people: it was the insertion of the following paragraph before the words of the last chorus:

☞ PAUSE.—To accommodate those who may desire to listen, undisturbed, to the Final Chorus, (which is extremely soft and subdued in expression, especially at the closing strain,) all those who do not leave the Hall during this pause, are most respectfully requested to remain seated until the last note is sung.

Whether it be "soft and subdued" or loud and jubilant, let the last chorus, and all those who would appreciate it and have the whole of a great work, be protected in their rights.

The new hall is a very pleasant one, and favorable (so far as our experience went) to musical sound. The distribution of the lights, the ventilation, &c., seemed quite satisfactory. The hall, it is said, will seat 1500 persons, though it looks extremely narrow after one is used to sitting in the Boston Music Hall. The stucco ornament is rich and chaste; only the figures, (Corinthian capitals, &c.) seemed to us too large a scale for so small a room. We might remark, too, on the peculiar architecture of the organ. The execution is beautiful and tasteful in itself; but the design!—to convert the front of the noble instrument into the

semblance of a large end window, with its dark panes, looking out into the open air, so that its music seems to come from out of doors!—that is like hiding a noble reality under a shallow pretence,—a fault of modesty not common in this world.

We trust the Education Society will persevere in the good work of giving concerts, and that the people at the South end will appreciate their new privileges.

A Word from the Italians.

It is long since we have heard from one of them, though we have repeatedly offered them our columns. Judge then of the avidity with which we seize upon the following.

True to our principle of giving all sides a hearing, we make place for this (not at all ironical!) epistle. As for our "Diarist," he can take care of himself, and we prefer to leave these battles to third persons. There is one cruel reflection, however, on the alleged partiality of Boston audiences for classical music, symphonies, &c., which wounds us to the heart. It is even intimated that the postponement of the Ninth Symphony was owing to the fact that there were no tickets sold. If the Germanians postponed it on that account, they acted prematurely; people, used to serial concerts, do not rush some days beforehand to procure their tickets for an extra; the morning of the Saturday was very bleak and stormy; in the afternoon it promised better, and the demand for tickets began to be felt at the music-stores, but it was then too late—the postponement had been announced! the evening proved entirely pleasant, and we know of not a few who innocently went to the doors of the Music Hall only to be sadly disappointed. But wait awhile! We shall see whether an audience cannot be found again for the Ninth Symphony!

BOSTON, March 21, 1853.

MY DEAR MR. DWIGHT:—Your New York Diary man is a terrible satirist! For my part I can't conceive how those miserable Italian fellows can hold up their heads after one of his pieces appears in your paper; for of course they read them, and they must be dreadfully cut up when he comes down on them with such sarcastic wit. I like what he says about the *Stabat Mater* in your last number. Why will they keep on playing and singing that stupid thing? Now I think that one of old Bach's fugues is worth fifty such affairs; because I can nod and get sleepy just before bedtime when such splendid music is going, while that *Stabat Mater*, some how or other, keeps me wide awake all the time. Then he speaks about that magnificent Ninth Symphony, and even mentions one of that wishy washy Donizetti's operas in the same line. How I wanted to hear that again! Now what was the reason that no tickets were sold! Do you suppose that the people about here would rather hear this fiddle-faddle Italian opera, and had no relish for that glorious Symphony? Why, I didn't understand it a bit, but I thought it was splendid, because Beethoven wrote it, and any one would be a fool not to say it was great if he didn't think so. I wish your New York friend would come down on such a set of people oftener. He knows so much, and lets us all know that he knows so much. He shows up the critics first-rate, and he is worth all of them himself, because he finds fault with everything and makes fun of everything, and that's what I call being a real critic. You can't think how much I enjoy his pieces every Saturday in your *Journal*. He is so fair and liberal

that nobody can find fault. I saw a man laughing at his last piece and judged by his lips that he said "balderdash," and if I had known him I should have shaken hands with him, for of course he meant the *Stabat Mater*. Yours truly,

JUSTICIA.

A GOOD JOKE.—The following is worthy to amuse our readers. One of our subscribers, in the beer-brewing "city of brotherly love," who has complained ever since last autumn of not receiving his paper, though it has been mailed to him twice over, sends us at length this solution of the mystery.

PHILADELPHIA, March 10, 1853.

MR. DWIGHT, — Dear Sir:—Shakspeare asks, "What's in a name?" I can answer much, for I have been put to much inconvenience, to say no more, by a certain individual in this city, bearing the same cognomen as myself, viz. J. Sebastian Flügel.

I first became aware of the existence of such a personage, by seeing in one of our papers an advertisement, stating that "the celebrated pianist, Mr. J. Sebastian Flügel, would perform at the Kossuth Lager Bier Saloon till future notice." Now wasn't that pleasant? especially as I pretend to be somewhat of a pianist myself.

Sometime afterwards I saw a letter advertised for J. Sebastian Flügel. Forgetting all about my Lager Bier namesake, I sent for it, and on opening found it to commence with: "My Dear Father," and signed, "Your affectionate daughter, Lydia." Enclosed was another letter from my "dear Mary Ann." Pretty well for a young man of nineteen! I immediately returned the letter to the office, but somehow he has never returned any of mine.

Calling at Mr. André's store last week (By the by, his is the only store in Philadelphia where one can get good music, as Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Thalberg, &c., he handed me your note, and remarked that he agreed with you in thinking that it was strange that I should not receive my papers, while Mr. —, and the other Philadelphia subscribers received them regularly. I agreed with him, but on reading it, it suddenly struck me that Lager Bier Flügel had received both papers and letter, and that he had played, to say the least, a very ungentlemanly part in not returning them to me.

If after this you will send my papers or any note that you may wish me to receive, care of G. André & Co., I shall doubtless receive them. The circumstances of this case are so amusing that I thought that perhaps you would be gratified by hearing why my papers never reached me. I do not doubt that editors often get much undeserved blame from circumstances like these; but I hope that others will not have as much cause to complain of their namesake as has

Your humble servant,

J. S. F.

The N. Y. *Musical World and Times* announces as a great card its translation of a shrewd and saucy German criticism upon Sontag, which appeared a year ago in the Leipzig musical paper under the title of "*Ein Minoritätsgutachten*," or the "Opinion of the Minority." The piece is brilliant and original and says some sharp and true things of the virtuoso-worshipping tendency of the times. We have been many times tempted to present it to our readers, but thought it far too sweeping in its condemnation,—evidently written by a very talented and very young man. Had the *World* given the whole article, we should have seen Jenny Lind too swept into the same category of virtuoso "lights that do mislead the morn."

The *World* is out in ascribing the article to

LISZT! It does indeed hail from Weimar; but it is well understood in Germany that it was written by a young man by the name of VON BUELOW, the Weimar correspondent of the paper. Indeed the very first paragraph of the piece talks about "the real enthusiasm of the Berliners for the *geistvollen* Liszt" yielding by a law of contrast to "the comical enthusiasm for the *geistlose* Jenny Lind!" &c. We trust Liszt never wrote that.

The N. Y. *Musical World and Times* of this week has a long and interesting letter from Mr. Fry, objecting to the summary of his principles which we recently copied from that Journal. At the close he says:

"I did not intend, Messrs. Editors, to trouble you at all, leaving what I said to speak for itself in New York; but I find an eminent musical journal in Boston quotes your summary with fresh annotations, in which I am made to sin in the way of iteration and reiteration, and to want logic and synthesis. I beg of you, therefore, as a matter of justice to publish this letter, and I ask the same of the Boston journal."

We shall certainly do Mr. Fry and our readers the justice to copy his letter entire, and only regret that our columns for this week are already full.

RAPID RATES OF TIME. We trust the strictures of our friend Keyzer on a late performance of the Cherubini overture will be taken in good part. We shall be glad to elicit a fair discussion, on both sides, of this question—of the time in which the quick movements of Symphonies, Overtures, &c., (written before the metro-nomic signs came into use,) should be taken. And this is all that our friend proposes; he does not pretend to speak dictatorially, but simply utters *his opinion*, in the hope that others will with equal candor offer theirs.

Certainly the whole present generation—not only "Young Germany," but young France and Italy and England likewise, go in for the double quick time, as often as it is possible, in music. The allegro of the C minor Symphony, of the *Zauberflöte* overture, &c., &c., played in the approved style of the day, seem always to shoot by us faster than our slow sense can clearly apprehend the notes,—faster, we have suspected and have read, than probably their authors would have liked. But we have never met a young German who did not justify the rapid tempo, and we rarely meet an old German who does not deprecate it. Perhaps it is only the eternal quarrel between age and youth. But we are more inclined to think that the pulse of the whole present era is too quick for some of us unfortunate "old fogies."

We would direct the attention of purchasers of classical music to the card (below) of G. ANDRÉ & Co., Philadelphia. The very name is an earnest of good music. Mr. André is the son of the famous music-publisher of Offenbach, in Germany, who purchased the Mozart manuscripts. (By the way, we see that some of these, including the MS. of the "Jupiter" Symphony, have just been offered for sale in London.) The André, father and grandfather, have been noted composers, as well as publishers. The Philadelphia house is a branch of the European, and can furnish direct, at the lowest cost, the standard André editions of the instrumental works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, &c.

OUR SECOND YEAR. A new volume of the *Journal of Music* commences April 10th. NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

The GERMANIANS have a noble programme for their last subscription concert to-night, and give a public rehearsal this afternoon for the benefit of their excellent leader, CARL BERGMANN.

OTTO DRESEL's extra concert on Monday evening will assemble all the lovers of genuine classic music, to hear again the triple Concerto of Bach, the Septuor of Hummel, the Trio of Beethoven, and other choice things. Mr. TRENKLE takes the place of SCHARFENBERG in the Concerto, and Mr. JAEHL in the Septuor.

The QUINTETTE CLUB give an extra concert on Thursday. Mendelssohn's glorious Octet, which has only been played here on his birth-day, is to be the leading feature.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY are rehearsing the "Creation."

Look out for BEETHOVEN'S "CHORAL SYMPHONY" next Saturday, at an extra and farewell concert of the "Germanians."

Foreign.

BELLETTI has had success in the rôle of Don Juan at Paris. . . . Bosio is engaged for Covent Garden this summer; the season, it is said, will open with *Oberon*.

BERLIN.—The journals of Berlin and Breslau are teeming with critical reports of the performances of the great basso, Formes, in Berlin—where he had not previously delighted the public with his powerful creations as a singer and actor, although the other capitals of Germany, besides London, Madrid, and Petersburg, have had for many years opportunities of admiring him. Berlin, however, has now been added to the battle-fields and triumphs of this great singer; and the most sober, philosophical and critical public of Germany has carried its enthusiasm for Formes to a pitch almost unprecedented on the cold shores of the Spree. Flodardo Geyer, a distinguished composer, and one of the greatest musical authorities of Berlin, has expressed himself to the following effect *apropos* of the Sarastro of Formes—"Surprised we see the real Sarastro, the literally speaking substantial Sarastro in every particular. The exterior appearance of an artist has rarely been, as it were, the absolute realisation of the part. Never did we behold a more imposing image of priestly majesty intermingled with such a mysterious, and so to speak, cabalistic significance. The dignity and power of the man, the sacredness of a holy profession, are appropriately represented in Formes. Elaborate and yet full of artistic moderation, the movements of Formes denote the true Prince of Virtue, and nothing is left to chance in the detail of the part, in its picturesque, plastic, and musical bearings. The shrewdest reflection is betokened in all—from the perfect delivery of every single note even to the simple management of the cloak. The Sarastro of Formes reaches the point of its artistic excellence in the magnificent prayer to Isis and Osiris, when he is so thoroughly penetrated with the sublimity of the situation, that his effect on the heart of his hearers becomes irresistible; indeed, we do not recollect a more powerful effect being the result of a more simple artistic effort. The air "In diesen heiligen Hallen," is certainly one of the most worn-out of musical pieces; but it never found a more legitimate and efficient interpreter. The depth of this air has been, in the majority of cases, more perceived by the eye than by the ear, and we have seen singers who have thought to be able to make up for a deficiency in their low notes by mute and convulsive gestures. Formes, however, obtains an effect by a method peculiarly his own; and his bass notes gain power while his high notes acquire euphony. His performance, moreover, is a perfect justification of Mozart's choice of his original key in E natural; and the harmonious effect of this, and of the B natural and C sharp, are wonderful. Below F sharp the voice of Formes has the most complete, and as it were "saturated" bass character, while it appears to cost him some effort to go beyond that height. This world-famed air, Formes was compelled to sing twice; and he sang it the second time with such a decided superiority and higher elevation of style, that the applause and the enthusiasm of the public brought him forward again to sing it for the third time, after which he was again called on the stage. If we compare this success with the simplicity of the task, we must confess that the stage has not for a long time been a witness of such an effect. The part of Sarastro has ceased for many, many years to be of any importance in the hands of ordinary performers. Animated by the presence of such an artist, Frau Köster, as Queen of the Night, Frau Herrenburg-Tutzeck as Pamina, Herr Krause as Papageno, and above all Herr Theodore Formes, the talented brother of the basso, supported him worthily. The latter sang the E flat air of Tamino, "Dies Bildniss" with great warmth and purity. The outward appearance of the two brothers is somewhat dissimilar—the basso being a masculine concise figure of German strength and proportions, surpassing in size the more delicate frame of the *tenore* by half a head; still the family likeness is unmistakable, and may the latter (the Tenor) come up in artistic height to the former, who may be truly pronounced to be what the ancients called a *Latinos*, or the artistic issue of some superior power.

Corr. of Lond. Mus. World.

Miscellaneous.

OPERA PROSPECTS ABROAD AND AT HOME.—The correspondent of *Noah's Messenger* (New York) writes as follows:

As was anticipated, Manager Lumley's last effort to raise the fallen fortunes of the Italian Opera (Her Majesty's theatre) has failed. Parliament, applied to for an act to incorporate a joint stock company to manage this theatre, has refused to enact that each shareholder shall be liable only to the extent of his respective share in the concern. Of £198,000 to be raised by capital, a third was to have been handed over to Lumley for his "interest" in the concern.

The fact of Her Majesty's theatre being closed may operate—indeed *must*—on operatic business and prospects in the United States. Grisi, Mario, and Lablache, may

be looked upon as certain and fixed stars in the hemisphere of the Italian opera at Covent Garden. At the earliest, they cannot leave that theatre before the end of July; nor would it be any use, "I guess," for them to perform in New York until towards the close of September. That is, while your Crystal Palace is open, these singers cannot be with you.

Cruvelli, Caroline Duprez, Bosio, Pauline Viardot Garcia, and all that lot, can scarcely be spared from Paris. There is as much chance of Jenny Lind's returning to America, to appear in opera, as there is of her becoming Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. In a word, you must be contented, on your side of the great herring-pond, with the vocalists you have. Salvi and Marini, Alboni and Sontag, form the nucleus of a very fine company—if private jealousies and bickerings do not intervene. You have Alboni, by all accounts, singing as well as ever she did in Europe, and acting a hundred times better, and you have "the Indian autumn" of Sontag. It is charming, even yet—but if her present auditors had heard her six-and-twenty years ago, when she caused nearly as much excitement as Jenny Lind did a long time after, they would wonder, more and more, at the comparative preservation of her voice and person. She had a twenty years' holiday for her voice, and that lack of wear and tear has tended to save it. Then she acts so well: every motion of her hand, every glance of her eyes, is calculated, and practised, and stereotyped. As to her making-up—she resembles the Empress Josephine, who, at fifty, was such a mistress of her toilette as to bid defiance to the encroachments of Time.

Either the theatre l'Odeon or the Gymnase, in Paris, is to be called the Empress's theatre, and included in the theatres under and in the pay of the Minister of State. The other four are the Academy of Music, the Comedie Francaise, the Italian Opera, and the Opera Comique.

BOTTESINI. The most wonderful artist of his age, the Paganini of the double bass, we are glad to learn, will visit us again this summer. The energetic and enterprising Juillien has added him to his troupe; and in August next, when Juillien and all his musical host shall appear among us, none will be more warmly welcomed than the wonderful, the great Bottesini.—N. Y. Democrat.

"*Engyism*" is flourishing also on the Asiatic Islands. We see in a Cologne paper that "at Sourabaya, Island of Java, a Philharmonic Society has been formed, the second on the Island, as there was already one at Batavia. At the end of December last the members numbered 250. They gave their first concert during the Christmas holidays, the programme consisting entirely of works by Orlando Lasso, Palestrina, Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven."

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

Respectfully inform their friends and the musical public of Boston, that they will give an

EXTRA CONCERT,

ON THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 31, 1853,

At the Lecture Room of the Boston Music Hall.

ASSISTED BY SEVERAL RESIDENT ARTISTS.

Mendelssohn's Octette, a Quintette by Onslow, etc., will be performed.

Tickets at 50 cents each, to be obtained at the usual places. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Concert to commence at 7½ precisely.

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Mch. 12. 3m.

SIGNOR G. C. GUIDI respectfully informs his former pupils and the public, that he has resumed his instructions in SINGING, after the Italian school, with the intention to settle permanently in Boston. In order to accommodate those who may not wish to take private instruction, he will open classes for ladies and gentlemen, on moderate terms. None but good voices will be admitted. Terms liberal for persons intending to study for professional purposes.

Sig. G. can be consulted free upon any musical subject, daily, from 12 to 2, at Mr. Hews's Piano Manufactory, No. 365 Washington street, where terms and time for classes may be known.

Orders or notes for Sig. G. may be addressed to him at O. P. Reed & Co's Music Store, 17 Tremont Row, and at Oliver Ditson's, 115 Washington street. Feb. 5.

A CARD.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully offers his services to the public as Teacher of the Piano-Forte, the Violin, and of Singing, after a clear and easy method. He will also accompany pupils, both in seminaries and in private houses, in the practice of Duets, Trios, &c.

Address for the present at the United States Ho. 41.

March 26. 3m.

CARL GÄRTNER.

TO PRINTERS.

MUSIC COMPOSITOR WANTED. One who is thoroughly acquainted with the business. Apply at this Office.

Benefit of Carl Bergmann.**THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY**
WILL GIVE A**PUBLIC REHEARSAL,**

On Saturday Afternoon, March 26th, at 3 o'clock,

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On Saturday Evening, March 26th,

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ALSO BY A

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1. Grand Symphony, "Jupiter," in C major, . . . W. A. Mozart.
i. Allegro vivace. ii. Andante cantabile.
iii. Minuetto, Allegro. iv. Finale, Allegro molto.
2. Gebet vor der Schlacht, (Prayer of Soldiers before the
action), Weber.
Sung by the DOUBLE QUARTET.
3. Grand Concerto in E major, for Flute, with Orchestra
accompaniment, Bruch.
i. Allegro. ii. Andante mosso. iii. Allegro Fiale.
Performed by CARL ZERRAHN.

Part II.

4. Overture, "Die Heimkehr aus der Fremde," (Return
from abroad), Mendelssohn.
5. Concert-stück for Piano, with Orchestral accompa-
niment, (by request), C. M. Von Weber.
Performed by ALFRED JAEEL.
6. Wanderlied, A. Zoellner.
Sung by the DOUBLE QUARTET.
7. Fantasia for Violin, "Lucia," Artot.
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8. Overture, "Der Freischütz," C. M. Von Weber.

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Introduzione pathetica—Allegro brillante.
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Allegro moderato—Scherzo—Adagio, and Finale.
Otto Dresel, William Schultze, and Carl Bergmann.
3. Andante con Variazioni, for Two Pianos, . . . R. Schumann.
Alfred Jaell and Otto Dresel.

PART II.

4. Concerto for Three Pianos, with accompaniment of
Stringed Instruments, J. S. Bach.
Allegro Maestoso—Alia Siciliana—Finale.
Alfred Jaell, Mr. Trenkle, Otto Dresel, Messrs. Schultze,
Meissel, Buchheister, Bergmann, and Balcke.
5. Septet for Piano, Flute, Oboe, Horn, Viola, Violoncello,
and Double Bass, Hummel.
Allegro con Spirito—Scherzo—Andante con Variazioni—
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DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.

VOL. II.....NO. 26.

Translations from Richard Wagner.*

II. THE POPULAR MELODY HUNTERS—"MASANIELLO" AND "WILLIAM TELL."

... And now the grand hunt for popular melodies broke loose over other people's grounds. Already WEBER, finding his native flower was wilted, had been busily turning over the leaves of Forkel's descriptions of the Arabian music, and had borrowed thence a march for the Harem guard. Our Frenchmen were quickly on their feet; they merely looked into the hand-books for tourists, and set out in person to see and hear, upon the spot, wherever any bit of popular *naïveté* was to be found, both how it looked and sounded. Our grey old civilization was growing childish again, and second childishness soon dies!

There, in the beautiful and much defiled land of Italy, whose musical fat Rossini had exhausted with such elegant complacency for the lean world of Art, sat the careless and luxurious master and looked on with a wondering smile, upon this rummaging about of the gallant Parisian popular melody hunters. One of these was a good rider, and when he got off from his horse after a hasty ride, people knew that he had found a good melody, which would bring him in much gold. This man rode like all possessed through all the fish and vegetable markets of Naples, till every thing flew round about his ears, scoldings and curses followed him, and threatening fists were raised against him,—so that with the lightning-speed of instinct he snuffed the idea of a magnificent fishermen's and market-men's revolution. But there was still more profit to be made out of this! Away to Portici gallops the Parisian rider, to the barks and nets of those *naïve* fishermen, who are singing there and catching fish, sleeping and quarrelling, playing with wife and child and throwing knives, stabbing and killing one another and still singing on. Master AUBER, it must be confessed, that was a good ride, and better than that famous one upon the Hippogryph, which moved only in the air,—from which nothing was to be gained but east winds and colds! The rider rode home, sprang from his horse, paid Rossini an uncommonly gracious compliment (he knew well why!), took the extra post to Paris, and what he there got ready in the turning of his hand was nothing more nor less than the *Muette de Portici* ("Masaniello.")

—This "Mute" was the now speechless-grown Muse of the Drama, who sad and lonely in the midst of singing and tumultuous masses, wandered about with broken heart, only at last from satiety of life to smother herself and her irremediable anguish in the artificial fury of the theatrical volcano!—

ROSSINI looked on from afar upon the gorgeous spectacle, and when he journeyed to Paris, he thought he would just stop and rest a while under the snowy Alps of Switzerland, and listen how the healthy and brave fellows there held musical communion with their mountains and their cows. Arrived at Paris, he paid Auber his most gracious compliment (he knew well why!), and placed

before the world, with much paternal joy, his youngest child, which by a happy inspiration he had baptized "William Tell."

The "*Muette de Portici*" and "William Tell" became now the two poles of the axis, about which the whole speculative world of opera music turned. A new secret for galvanizing the half effete body of the opera had been found; and now the opera could live again, so long as any national peculiarities remained to be rifled. All countries of the Continent were explored, every province plundered, every race and stock of men sucked to the last drops of its musical blood, and the vinous spirit so gained was burned out in glittering fire-works for the delight of the gentry and the rabble of the great musical world. The German art-criticism saw in this a significant approximation of opera to its goal; for now it had struck into the "national," or, if you will, the "historical" direction. When the whole world is out of joint, the Germans feel the happiest; for they have so much the more to explain, to divine, to imagine, and finally—that they may feel perfectly contented and at home—to classify!

Mr. Fry's Letter to the New York Musical World and Times.

NEW YORK, March 16, 1853.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I regret to have to notice the remarks of your journal on my lectures, because it involves a correction of the summary made of them. You have put under separate heads various positions, some of which are accurately stated and others not. As I spoke without notes, and there was no report made of what I said at the eleventh lecture, I cannot turn to the very words, but must only say that there are various things attributed to me, which, if I have the humblest practical acquaintance with the apothegm, *gnōthi seauton*, I never said. You speak of me thus:

"Among other remarks on this point during this course, and which he summed up in his last lecture, were the following: That,

"1. There is no taste or love for, or appreciation of true Art in this country. That,

"2. The public, as a public, know nothing about Art—they have not a single enlightened or healthy idea on the subject. That,

"3. A sort of childish wonder is the only tribute paid in America to exhibitions of high art, and even this tribute is only called forth by solo performances. That,

"4. We pay enormous sums to hear a single voice, or a single instrument, the beauties and excellencies of which (if it have any) we cannot discover. But that,

"5. We will pay nothing to hear a sublime work of Art performed, because we do not know enough to appreciate it, and consequently such a performance hores us terribly."

I did state, not as numbers 1, 2, and 3, say, but simply that *orchestral* music is not generally or publicly appreciated, and *original analytical* criticism on it is wholly wanting among us. In view of this fact I instanced the orchestra, eighty-four in number, which performed at my lectures, being the largest and most splendid ever heard in America and forming an era in our history, if we did but know what an era is beyond party politics; and yet, on that orchestra, or the original pieces they gave involving the latest development of orchestral power and combination, there was no analytical criticism. By original criticism I do not mean repetitions of the words or ideas of Europeans on European compositions—a very easy performance, like glib magazine talk about Raphael, Claude Lorraine, or Vernet—but that arising from the ability of the critic to take an original score and read it and understand it, and besides write a score himself—if not an original one, an arrangement of other people's ideas.

That is what is criticism in Europe: that is the criticism of Fétis, Reicha, Berlioz, Weber, Scudo, Adam, and every other man of mark there in the musical world. When I look at the labor required to learn how to grasp thirty or forty separate parts with a glance of the eye; to comprehend all the intricacies of the author; to read German music as a German, and Italian music as an Ital-

ian, through the genius that produced them, to find that the author of *Der Freyschütz* is a great man and so is the author of *Lucia*; to determine plagiarism or originality by an intimate knowledge of the growth of European musical ideas through a thousand years with the manure of antiquity and the East, I am astonished to witness the manner in which compositions are disposed of in this country, and the world informed what the authors ought to do in order to learn their Art and be original.

"We do pay enormous sums to hear a single voice," and sometimes, but rarely, "a single instrument;" but I did not add "that we could not discover its excellencies." That depends: The excellencies of Jenny Lind were discovered; the beauties of her voice were duly admired: her talent recognized, and even confounded with genius, which does not belong to singing but to musical composition. I did state that six hundred thousand dollars were spent on this artist, and that if six thousand dollars were required to put an *American Lyrical Art* on a level with European it could not be raised. That is my deliberate conviction; and that as a nation we are strangely and unnecessarily wanting in spirit and nationality equal to putting out any money in speculation or anticipation as regards Art. Nor do I see any hope until we have self-reliance. Your sentiment is that as "a nation, taking into account our age, we have outstripped in the development and cultivation of Art every other nation whose name is recorded in history."—but I quoted the French political Economist, Michel Chevalier, (see his works *passim*) as saying that "the Americans are the only people not wedded to old forms and procedures," and hence their success; and I proceeded to say that America with 25,000,000 inhabitants had more internal improvements (technically such) than Europe with 250,000,000 (at which some two or three persons present laughed) and which can be proved by going over all the countries in detail. I did full justice to the fecundity of American genius, but contrasted her achievements in labor with her pusillanimity in literary or artistic expression, and in this I am fully borne out by the illustrious Fennimore Cooper one way, and in another by the diction of our foreign ministers, who invariably ignore Republicanism in their speeches in England, lest they should be natural and national.

I did not say "we will pay nothing to hear a sublime work of Art performed; because we do not know enough to appreciate it and consequently such a performance bores us terribly." That, too, depends: people differ as to what a sublime work is. The prophets galvanized into fugues are not so sublime as the passionate sorrow of the modern opera; so think the people who do not look at poetry as they do at the process of determining a star's parallax. The sublime work that people will not pay to hear in New York is orchestral music, without the machinery of the Philharmonic Society, which is an affair of luxury and pride to the performing members, but not of profit. One singer in this "great and intelligent city of New York" has made more in a single night than the Philharmonic Society has ever made or may make for the next twenty years. I speak of this in a pecuniary sense and for the benefit of artists; I can do so disinterestedly, not being in the musical profession, and only being led to assert the dignity of artists from seeing the shameful way they are treated as a class in Europe and in America, where they are ranked as inferiors in society, and considered low enough to be patronized—the last indignity to which a proud heart and manly soul can be subjected. I regret that on this head my *ipsissima verba* were not reported at length.

You quote me (No. 8 of your *résumé*) as saying that "Politicians never did and never can do anything to ennoble, exalt and glorify a nation," &c. —That is an overstatement: I drew a parallel between the position assigned to politicians in the histories written by themselves, and the inferior position assigned by them to artists their equals at least. The world is bullied by names: one man Washington absorbs like a maelstrom the sweat, agony, glory and immortality of the Revolution; and the public rear an unequalled monument to him, instead of to THE PEOPLE OF SEVENTY-SIX, each one of whom contributed his mite and his might. So too our ideas of contemporary greatness date entirely from Capitol-Hill, and are political. "The great Virginian," "the great South Carolinian," the great this, that and the other, means a speaker in Congress who has spoken for or against (no matter which) a few material, or so-called national interests, such as Banks and

* From his "*Oper und Drama*," 3 vols. Leipsic, 1852.

Roads, that are passed by small majorities one session to be rescinded at the next session—the prismatic hues on a soap-bubble not being more transient or trivial. Then one of these great men “saves the country” every once in a while, according to his partisans, who forget that if the country could be so easily saved it would not be worth damning.

“The American public are too fond of quoting Handel, Mozart, Beethoven and European artists generally and decrying whatever is not modelled after their rules.” No. 12 of your list says so, but I did not. I stated that certain writers quote these constantly, who would fail to discover any thing in the same authors if they were American, for the reason of pusillanimity in forming original judgments.

Nor do “the American public (No. 20) decry native compositions and sneer at native artists.” Critics, so called, may ignore as they do the existence of American musical works, or, not knowing the science of dramatic composition, speak of them ignorantly; but the public do not. My experience as a composer has been the reverse; and it was impossible for any compositions to be better received or more strenuously encored by the public than were those of mine well-sung at the Eleventh Lecture in presence of three thousand people; and that was my experience in Philadelphia, where an opera I wrote ran seventeen nights in the summer season to full houses—the size of the city considered at that time, equal to a run of at least forty nights in New York now,—a success which fully satisfies me when I reflect that the great artist Sontag advertises a new opera every two nights.

“In Europe (No. 30) an American artist is spit upon.” I said no such thing. I said when there I tried to have an opera produced, and I was spit upon, because I was an American: this I repeat in opposition to your comments. I took the best possible introductions, and offered to pay the expenses of a rehearsal, according to my invariable custom to expect nothing as a favor. I wished the music to be heard simply; given book in hand without dress or decoration, and so pronounced upon—a frightful hazard, but one which I was willing to abide by, in the same way that I had my works performed at my lectures in New York without the necessary aids of the Opera-house. Meyerbeer never would let a note of his operas be heard originally except on the stage; and so should all dramatic composers, in fact. When I asked for this simple rehearsal—so easily accorded and fairly required—the director of the opera in Paris said to me: In Europe we look upon America as an industrial country—excellent for electric telegraphs and railroads but not for Art. I ventured to hint, that although we had excelled in making electric telegraphs to carry ideas without persons, it was not a necessary consequence that we built railroads to carry persons without ideas, or that we had not ideas on every fruitful subject. “It cannot be done under any circumstances,” rejoined he: “they would think me crazy to produce an opera by an American.” Soit (so be it) said I, as he turned away. So he would not even look at the work, but rejected it solely on the ground of its being American, not knowing whether it was good, bad, or indifferent.

I did most assuredly say (No. 29) that “an American composer cannot get his works brought out at home unless he has a fortune which will enable him to bear the expense himself,” and that I spent thousands to produce one of my operas in Philadelphia; and I do say, myself apart, that it is disgraceful on the part of this public to let foreign singers rush through the land under a flying artillery of the most glaring of lurid quackery and never ask whether we can create an American Opera on our own soil, and by artists whose heads and hearts are with us. When we do so, we shall re-write the History of Art; for the influence of our institutions upon the artist is of the last importance to Humanity. Instead of illustrating a sect or a caste, his work will be for Man. All that has been done for kings is a proper estimate set upon the dignity which belongs to our race. Thus viewing it we shall adopt it for ourselves.—Beauty and Art will then become common property. It will then be discovered, even by our colleges, that the perceptions of the Eye and the Ear should be considered as one—that our language has yet to be lyrically written, which it never will be under their present dispensations; that the culture of a gentleman indispensably includes a knowledge of these Indissoluble Arts of testing sound and color and form; that the operatic stage

is the common altar on which music, painting and poetry are laid; that the great masters of esthetics, the Greeks, so considered it, and that the genius from which flashed for all time the Parthenon and the Apollo found its largest nutrition in the lyre.

My estimate of the necessities of an American Opera to make us an artistic people were thus expressed:

It is a clear proposition that no Art can flourish in a country until it assumes a genial character. It may be exotic, experimentally, for a time, but unless it becomes indigenous, taking root and growth in the hearts and understandings of the people generally, its existence will be forced and sickly, and its decay quick and certain. And it may be remarked, emphatically, that, as vocal music must ever take precedence in general estimation of other music, for the reason that no musical instrument equals the human voice in quality and expression, it will be necessary to render national the lyrical drama, as being the only means by which great singers can be formed, and a school of music reared. Upon the stage alone can the expression of the master passions be adequately given; and the identification of music with action and character, being an artistic exhibition of man's nature, while it gives lyrical representation the strongest hold upon the common heart, renders it necessary for the singer to attain to the perfection of his art, and be pathetic, eloquent, great. The church has ever been obliged to call upon the theatre for its chief devotional singers, and it must ever be thus, while the drama covers a spiritual as well as a tangible ground. All times and places are subservient to the illustrations of the stage. The mists of antiquity and the divination of the future; the abodes of the gods, of fairies, and of demons, as well as of men: earth, air, sea and sky are searched for the facts and imaginings of the dramatist. To fight against such a material and immaterial army, is like a war against the seven prismatic colors, upon the seven essential sounds, upon the very spirit of ideality which clothes all visible things with romance and beauty. To destroy dramatic music is to endanger all music; to bring back monkish formality and abused mathematics in the science. The chief interest of all instrumental music, of the passion displayed in the modern Oratorio and the Mass, lies in the dramatic expression derived originally from the universal lyrical delineations of the stage. Composers of religious works have tried to avoid frigid calculations and to attain the expression of devotional fervor, by the study directly or indirectly of humanity in the lyrical drama.

It has been assumed as a theory and laid down as a practice in England, that the English language is unfit for the grand opera or that high class of opera which properly rejects all spoken language, and carries on the monologue and dialogue entirely in music accompanied by the orchestra. A very noted and the latest English writer on music, Mr. Hogarth, in his Work, states that since the time of Dr. Arne (who lived a century ago) no English composer has tried English opera recitative, except in way of “burlesque,” because the English language does not admit of such recitative.—If we take the English language as it is ordinarily written, this statement of its incapacities may be true; and the gypsy dramas of the English stage may be considered the last effort of genius.—But I have held, ever since I thought at all on the subject, a different opinion, which is that as England denies the possibility of having a grand opera written originally in our tongue, it was the business of America to prove the possibility; and I did so. Accordingly in the year 1845 I had produced one of my grand operas, at Philadelphia, in splendid style, with fifty in the orchestra and seventy in the chorus, being double the number ever engaged in performing opera in New York. In this American “grand opera,” the wretched and vulgar plan of speaking and singing by turns was rejected, and all the scenes, even the longest dialogues, carried on in singing recitative. The poetry was written after no English model,—for the best of reasons, there was none; but it was proved to an audience of acumen, that it was not only possible to render the English language the medium for the grand serious or tragic opera, but that any other form of opera was unworthy of lyrical treatment. So the first successful grand opera in the English language was produced in this country. There may be other American grand operas not known, and I trust there are. Mr. Bristow has written an opera which I earnest-

ly hope to see produced; and, if it be like his symphonies, of which there is no reason to doubt, its success must be assured. Now, let me add—there is an American, born on our soil, and who has always lived and studied here, who writes quite as well for an orchestra as Young Germany or France. I say so flatly; and to prove it will go over the scores of the American and Europeans with any person who can read them, of which class there are, alas, but few, though “critics” abound.

I did not intend, Messrs. Editors, to trouble you at all, leaving what I said to speak for itself in New York; but I find an eminent musical journal in Boston quotes your summary with fresh annotations, in which I am made to sin in the way of iteration and reiteration, and to want logic and synthesis. I beg of you, therefore, as a matter of justice to publish this letter, and I ask the same of the Boston journal; I mean the letter in full, and have the honor to be, with great regard, yours,

WM. HENRY FRY.

Foreign Correspondence.

PARIS, March 14, 1853.

EDITOR OF JOURNAL OF MUSIC:

Dear Sir,—The musical season at Paris is at its height. Numberless concerts add their attractions to those of the Grand Opera, the *Opera des Italiens*, the *Opera Comique* and the *Theatre Lyrique*, not to mention the fine church music which abounds during Lent. Yesterday evening we had *Semiramide* at the *Italiens*, where, by-the-by, at an extraordinary representation for the benefit of one of the company, Rachel appeared last week in her double character of the first tragedian and the first comedienne of the age—for you are aware that she aspires to the same pre-eminence as the latter which the world accords to her as the former. To-night, we are to have at the Grand Opera the 14th representation, or rather re-representation, of *Moise*; at the *Opera Comique* the *Reves de Jeannette*, with *le Sourd* and *le Calife*—and at the *Theatre Lyrique* the second representation of *les Amours du Diable*, which contains a deal of capital music, but is in too many respects brilliant with borrowed light, particularly in the introduction (probably for the advantage of those Parisians who have never been fortunate enough to go to the Grand Opera) of a sort of second edition of the famous *acte des nonnes* in *Robert-du-Diable*, of which the whole piece is more or less an imitation, or rather *evocation*. But the Devil is not to be trifled with, and will rise in all his majesty only at the bidding of greater masters than M. Grisar, and M. de Saint Georges. M. Coulon, however, (in spite of a bad cold which he shares with nine-tenths of the inhabitants of Paris,) makes quite a presentable Beelzebub, and Madame Colson sustains admirably the part of Uriel.

Among the concerts of the past week, the finest have been that of the Conservatoire, and that of Henri Herz. The triumph of Herz—who has trained more pupils than any other pianist in Paris (the Lord forgive him for it!)—was shared by a valiant troop of singers and musicians, among whom were Roger, Mme. Laborde, Vieuxtemps and Levassor. At the Conservatoire, for an hour and three quarters, the privileged guests enjoyed a feast of morsels most happily chosen from the best composers—the *Symphony in ut majeur*, of which the *Soherzo* is the most delicious wonder imaginable; the *Ave verum* of Mozart, that seraphic inspiration written on the grandest harmony that we know in sacred music; the romance in *fa* of Beethoven, for the violin, executed by Mr. Alard, but not with such purity and charm as we have heard him play that sweet melody last winter; a fragment of the *Fernand Cortes* of Spontini, the second act of whose *Vestale* is, by the by, in rehearsal at the Opera, to be sung by Gueymard, Obin, Massot and Mme. Poincot; then came that magnificent chorus of the 16th century, *Alla Trinita*, which was marvellously well executed; and the concert terminated with the overture to *Oberon*, that astonishing companion-piece to the overture of *Freyshütz*. This single concert, which lasted less than two hours, (ample time, be it said in passing, for properly enjoying any concert)—was alone worth a voyage across the Atlantic.

Yesterday there were two concerts, one at the Salle Saint-Cecile, by the Société Sainte Cecile, and the other at the Salle Herz, by Actes, Delaigne, Vigulier and Des-

mares of the Imperial Academy, with Mme. Desmarests. The selections for the first were from Weber, Haydn, Gluck, Beethoven and Schubert, and for the second from Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel and Mendelssohn. I barely give you these names, which figure on almost every concert programme, to indicate what composers are the favorites here this winter.

A young American violinist, who is indebted to an Italian father for his un-Yankee name, Giovanni Sconcia, is going to give a concert at the Salle Bonne Nouvelle on the 22d of this month, in company with Mlle. Nan, (who is also an American by birth) and M. Aimé of the Imperial Academy, and M. De Combes, a clever pianist, who proposes to go by-and-by to America—that California of European artists. Mr. Sconcia has been much applauded at several private parties where he has lately consented to play, and he really is a player of excellent promise. The violin is a "living thing" in his hands, and with due labor he need not long wait for success.

W. S. C.

Letter from Italy.

FLORENCE, March 8th, 1853.

J. S. DWIGHT Esq.

Dear Sir.—As I promised to give you some musical news from this part of the world, I write to the best of my ability what I have that I think may interest you or be worthy of your kind notice. Since I left our good city of Boston, I have appreciated it much more than while I was there, and I think if Boston is not so old in musical taste as cities in this country, yet the roots are strong and of the right kind. While in Paris I went much to the Italian and French opera: at the Italian the principal attraction was CRUVELLI. She is quite young, possessing a fine voice, and sings in the Verdi school. She appeared in *Ernani* and *Luisa Miller*, and I think she sings no better in comparison than Truffi did. The opera of *Luisa Miller*, which is not yet known in the United States, is very pleasing, though it strikes me the music is quite a repetition of all Verdi's music. However there is a beautiful quartet in it, to be sung without accompaniment, which was exceedingly well suited to Cruvelli's ability, as her greatest art lies in diminishing the voice. The principal tenor was our friend BETTINI. It appeared to me that he sang in better style, but his voice seemed not so fresh as it was while in the United States. I was delighted with the Baritone BELLETTI in *Don Giovanni*, who is considered by the Parisians as a finished singer and fine musician.

At the Grand French Opera I was present at the performance of two of Meyerbeer's greatest works, *Robert le Diable* and *le Prophète*. Madame LABORDE appeared in *Robert le Diable* without success, notwithstanding her great agility of voice. *Le Prophète* is no less great than *Robert le Diable*, and both operas were put upon the stage in great magnificence. TEDESCO appeared in *Le Prophète* to great advantage. She sang and looked as well as ever. But the age for great singers is at present in its decline; fresh voices soon fail in singing to so large an orchestra as one hundred and forty performers!

The most amusing thing at all the Theatres in Paris, except the Italian Opera, is a body of men called the *Cluqueurs*, who usually sit in the centre of the pit, and applaud according to the wishes of the performer, or the price they are paid for it. They also can be hired by one individual to hiss another, by the same means. And at the Comic Theatres persons of both sexes are distributed throughout the house who are paid for laughing, and knowing well the play, they of course commence to laugh before a sentence is finished, and keep it up for a minute or so. At the drama or tragedy a band of the same kind of people affect to weep in order to make the play more attractive. So much for Paris. The last night I spent there I went to see BOSIO, at the Grand French Opera, in *Luisa Miller*. She sang well, though the theatre seemed too large for her delicate voice. Taking all in consideration, the only difference between the operas in the United States and Paris is, that in Paris every thing is put upon the stage in more pomp and splendor, and with more powerful chorusses.

FLORENCE!—At last I am in the land of song—beautiful Italy! I was very glad upon arriving here to meet our Boston friends, Messrs SUMNER and MILLARD. These two gentlemen study with great diligence. I was

astonished the other day when I heard Mr. Sumner sing, to find that he had so soon acquired the Italian style; he speaks Italian already quite fluently, and no doubt will one of these days be the pride of the Bostonians. Mrs. EASTCOTT is at present Prima Donna in Naples and it is said that she is creating quite a *furor*. In Florence there is also Miss M. of Washington, who intends shortly to appear upon the stage. They are all pupils of the great ROMANI, to whom I had the honor to be presented, with my ex-pupil and protégé, Miss JULIA HILL of Boston. Romani, after carefully examining her voice, pronounced it of rare quality and richness for one so young, and of extraordinary compass, ranging from G below to C in *alt*. She has already begun under his instruction, with great encouragement for future success from him. He is quite an old gentleman, a great friend of Rossini, and of the Rossini school; also director at the first grand opera in Florence. He praises the American voices, and I think that American stars will soon appear who will give that credit which is due to America. I propose to write, if that be acceptable, a musical communication from Florence, especially on the cultivation of the voice in the Italian School, which method is so vastly different from that taught in the United States. I spend my time in taking lessons of the first masters, in order to acquire a method of purely Italian singing, and especially development of the voice, also am always present when Miss Julia Hill takes her lessons.

I remain Dear Sir,

Your most ob't. and grateful Servant,

J. K. SALOMONSKY.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 2, 1853.

ACCOUNT RENDERED. Well, reader, here we are at the end of our first trial voyage round the year! We don't say that we have beaten all competitors, but we have established for our craft, as we trust you are convinced, the capacity of a good, steady, safe, and perhaps not tediously slow rate of sailing. When we commenced, there were not a few to warn us that we undertook a perilous and almost impossible voyage; but there were believing friends that helped to provision and insure the ship. Our success has not been brilliant, but we have got decently through, and with such encouraging response, from those whose good opinion we most valued, that we feel small fear for the future. We enter on our second year next Saturday, twice as well off at least as when we started, and with the assurance that the past year has greatly increased the number of those interested in music in a high and earnest sense. Serious and high-toned discussions of the Art speak now to a much wider public than has ever before existed in America.

That in our fifty-two weekly numbers, we have gathered and presented not a little information of the year's tuneful harvest; that our two half-yearly volumes contain a pretty wide range of discussion of the most interesting topics in the sphere of the Beautiful, we think must appear from a glance at the Index which we this day furnish, as our *compte rendu*. Of course, this has nearly all been fragmentary; but we do believe it abounds in hints and suggestions tending to excite thought and attention to many at least of those matters in the Art that are most worthy of our attention and our love. Some topics, to be sure, we have been shy of, not finding time to treat them as they should be treated; these still wait their turn, and perhaps will not suffer by the waiting. We have had our topics absolutely forced upon us, too, in the most pre-occupying

manner, by the unrelaxing pressure, day by day, of the rich musical Present. The extraordinary amount of good music that has sought our ears, this year past; the rapid development of musical taste about us, involving the desire to know about the noblest masters and their works;—all this has kept us busy to the exclusion of many important topics, and reduced our function almost to that of a commenting reporter. We have been taking lessons from examples, and the best that *we* (the said reporter) could do was to try to point and emphasize the lesson.

We flatter ourselves that we have fulfilled the spirit, if not the letter of our prospectus. Sincere, fearless, high-toned, impartial report and criticism of the musical world about us, we do claim credit for. Mistakes of judgment we no doubt have made; but we have reason to be happy if we have set, for once, an example of a musical journal free from humbug, from vain boasting, from subservience to persons, and from party-spirit, whether general or petty. In our endeavor to avoid these common faults, we have perhaps kept ourselves a little too much aloof from what is called the *popular* element, and it has been an easy thing for those to call us "transcendental," who recognize the practical and real only in what personally flatters *them*.

Glimpses of some talk about the other Fine Arts appeared also in our title and prospectus. We would we could have given more. But in the necessity of the case these matters had to be incidental and secondary. If we have given evidence that our columns were open to sincere discussions of all matters pertaining to the Beautiful, we have perhaps done enough for one year and for one editor. We still invite communication on these subjects from those most interested and able. But Music, (we presume it has been understood on all hands,) was the point of view, from which we proposed all along to look upon the entire field of Art.

It would be idle to deny that the "Journal of Music" still needs far more support than it has received. It pays its own way; but the editor's remuneration, beyond the barest minimum, is in the future and dependent on the number of persons who shall value the existence of such a paper enough to pay the very small subscription price for it. It has made many warm friends, and they, if they will but try, can do much for us by procuring new subscribers. Double our list, and it will then be our fault if we do not give you doubly as good a paper as we have done. But as it is, the year's result has been the best we could afford. Have we not given as good as we received?

Our warmest thanks are due not only to the friends aforesaid, who insured the ship, but to those others who have so largely freighted it with articles acceptable to many readers. Thanks also to the Press, for kindly breezes, unsolicited, that came so frequently to fill our sails and waft us on with generous God-speed!

We have complete sets of the "Journal" for the first year, now ended, which will be furnished at the subscription price. *Bound copies*, also will be ready in a few weeks.

CORRECTION. In Mr. Keyzer's "Letter about Tempos," last week, the passage: "The opening of Mozart's 2nd quartet demands at once the *al la breve* tempo," should have read: "demands a *broad* movement, quite the opposite to the *al la breve*," &c. The omission was discovered too late for correction.

Concerts.

The tenth and last of the "GERMANIA" Subscription Concerts was one of the most brilliant of them all. Mozart's greatest Symphony, in C, (called by the English the "Jupiter,") was magnificently rendered, with such power and clearness of outline that even that immensely difficult and complicated fugued finale, with its four distinct subjects, seemed to interest and inspire the general audience. There is a glorious triumphal fervor and energy in the first movement,—at once appreciable from its Don Juan-like character,—which brings joy and hope and exaltation with it in spite of ourselves. When this Symphony was repeated entire at the Wednesday afternoon Rehearsal, the attention, for so miscellaneous and in the main so young an audience, was profound; yet not a sound of a hand was heard after it;—a proof that clapping is not to be taken as the sign of real interest in music. We clap things new, exceptional, curious, comical, patriotic, &c., &c.; but we listen and enjoy and feel that which we find most deeply satisfying. The lovely *Andante Cantabile* and the Scherzo, are of the finest and most fascinating of their kind. But in the Finale Mozart solved the problem of reconciling the most learned intricacy of counterpoint with all the sensuous charm and individuality of melody which interests the unlearned. Nothing could be more exciting and more wonderful than the manner in which those four themes mingle and whirl in a perfect maelstrom of harmony. It will aid the memory of our readers who heard it, if we give them the notes of the four themes; as follows:



Mozart's Russian biographer, whom we have often quoted, broaches a curious idea about this. "What then is," says he, "this finale of the Symphony in C, which dazzles those who read and dizzies those who hear it? To me it seems that this *Allegro* is the sequel to the *Grave* introduction ("Chaos") to Haydn's "Creation." Light has illumined the abyss; the laws of creation are fulfilled; suddenly the elements, chafing under the new yoke, attempt a gigantic revolution, hoping to restore the old anarchy. Fire, air, earth and water leave one by one their prescribed places, and mingle in a whirlpool, in which the germinating Order threatens to be swallowed up forever; sublime, like every great revolt of matter against the spirit that controls it. But this propensity to go back to Chaos has been foreseen; like order itself, it serves the ends of the eternal Wisdom. The elemental forces may melt into an inexplicable mass (the fugued portions of the piece), but they soon hear a voice, calling to them: 'Thus far and no farther!' and in a moment all is disentangled, and the young universe moves victorious and beautiful out of the midst of this terrible confusion (the portions composed in the melodious style, with the same motives)."

It was well and instructive to bring out this last orchestral word of Mozart (the ripe and perfect culmination of the Symphony so far), just before we are to hear the last word of Beethoven, in the Symphony with chorus.

Of the rest of the concert we have barely room to speak; but it was all good: the overtures, to *Freyschutz*, and that sweet and youthful one of Mendelssohn's, "Return from abroad," the *Concert-stück* of Weber, grandly played again by JAELE; the flute concerto, by CARL ZERKAHN, so much better than the usual type of those things, both the music and the playing, as fairly to survive "Cg's" advice to his friend on the eve of performing a flute solo (see Index); and little Urso's fantasia, of course. But the new feature, which we hope another winter to have oftener, and which gave the greatest satisfaction, was the double-quartet, of some sixteen voices

selected from the GERMAN LIEDERKRANZ, who sang under the direction of HERT KREISSMAN, Weber's "Prayer before Battle" (Körner's words), a buoyant *Wanderlied*, by Zoellner, and, when recalled, that exquisite *Nachlied* of Goethe. We do not bid the Germanians farewell quite yet.

OTTO DRESEL's Extra Soirée attracted an unusually large and appreciating audience to the Lecture Room of the Boston Music Hall on Monday evening. The place, with its circular tiers of seats, rising amphitheatre-like, and filled with enthusiastic faces, had a very cheerful aspect. The music was all admirable and gave the purest satisfaction. There was one disappointment, however, to which it was not very easy to be reconciled. Part of the notes to the Concerto of Bach had mysteriously disappeared,—misaid, no one could remember where;—with the utmost exertion of copyists, the artists themselves included, they were enabled to perform the two first movements, placing the Siciliano first, since the Allegretto with its bold, determined movement, full of unison, was better to conclude with. Mr. TRENKLE well sustained his part with Mr. JAELE and Mr. DRESEL.

But the loss was more than made good by the superb style in which the Septet of Hummel was performed by JAELE, with the perfect co-operation of the string and wind instruments from the "Germanians." The wonderful pianist actually outdid himself.

Beethoven's Trio in B flat, the most original, profound and striking of all trios, was finely rendered by DRESEL, SCHULTZE and BERGMANN, and created intense interest especially by its unspeakably rich and beautiful Adagio with variations, and its Scherzo with the mysterious episode. The two duets also (on two pianos) were highly interesting. That by Moscheles, which opened the feast, called *Hommage à Handel*, is Handel-like in the quaint old figures of its slow introduction, but soon passes into a more modern style. The other, *Andante with Variations*, by Schumann, interested us deeply by the variety and beauty and bold individuality of its ideas.

We have had no series of concerts so uniformly excellent and unexceptionable as those of Mr. Dresel. They have had the rare advantage of an audience conspiring with the performers to give the works of the composers a fair hearing.

MR. FRY'S LETTER.—In our contracted space this week we cannot quite fulfill our promise of copying this document entire. But the few paragraphs curtailed relate entirely to strictures in the *World and Times*, and not to any thing that we have said. We have no room for comments.

Musical Intelligence.

The "GERMANIANS" give their last rehearsal this afternoon, and their last (an extra) Concert at the Music Hall this evening. This fact alone ensures the largest and most eager audience. But add to this the "Choral Symphony," and who will wish to be found missing!

Haydn's "Creation" will be given by the Handel and Haydn Society to-morrow evening with a great array of talent. (See Card.) They are happy in offering us the very last sounds (this season) of the Germania orchestra, who will have ample sphere in the rich and lovely instrumentation of Haydn's great work. We believe the Germanians have never before accompanied the "Creation" here.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE Concert is postponed, probably until Saturday next.

OPERA. The combination of the Alboni and Maretzek troupes, in New York, opened triumphantly this week in *Don Pasquale*. Alboni, Salvi, Marini and brave Benevenuto were all warmly welcomed. Le Grand Smith is the *impresario*, and promises better opera than can be found in the great capitals of Europe, with the exception of St. Petersburg, which has Grisi, Viardot, Mario, Lablache, &c. Well he may; for all reports confirm the statement of our foreign correspondents (whom we to-day gladly welcome) that opera in Paris and London just now is at the lowest ebb. But it will not be so long in London. Her Majesty's is wound up, sold under the hammer, and Covent Garden, having the whole field, will be more brilliant than ever.

Advertisements.

Our Advertising patrons must indulge us this once; the omission shall be made good to them, when we recover our full range of columns.

FAREWELL CONCERT

OF THE
GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY,
WILL TAKE PLACE

On Saturday Evening, April 2d,
AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

On which occasion

BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SINFONIE will be repeated.

ASSISTED BY THE

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY,
MISS ANNA STONE, Soprano,
MISS SARAH HUMPHRIES, Alto,
MR. J. H. LOW, Tenor,
MR. THOMAS BALL, Bass,
CAMILLA URSO & ALFRED JAELE.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. Grand Overture, 'Iphigenia,' Ritter von Gluck.
2. Fantasia for Piano, 'Semiramis,' Thalberg.
Performed by ALFRED JAELE.
3. Souvenir de Haydn, for Violin, Leonard.
Performed by CAMILLA URSO.
4. Grand Chorus from "Judas Maccabæus," Handel.
Sung by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

Part II.

5. BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY,
in D minor, Op. 125.
i. Allegro ma non Troppo.
ii. Molto Vivace.
iii. Adagio molto e cantabile.
iv. Grand Finale,—introducing four solo voices, and Grand Chorus, on Schiller's "Ode to Joy."
Single Tickets, 50 cents each, to be had at the Music Stores and Hotels, also at the door on the evening of the Concert.
Doors open at 6¼; Concert commences at 7½ o'clock.

CARD.—The GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY beg leave to render their most sincere thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed upon them during the past season, assuring their many kind friends, that they will, in future seasons, as before, endeavor to give entire satisfaction. They would not fail to express these feelings, as they consider themselves as being under great obligations to the musical inhabitants of Boston and vicinity, for the unusual interest they have taken in their public performances.

THE GRAND ORATORIO OF

THE CREATION,

Will be performed by the

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY,

On Sunday Evening, April 3,

AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

Assisted by

Miss ANNA STONE, Mrs. EMMA A. WENTWORTH, Mr. S. B. BALL, Mr. J. H. LOW, Mr. THOMAS BALL,

and the

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY,

Being his last appearance in Boston this season.

Conductor, Mr. CARL BERGMANN.

Organist and Pianist, Mr. F. F. MÜLLER.

Doors open at 6¼; Performance commences at 7½ o'clock. Tickets at 50 cents each, may be had at the Music Stores of Messrs. Ditson, Wade, and Reed, or of the Secretary at 136 Washington St., and at the Tremont and Revere Houses, Bromfield and United States Hotels, and at the door on the Evening of Performance.

J. L. FAIRBANKS, SECRETARY.

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